

GHOST OF THALASSA

By
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GHOST OF THALASSA

FADE IN:

EXT. CONSTANTINOPLE (1453) - LAND WALL - NIGHT

CONSTANTINE XI, last Roman (Byzantine) emperor, leads Greek and allied defenders against the final Ottoman Turk assault. Constantine; Genoese adventurer GIOVANNI GIUSTINIANI LONGO; and GREEK and GENOESE TROOPS stare into the darkness. Byzantine and Genoese flags FLAP in the wind. Torches HISS.

(NOTE: All dialog for the siege and sea voyage is in Medieval Greek)

The MAIN TITLE is followed by:

Constantinople

May 29th, 1453

There is MOVEMENT in the dark. Constantine draws his SWORD.

CONSTANTINE

(yelling)

They are coming! Sound the trumpets!

Trumpets BLARE up and down the walls. TURKISH TROOPS surge out of the dark and over the rubble-filled moat. They enter breaches in the outer walls, YELLING as they go. Giustiniani looks around.

GIUSTINIANI

(shouting)

Let none gain the walls! Kill all
who try!

EXT. CONSTANTINOPLE - BETWEEN THE WALLS - NIGHT

There is NOISE and SHOUTING as the two forces fight hand-to-hand. The Turks push the defenders towards the inner gate.

EXT. CONSTANTINOPLE - CHARISIUS GATE - BATTLEMENTS - NIGHT

Metal CLANGS on stone. A hook embeds in a crenal. Constantine steps to the wall and leans over.

CONSTANTINE'S POV

A rope tied to the hook sways as a Turk climbs to the top.

RETURN TO SCENE

Constantine stabs him in the face. The body falls away, almost hitting others climbing up. Constantine cuts the rope. Other Turks scream as they fall.

Greek soldier #1 grabs two terracotta GRENADES from a basket. He lights them off a torch and tosses them over the wall. BEAT. O.S., BANGS followed by SCREAMS.

WHACK. A musket ball hits a merlon, spraying rock chips. Constantine slams his sword into its scabbard and touches his cheek. He looks at his GLOVE. There is BLOOD on it.

Giustiniani gestures with a JEWELLED SWORD. He REACTS to seeing blood on the emperor's face.

GIUSTINIANI

(shouting)

Your majesty, beware... Ugh!

Giustiniani drops his sword. It CLANGS on the stones. He collapses.

Constantine runs over and sits him up. SEVERAL Genoese rush over as well. Giustiniani coughs up BLOOD. A CATHOLIC MONK raises Giustiniani's sword arm.

INSERT GIUSTINIANI'S ARMPIT

Blood Oozes out of a round HOLE in the armor.

RETURN TO SCENE

CATHOLIC MONK

(gravely)

Lord, we must move you to safety.

Giustiniani WHEEZES through bloody lips.

GIUSTINIANI

(breathy)

Help me to my feet.

The Genoese soldiers lift and brace Giustiniani. They move to carry him off the wall, but he stops them. Constantine picks up Giustiniani's sword and holds it out to him. Giustiniani grabs the emperor's hand.

GIUSTINIANI

A final gift, my lord... for killing
Turks.

Constantine REACTS to seeing a close friend who is dying.

CONSTANTINE
Go with God, my friend.

Giustiniani nods and his men carry him down the stairs.
Constantine watches them go.

GREEK SOLDIER #1 (O.S.)
(shouting)
The Genoese desert us!

EXT. CONSTANTINOPLE - BETWEEN THE WALLS - NIGHT

The Greek defenders panic and fall back as the Genoese leave.
The Turks fight harder in response.

EXT. CONSTANTINOPLE - CHARISIUS GATE - BATTLEMENTS - NIGHT

CONSTANTINE
(shouting)
Stand fast! Do not yield!

SEVERAL GENOESE SOLDIERS hurry towards the stairs to the
inside ground, but Constantine stops them with a raised hand.

CONSTANTINE
Stay and fight or the infidels will
surely take the city.

GENOESE SOLDIER
I fear they already have, my lord.
In any case, our swords and lives
are pledged to Lord Giustiniani.

Constantine drops his hand, letting them pass. GREEK SOLDIER
#2 stiffens and points north.

GREEK SOLDIER #2
(shouting)
The Turks have taken the Kerkoporta!
They are inside the walls!

LONG SHOT - KERKOPORTA TOWER - NIGHT

BOBBING torches and FLAMING remnants of Byzantine flags
ILLUMINATE Turkish soldiers as they raise their own banners.

RETURN TO SCENE

Constantine grabs Greek soldier #2 and shouts in his face.

CONSTANTINE

Retrieve the Hodegetria from Chora
Church and take it to Kontoscalion
Harbor! Keep it out of Turkish hands
even if you must destroy it yourself!

Greek soldier #2 salutes and gestures to two others. All three descend the stairs and mount horses. They ride off with yells and the SLAPPING of reins.

GREEK SOLDIER #3 approaches Constantine.

GREEK SOLDIER #3

Sire, should I send word to Anemas to release the rebel priests and nobles? They may still have time to reach safety.

CONSTANTINE

No. We cannot spare anyone else. Besides, they fought the union with the Catholics. Let them see if living under the Turks is truly preferable as they claimed.

Constantine waves Giustiniani's sword in the air.

CONSTANTINE

Rally to me!

Constantine and the soldiers around him descend the stairs.

EXT. CONSTANTINOPLE - BETWEEN THE WALLS - NIGHT

The defenders fight ferociously as the Turks push them through the gate.

EXT. CONSTANTINOPLE - INSIDE THE WALLS - NIGHT

Constantine and the imperial guard join the fight. He fights as ferociously as his men.

A Turk rushes from the side, striking Constantine on the helmet with a mace. Constantine stumbles, but turns and beheads the Turk with a SINGLE slash. He pulls off his dented helmet and tosses it aside. BLOOD trickles down his brow.

CONSTANTINE

(yelling)
Are there no Christians among you
who will take my head?

Constantine REACTS to seeing the ground littered with the dead and dying from both sides.

He jabs Giustiniani's sword into a dying Turk, and leaves it there. He removes his royal cape and covers a dead Orthodox priest's upper torso.

The Turks push the defenders through the gate. Constantine snarls and draws his own sword as NUMEROUS Turks rush him. Several imperial guards try to fight them off.

A Turk slashes at Constantine's bare head, but slips on the bloody stones. The sword twists so the flat of the blade HITS Constantine's head, knocking him out. Constantine's PLAIN SWORD drops with a CLANG. A Greek soldier stabs the Turk and drags Constantine out of reach.

CLOSE ON GIUSTINIANI'S SWORD

... standing upright. In the b.g., Greek and Turkish soldiers push and strain while hacking and stabbing at each other.

RETURN TO SCENE

SEVERAL imperial Guards carry Constantine past soldiers rushing to fight the Turks, and place him on a horse-drawn wagon. TWO climb on, the rest salute and return to the fight. The Driver snaps the reins, making the horses take off at a gallop.

ANGLE ON SOLDIERS IN WAGON - TRAVELING

The wagon races down the city's main road (Mese).

EXT. WAGON - NIGHT

Constantine comes to and sits up. He touches his head and winces. The GRINDING of the iron-rimmed wheels and the POUNDING of the horses' hooves is LOUD.

EXT. CONSTANTINOPLE - KONTOSCALION HARBOR - DOCK - NIGHT

Abandoned Turkish vessels DOT the harbor. A Byzantine KATERGON (warship) is moored at the dock. Soldier #2 and his companions walk up the gangplank carrying a WOODEN BOX.

The wagon pulls up and stops. A Greek naval CAPTAIN approaches the wagon and salutes Constantine.

CAPTAIN

My lord, the Turks left their ships to loot the city. We must set sail before they realize you escaped.

EXT. KATERGON DECK - NIGHT

Constantine strides on-deck and stands at the rail watching SCATTERED flames LIGHT the skyline as the captain shouts orders. The light INCREASES as SIPHONS spray Greek Fire onto the Turkish ships, setting them on FIRE. Greek soldier #4 approaches the emperor.

GREEK SOLDIER #4
Sire, all is not lost. You still
hold the Morea. We can fight from
there and retake the city.

CONSTANTINE
(scowling)
Aye, the city is fallen, but I am
alive.

The emperor turns to the captain.

CONSTANTINE
Captain! Make sail for Trebizond.

CAPTAIN
(puzzled)
Aye, my lord!

The captain shouts new orders to the crew.

EXT. CONSTANTINOPLE - MARMARA SEA - NIGHT

The rowers strain as the sails BILLOW. The helmsman turns the tiller. To port, the windows of Hagia Sofia church GLOW.

INT. HAGIA SOFIA - NIGHT

Yells ECHO from the IMPERIAL ENTRANCE as Turkish soldiers force their way inside.

A Catholic priest places himself between the people cowering in the pews and the oncoming Turks. A Turk grins and punches him. The priest stumbles back, holding his bleeding face.

At the altar, TWO Orthodox priests glare at the approaching Turks, who fan out with drawn swords. The priests back away from the altar and separate, their eyes SHINING. As each contacts a wall, he pauses, then FADES into the stone.

The Turks stop, then backpedal. Several Christians in the congregation cross themselves... and ALL flee the church.

EXT. CONSTANTINOPLE - HAGIA SOFIA - DAWN

Christians and Turks pour out of the church as a strange
INDIGO GLOW bathes the dome.

EXT. BLACK SEA - DAY

The katergon sails under an OVERCAST sky.

EXT. KATERGON DECK - DAY

The sails DROOP as the wind dies. The ship slows to a CRAWL.

CAPTAIN

To oars!

The oarsmen move to their benches, but freeze as there is a
BUZZING sound. ST. ELMO'S FIRE dances in the rigging.

CAPTAIN

(angry)
Positions!

The rowers hurriedly take their benches and extend oars.
The executive officer begins the rowers' CADENCE. There is
a rising ROAR O.S. The BOW OFFICER points.

BOW OFFICER

Wave to port!

The Captain leaps to the poop deck and looks at the wave.

CAPTAIN

(shouting)
Hard over left!

He spins to the rowers.

CAPTAIN

(spit flying)
Row for your lives, damn you! Row!

Constantine stares as the ship HEELS towards the towering
wave. He stumbles to stand in front of the hold. As the
bow of the ship REARS UP, he falls into the hold.

The ship goes VERTICAL as the wave pulls it toward the crest,
then slides stern first into the water and DISAPPEARS.

The wave's ROAR fades as the VIEW drops underwater.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BLACK SEA - SEA BED

The following words appear:

Black Sea. Depth: 290 meters. Present Day.

(NOTE: All non-English dialog is subtitled)

INT. SUBMERSIBLE - VIEWPORT

LIGHT from the research submersible "Robbie-one" illuminates WOODEN SHIP nearly buried in the bottom ooze. A robotic arm appears, holding a vacuum hose. PUFFS of silt rise as the suction removes muck. O.S., There is the soft WHIRRING.

The VIEW PULLS BACK to reveal a viewport, then BEN GRIFFIN using hand controls to operate the arms. DAN HENSHAW, the team leader, waits impatiently behind him.

HENSHAW

Anything to suggest when she sank?

Griffin continues working.

GRIFFIN

How the hell would I know? I just started... Hey, you can still see the adze marks!

Henshaw looks annoyed, but says nothing.

INSERT - VIEWPORT

The vacuum UNCOVERS pipes and an animal-shaped bronze siphon.

RETURN TO SCENE

Griffin flips a switch, turning OFF the vacuum.

GRIFFIN

(excited)

It's a Byzantine warship!

(pointing)

That nozzle sprayed Greek fire.

Henshaw whoops and grabs a radio hand microphone (mike).

HENSHAW

(keys mike)

Robbie-one to Eastwind. We found ourselves a Byzantine warship. Over.

There is a short crackle of STATIC.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

(tinny)

Roger, Robbie-one. Congrats.
Break... Be advised radar shows a
storm coming. Captain's giving you
one-zero minutes, then calling it
for the night. Over.

HENSHAW

Roger, Eastwind. We copy one-zero
minutes. Robbie-one, out.

Griffin turns to Henshaw, who hangs up the mike.

GRIFFIN

Let's move towards the mast and see
if there's anything we can grab.

Henshaw shrugs.

HENSHAW

Why the hell not!

Griffin turns to the sub's pilot, JACK COLSON, in the conning
tower. He is almost hidden by the pilot's controls.

GRIFFIN

Jack, move towards the mast... slowly.

COLSON

Sure. Tell me if anything can snag
us or get sucked into the props.

INSERT - VIEWPORT

The VIEW moves along the side of the half-buried ship.

GRIFFIN (O.S.)

Slow up, Jack... easy... stop! Hold
what you got!

A railing and an empty weapons rack come into VIEW.

BACK TO SCENE

GRIFFIN

(to Henshaw)
Nothing.

Henshaw sighs and straightens with a grimace.

GRIFFIN

Back?

HENSHAW

Yea. Just getting old, I guess.

GRIFFIN

No. I mean, do you want to back up and make a different approach?

HENSHAW

Oh. No, get closer to the mast and see if anything's on deck. We gotta get going soon.

Henshaw again grabs the mike and keys it.

HENSHAW

Robbie-one to Eastwind. Over.

The speaker CRACKLES.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Send it, Robbie-one.

HENSHAW

Eastwind, we're making a final sweep, then heading your way. Over.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Copy that, Robbie-one. Advise us if anything changes. Otherwise, we'll see you top-side. Over.

HENSHAW

Roger, Eastwind. Out here.

Henshaw hangs up the mike and leans down to look through the viewport. He squints at SOMETHING.

HENSHAW

What's that a couple meters ahead?

Griffin strains to see.

GRIFFIN

Jack, move us forward a meter and hold. I'll tell you if we need to get closer.

INSERT - VIEWPORT

The VIEW moves forward. The SILT-FILLED hold comes into FOCUS. A corner of the wooden box pokes through the silt.

RETURN TO SCENE

Henshaw crowds closer to Griffin.

HENSHAW
What the hell is that?

GRIFFIN
It's not rigging. Must be cargo.

HENSHAW
Vacuum away more of the muck.

Griffin turns on the vacuum and works the arm controls.

INSERT - VIEWPORT

A robotic arm extends the hose and vacuums around the object.
The suction quickly reveals half of the box.

GRIFFIN (O.S.)
Looks like... a box.

RETURN TO SCENE

Henshaw grimaces again as he straightens.

GRIFFIN
(looking at Henshaw)
If I clear away more silt, I may be
able to open it. What do you say?

Henshaw shakes his head.

HENSHAW
No time. Will it fit in the rack?

GRIFFIN
Let's see.

HENSHAW
Just be careful. The wood...

GRIFFIN
(overlapping)
... is soft after so long underwater.
I've done this a few times, you know.

HENSHAW
Just don't tear it up.

INSERT - VIEWPORT

The robotic arms gently pull the artifact out of the silt.

RETURN TO SCENE

The lights FLICKER, then return to FULL brightness.

HENSHAW
 (looking around)
 Jack, how we doin' on power?

COLSON (O.S.)
 We're down to... a third. Should be
 plenty. Probably just a glitch.

INSERT - VIEWPORT

The arms slowly retract, bringing the box fully into VIEW.

RETURN TO SCENE

HENSHAW
 My God! It's intact. If anything
 was inside, it should still be there.
 Can you put it in the bin?

Griffin hits a button on the panel beside him.

INSERT - VIEWPORT

Two GREEN LASER LIGHTS appear on the box.

RETURN TO SCENE

Griffin looks at a small computer SCREEN beside the viewport.

GRIFFIN
 With a couple of inches to spare!

HENSHAW
 Bet you say that to all the girls.
 What are you waiting for?! Rack it
 so we can get the hell out of here.

Griffin grumbles as he carefully retracts the arms. He is
 finishing as the lights FLICKER, then DIM.

GRIFFIN
 (muttering)
 Glitch, my ass.

HENSHAW
 Jack, tell me we still have thrust.

COLSON
 Nope. Whole board's dead. And we're
 settling to the bottom.

HENSHAW

So, we're stuck?

JACK

No. Just blow the tanks and surface.

HENSHAW

Then do it! If we settle on the wreck, we'll crush it.

(to Griffin)

Ben, tell me you got the box.

GRIFFIN

Pretty sure, but not completely.

There is the SQUEAL of valves turning and air RUSHING through lines. The lights FLICKER.

INSERT - VIEWPORT

The muck covering the hold bulges like a miniature volcano.

RETURN TO SCENE

The lights GO OUT completely.

EXT. EASTWIND - DUSK

The "Eastwind," a 300-foot research ship, is a beehive of activity. Sailors and scientists rush to prepare for the approaching storm. St. Elmo's Fire FLICKERS in the rigging.

INT. EASTWIND'S BRIDGE - DUSK

St. Elmo's Fire LIGHTS the interior with eerie BLUE and INDIGO light. The SONAR OPERATOR REACTS to a sudden return.

SONAR OPERATOR

Contact! It's Robbie-one. She's rising fast... and close. Shit! She's drifting our way!

Ship's captain MARTIN BERTELLE grabs the mike from the radio operator and keys it.

BERTELLE

Robbie-one, Eastwind. Slow your ascent. I say again, slow your ascent. Over.

Bertelle releases the talk button. Only STATIC from the speaker. He squeezes the button again, hard.

BERTELLE
Robbie-one, this is Eastwind. Do
you copy? Over.

He releases the button. Only STATIC.

BERTELLE
Damn it! Helm, full reverse!

Bertelle looks at the worried sonar operator.

SONAR OPERATOR
It's gonna be real close. She's
almost underneath us.

Bertelle smacks the collision alarm. A klaxon WAILS several times. He switches the radio to ship's intercom. His voice ECHOES slightly as he speaks into the mike.

BERTELLE
Brace for impact. All hands, brace
for impact.

EXT. BLACK SEA - DUSK

The water at Eastwind's bow BOILS. SUDDENLY, Robbie-one BURSTS out of the water, SCRAPING the bow with a SCREECH. The submersible SLAPS back into the water. The conning tower and the deck are just visible in the swells.

INT. EASTWIND - BRIDGE - DUSK

Bertelle moves around to better see the submersible.

BERTELLE
All stop!
(keys the mike.)
Divers in the water. Medical
personnel, standby.

EXT. EASTWIND - STARBOARD RAILING - DUSK

Two divers, minus tanks, jump into the water. They quickly reach the submersible and climb aboard. One examines the sub. The other undogs the hatch and opens it. A quick glance inside. He looks at the Eastwind and gives the thumbs-up signal, then points to his ear and shakes his head.

INT. EASTWIND - BRIDGE - DUSK

Bertelle tosses the mike to the radio operator.

BERTELLE

(to the Helmsman)

Hold position.

A CREWMAN opens the bridge hatch and pokes his head inside.

CREWMAN

Sub's adrift. No power. It'll take a few minutes to pull it around to the stern.

BERTELLE

Got it.

(to the radar operator)

Watch that storm. We're leaving as soon as the sub is secured.

Bertelle exits the bridge with the crewman.

EXT. EASTWIND - STERN - DUSK

Bertelle walks towards the crane as the support crew SUPERVISOR walks up. Both yell over the crane NOISE.

BERTELLE

They alright?

SUPERVISOR

A little freaked out, but fine. Sub seems okay, too. We got lucky.

BERTELLE

I don't know what that was, but it wasn't luck.

The crane operator takes up the slack in the cable, then eases the sub out of the water. Hydraulics get LOUDER as the weight increases. Crewmen use ropes to keep the sub from swinging until it's on the deck and the crane goes SILENT. Crewmen quickly secure the sub and examine it for damage. Bertelle approaches as Colson, Henshaw, and Griffin climb down the sub's ladder.

BERTELLE

Dan, what the hell happened?

HENSHAW

Entire system fried, but that can wait. We brought something up.

BERTELLE

What'd you find?

HENSHAW

Don't know for sure. Appears to be
a late Byzantine-era box.

Bertelle follows Henshaw to the sub's storage bin. Griffin and Colson are already opening it. They carefully slide the box out as SEVERAL crewmen hold a large, flat tray under it.

EXT. BLACK SEA - NIGHTFALL

The sun sets as crewmen rush to get the ship under way. Work lights cast deep shadows.

INT. EASTWIND - CONSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

The men tilt the tray slightly to pass through the hatch. Once inside, they place it on a table. JANE MULLEN, an archaeologist, walks in as she puts on surgical gloves.

MULLEN

What do you have for me, gentlemen?

Everybody steps back so she can see. Mullen is stunned.

HENSHAW

Jane, what is it?

A camera FLASH snaps Mullen back.

MULLEN

Sorry. We're about to open something
human eyes haven't seen for centuries.

Mullen feels around the box. She pushes something, then lifts the lid. A N.D. Crewman holds it up. Mullen's eyes SPARKLE as she reaches inside and carefully removes a silt-spotted WOODEN PANEL. Everybody in the room gathers closer.

INSERT - CLOSE ON PANEL

It is painted with sharp, vibrant colors. On one side, a woman holds an infant. Mullen carefully turns the panel over. On the other side there is an image of the Crucifixion. Both images are beautifully rendered and realistic.

RETURN TO SCENE

HENSHAW

What is it?

MULLEN

(eyes tearing)
The find of the century. Several...
centuries, in fact.

HENSHAW

(annoyed)
Jane!

Mullen sniffs and looks at Henshaw.

MULLEN

I think you found the Hodegetria.

HENSHAW

The hoe-day... what? It's an icon.

MULLEN

(turning clinical)
The Hodegetria was the model for all
icons. If this is it, then these
are supposedly the actual likenesses
of Mary and Jesus.

HENSHAW

Hold on! You're saying this is the
icon that Saint Luke painted?

MULLEN

I know! Luke became Paul's disciple
after the crucifixion. And there's
no evidence he was even a painter.

Mullen gently places the panel in a small tray with a clear
liquid. She points at the image.

MULLEN

Look at the paint. It's probably
colored beeswax. And the figures
are realistic, not the idealized
images of the late Roman and early
Byzantine eras. It's first century
portraiture like the fayum mummy
portraits from Egypt and the Eastern
Mediterranean where Luke lived. You
want more proof? Look at the man on
the cross. He's bearded and has
short hair. Devout Jews back then
wore beards, but not long hair. The
evidence says it's the Hodegetria.

She ABRUPTLY looks at Henshaw.

MULLEN

You sure it was a Byzantine ship?

Henshaw and Griffin both nod.

GRIFFIN

The siphon and ship-type suggest the
13 or 1400s.

The lights GO OUT. AD LIB groaning and complaining.
Emergency lights FLICKER, giving dim and intermittent light.

GRIFFIN

Damn it. Not again.

BERTELLE

(irritated)
Hold on. I'll be back in a second.

PEOPLE file out of the room. Henshaw and Griffin stay.

HENSHAW

That's twice. You're bad luck.

GRIFFIN

Not me. I am wearing my lucky
underwear.

MULLEN

Do you mind?

GRIFFIN

Sorry.
(to Henshaw)
Let's get some coffee.

Griffin and Henshaw leave. Mullen carefully lifts the icon
and moves it to a conservation tank.

INSERT - THE ICON

Mullen eases the icon to the bottom of the tank. Screams
ERUPT O.S. as she SUDDENLY convulses and collapses.

EXT. BLACK SEA - NIGHT

The storm rages. Wind and waves pound the DARKENED Eastwind.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Eastwind slogs through RAGING waters to the Bosphorus.

B) LONG SHOT of Eastwind struggling to avoid the shore.

- C) LONG SHOT of Eastwind passing an old Ottoman fort.
 D) LONG SHOT of Eastwind racing towards the Golden Horn.

INT. AYASOFYA MUSEUM - SOUTH GALLERY - NIGHT

SECURITY GUARD #1 makes his rounds. Lightning FLASHES in the windows and there is muffled THUNDER. As he passes "MAHMUT'S LIBRARY," there is an ECHOING metallic CLANG. He moves his flashlight around to find the source. The light REFLECTS off a billowing dust cloud. He walks into the nave, sputtering and coughing. He REACTS as the levhas on the sides of the apse crumble to dust with a SOUND like snow FALLING on a quiet winter night.

GUARD

(in Turkish)
 Who's there?!

VOICE (V.O.)

(whispering in medieval
 Greek)
 Infidel! You defile the House of
 God!

Two ghostly SHADOWS struggle to emerge from the walls on each side of the apse. They FLICKER like candles as they come free. Their GLOWING RED eyes lock onto the guard for a moment, then both FLY up into the dust.

The guard screams as he sprints towards the imperial entrance. He disappears into the dustcloud. His scream ECHOES, then cuts off ABRUPTLY.

INT. EASTWIND - NIGHT

FLASHES of lightning and St. Elmo's Fire LIGHT Constantine's face. His skin is COLORLESS and WRINKLED from prolonged immersion. One eye is MILKY, the other GLASSY. His breathing is RASPY and WHEEZING. His armor SQUEAKS slightly as he walks towards an outer hatch. He pauses. His eyes begin GLOWING indigo. He grabs an fire ax off a bulkhead rack.

EXT. GOLDEN HORN - AERIAL VIEW - NIGHT

Two SHADOWY FIGURES (Shadows) fly through RAIN and LIGHTNING towards Eastwind as it enters the Golden Horn.

EXT. EASTWIND - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Constantine manhandles the hatch open and struggles on deck. Wind and rain lash him. He crouches and raises the ax.

INT. EASTWIND - BRIDGE - NIGHT

The wipers are immobile and DRIVING rain obscures the VIEW. Bertelle strains to see outside the darkened bridge.

A SHADOW with GLOWING eyes SUDDENLY blocks his vision. Bertelle REACTS. The shadow disappears to one side.

EXT. EASTWIND - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Constantine steps to the railing. A shadow swings down, putting both feet into his chest. Constantine hurls across the deck. The ax SKITTERS over the side.

The shadow leaps at Constantine, who comes up fighting. They battle back and forth until Constantine leaps at the shadow. They both go over the railing.

EXT. GOLDEN HORN - WATER SURFACE - NIGHT

Constantine and the shadow hit the water and disappear.

BEAT. The shadow shoots out of the water and flies south.

INT. EASTWIND - CONSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Mullen lies on the floor, twitching, eyes closed.

A shadow enters and passes over Mullen. It goes straight to the tray and covers the Hodegetria. PAUSE. The shadow flashes through a hatchway. The tray is empty.

Mullen stirs and gasps. She struggles to her feet and stumbles after the shadow.

EXT. ISTANBUL - AERIAL VIEW - NIGHT

The shadows fly through a weakening storm.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) The shadows fly over a DARKENED Istanbul.

B) They fly along the Theodosian Wall.

C) They enter the Anemas Dungeon.

D) They squeeze into a large crack in a wall.

E) The Hodegetria's INDIGO GLOW silhouettes a shadow as it places the icon in a wall niche.

CLOSE UP of the GLOWING icon. HOLD for a BEAT.

EXT. ISTANBUL - GOLDEN HORN - SOUTHERN SHORE - NIGHT

MISTY rain. No wind. Water CHURNS, then Constantine POPS to the surface. He sheds armor as he struggles to shore.

He darts away from the water, crosses an empty "Kennedy Caddesi," and is gone.

INT. ISTANBUL - TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM - ARMORY - NIGHT

Glass cases filled with Ottoman-era weapons. Lights FLICKER. There is RASPY BREATHING. A gloved hand reaches for a case. As it touches the glass, the pane RIPPLES like water. Glass PULVERIZES and PUFFS, leaving an oval two-foot, vertical hole. The hand grasps a PLAIN SWORD and removes it.

Security guard #2 enters and slams the door. He scowls and flicks the light switch on and off. He cautiously walks to the hole in the glass. Slivers of powdered glass SHIMMER in the air.

SUDDENLY, two feet of sword blade POPS out of his chest. He looks down in shock. The blade is RIPPED out. He collapses without a sound. A hissing SOUND, then the armory is silent.

EXT. ISTANBUL - FATIH MOSQUE - REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Security guard #3 approaches the rear doors. There is a MUFFLED CRASH from Mehmet II's tomb.

He cocks his head, listening. Nothing. He shrugs. SUDDENLY, there is a SCRAPING SOUND and another CRASH.

Guard #3 approaches the tomb. He cautiously opens the doors.

INT. MEHMET'S TOMB - NIGHT

Dim light SHINES through the door. Mehmet's sarcophagus lies overturned and open. The body SPRAWLS on the floor. Beyond the sarcophagus, squats an indistinct SHADOW. Its eyes GLOW violet. With a cry, Guard #3 flees.

EXT. GREECE - MYSTRAS - DAY

Archaeologist JOHN DOUNIAS, a late-thirties American of Greek descent, draws freehand on a sketchpad while talking with a female graduate student. ADRIAN JAMUSSA, mid-fifties and distinguished-looking, approaches them. He speaks the Queen's English with a hint of a Greek accent.

JAMUSSA

Dr. Dounias?

Dounias pauses and turns.

DOUNIAS

Yes?

Jamussa approaches and extends a hand, which Dounias shakes.

JAMUSSA

I am Adrian Jamussa from the Ministry of Culture. I spoke with Dr. Zadora at NYU about hiring him as a consultant. He suggested I contact you instead.

DOUNIAS

(to the student)

Give me a moment, please.

The student nods and walks O.S. Dounias closes the sketchpad.

DOUNIAS

How may I help you?

Jamussa reaches into his jacket pocket and removes a small stack of photographs.

JAMUSSA

Please look at these photos.

Jamussa hands the photos to Dounias, who takes them and begins to leaf through the stack.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPHS

- A) Grainy images of the sunken Byzantine ship
- B) Mehmet's sarcophagus
- C) The bodies of the Armory and Ayasofya guards

RETURN TO SCENE

DOUNIAS

(continuing to leaf)

Looks like a cross between archaeology and a homicide scene. Someone steal something?

Dounias returns the photos.

JAMUSSA

Not exactly. Recently, archaeologists found a Byzantine-era shipwreck deep in the Black Sea. Nothing lives at that depth due to high levels of hydrogen sulfide. So, its preservation was remarkable. However, they discovered something else so profound that elements in Greece and Turkey are willing to go to war.

DOUNIAS

You're kidding, right? Greece and Turkey haven't fought since the 1920s. Hell, Greece sponsored Turkey's membership in the EU. Does that sound like hostility to you?

Jamussa shakes his head slightly.

JAMUSSA

You underestimate the power of fanaticism. The cordial relations mask ancient animosities.

DOUNIAS

Let me guess. Islamists want to kick out the Greeks. Nope, that already happened. I know, a secret Greek society is attempting to revive the Medieval Roman Empire.

JAMUSSA

I am serious when I say this is a dangerous time.

DOUNIAS

So? What do you want from me?

JAMUSSA

They may have also found the death site of the last Byzantine emperor.

Dounias snorts. Jamussa looks uphill at the palace ruins.

JAMUSSA

Is it true Constantine ruled the Morea from up there before becoming emperor? Imagine if you could see his preserved body.

DOUNIAS

You're baiting me.

(MORE)

DOUNIAS (CONT'D)

Historical accounts say Constantine died in the siege. He was either buried in a mass grave or his head was stuck on a spear. Even if he had escaped, why would he be in the Black Sea? This fortress would have been his base for retaking the city or making his final stand.

JAMUSSA

(smiling)

One more question. Why would a first century Theotokos and the Emperor be on the same ship?

DOUNIAS

You're talking about the Hodegetria. It disappeared during the final siege.

JAMUSSA

Think about the implications. That icon may be the actual portraits of Christ and the Virgin Mary. It would be of incredible religious and archaeological significance.

Jamussa looks around cautiously and lowers his voice.

JAMUSSA

Constantine is going nowhere. The icon, however, is missing. We need your help finding it.

DOUNIAS

Missing?

JAMUSSA

The ship that found it was caught in a storm, had mechanical problems...

Jamussa scratches an ear and looks at the ground.

JAMUSSA

... and there was a massacre. It has been missing ever since.

DOUNIAS

Did you say "massacre?"

JAMUSSA

I assure you, this is no joke.

(MORE)

JAMUSSA (CONT'D)

The media reported a terrorist incident, but that is untrue. In any case, the icon has disappeared.

Dounias takes a breath.

DOUNIAS

I'm sorry. I can't leave. I have alot invested in this dig.

JAMUSSA

I heard you were denied permission to dig in the Despot's palace.
(reaching in his jacket)
Perhaps this will help your next request to do so.

Jamussa hands Dounias an envelope. Dounias examines it.

INSERT - FRONT OF ENVELOPE

... which has the Greek Ministry of Culture seal and Dounias' name in both Greek and English.

RETURN TO SCENE

Dounias opens it and removes the enclosed letter. As he quickly reads it, he suppresses a smile.

DOUNIAS

How long do you need me?

JAMUSSA

Unknown, but we must leave now.

Dounias turns and runs towards the student, who meets him halfway. After handing her the letter, Dounias speaks rapidly M.O.S. She REACTS excitedly, hugs Dounias, and runs O.S. Dounias returns to Jamussa.

DOUNIAS

I just need to toss my stuff in a suitcase. Uh, where are we going?

JAMUSSA

Mount Athos, then Istanbul, so grab your passport.

DOUNIAS

Right. Be back in five.

Jamussa is visibly relieved as he watches Dounias hurry off.

EXT. GREECE - MOUNT ATHOS - DOCK - DAYTIME

Jamussa and Dounias are the only ferry passengers. As soon as the boat docks, they present their visas to a guard and disembark. Dounias and Jamussa walk towards a waiting MONK.

DOUNIAS

Why are we here?

JAMUSSA

To visit an expedition survivor. I believe you know her.

DOUNIAS

Her? Mount Athos is segregated.

JAMUSSA

The Protos granted this exception. Please hold your questions. I will answer them when I am able.

As they approach the monk, he steps forward.

MONK

(moderate Greek accent)
Gentlemen, if you will follow me.

INT. DIONYSIOU MONASTERY - DAY

They navigate corridors and stairs until they arrive at a PLAIN, wooden door. The monk knocks softly. No reply. He cautiously opens the door and enters. Jamussa and Dounias follow.

INT. MULLEN'S ROOM - DAY

Mullen sits cross-legged on a small bed, back to the wall. She stares out of a window with a blank expression.

MONK

Doctor Mullen, you have guests.

Mullen continues staring out of the window.

MONK

Doctor Mullen?

MULLEN

(mechanically)
I heard you, Father.

The monk nods and leaves, shutting the door behind him.

JAMUSSA

(to Dounias)

Doctor Mullen was there. She may be able to explain what happened.

DOUNIAS

Okay. Doctor Mullen? Do you remember me? We met a couple of years ago...

MULLEN

... at the Kiev Byzantine conference. You presented...

(sobbing momentarily)

... it was horrible.

DOUNIAS

My presentation?

MULLEN

No, you jackass. The attack.

DOUNIAS

What about the attack, Jane?

MULLEN

(sniffing)

We were surveying wrecks about 40 miles northwest of Eregli. At 300 meters, we found an intact Byzantine-era warship... the first ever found.

Mullen pauses. Dounias and Jamussa lean forward.

MULLEN

An approaching storm cut our time short. So, the sub crew tried to find artifacts to bring up. That's when they found it.

Dounias sits on the bed. She tears up as she looks at him.

MULLEN

They found a box. Inside was an icon. It was... exquisite.

Her eyes take on a "faraway" look.

MULLEN

It's the Hodegetria.

She moves forward, almost into Dounias' lap. She cups his face in her hands, her body shakes with emotion.

MULLEN

It has the images of the Virgin Mary and Christ that Saint Luke painted. I never thought... John, I saw the face of Jesus Christ!

Dounias' blinks in disbelief. Mullen leans back.

MULLEN

(suddenly cool)

I know what I am talking about. It is an encaustic painting on wood, like Fayum portraiture.

DOUNIAS

Fa... what?

MULLEN

Mummy case paintings made using colored beeswax applied with heat. They only made them the first few centuries of the Christian era.

DOUNIAS

Are they realistic?

MULLEN

These are not idealized images painted after death, but actual portraits.

Her tear-rimmed eyes SHINE with emotion.

MULLEN

I felt its touch. It saved me from the death that took the others. It also made me see the fall.

DOUNIAS

The fall?

MULLEN

Of Constantinople. Look, I don't care if you think I'm crazy. I saw something impossible and it was because of the Hodegetria.

INT. DIONYSIOU MONASTERY - OUTSIDE MULLEN'S ROOM - DAY

JAMUSSA

Do you believe they found the Hodegetria?

DOUNIAS

It doesn't matter what I believe.
She does.

JAMUSSA

Is it possible?

Dounias tugs at his lower lip, thinking.

DOUNIAS

Doubtful. Most Byzantine icons were destroyed in the eight century or carted off by the crusaders in 1204. If it's the Hodegetria, the real miracle is it survived so long before the Turkish conquest.

JAMUSSA

Whatever it is, it affected her so much she joined a nunnery. If we want to speak with her later, we will need high-level approval.

DOUNIAS

(skeptically)
How did you get permission to dig so quickly? Same with the visas. Who are you really?

JAMUSSA

My name is real, but I am with the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. I am assessing the effects these events may have on Greco-Turkish relations.

DOUNIAS

What "events?"

JAMUSSA

There were also strange incidents in Istanbul. Tensions are rising.

DOUNIAS

I am an archaeologist, not an investigator.

JAMUSSA

You are also an American. That makes you somewhat of a neutral.

(softer)

Come to Istanbul. We need you.

DOUNIAS

On one condition. I want honest answers to my questions. One more lie and you can get bent.

JAMUSSA

Fair enough. However, I do not have answers. That is why I need you.

DOUNIAS

Okay. Lead the way.

INT. ATATURK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - AFTERNOON

Dounias and Jamussa approach customs with their passports ready. CUSTOMS OFFICIAL #1 scowls at them.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL #1

(thick accent)

Passports.

They hand them over. He compares their faces with their photos.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL #1

You are both Greek.

DOUNIAS

Actually, I am American. What does...

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL #1

(overlapping)

You may live in America, but you are Greek. I will need to examine your baggage and then yourselves.

JAMUSSA

Is that necessary? We are in a...

ÇELIK (O.S.)

(slight Turkish accent)

It will not be necessary.

ADNAN ÇELIK, an early fifties plainclothes police detective, shows his badge. Two uniformed policemen stand behind him.

ÇELIK

(to Jamussa and Dounias)

Gentlemen, if you will gather your belongings and follow me.

Customs official #1 steps forward and points at Çelik with the passports. Çelik scowls at him.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL #1

(in Turkish)

No, you will have to wait until I finish with them.

Çelik snatches the passports and hands them to customs official #2.

ÇELIK

(in English)

Stamp these and return them to those men... quickly, before you join your friend in jail.

Customs official #1 sputters in anger. In the b.g., his SUPERVISOR shouts and angrily gestures for him. Customs official #1 glares at Çelik as he walks past. The SOUND of the supervisor berating the man fades as they walk O.S.

Customs official #2 returns with the stamped passports, hands them over, and quickly retreats.

ÇELIK

Adrian. Doctor Dounias. Welcome to Istanbul.

(to the officers in Turkish)

Put their bags in my car.

The officers take the bags and leave. Çelik approaches Jamussa.

ÇELIK

Adrian, I had not expected you to return so quickly... and with Dr. Dounias in hand.

JAMUSSA

I am surprised myself. Apparently I am more persuasive than either of us thought possible.

Çelik offers his hand to Dounias, who shakes it.

ÇELIK

Dr. Dounias, I am Detective Çelik. I read your recent article about the Turkish conquest of Greece.

DOUNIAS

I hope you enjoyed it.

ÇELIK
 Actually, I found it dry and boring.
 (addressing both)
 Gentlemen, this way, please.

Çelik exits the customs area, with the other two in tow.

DOUNIAS
 (softly to Jamussa)
 He's rather blunt.

JAMUSSA
 Always has been. I do not expect
 him to change anytime soon.

EXT. ATATURK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - PICK-UP AREA -
 AFTERNOON

The uniformed policemen wait by Çelik's car. Çelik nods to them, and they walk off. Jamussa offers the front seat to Dounias, who takes it.

LONG SHOT - CELIC'S CAR #1

... leaving the airport.

EXT. PORT - DOCK - LATE AFTERNOON

The three exit the car. Çelik scans the area. The other two look at the Eastwind bobbing at the quay. As they approach the ship, Bertelle walks on-deck.

BERTELLE
 You Çelik?

ÇELIK
 Yes. This is Mister Jamussa,
 representing the Greek government.
 And your fellow American there is
 Doctor John Dounias, a consultant.

Bertelle shrugs. He turns and walks toward a hatchway. Çelik and the others board the ship and follow Bertelle.

INT. EASTWIND - FORWARD CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

Henshaw sits on a chair, hunched over a table. There is a bottle each of raki and CHILLED mineral water in front of him. He is very drunk. He looks up as they enter.

BERTELLE
 Dan, you have guests.

Bertelle leaves the cabin without looking back.

HENSHAW

(slurred speech)

Yea? What you want?

ÇELIK

I am Detective Çelik. You were expecting me.

HENSHAW

So? What'd you want?

ÇELIK

We wish to speak with you about what happened.

HENSHAW

What'd that crazy bitch tell you?

Dounias walks over to a chair and sits down.

DOUNIAS

Mister Henshaw, I'm John Dounias, an archaeologist specializing in the late Byzantine period. We are here...

HENSHAW

(overlapping)

... to talk about what we found...
Dounias? I read your article.

DOUNIAS

Yea, I know it was boring. Please, I need you to focus.

Henshaw grimaces and stares into space for a moment.

HENSHAW

I wish we never found that thing.

Dounias leans forward.

DOUNIAS

What did you find?

Henshaw reaches for a glass of milky-looking raki on the table. He takes a drink and winces.

HENSHAW

Shit, that burns. Whew... I'd give my right nut for some Jack.

DOUNIAS
Mister Henshaw, what did you find?

HENSHAW
A ship! A mid-fifteenth century
Byzantine warship.

Henshaw takes another gulp of raki. He winces again.

HENSHAW
In normal times, that ship would
have made us famous.

DOUNIAS
What about the Hodegetria?

HENSHAW
(snorting)
You believe Mullen?! Look, even if
it's the Hodegetria, that doesn't
mean it has special powers. No, we
woke something down there. I don't
know if it's evil or just pissed.

DOUNIAS
What do you think it is?

HENSHAW
I have no idea, but it kills anyone
who gets in the way.

DOUNIAS
How do you know that?

HENSHAW
I saw something kill the Turks we
hired. You fish?

ÇELIK
Pardon?

HENSHAW
Do you fish?

ÇELIK
No.

HENSHAW
Well, I do... at least I did.

Henshaw drains the bottle and tosses it over his shoulder.
It SHATTERS on the deck.

HENSHAW

It's one thing to study history, but
it's something else to watch it gut
someone like a fish.

Henshaw looks around at the three of them.

HENSHAW

The Greeks called the Black Sea
"Thalassa." To them it was a place
of mystery. It hides many secrets.
We found one and it's loose. Be
careful or you may find it too.

Henshaw SUDDENLY makes a face. He lurches to his feet and
stumbles out of the cabin.

EXT. EASTWIND - DECK - LATE AFTERNOON

Henshaw leans over the rail, swaying, eyes tearing up. With
a heave, he vomits over the side in painful, RED-FACED waves.

The others exit the cabin. They look at Henshaw with disgust.
As they stare, Bertelle walks up.

BERTELLE

Hope you got what you needed.

ÇELIK

We need to talk to you now.

Bertelle motions to follow him.

EXT. EASTWIND - STERN - LATE AFTERNOON

They stop at the cradle holding Robbie-one.

BERTELLE

Look, I have no clue what happened.
I only saw the results... rational
people breaking down.

ÇELIK

I do not understand.

BERTELLE

I was in the U.S. Navy. On this one
ship, we had an engine room fire
that killed three guys. One of the
firefighters lost it. I guess seeing
those charred bodies broke him.

Bertelle stares into the distance before continuing.

BERTELLE

What happened on this vessel was worse.

ÇELIK

What did you see?

BERTELLE

Like I said, nothing. It was night and overcast, so when the power died I could barely see. Between the time the sub was brought on-board and the lights went out, something boarded us.

Bertelle's face takes on a HAUNTED look.

BERTELLE

At first, I thought it was terrorists. And that's what we were told we needed to say too.

ÇELIK

So, why are telling us the truth?

BERTELLE

I don't give a damn anymore. If you want to arrest me, go ahead. Nothing you do to me can be worse than what happened.

JAMUSSA

You are obviously unaware of the reputation Turkish prisons have.

Çelik scowls at Jamussa.

ÇELIK

My only concern is determining the truth. Please, speak freely.

BERTELLE

When the screams started, I locked the bridge hatch so nobody could get in.

ÇELIK

How did you return to port?

BERTELLE

One of the mechanics barricaded himself in the engine room. He managed to get the engines running and... we ran as fast as we could.

ÇELIK

Nothing electrical worked. How could the engines run, much less steering and other systems?

BERTELLE

I have no idea how the mechanic got them started, but diesels fire by compression. Once they're running, they keep going until they run out of fuel. As for steering, this is an older ship that uses hydraulics and mechanical parts. Low-tech is an advantage sometimes.

ÇELIK

Why did you run for Istanbul? The nearest port was less than half that distance.

BERTELLE

That's one of the strangest things. The storm forced us towards the straits, which is counter to the prevailing winds. Once we were that far, I decided to go for Istanbul.

Bertelle drifts off for a MOMENT.

BERTELLE

The people that disappeared were Turks. Americans, Greeks... just got the shit kicked out of them if they were in the way.

ÇELIK

What makes you say some "thing" boarded your ship? You believe Mr. Henshaw's claim.

BERTELLE

Detective, some "thing" almost jumped at me through the bridge windows. It was the scariest thing I ever saw. But you want proof? I know these weren't here at the beginning of the trip.

Bertelle points to the side of the submersible. There are four parallel gouges in the paint where the rack attaches to the hull. Dounias kneels and extends his hand over the gouges without touching them. They are about the same size.

ÇELIK

The report I read stated the sub struck the ship. Could the collision have caused those marks?

BERTELLE

Doubtful. The ship's hull is smooth. Nothing to catch or gouge. Besides, this is copper-based marine paint. It's tough stuff.

ÇELIK

What do you think they are?

BERTELLE

No idea.

ÇELIK

Alright. Where may I contact you if we have more questions?

BERTELLE

Monterey, California. Unless you toss me in jail, I'm sailing this ship to Greece, then getting on a flight to the States.

Çelik looks at the gouges for a moment, then at Bertelle.

ÇELIK

You are free to go. However, keep the details of the expedition confidential as this is an active investigation.

BERTELLE

Detective, I just want to get the hell out of here and not come back.

ÇELIK

We will be on our way as well.

EXT. PORT - DOCK - LATE AFTERNOON

Çelik, Jamussa and Dounias walk off the boat. Dounias shakes his head slightly.

DOUNIAS

First, the Hodegetria. Now, some wraith. What the hell is going on?

JAMUSSA

Now you understand why I asked for
your assistance.

Jamussa and Dounias get in the car. Çelik looks back at the Eastwind. Bertelle watches them. He nods to Çelik, then turns and enters a hatch.

EXT. TOPKAPI PALACE MUSEUM - GATE OF SALUTATION - DUSK

Çelik, Jamussa, and Dounias enter the palace gate, taking the path to the Armory.

As they approach the entrance, MAROON BERET #1 exits the armory and waits for them. Çelik flashes his badge. The maroon beret nods. Çelik motions for the others to enter.

INT. ARMORY - DUSK

As Çelik closes the door, Jamussa points back at the soldier.

JAMUSSA

(to Dounias)
He is Bordo Bereliler.

DOUNIAS

Bordo... what?

ÇELIK

Maroon Beret. Turkish special forces.
Come.

Their footsteps ECHO slightly as they walk through the armory. Çelik stops between a dark SPLOTCH on the floor and a display case with a large, oblong HOLE in the glass.

ÇELIK

(pointing at the floor)
The guard died here.
(pointing to the case)
The missing sword was... a fifteenth
century double-edged blade.

DOUNIAS

Any inscription?

ÇELIK

A small biblical verse in Greek, but
otherwise it was plain.

Çelik scratches an eyebrow.

ÇELIK

Why would a thief steal a plain, old sword, then break another one that was priceless?

Both Dounias and Jamussa give Çelik puzzled looks.

ÇELIK

The sword of Fatih Sultan Mehmet, the...

DOUNIAS

The thief destroyed the sword of the conqueror of Constantinople?!

ÇELIK

Istanbul, not Constantinople. And it was broken into pieces. By the way, this information is not to be discussed outside of our little group. The museum guards and staff are being detained until we resolve the case.

Jamussa nods. Dounias shrugs.

DOUNIAS

Who the hell would I tell? You're the only people I know here.

Çelik points to the hole in the glass.

ÇELIK

Do you notice anything unusual?

Jamussa and Dounias examine the glass.

JAMUSSA

The glass is not cut. It appears as if it simply dissolved.

Dounias cautiously touches the edges of the hole.

DOUNIAS

Smooth and rounded. No sharp edges. Where's the missing glass?

ÇELIK

There was silica dust inside the case and on the floor roughly equal to the volume that filled the hole. Apparently, only that section was pulverized, but the rest remained unaffected. How is that possible?

DOUNIAS

No idea. I'm an archaeologist, not a... glassologist or whatever.

ÇELIK

Our best forensics team was equally puzzled. Eh, the next aisle over is where Mehmet's sword was displayed.

They follow Çelik. Jamussa avoids the splotch on the floor.

In the next aisle, Çelik points to another hole in a case. This one is horizontal, not vertical.

DOUNIAS

Looks like the same means of entry.

JAMUSSA

Why do the holes go in different directions?

Dounias steps to the case and kneels slightly. He glances at the edges of the glass before reaching inside. He tries different angles, finally settling on one that matches the hole.

DOUNIAS

Mehmet's sword was displayed horizontally at the bottom of the case. The other sword was hung from the back wall.

JAMUSSA

(to Dounias)

This crime scene is strange, but it is one of three that occurred the same night.

DOUNIAS

Are the others like this one?

JAMUSSA

You must see them to understand.

Çelik looks at armor. Sensing they are done, he turns.

ÇELIK

If there are no further questions, we should leave for our next stop?

EXT. AYASOFYA MUSEUM - NIGHT

The three stop at the tourist entrance and Çelik knocks. Maroon beret #2 opens the door. Çelik shows his badge and the maroon beret lets them in, then steps outside and locks the door.

INT. AYASOFYA MUSEUM - ENTRANCE

The lock THUNKS. Çelik lifts a plastic curtain, allowing the others to enter the "Vestibule of the Warriors."

INT. AYASOFYA MUSEUM - WESTERN GALLERY

Çelik walks around the other two as they walk slowly in awe of the building's size and scale.

ÇELIK

This way, gentlemen.

INT. AYASOFYA MUSEUM - MAIN AREA

Their footsteps ECHO as they cross the church. Dounias stops to look towards the apse.

DOUNIAS

The levhas are gone... so is the plaster that covered the mosaics.

JAMUSSA

Levhas?

Dounias points to the corners of the main space.

DOUNIAS

The big, round, black and gold thingies with Arabic writing that you see in the tourist photos.

ÇELIK

The restoration team found plaster dust everywhere. The chief restorer said it was as if the interior reverted to its pre-Ottoman form. They had a five year contract. Now, the work is done and they are unemployed.

DOUNIAS

Bet they were mad.

Jamussa looks puzzled.

JAMUSSA

Insane?

DOUNIAS

No, I mean they were pissed.

JAMUSSA

Intoxicated?

ÇELIK

Yes, ass. They were insanely drunk.
No! They were angry.

Dounias rolls his eyes and walks into the apse. He pauses, then steps to the wall. He reaches out to trace something with his finger as Çelik walks up behind him.

ÇELIK

You found the discoloration in the stone.

DOUNIAS

Yea. What is it?

ÇELIK

They are nearly invisible looking directly at them. You can see their true shape from an oblique angle.

They all walk towards the center of the dome while veering left, then turn to face the apse. There are faint silhouettes in the stone on each side.

JAMUSSA

They look like shadows... of people.

Dounias cocks his head as he tries to remember something.

DOUNIAS

There's a legend about the fall. When Ottoman troops forced their way in here, two priests supposedly melted into the walls to reawaken when the Greeks retake city.

Dounias shakes his head emphatically.

DOUNIAS

A human can't just melt into rock.

Çelik points at the images.

ÇELIK

I agree, but explain those.

Dounias shakes his head.

DOUNIAS
Paint or something.

ÇELIK
Forensics detected no chemicals.
So, how do you explain them?

DOUNIAS
I can't. Any other weird stuff happen
here?

ÇELIK
We can visit the morgue and examine
the nightwatchman's body. He did
not have a mark on him.

DOUNIAS
No, thanks. I'm not a coroner.

ÇELIK
Well, then... shall we continue?

EXT. ISTANBUL - STREET - FATIH MOSQUE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The three approach the main gate as SEVERAL thugs approach.
THUG LEADER raises a hand.

THUG LEADER
(thickly accented
English)
Gavurs are forbidden in mosques.

Çelik shows his badge. The thug snorts derisively.

THUG LEADER
Your laws mean nothing to us.

The thug reaches behind his back. Çelik quickdraws his
pistol. IMMEDIATELY, there is the SOUND of RUNNING FEET.
Policemen, with weapons drawn, surround the thugs. Çelik
motions to take them away, and the officers do so roughly.

The three continue their approach to the mosque. Jamussa
and Dounias look around nervously.

DOUNIAS
How long have we been watched?

ÇELIK

(holstering his pistol)
I assume you are referring to the police and not the thugs... since I picked you up.

DOUNIAS

Would have been nice to know. Hey, uh, is that a .45?

ÇELIK

(surprised)
Yes, a "ZIGANA C45." How would a university professor know anything about firearms? I thought you all were pu... pacifists.

DOUNIAS

I was in Army ROTC for two years. I wanted to be a Ranger, but an injury killed that idea. While recuperating, I took an archaeology class and got hooked.

JAMUSSA

If you two are finished getting chummy, I have a question. Are we truly meeting with the imam or was that simply deception?

ÇELIK

I enter religious sites uninvited only if they are being used for illegal purposes. This meeting should gain us unhindered access.

Çelik stops at the entrance and turns around.

ÇELIK

Remain here. I will return shortly.

Çelik opens the gate and disappears inside. Jamussa and Dounias remain standing outside.

DOUNIAS

What's your story? You never explained your role in all of this.

JAMUSSA

Me? I am only a bit player in this little play. I merely brought you two together. Eh, Doctor Dounias, I am curious...

DOUNIAS

(overlapping)
Call me "John."

JAMUSSA

I am curious... John. What made you choose Byzantine archaeology and not classical Greek?

DOUNIAS

I grew up in a largely Greek community. It seemed natural to study my ancestral homeland, but I was more into the medieval stuff. So, Byzantine it was.

JAMUSSA

My name, Jamussa, is an Anatolian Greek name. Imagine how I feel visiting my ancestral homeland where Greeks are unwelcome aliens?

DOUNIAS

I've thought about it. The Ottomans effectively erased two-thousand years of Greek culture in Asia Minor. They almost did the same to Greece. So, I understand why Greeks and Turks dislike each other.

JAMUSSA

Understand? I know. I accept the fact the past cannot be changed. This area is no longer ours, and living in the past only...

Çelik appears at the gate and motions them inside.

ANGLE ON - ÇELIK, DOUNIAS, AND JAMUSSA

DOLLY WITH THEM as they walk around the mosque and head towards an octagonal tomb.

ÇELIK

(speaking low)
We have complete access. The Imam is eager to know who desecrated the conqueror's tomb. There have been "questions," and certain radicals are pressuring him to do something.

JAMUSSA

Why not simply arrest the radicals?

ÇELIK

If we did so, they might think the imam is an informant and kill him.

DOUNIAS

What do these radicals have to do with tomb desecration?

ÇELIK

Probably nothing. However, they could exploit this incident to harass minorities. Ah, here we are.

An elderly man waits at the tomb. He scowls, but unlocks and opens the doors. Without a word, he heads to the mosque.

DOUNIAS

He was friendly.

JAMUSSA

A traditionalist. He believes non-Muslims should not enter a mosque.

DOUNIAS

Bet he doesn't mind taking tourist dollars.

INT. MEHMET'S TOMB - NIGHT

The three enter the tomb.

JAMUSSA

I thought there were glass partitions around the sarcophagus?

ÇELIK

There were. They proved to be only a minor annoyance.

DOUNIAS

Was anything taken?

ÇELIK

Yes. Mehmet's head.

DOUNIAS

His head?! Was this a cult thing?

ÇELIK

We found no evidence to suggest so.

JAMUSSA

How did you determine that?

ÇELIK

By what was missing. There were no markings or ritualistic desecration. The thief simply dumped the casket, took the head, and left.

Jamussa and Çelik continue to talk in the b.g. as Dounias examines the CLOSED casket.

DOUNIAS

Detective, help me open the casket. I need to examine the remains.

ÇELIK

Be quick about it. Non-Muslims... tourists visit this tomb regularly, but having one paw the Conqueror's bones is another thing entirely.

(to Jamussa)

Adrian, watch from the doorway.

Jamussa moves to the open doors. Çelik walks to the opposite end of the casket from Dounias. Together, they lift the heavy lid and set it aside.

DOUNIAS

Damn, I think I lost a testicle.

Dounias leans over and examines the headless skeleton.

DOUNIAS

The pelvis... this is a woman's skeleton!

Çelik leans over.

ÇELIK

Please explain. You said you were not a coroner.

DOUNIAS

In college, I took anatomy classes...

Jamussa hurries into the tomb.

JAMUSSA

(in a loud whisper)

Someone is coming!

Çelik and Dounias hurriedly replace the lid on the casket. The old CARETAKER and the IMAM walk inside at that moment. The caretaker REACTS to seeing them levering the lid in place. Jamussa stands with a look of horror. The Imam blocks the irate caretaker and tries to calm him.

IMAM

(in Turkish)
They are here to help.

ÇELIK

The conqueror's body was switched.
This is a woman's.

The Imam spins around. The caretaker winces.

IMAM

What?! A woman?!

ÇELIK

The bodies were probably switched
shortly after the break-in. By your
caretaker's reaction, I would say he
knew.

The Imam glares at the caretaker.

IMAM

You did this? A woman in the
conqueror's tomb?

CARETAKER

I tried to protect him, teacher. I
did not know it was a woman.

Çelik turns to Dounias.

ÇELIK

(switching to English)
Anything to add?

DOUNIAS

Translate for me.
(looking at the Imam)
I need to see the body. I promise
to do nothing disrespectful to him.

The Imam looks at Dounias with a haughty expression.

IMAM

(thick Turkish accent)
Greek, your presence is disrespectful.
Yes, I know what you are... you two
Greeks and this apostate who calls
himself a Turk.

Çelik raises his hand, silencing Dounias before he can speak.

ÇELIK

(in Turkish)

Teacher, we are here to investigate the desecration of the Sultan's tomb. I can do so with or without your cooperation. If you do not cooperate, I will have you both detained and the grounds searched.

The Imam sputters. The caretaker wraps his arms around him and all but carries him outside. Çelik pulls Dounias close and motions over Jamussa.

ÇELIK

(in a whisper)

I gave the Imam a way to save face. Say nothing. If the caretaker is a radical, you could get the Imam killed.

The Imam and the caretaker return. The Imam sneers at them as he points at the caretaker.

IMAM

He will show you the conqueror's body. Do what you must and leave.

The Imam leaves in a huff. The caretaker shrugs and exits as well. Çelik motions to Jamussa and Dounias with a slight twist of his head and follows the caretaker outside.

EXT. FATIH MOSQUE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Once they are all outside, the caretaker locks the tomb. He quickly escorts them to the nearby "Gulbahar tomb." A construction barrier reads in Turkish and English "No admittance. Under renovation." The caretaker moves the barrier and fumbles to get the key in the lock. It makes a solid THUNK as the door unlocks. They all walk inside.

INT. GULBAHAR TOMB - NIGHT

The caretaker pulls a flashlight and sweeps the beam around, illuminating tools and construction materials. He stops at a large rectangular wooden box opposite the door. Çelik walks over and lifts the lid. Jamussa and Dounias crowd around to see inside. The caretaker gives Çelik the flashlight and exits, pulling the door until it is cracked. From outside, there is the SOUND of a cigarette lighter STRIKING.

DOUNIAS

Guess he's a little squeamish.

ÇELIK

It is more likely he is watching for trouble. If we find it, he will run as fast as his scrawny legs can move.
(pointing to the body)
What do think?

JAMUSSA

Yes, he probably would abandon us.

ÇELIK

I was talking to the professor.

Dounias examines the headless, semi-skeletal body, which is partially covered in old, tattered clothes.

DOUNIAS

The clothes are mid-fifteeth century Ottoman. The corpse is male. As for the missing head, it looks like someone just ripped it off. I would say this is Mehmet.

ÇELIK

We... Damn it!

Çelik turns off the flashlight, pulls his pistol, and jumps to the door. He assumes a ready stance as he looks through the cracked door. The caretaker stands outside, attempting to act nonchalant while smoking a cigarette.

EXT. FATIH MOSQUE GROUNDS - NIGHT

LONG SHOT OF THE CARETAKER

He is indistinct, but the cigarette cherry glows BRIGHT and BOUNCES around as he talks.

INT./EXT. GULBAHAR TOMB DOORWAY - NIGHT

CARETAKER

(whispering in Turkish)
Someone watches from the corner of the mosque. He is motionless, but I know he is there. I see light reflecting off his glasses.

Çelik strains to see.

ÇELIK'S POV - MOSQUE COMPOUND

A figure squats in the deeper shadows at the far side of the compound. The eyes flash VIOLET, then are gone.

RETURN TO SCENE

Çelik steps to the side of the doorway.

ÇELIK

I suggest you step out of the line
of fire.

Çelik pulls out his cell phone and hits speedial. He glances through the doorway while waiting for an answer.

ÇELIK

(softly in Turkish)

We are inside the Gulbahar tomb.
Approach with caution. We are being
watched.

Çelik pockets his phone and turns to his companions.

ÇELIK

My men will be here soon. So, we
wait.

JAMUSSA

Who do you think is watching us?

ÇELIK

Am I a cat that can see in the dark?
How the hell would I know?

A NOISE comes from the darkness. Çelik strains to see its source. The caretaker is gone.

ÇELIK

Psst.

MAROON BERET #3 comes into VIEW, holding a MP5 at the low ready. He faces out, but glances over his shoulder.

MAROON BERET #3

(in Turkish)

We swept the area. There is nobody
here but unarmed staff. Do you want
us to expand the search?

ÇELIK

No, that will attract attention.
Cover us as we leave.

Çelik turns to Jamussa and Dounias.

ÇELIK
 (switching to English)
 We should leave now. Be alert. If
 you see anything, speak up.

EXT. MOSQUE GROUNDS - NIGHT

The three leave the tomb and walk briskly towards the exit.

EXT. MOSQUE GROUNDS - EXIT - NIGHT

As they approach, MAROON BERETS are scattered around.

DOUNIAS
 What's with the commandos?

ÇELIK
 I will explain at the safehouse.

JAMUSSA
 Safehouse?

ÇELIK
 I do not dare take you to my home.
 It is probably watched. And we need
 sleep. Big day tomorrow.

As they leave the mosque compound, maroon beret #3 points to a panel van parked nearby. Maroon beret #4 stands next to the open rear doors. Çelik TOSSES him the sedan's keys, then holsters his pistol. Maroon beret #4 nods and walks to Çelik's sedan. Maroon beret #3 unslings his MP5 and opens the driver's door of the van. Çelik motions for Jamussa and Dounias to enter the rear compartment. They climb in and Çelik closes the doors. He quickly moves to the passenger side door and climbs in.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

ÇELIK
 Comfortable, gentlemen?

DOUNIAS
 Sure.

JAMUSSA
 Actually, no.

ÇELIK

Good.

The van shakes and is NOISY. Maroon beret #3 and Çelik talk M.O.S.

DOUNIAS

(raising his voice)

How long have you known the detective?

JAMUSSA

Since we were small children. Our fathers were business partners. We drifted apart while I attended university in the U.K. and he joined the Army. He was even an exchange officer at your Fort Bragg.

DOUNIAS

Fort Bragg? He was Bordo... whatever?

JAMUSSA

Yes. Military connections aside, he is the only man in all of Turkey I trust with my life.

EXT. ISTANBUL STREET - NIGHT

Policemen wave the van through a checkpoint. It stops next to a parked sedan. Çelik climbs out and runs around the back. He hurriedly opens the doors.

ÇELIK

Quickly. The police will hold up traffic only so long. We must be moving again before any pursuers can pick up our trail.

Dounias and Jamussa jump out. Çelik closes the doors. A man in a suit exits an idling sedan and jumps in the passenger side of the van, which then drives off. As the SOUND of the van's engine RECEDES, Çelik is already in the sedan. Dounias takes the back seat, and Jamussa the front passenger seat.

INT. ÇELIK'S CAR #2 - NIGHT

They reach to close their doors when Çelik floors the accelerator. The doors SLAM from the sudden acceleration.

Çelik's driving is smooth and professional, but unnerving. Tires SQUEAL slightly as he drives onto a multi-lane road.

JAMUSSA

We do not need to worry about enemies killing us. You shall accomplish that yourself.

ÇELIK

Would you prefer to drive?

JAMUSSA

No. Navigating the streets here is too dangerous. Too many horse-drawn carts and sheep.

ÇELIK

I think it is more the result of the Greeks' poor street design. The Romans were superior builders.

DOUNIAS

(irritated)

You two bicker like you're married.

Çelik and Jamussa laugh.

JAMUSSA

Really, John. We are merely...

POP. Gunshots CRACK behind them. The rear window SPIDERWEBS. A BULLET HOLE appears in the back of Jamussa's seat. He grunts and slumps forward. Çelik floors the accelerator and weaves. SEVERAL more gunshots ECHO in the darkness.

ÇELIK

Professor, get on the floorboard!

ANGLE ON SHOOTER'S CAR - TRAVELING

A car with highbeams ON weaves and accelerates to keep pace with Çelik. Its tires SQUEAL. A barely visible shooter leans out of the passenger window and fires a pistol.

INT. ÇELIK'S CAR #2 - NIGHT

Çelik drives in controlled dodges. BITS of fabric and other material SWIRL in the wind WHISTLING through the shattered windows. Çelik remains uninjured.

ANGLE ON SHOOTER'S CAR - TRAVELING

The gunman leans further out of the vehicle.

INT. ÇELIK'S CAR #2 - NIGHT

Çelik swerves around a car. He watches in the rearview mirror as the shooter's car swerves in behind. Çelik throws his arm in front of Jamussa and stands on the brakes.

ANGLE ON ÇELIK'S CAR #2

The car's tires LOCK. The shooter's car SLAMS into the rear, and is instantly immobilized. The shooter LAUNCHES out of the window. His body SKIDS and FLOPS down the road like a ragdoll. The impact KNOCKS Çelik's car forward.

INT. ÇELIK'S CAR #2 - NIGHT

Çelik uses the momentum from the impact to accelerate. The car makes strange MECHANICAL NOISES.

ÇELIK

John, get up! Put pressure on
Adrian's wounds. Keep him from
bleeding out. We must change cars
before taking him to the hospital.

John sits up and looks through the shattered rear window. He turns to Jamussa and presses his fingers against the front and back wounds. Jamussa moans slightly and raises his head.

JAMUSSA

(painfully)
Next time, you sit in front with the
mad Turk.

Jamussa stiffens in pain as Dounias increases pressure on the wound.

ÇELIK

My apologies, Adrian. He must stop
the bleeding. Stay awake! Now is
not the time to nap, you old goat.

JAMUSSA

(clenching his teeth)
Who can nap? Your driving nauseates
me.

Çelik pulls out his cell phone and hits speed dial.

EXT. ISTANBUL STREET - NIGHT

The car turns onto a very narrow side street. Smoke WAFTS from underneath. It stops behind a van blocking the way. Three men rush to Jamussa's door. They gently pull him out. Jamussa grimaces as they carry him to the van.

Çelik and Dounias exit the car and run past the van to a waiting car with a driver at the wheel. Çelik gets into the front passenger seat, Dounias the back. The driver tosses a towel to Dounias, who tries to clean the blood off his hands.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

DOUNIAS

(muttering)

Great. Here we go again.

ÇELIK

Relax. I can shoot back this time.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The car ROARS off with the van following closely behind.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

DOUNIAS

(looking back)

You're just leaving the car there?

ÇELIK

Yes. If someone follows, it will block the way. A recovery vehicle will haul it to a salvage yard later. It is unregistered and untraceable.

DOUNIAS

How did you know these guys would be around?

ÇELIK

I had backup personnel set up along the route. The idea was to flush out any pursuers.

DOUNIAS

Was getting shot part of the plan?

ÇELIK

No.

INT. HOSPITAL - EXAMINING ROOM

A shirtless Jamussa sits on an examining table as a DOCTOR bandages his left shoulder. Çelik and Dounias enter.

ÇELIK

(to Jamussa)
Not too serious, eh?

DOCTOR

Oh, serious enough, but the bullet went through without damaging anything vital.

JAMUSSA

That is your opinion, not mine.

ÇELIK

Thank you, doctor. If you are finished, we need to leave.

DOCTOR

Actually, he should stay overnight for observation and rest.

ÇELIK

Thank you, doctor. Please prepare him. We must leave.

Çelik leans forward and looks closely at Jamussa.

ÇELIK

Are you okay to walk, Adrian?

Jamussa winces, but nods. An orderly enters, carrying a shirt and light jacket, which he hands to the doctor.

DOCTOR

These clothes should fit.

JAMUSSA

Let me guess... the morgue.

DOCTOR

The previous owner had no further need of them.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Çelik exits the hospital, followed by Jamussa leaning on Dounias. Çelik stops and looks across the nearly deserted parking lot. There are two cars parked side-by-side. One car's headlights FLICK on and off. Çelik motions slightly to his companions. They walk to the one occupied by two men. Çelik walks up as the DRIVER rolls his window down. The passenger scans the area.

ÇELIK

(in Turkish)
Anything?

The passenger shakes his head.

ÇELIK

Thank you, gentlemen.

Çelik turns to the other car. After quickly scanning the parking lot, he gets behind the wheel of car #3.

INT. ÇELIK'S CAR #3 - NIGHT

Jamussa tries to get comfortable in the back seat. Dounias is in the front passenger seat, lost in thought.

ÇELIK

Shall we resume our adventure?

Çelik starts the car, and drives out of the parking lot. Dounias turns to say something to Jamussa, who appears to be asleep. Dounias shrugs and turns back around.

DOUNIAS

This is insane. A woman claims an icon made her see the fall of Constantinople. Some "thing" turns glass into dust and steals a sword. A church miraculously transforms. Let's not forget someone stole a dead Sultan's head. And Adrian was shot. What next?

ÇELIK

I am as mystified as you.

DOUNIAS

I'm an archaeologist. I study the past and people. I don't believe in supernatural B-S. There has to be a logical explanation.

ÇELIK

What would that explanation be?

DOUNIAS

I don't know yet.

JAMUSSA

(sleepily)

That is because there is no "logical" explanation. Are you familiar with Occam's Razor, John?

ÇELIK

(muttering)

Oh, God. Here we go.

DOUNIAS

Yea. All things being equal, the best solution is the simplest one.

JAMUSSA

Actually, that is the simplistic version, which is also incorrect. In Latin, it states... nevermind. If there are two or more equally accurate theories for a phenomenon and none seems more probable than the others, then the simple one is preferable to the complicated ones, because simplicity is practical.

Jamussa squirms around in an effort to get comfortable.

JAMUSSA

Do you have an explanation for what the available facts suggest?

DOUNIAS

Do you realize what you are suggesting? If all of this is as it seems, then the effects...

ÇELIK

(overlapping)

There a more serious "effect" that is quite plausible. Greece and Turkey are on a precipice. Events are close to pushing them over the edge into chaos or even war. It is irrelevant whether a ghost exists.

DOUNIAS

Ghosts can't take physical form and kill people. How can one cause even worse effects?

ÇELIK

A ghost's actual existence is not the primary concern here.

(MORE)

ÇELIK (CONT'D)

It is the powerful symbol this one represents. To the Greeks, Constantine was the warrior emperor who died fighting the infidel Turks. To the Turks, he is a symbol of fear. Having conquered and held what was once Greek, at some level we fear them taking it back. That is why Hagia Sofia will be nothing more than a museum so long as the city remains under Turkish control. As a museum, it is merely archaeology or architecture.

(pause)

If word gets out to either the Greeks or the Turks about Constantine, riots will be the least of our worries.

JAMUSSA

Adnan, that was one of the most profound insights I have ever heard from you... where did you read it?

INT. SAFE HOUSE BUILDING - APARTMENT ENTRYWAY

The SOUND of a key turning in a lock ECHOES. The door opens. Çelik enters and turns on a light. Dounias helps Jamussa enter. Çelik closes and locks the door.

ÇELIK

It is not opulent, but it is comfortable and guarded.

Jamussa lets go of Dounias and walks down the hall, using the wall for support. Dounias watches him go. A light TURNS ON, then disappears with the SOUND of a door CLOSING.

INT. SAFEHOUSE BUILDING - APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Çelik walks into the kitchen and opens the refrigerator. He pulls items out and sets them on the counter. Dounias enters.

ÇELIK

Care for something to eat?

DOUNIAS

Sure. What do you have?

ÇELIK

Oh, a variety of foods, all with names you probably cannot pronounce. What would you like?

DOUNIAS

Actually, I could use some alcohol.

ÇELIK

Have you ever had raki?

Dounias shakes his head, lost in thought. Çelik sets bottled water, a bottle of raki, and two glasses on the counter. He pours raki into the glasses and reaches for the water, but Dounias grabs a glass and downs it in one gulp.

DOUNIAS

(gasping)

Ugh! My God!

Çelik smiles and holds up the bottled water.

ÇELIK

You mix it with cold water. It turns into a milky mixture we call "arслан sütü"... lion's milk.

DOUNIAS

(eye watering)

Woo... that is... stout.

Çelik pushes a couple of the food containers towards Dounias.

ÇELIK

Try some white cheese and fish. It takes the bite out of the raki.

(raising a glass)

Afiyet olsun!

They are quiet as they eat out of the containers, each lost in his own thoughts.

A toilet FLUSHES down the hall, and hinges SQUEAL lightly.

BEAT.

Jamussa shuffles into the kitchen.

JAMUSSA

Someone say "raki"?

ÇELIK

Not for you, ass. Alcohol and pain medication do not mix.

Jamussa eases into a chair at the table, looking irritated.

JAMUSSA

Fine. Is there any food left?

Çelik and Dounias carry the containers to the table, setting them in front of Jamussa.

DOUNIAS

(to Çelik)

You started to mention some things earlier. Care to fill in the gaps?

ÇELIK

Have you ever heard of the "Deep State"?

DOUNIAS

No. What the hell is it?

ÇELIK

It is a group of powerful, anti-democratic people from the military and intelligence services, national police and judiciary, and even organized crime. It is a state within the state that forcibly suppresses leftists and fundamentalists.

DOUNIAS

So, they are the ones chasing us?

ÇELIK

That is difficult to answer. The man that shot Adrian was no professional. He only used a pistol, was a poor shot, and did it in the open. Hidden state elements would have done it quietly, out of sight.

DOUNIAS

Professional or not, he found us. So, if nobody believes in spirits, why pursue us?

Çelik puts his food on the table and sits back.

ÇELIK

The hidden state may see our efforts to find the Hodegetria as a threat to stability and order. The Islamists believe this whole affair is a threat to the primacy of Islam.

(MORE)

ÇELIK (CONT'D)

And the leftists... well, they are anti-religious, claims of tolerance to the contrary. So, take your pick.

Çelik looks at Jamussa, who eats with difficulty.

ÇELIK

Anything to add, Adrian?

Jamussa swallows and uses a fingernail to pick his teeth.

JAMUSSA

(sucking his teeth)

Oh, we have similar groups in Greece; rabid nationalists, religious zealots, fanatical leftists, and anarchists.

ÇELIK

It is possible that all of them, are separately plotting and acting. If true, then we may be, as you Americans say, screwed.

DOUNIAS

So, what do we do?

ÇELIK

Find the Hodegetria before the others. But first, we need sleep.

INT./EXT. TEK Fur SARAYI - NIGHT

Constantine sits in shadow on a upper story window ledge. His BREATHING is raspy. He holds Mehmet's head with the face in his right hand and his left on the back of the skull. His eyes begin GLOWING violet.

MONTAGE

- A) Siege of Constantinople VIEWED from outside the walls.
- B) A medieval Turkish soldier brandishing the jeweled sword.
- C) Another displaying Constantine's purple cape.

BACK TO SCENE

Constantine violently throws the head into the darkness. There is the faint SOUND of the skull SHATTERING.

The glow FADES from his eyes. Constantine slumps as if spent and leans into the DIM light. His skin is smooth and his eyes are nearly normal.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - BEDROOM

Dounias snores softly on a bed, one arm over his eyes. Çelik enters. Jamussa watches from the hallway. Dounias jerks awake and sits up.

ÇELIK
Something is afoot. We must leave.

DOUNIAS
Okay. Did you say "afoot?"

ÇELIK
No time to critique my English.

Çelik quickly exits. Jamussa shrugs, then follows.

INT. SAFEHOUSE BUILDING - APARTMENT ENTRYWAY

Çelik stands beside the front door with pistol drawn. He talks softly into his cell phone.

Dounias walks up, rubbing his eyes. Çelik motions for him to step into the kitchen.

INT. SAFEHOUSE BUILDING - APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Jamussa is already there, gingerly rubbing his shoulder.

DOUNIAS
What's going on?

JAMUSSA
I have no idea.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - APARTMENT ENTRYWAY

There is a soft KNOCK on the door. Çelik closes his cellphone and pockets it. He quietly opens the door. Outside are two plainclothes goons with suppressed MP-5s at the ready. GOON #1 nods to Çelik and moves O.S. Çelik motions for Dounias and Jamussa to join him. They do. Goon #2 covers the rear as Çelik, Jamussa, and Dounias exit the apartment. Goon #2 pulls the door closed.

INT. SAFEHOUSE BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

The men descend a staircase at the end of the hall. As goon #2 starts to back down the stairs, an armed man appears at the opposite end of the hall. Goon #2 shoots him twice in the chest, the MP5 making soft POPS. The shell casings TINKLE on the tile floor. Another man peeks around the corner and fires several LOUD shots. Goon #2 ducks as the rounds hit the wall where he was. He pauses, peeks up, then ducks back.

INT. SAFEHOUSE BUILDING - STAIRWAY

They stop on the stairs as Goon #1 reaches the bottom step. He peers around a corner.

DOUNIAS
(whispering to Çelik)
When do I get a pistol? I have no
way of defending myself.

ÇELIK
If I die, you may have mine.

DOUNIAS
(sarcastic)
Thanks.

Goon #1 pulls back and whispers to Çelik, who nods. Çelik looks up at Goon #2, and signals to hold position.

INT. SAFEHOUSE BUILDING - TOP OF STAIRWAY

Goon #2 takes aim with his MP-5.

INT. SAFEHOUSE BUILDING - BOTTOM OF STAIRWAY

Çelik motions Jamussa and Dounias closer.

ÇELIK
Friends are sweeping the alleys, and
we cannot go back. So, we wait.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE BUILDING - SIDE ALLEY - NIGHT

A maroon beret checks a body lying in the alley. It has a pistol in its right hand, which the soldier retrieves. He scans for threats for a moment before sneaking up the alley.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE BUILDING - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

A couple of thugs squat behind a car, pistols pointing towards the back door. SUPPRESSED three round bursts stitch their backs. They drop without a sound.

Two maroon berets step into the DIM light coming from nearby buildings. They flip up night vision goggles. BERK speaks softly into a throat mike. The other checks to ensure the men are dead, then SILENTLY moves into the shadows.

INT. SAFEHOUSE BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY

Çelik turns and motions for Goon #2 to come down.

ÇELIK
(to Goon #1 in Turkish)
Go.

They move together to the back door. As they reach the door, Goon #1 opens it and sweeps for targets, then steps outside.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE BUILDING - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Goon #1 covers everyone as they exit the building. Berk and a soldier crouch on the edge of the light. Goon #1 assumes a ready stance facing down the alley.

BERK
(Turkish accented
English)
Adnan, it has been awhile. How have
you been?

ÇELIK
Better. These are the men I told
you about.
(to Jamussa and Dounias)
Gentlemen, this is an old friend,
Berk.

BERK
Now that we are all acquainted, we
should get the hell out of here?

Berk gestures to the soldier waiting in the shadows. The soldier lurches into the light. His MP-5 dangles by its sling. His eyes are GLAZED and unfocused. With a gurgle, he collapses on the pavement.

A shadow in the darkness moves rapidly down the ally. The goons fire suppressed bursts with no apparent effect.

Berk and Çelik rush to the fallen soldier. Çelik rolls him over, but he is obviously dead. Berk, looking grim, reaches down and unclips the MP5. He hands it, and spare ammo clips, to Çelik. He pulls the soldier's pistol from its holster and motions to Dounias. Berk grabs his wrist and presses the pistol into his palm, then hands him spare magazines.

BERK

Do you know how to use that?

Dounias pockets the spare magazines. He drops the magazine in the grip, checks the rounds, and slaps it back in place. He partially pulls the slide to see if a round is chambered. Satisfied, he releases the slide and inserts the pistol into his waistband at the small of his back.

ÇELIK

He does.

Berk and Çelik move to lift the dead Soldier, but Dounias stops them. He throws the body over his shoulder in a fireman's carry, and the group moves up the alley.

Goon #1 sweeps ahead, checking for targets. Berk talks softly as they move. Within seconds, a panel van SCREECHES to a halt at the end of the alley. The side door opens and Goon #1 jumps in the van, followed by the rest. As Goon #2 gets in the van, the driver accelerates away.

INT. VAN - DAWN

The Goons look out of the windows and open side door for threats. They pass another van picking up Maroon Berets.

Berk squats next to the dead soldier, checking for wounds.

BERK

(to Çelik)

No visible injuries, but dead just the same.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

The van pulls inside as a roll-up metal door closes behind it. The door smacks the sill with a THUNK.

The van stops and its side door opens. Çelik, Jamussa, Dounias, and the two goons step out. Çelik places the MP-5 and magazines on a table. Berk enters, looking grim.

JAMUSSA

My condolences for the loss of your soldier.

BERK

His father and I entered the Army together. I promised to look after his youngest son... and failed.

ÇELIK

Did the doctors determine what killed him?

BERK

Severe brain injury, but not a mark.
(beat)
Adnan, what are you into? You have never asked for help before.

ÇELIK

I am not exactly sure. What I know is so unbelievable that...

Berk raises a hand for silence. He puts a finger to his earbud and listens intently for a moment.

BERK

Explanations must wait. Someone from the interior ministry is asking about you. Since the current government now routinely arrests retired and serving military on dubious charges, I cannot simply tell them to go to hell. We must get you out of here.

ÇELIK

How do you propose to do that? Something inconspicuous, such as a helicopter or a tank?

BERK

Nothing so dramatic. A tunnel.

JAMUSSA

By "tunnel," I hope you do not mean "sewer."

INT. TUNNEL

Berk and two maroon berets guide the others down a DIMLY lit, concrete tunnel. Their footsteps ECHO slightly.

At the end, there are rungs set in the concrete. Berk stops and turns.

BERK

We cannot accompany you as we would draw attention. Adnan, sometime I would like to know why my soldier died... Gentlemen, best of luck.

Berk slaps Çelik on the back and walks back up the tunnel with his men.

DOUNIAS

Well, that was weird. What next, belly dancers in an opium den?

ÇELIK

Opium den? Wrong Asiatics, ass. That was China.

JAMUSSA

He meant to say "Turkish bath," but the dancers would be young boys.

Çelik ignores the jab and climbs the rungs. There is a soft SQUEAL of rusty hinges, and his legs climb out of view.

ÇELIK (O.S.)

(whispering)

Care to join me or would you prefer to remain down there?

Dounias motions for Jamussa to go first. Jamussa awkwardly climbs the rungs. Dounias waits impatiently as Jamussa slowly climbs up, then follows him. When Dounias is halfway up, a light TURNS ON above him.

DOUNIAS' POV

... of a round hole backlit by a bare light bulb hanging from the ceiling. Çelik comes into VIEW and holds a finger to his lips for silence. He offers Dounias a hand.

BACK TO SCENE

Dounias grabs Çelik's hand and climbs up.

INT. STORAGE ROOM

Dounias stands up in a small room slightly bigger than a closet. Çelik quietly closes the hatch. Jamussa winces as he opens and closes his left hand.

Çelik quietly draws his pistol, so Dounias draws his. Çelik points at it.

ÇELIK

(whispering)

That is Turkish Army property.

DOUNIAS

When we don't need it anymore, I'll give it back.

Çelik grumbles and cautiously opens the door. He steps through, then suddenly aims his pistol menacingly. There is a gong-like SOUND of a METAL BOWL hitting a tile floor. Dounias pushes past Jamussa and steps through.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

Dounias covers Çelik as he holds a COOK at gunpoint.

COOK

(stammering in Turkish)

No need. We are all Army here.

Goon #2 enters from an opposite door. He sneers at the cook and leaves the room. Çelik and Dounias put away their pistols as they exit. Jamussa shrugs at the cook in passing.

EXT. RESTAURANT FRONT - DAY

The three exit the restaurant. Goon #2 sits behind the wheel of a sedan parked at the curb. Jamussa and Dounias get in back. Çelik scans the area before getting in front.

INT. CAR - DAY

Goon #2 casually pulls into traffic. Çelik turns slightly.

ÇELIK

Adrian, are you alright?

Jamussa cradles his left arm, but nods.

DOUNIAS

First Islamists and criminals, now government agents?

ÇELIK

We are fortunate they do not cooperate with each other. If they did, we would already be dead.

DOUNIAS

Thanks for the cheery note of optimism. What next?

JAMUSSA

Relax, my pseudo-Greek friend. We are going to visit someone with information about this "adventure," as our raki-swilling comrade says.

INT. ISTANBUL - CHURCH OF SAINT GEORGE - DAY

The three enter. A priest waits at the far end. Jamussa motions them to stay put, then rushes to meet the priest.

Jamussa talks to the priest M.O.S., pointing to Dounias and Çelik. The priest nods. Jamussa quickly returns.

JAMUSSA

Follow me and...
 (looking at Çelik)
 ... for God's sake, touch nothing.

They pass a highly decorated dark pillar. Çelik slows to look at it. Jamussa quickly comes back.

JAMUSSA

What are you doing? Leave it alone!

ÇELIK

I was just admiring this... whatever.

JAMUSSA

It is the pillar of flagellation, ass. You know that because we took the tour together as schoolboys.

ÇELIK

Be mindful of swearing, Adrian. We are in a church, you know.

JAMUSSA

"Ass" is in the Bible. Come on.

INT. OFFICE - CHURCH OF SAINT GEORGE

They enter a plush office with leather chairs and a huge desk. ARIC VLACHOS sits behind the desk and stands to greet them. He shakes each man's hand in turn.

VLACHOS

(in English)

Good to see you all. Adrian, I hope you are doing better.

JAMUSSA

Thank you. I am.

Vlachos motions to sit as he sits back down. All three sit.

VLACHOS

I understand you are investigating strange events on the Black Sea.

JAMUSSA

I thought you might have heard.

VLACHOS

That is not all I have heard. Powerful people in Greece are also searching for what you seek. They mean to have it no matter the cost.

Vlachos sighs and pinches the bridge of his nose between thumb and forefinger before looking at his guests.

VLACHOS

The warning was personal. I do not know you, Doctor Dounias, but I have known these two for years.

DOUNIAS

(to Jamussa)

Anybody you don't know here?

Jamussa shrugs.

VLACHOS

A small community... I have information for you.

Vlachos opens a desk drawer, and pulls out a stack of photos. He offers them to Jamussa, who points to Dounias. A surprised Dounias takes them.

INSERT - CLOSE ON PHOTO

... of a jeweled sword lying parallel to a meter stick.

BACK TO SCENE

As Dounias leafs through the photos, both Çelik and Jamussa lean over to see. Çelik looks puzzled.

ÇELIK

Where were they taken?

VLACHOS

The Hermitage Museum in Saint Petersburg, Russia. In 1834, the Sultan gave that sword to Czar Nicholas I as a gift. Can you guess whose sword it is supposed to be?

ÇELIK

Constantine's.

VLACHOS

Correct. It is on loan for an exhibition, and is still secured in the Topkapi Palace armory. If the objective was to steal Constantine relics, why not this sword instead of the other?

Dounias broods for a moment, then looks up.

DOUNIAS

Because it wasn't his. Constantine wouldn't have used some ornate sword, but a much plainer one... like the sword that disappeared.

Dounias nods and hands the pictures back to Vlachos.

DOUNIAS

The Russian sword looks like an adventurer's. My money's on Giovanni Giustiniani Longo.

ÇELIK

Who?

DOUNIAS

Giovanni Giustiniani Longo, a Genoese adventurer... kind of like Sir Francis Drake.

Çelik and Jamussa look at him with blank expressions.

DOUNIAS

Okay, you guys aren't up on English history... Skanderbeg! He was like Skanderbeg, the adventurer.

ÇELIK

Actually, we know who Drake was.

(MORE)

ÇELIK (CONT'D)

We are surprised because neither of us is English nor Albanian. Perhaps, Barbarossa Hayreddin Pasha or Alexandros Ypsilantis would have been better examples.

JAMUSSA

Yes, that was a strange choice.

DOUNIAS

Who cares! Point is, the Russian sword is probably Longo's.

VLACHOS

We drew the same conclusion. Constantine may have briefly used the sword after Longo was mortally wounded, but it was not his. Any link was weak. The one on display was his and he reclaimed it. The Hodegetria called to him and he reclaimed it as well.

DOUNIAS

Called to him?

VLACHOS

Yes. Many miracles have been ascribed to the icon. It reportedly heals sickness and injury, and sustains life. If the legends are true, it could have resurrected Constantine when the ship was found.

JAMUSSA

If the icon is the Hodegetria, we must find it. Even if it lacks supernatural power, it has spiritual power.

DOUNIAS

To find it, we must find him. We have to go to where it started.

JAMUSSA

The site is a hundred kilometers away. It would be a full day on choppy water...

ÇELIK

Adrian, you are an ass. He is referring to the Eastwind.

Jamussa scowls at Çelik.

JAMUSSA

Did I swear in your mosques? No. I showed respect.

ÇELIK

(to Vlachos)

My apologies, Aric. I did not mean to offend.

JAMUSSA

We must leave before our profane colleague further defiles this church.

Dounias stands and extends his hand to Vlachos.

DOUNIAS

Aric, thanks for the hospitality.

VLACHOS

You are welcome... and good luck. With these two, you will need it.

Çelik and Jamussa stand as well. Each shakes Vlachos' hand in turn, and walks out. Vlachos sits as the SOUND of their footsteps FADES. His expression is haunted.

VLACHOS

God be with you all.

EXT. CHURCH OF SAINT GEORGE - DAY

The three exit the church.

DOUNIAS

Hold up. We're not going to the Eastwind.

Çelik and Jamussa stop.

JAMUSSA

You said we needed to go to where this all started. That means the ship, since it brought the icon up in the first place.

DOUNIAS

I realize you have known Aric a long time, but something isn't right, so I let him think that. We need to go to the Chora Church...

ÇELIK
(overlapping)
The Kariye Müzesi.

DOUNIAS
Whatever. Constantine kept the icon there during the siege. The church is still mostly intact. So, it's highly likely he hid the icon there again.

JAMUSSA
Then we should leave now. Having been shot once, I do not care to remain in the open.

They begin walking. In the DISTANCE, the car is parked at the curb, but Goon #2 is not there. Dounias hisses to Çelik.

DOUNIAS
Adnan, I don't see your driver.

Çelik keeps walking.

ÇELIK
I know. Act as if you do not notice and follow me.

JAMUSSA
You expect us to be nonchalant?

ÇELIK
Yes. Now shut up.

Çelik leads the other two across the church grounds. He walks with a purpose, while not appearing overly hurried.

ÇELIK
(to Dounias)
Be ready to pull your pistol. We may be in for a rough time of it.

JAMUSSA
John, if anything happens to me, I apologize for involving you in this.

ÇELIK
(irritated)
I am sure he accepts your apology, Adrian. Now, do be quiet or I shall shoot you myself.

A single gunshot CRACKS, followed by the SOUND of an engine REVVING and tires SCREECHING.

Çelik quickdraws his pistol.

ÇELIK

Move!

The three sprint to a low brick wall and crouch behind it. There is the SOUND of a barrage of SHOTS, followed by the SOUND of a car CRASHING.

The ROAR of a car ENGINE O.S. gets LOUDER. A four-door sedan SCREECHES to a stop by the wall. Several men jump out and get behind the car, facing the direction of the shots. Goon #1 exits the car and closes his cell phone. He leans against the car with his head down.

ÇELIK

Stay here.

Çelik runs around the wall and joins the officers. He and Goon #1 talk M.O.S. Goon #1 smacks the car hood and stalks off. In the b.g., SIRENS get LOUDER. Çelik walks back to Jamussa and Dounias.

ÇELIK

His partner is dead. We will miss
not having him cover our backs.

Dounias looks toward the main road.

LONG SHOT OVER DOUNIAS' SHOULDER

SEVERAL police cars and an ambulance sit parked with emergency lights slowly SPINNING.

RESUME SCENE

DOUNIAS

He didn't even pull his weapon?

ÇELIK

(eyes icy)
It was likely someone he knew.

Jamussa and Dounias step to the side as Çelik rejoins the other officers.

DOUNIAS

This is getting pretty hairy. Do
you think we can trust these men?

JAMUSSA

Yes, Adnan handpicked them. As for
the others, I do not know.

DOUNIAS

What about the maroon berets?

JAMUSSA

Those he served with would die for him. However, both the hidden state and Islamists have infiltrated all segments of society.

Çelik approaches Jamussa and Dounias.

ÇELIK

Four dead. One of ours and three of theirs. Several escaped.

JAMUSSA

Have there been other attacks?

ÇELIK

Unknown... We must move quickly. Whomever finds the icon first will have to run a gauntlet.

Another sedan pulls up (Çelik's Car #4). Çelik motions for them to get in.

JAMUSSA

Another car? Something with armor would have been nice.

Goon #1 boots the driver out and takes his place. Çelik takes the front seat, and Jamussa and Dounias get in back. The doors barely close when the goon accelerates into traffic.

EXT. KARIYE MÜZESİ - DUSK

They arrive at the eerily deserted museum. As soon as the car stops, all four pile out.

ÇELIK

Something is amiss. Get inside, quickly.

DOUNIAS

Is that a good idea? Bad guys with guns could be waiting for us.

ÇELIK

We have no choice. Move!

Goon #1 covers them as they move to the building. Çelik and Dounias sweep for threats as they enter the museum. Jamussa struggles to keep up until Çelik drags him inside.

Dounias covers Goon #1 as he enters.

INT. KARIYE MÜZESİ - OUTER NARTHEX - DUSK

The setting sun casts deep shadows inside, making the museum EERIE and FORBODING. Goon #1 looks out through the entrance for threats. Çelik enters the inner narthex.

INT. KARIYE MÜZESİ - INNER NARTHEX - DUSK

Çelik scans the area under the central dome (NAOS). Dounias and Goon #1 walks up to stand beside him. Goon #1 taps Dounias and points to the exterior door. Dounias exits.

INT. KARIYE MÜZESİ - NAOS - DUSK

Goon #1 and Çelik sneak inside. A light FLICKERS in the passageway leading to the darkened side church. Goon #1 peers inside then looks back. Çelik makes an expression suggesting "well?" Goon #1 sighs.

Goon #1 pulls out a small flashlight and turns it on. It only FLICKERS. He pockets it and gropes his way into the darkened passageway. Çelik strains to see before following.

INT. KARIYE MÜZESİ - SIDE CHURCH - NIGHTFALL

A lightbulb FLICKERS, giving DIM light. Çelik's footsteps ECHO slightly in the b.g.

Goon #1 freezes as a sword FLASHES from the deeper darkness and stops at his throat. Çelik freezes. Goon #1 slowly turns his head. VIOLET eyes look at him, then at his pistol. They narrow slightly. Goon #1 carefully drops the pistol to CLACK on the stone floor. The eyes look to Çelik.

GOON #1

(in Turkish)

He wants you to drop yours as well.

ÇELİK

My sincere apologies, but I cannot.

GOON #1

I know... avenge me.

ÇELİK

I will.

A single punch drops Goon #1. The sword disappears.

INT. KARIYE MÜZESİ - NAOS - NIGHT

Gunshots ECHO. FLASHES in the dark. Dounias points his pistol towards the gunshots. Jamussa strains to see past him as the SOUND of slow, shuffling footsteps gets closer.

Çelik stumbles around the corner and leans against the wall. He has a blank stare. His breathing is LOUD.

Dounias starts forward, but Jamussa stops him.

A shadow with GLOWING indigo eyes steps behind Çelik.

DOUNIAS

Shit! He's here. I thought he'd be haunting somewhere else.

ÇELİK

(in a loud whisper)

Where is it?

Çelik jerks and shuffles towards them. Constantine follows close behind. His eyes begin GLOWING violet.

DOUNIAS

I don't have a clear shot.

ÇELİK

Where is it?

DOUNIAS

What the hell is he talking about?

JAMUSSA

(understanding)

The icon. He does not have it.

Jamussa crosses himself, then steps forward as he pushes Dounias' pistol down.

DOUNIAS

Adrian, get out of the damn way!

Jamussa holds up a hand for silence and continues walking.

JAMUSSA

(speaking slowly in
Greek)

Your majesty, we are not your enemies.
We also wish to recover the icon.

Constantine's glowing eyes NARROW. His left hand cups Çelik's head. Çelik's breathing is RASPY like an asthmatic.

ÇELIK

How can you protect the icon when
you cannot protect yourselves... or
your brother?

Jamussa ignores the look Dounias gives him.

JAMUSSA

We mean you and the icon no harm...
Sire, I give myself in trade.

DOUNIAS

What?! No way in hell.

Dounias brings his pistol back up. Constantine whips his
sword to point at Jamussa's throat.

JAMUSSA

John, for God's sake, put it down!
You will get us all killed!

Constantine releases Çelik, who collapses, and grabs Jamussa's
forehead. Jamussa stiffens and gasps. His eyes GLAZE and
his face goes slack.

Çelik lurches to his feet and stumbles to Dounias. Dounias
grabs him while trying to aim his pistol at Constantine.

JAMUSSA

(wheezing)

Take the half-breed and go.

Constantine and Jamussa FADE into the dark passageway.
Dounias moves to follow, but Çelik stops him.

ÇELIK

No! Constantine will not harm him.
He needs Adrian.

DOUNIAS

How the hell can you know that?

Çelik takes a deep breath and wipes drool off his chin.

ÇELIK

I saw into his mind. He is determined
to retrieve the icon, but he is not
wantonly killing. What he has done
so far... he felt he had no choice.

Dounias looks at Çelik as if he is crazy.

DOUNIAS

Saw into his mind?! You aren't making sense. What'd he do to you?

ÇELIK

I have no idea. Somehow I caught glimpses of his thoughts, and I am sure that he read mine.

DOUNIAS

Mind reading?

ÇELIK

Yes... I must sound mad.

DOUNIAS

Not anymore than anything else I've seen. He affects electricity and the brain is an electro-chemical computer.

ÇELIK

There is one more thing. I do not believe he killed the soldier this morning... and I have to vomit.

Çelik stands and leans against the wall, breathing deeply. He pulls out his cellphone. A "no signal" beep SOUNDS faintly.

ÇELIK

Damn it!

DOUNIAS

How the hell does he get around?

ÇELIK

Are you joking? As an archaeologist, you have to know this city is honeycombed with underground aqueducts, tunnels, and other passageways built over the last two thousand years.

DOUNIAS

So, how do we figure out where he's going next?

Çelik stumbles away from the wall towards the outer doorway. As he moves, the lights stop flickering and remain on.

DOUNIAS

Hold on!

ÇELIK

They are gone. I... "feel" it. I will retrieve my pistol and see to my fellow officer.

As he walks away, Çelik rubs his head. He stops and turns.

ÇELIK

I saw an old building. It is... a three story shell, Byzantine, and built into the city walls. It has alternating layers of brick and stone.

Dounias SNAPS his fingers and quickly catches up with Çelik.

DOUNIAS

Of course! He's going to his old palace... We'll go there later. Right now, you need to see a doctor.

Çelik dismisses the suggestion with a wave.

ÇELIK

No, I am feeling much better.
(fiddling with his phone)
Ah-ha! Now I can call. He definitely interferes with electricity.

Dounias is clearly annoyed.

DOUNIAS

Whatever. Hey, good job shooting up a priceless Byzantine church. Why don't you visit me in the States? We'll take a road-trip to D.C. and you can shoot up the Smithsonian.

EXT. KARIYE MÜZESİ - NIGHT

Dounias and Çelik walk outside. Two maroon berets carry the unconscious goon on a stretcher. OTHERS stand nearby.

ÇELIK

The doctor says I am fine. He, however, has a fractured jaw and a concussion. They will take care of him. I say we push on to the palace.

Dounias starts to protest as they arrive at a group of vehicles that includes their sedan. A uniformed Turkish ARMY OFFICER steps out of a van's open side door.

ARMY OFFICER

(in Turkish)

There are riots across the city.
Military and police units are being
called in. We must leave.

ÇELIK

I need two men for a mission.

ARMY OFFICER

(shaking his head)

I cannot. I have orders. However,
if a couple of weapons and ammunition
were to disappear from this van, it
might be some time before we noticed.

The officer grins at a puzzled Dounias, then walks O.S.

INT. ÇELIK'S CAR #4 - NIGHT

Dounias sits in the passenger seat while Çelik opens the driver's door and gets inside. He hands Dounias a blanket-wrapped bundle that RATTLES. Dounias moves the bundle to the floorboard and unwraps TWO suppressed MP-5s and a HALF-DOZEN full clips. He grunts in surprise and looks at Çelik.

ÇELIK

I once protected his sister's virtue.

DOUNIAS

Ah. Of course.

Dounias locks and loads the weapons, and flicks the safeties on. He places one in his own lap and the other between the seats on the transmission tunnel.

LONG SHOT OF THE CAR

... driving off in the dark as FOG rolls in.

EXT. AVCIBEY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

It is eerily quiet in the fog-bound neighborhood. Visible buildings are unlit. Çelik's car #4 drives up without headlights. The engine quits and the car coasts to a stop.

Both exit the car carrying their MP-5s. They pocket the spare magazines.

DOUNIAS

You think Adrian's still alive?

ÇELIK

(nodding)

He is no threat, and he has useful knowledge. My only worry is the others searching for the icon.

DOUNIAS

Hey, what was that whole thing about you two being brothers?

ÇELIK

When Adrian was two, his father succumbed to cancer. Before he died, he made my father promise to care for our mother. He married her soon after. I was born a year later.

DOUNIAS

Huh, then... let's find your brother.

EXT. AVCIBEY NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET - NIGHT

Dounias and Çelik move tactically, scanning the upper stories of buildings, as well as up the street and behind.

INT./EXT. DOORWAY - NIGHT

As Dounias passes a doorway, the door opens and a man steps out. He throws up his hands as the barrel of Dounias' weapon presses on his nose. Çelik whips around.

ÇELIK

(hissing in Turkish)

Get inside... Now!

EXT. AVCIBEY NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET - NIGHT

Dounias resumes walking as the man disappears inside. Çelik glances back the way they came before continuing as well.

EXT. TEKFUR SARAYI - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Çelik and Dounias move up the inner courtyard. As they reach the building, a NOISE stops them. Çelik and Dounias scan the arches. There is another SOUND from inside. They both thumb their weapon safeties off with dull CLICKS.

INT. TEKFUR SARAYI - NIGHT

Çelik carefully steps inside and scans the interior. A shadowy figure leaps through an upper story window.

EXT. TEKFUR SARAYI - NIGHT

The figure lands on the ramparts and darts away. Dounias raises his MP-5 to fire, but Çelik stops him. The figure disappears into the fog. Dounias looks at Çelik, puzzled.

ÇELIK

There are houses over there. Come.

Çelik runs to a section of wall that is climbable and scrambles up. Dounias tries to climb as well, but slips and tumbles to the ground. Çelik pauses and looks down.

DOUNIAS

Go! I'll catch up!

Çelik turns and runs O.S.

Dounias gets up and runs along the bottom of the wall. As he passes an archway, a MOAN makes him stop.

INT./EXT. ARCHWAY - NIGHT

Dounias cautiously enters the archway. There is a body lying inside. He feels for wounds. It moans again, then smacks its lips as if thirsty.

DOUNIAS

Do you speak English?

JAMUSSA

Of course, ass. Stop groping me.

Jamussa tries to rise. Dounias shifts his MP-5 aside and helps him stand. A sword SUDDENLY rests against Dounias' throat. He stiffens as a hand grabs his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTANTINOPLE (1450S) - WESTERN WALL RAMPARTS - DAY

Dounias staggers, disoriented. Medieval Constantinople in DECAY stretches to one side. On the other lies the outer walls, the moat, and the countryside. In front of him, a normal-looking Constantine in armor looks over the city.

DOUNIAS

Where the hell am I?

Constantine responds in slightly accented English.

CONSTANTINE

Constantinople. You are seeing my memories of the city... I do not know how I am able to do this, but our minds are linked.

DOUNIAS

What happened to you?

Constantine turns to face Dounias.

CONSTANTINE

After I died, I was surrounded by mist and silence. I awakened when someone took the Hodegetria.

DOUNIAS

So, it's the Hodegetria?

CONSTANTINE

Yes.

Dounias steps towards Constantine.

DOUNIAS

Why kill so many people? You have to realize your war is long over.

CONSTANTINE

They are animals. They destroyed 2,000 years of Greek civilization.

DOUNIAS

The Ottomans are dust. Today's Turks are not the same ones you knew.

Anger flashes in Constantine's eyes.

CONSTANTINE

(motioning to the
moat)

I can see the Turks and their traitorous Slav allies as they assault these walls. I can still smell the powder of their siege cannon, their cooking fires, and the stench of the dead.

DOUNIAS

I am Greek, too. I ask you to help save our people from war. You have to stop killing. It only makes things worse.

CONSTANTINE

(puzzled)

I attacked the Turks on the boat and a guard because they posed a danger. If there are others, they are not my doing.

DOUNIAS

Then who... ?

CONSTANTINE

There is something else out there tracking me. I hid your companion in the archway to keep him safe. Whatever hunts us also attacked me on the ship and took the Hodegetria.

DOUNIAS

My friend is chasing it.

CONSTANTINE

Stop him. If it is like me, his weapons will have no effect.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. ARCHWAY - NIGHT

Dounias staggers. Jamussa reaches out, but Dounias waves him off.

DOUNIAS

I'm okay, Adrian.

Constantine, in contemporary street clothes with sword slung across his back, walks outside. Jamussa and Dounias follow.

EXT. TEKFUR SARAYI - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Constantine stands in the center of the courtyard, head cocked as if listening.

CONSTANTINE

Your friend returns.

Jamussa and Dounias both approach Constantine as Çelik climbs down from the rampart and approaches the others. He reacts to seeing Constantine and brings his MP-5 up. Both Jamussa and Dounias step between them.

JAMUSSA

Adnan, no!

Çelik continues aiming his weapon. Çelik and Constantine lock eyes. Constantine is a BLUR as he leaps. Çelik fires into Constantine's chest, but is knocked to the ground. In an instant, Constantine's sword-tip POKES Çelik's throat.

CONSTANTINE

Enough. We waste time. You cannot kill me, so you must trust me.

Constantine sheathes his sword and extends a hand. Çelik releases the MP-5 and grasps Constantine's hand. Constantine easily lifts him, then turns to the others.

DOUNIAS

Hold on... you speak English.

CONSTANTINE

I got it from your minds. I also speak modern Greek and Turkish.

Constantine walks to the wall and leaps up to the parapet.

ÇELIK

(looking up)

You move like a shadow. How do we know you are not one of them?

CONSTANTINE

You still live... Stay together. You cannot help me.

EXT. TOP OF RUINED WALL - NIGHT

Constantine turns and jogs along the shadow's trail.

EXT. BOTTOM OF RUINED WALL - NIGHT

Çelik glances at Jamussa.

ÇELIK

Try to keep up. We must move fast.

JAMUSSA

Yah. Yah.

Jamussa climbs the wall using one arm. Çelik and Dounias quickly pass him.

EXT. TOP OF RUINED WALL - NIGHT

Çelik and Dounias reach the top.

ÇELIK

(quietly to Dounias)

While I will cover Constantine's back, cover my brother's. He is not athletic. Too much lamb and ouzo.

Çelik pulls his MP-5 forward and hurries to catch up with Constantine. Dounias turns as Jamussa reaches the top.

DOUNIAS

Ready?

JAMUSSA

(winded)

Why do we not... drive the streets... that parallel the walls?

DOUNIAS

Not enough time to get the car. We also don't know where the chase will end. We could pass them up.

The two walk quickly along the parapet.

EXT. DAMAGED SECTION OF WALL - NIGHT

The wall steadily deteriorates until Constantine reaches a gap nearly blocked with small trees and bushes. He tenses to leap the gap, but Çelik rounds the corner and stops short.

ÇELIK

What are we chasing?

Constantine's eyes glow INDIGO, then VIOLET. Çelik is startled and steps back, nearly falling over the edge. Constantine reaches out like a striking snake and pulls him back. He stares into space as he mechanically releases Çelik.

CONSTANTINE

Two. One leads us away while the other... attacks your companions. That is the reason I told you to remain with them.

ÇELIK

I have to go back and help them.

CONSTANTINE

Wait.

Constantine pulls out a dagger and offers it hilt-first.

CONSTANTINE

This may affect whatever you find.
The Patriarch of Constantinople
blessed it. I will hunt the other.

Çelik takes the dagger and runs back towards the palace.
Constantine leaps the gap and is lost in the fog.

EXT. TEKFUR SARAYI - TOP OF WALL - NIGHT

Çelik rounds a bend in the wall. Dounias and Jamussa are
looking up and around almost frantically.

ÇELIK

Get behind me!

Jamussa quickly joins Çelik. Dounias spins in a slow circle
while edging towards them.

DOUNIAS

Adnan, what am I looking for?

ÇELIK

I don't know... some type of spirit.

JAMUSSA

Well, whatever it is, that damn
wheezing scared the hell out of me.

ÇELIK

That is not difficult to do.

Shadow #1 lands on the parapet behind Çelik. Çelik whips
around, dropping the dagger to use the MP-5. He fires a
burst into the shadow, which quivers, but does not fall.

The shadow swings at Çelik's head. Çelik blocks with the MP-
5. The impact knocks him over the lip of the wall to dangle
on the edge. Only his head and arms show.

Dounias pushes Jamussa down and empties a clip into the
shadow. It kicks at Dounias, who backpedals just as the leg
hits him in the chest. He flies back to land on the parapet,
clutching his chest and gasping.

Shadow #1 looks down at Jamussa, who struggles to stand. It grabs him by the scruff and lifts him high. The figure turns him around to look nose-to-nose.

Jamussa THRUSTS the dagger into the shadow. It drops him and staggers back. As it reaches the edge of the parapet, it TOTTERS for a moment. SUDDENLY, it MORPHS into a Byzantine-era Orthodox priest... and tumbles off the wall.

EXT. TEKFUR SARAYI - BASE OF THE WALL - NIGHT

The priest bounces on the ground. He moans, then PUFFS like dust. The dagger TINKLES on the gravel.

EXT. TEKFUR SARAYI - TOP OF WALL - NIGHT

Jamussa rushes to Dounias and helps him to stand. Çelik grunts and strains O.S.

JAMUSSA

Go slow. You took a hell of a hit.

DOUNIAS

(gasping)

No shit. What was that thing?

JAMUSSA

One of the Byzantine priests.

DOUNIAS

That means Constantine's chasing the other one.

Çelik grunts as he struggles to get back on the wall. Jamussa disengages from Dounias.

JAMUSSA

Sorry. I must help my infidel brother.

Jamussa reaches for Çelik. Çelik SUDDENLY slips and disappears into the dark.

EXT. TEKFUR SARAYI - BASE OF WALL - NIGHT

Jamussa picks his way carefully to the ground. He jogs painfully to where Çelik lies on a large pile of dirt, stunned, but essentially unhurt.

JAMUSSA

Do not die, ass.

(MORE)

JAMUSSA (CONT'D)

I need a few more years to remind you I killed the monster while you played around.

Çelik shakes his head and blinks.

ÇELIK

I do not plan on dying. And for your information, we distracted the beast so you could stab it with that Greek fillet knife.

JAMUSSA

Which you dropped when it scared you.

Dounias walks up as they bicker.

DOUNIAS

I don't believe it. We nearly die and you two bicker... again.

Çelik struggles to a sitting position, and holds up the MP-5. It is bent and useless. He unslings it, removes the clip, and tosses the weapon away. Jamussa helps him stand. There is a THUD as Constantine lands next to them. Dounias relaxes when he sees who it is.

CONSTANTINE

Are you two able to move?

JAMUSSA

They will be fine. More importantly, we now know the shadows are the priests that haunted Hagia Sofia.

Constantine's eyes narrow.

CONSTANTINE

I believe I know where the other is going. Before the fall, I threw some priests into the Anemas dungeon. They believed it better to be ruled by Turks than endure a union of the Latin and Orthodox churches.

ÇELIK

The dungeon is about a kilometer away.

CONSTANTINE

I will get there faster on my own.

Jamussa retrieves the dagger and gives it to Constantine, who sheathes it. He then leaps up to the wall and is gone.

JAMUSSA

(to Çelik)

You would have just dropped it again.

Çelik makes an obscene gesture.

EXT. ISTANBUL - BLACHERNAE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Çelik, Jamussa, and Dounias trot to the car and get inside.

INT. ÇELIK'S CAR #4 - NIGHT

Çelik starts the engine, slams it in gear and guns it. There is no traffic and they are soon racing through the streets.

Çelik hands Dounias several full MP-5 magazines.

ÇELIK

You obviously know how to shoot, so, continue to cover our backs.

INT. ISTANBUL - ANEMAS DUNGEON - NIGHT

SHADOW #2 leaps around the interior as if searching. After a BEAT, it stops. Its eyes are RED SLITS as it exits.

SHADOW #2

(in Medieval Greek)

Traitor! Thief!... I am here.

EXT. ISTANBUL - ANEMAS DUNGEON - ROOF - NIGHT

Constantine lands on the roof. Construction materials lie in piles. The top of scaffolding is visible at the far end... where shadow #2 crouches. It stares with GLOWING red eyes. Constantine walks towards it. O.S., a car engine ROARS and there is the SOUND of tires spraying gravel.

SHADOW #2

(in Medieval Greek)

Your friends are here. They cannot reach us before you die... for good.

Constantine glares at the shadow and draws his sword.

CONSTANTINE

Show me your face.

The shadow slowly stands and stalks forward. With a WHISPERING sound like heavy cloth rubbing on stone, the darkness disappears from the shadow to reveal BYZANTINE PRIEST #2. His bearded features stand out CLEARLY.

CONSTANTINE
 (recognizing the face)
 You were the guardian of Hagia Sofia.

Byzantine Priest #2 advances towards Constantine.

CONSTANTINE
 Before we settle this, tell me why?

BYZANTINE PRIEST #2
 Why?! You would have made us slaves
 to the Latins.

CONSTANTINE
 I tried to save the empire in spite
 of nobles and priests more concerned
 with personal gain. I at least had
 the courage to fight!

The Byzantine priest MORPHS back into the shadow. It's a BLUR as it leaps at Constantine. Constantine, equally fast, impales it on his sword as they CRASH together. He twists the blade, making the shadow howl. He braces himself and lifts the shadow using the sword. The shadow screams and lashes out, kicking Constantine in the chest. The impact knocks Constantine several meters to fall flat on his back. He struggles to stand.

The shadow pulls the sword out and drops it contemptuously. The sword CLANGS on the stone roof.

Constantine gets up. He backs away as the shadow tenses to spring. SUDDENLY, a HAIL of bullets knocks it off its feet.

EXT. ISTANBUL - ANEMAS DUNGEON - BOTTOM OF WALL - NIGHT

Çelik and Dounias reload and reaim their weapons, but the shadow is gone from VIEW. They turn and run towards the nearby scaffolding leading to the roof.

EXT. ISTANBUL - ANEMAS DUNGEON - ROOF - NIGHT

Constantine leaps over the prostrate shadow and retrieves his sword. The shadow attempts to stand as Constantine impales it again. Constantine struggles to shift the blade towards a seam between the flagstone roof tiles.

INSERT - ROOF TILES

The sword tip SCRAPES on the tile.

BACK TO SCENE

The shadow struggles violently. Constantine bears down.

INSERT - ROOF TILES

The sword point hits a seam and wedges there.

RETURN TO SCENE

Constantine applies his full weight, half sinking the blade. The shadow tries to rise, but the crossguard stops it. Constantine squats just out of reach.

CONSTANTINE

(in Medieval Greek)

The sword may not kill you, but it
will be dawn soon. I suspect light
will destroy you.

SHADOW #2

I cannot die... that is my curse.

CONSTANTINE

We shall see.

Constantine stands and backs away. Çelik and Dounias warily approach. Jamussa, winded, struggles to keep up.

The SOUND of another car engine gets LOUDER. Headlights FLASH, then go out. Car doors SLAM O.S.

Aric Vlachos and a living ORTHODOX PRIEST walk into VIEW at the base of the wall. Constantine looks down. They look in AWE at a legend come to life.

CONSTANTINE

We just happen to need a priest.

VLACHOS

Yes, lord. We came to serve.

Constantine steps off the dungeon roof...

EXT. ISTANBUL - ANEMAS DUNGEON - BOTTOM OF WALL - NIGHT

... and lands in front of them. He grabs both of them, and leaps back onto the roof.

EXT. ISTANBUL - ANEMAS DUNGEON - ROOF - NIGHT

Constantine releases them and steps back. He looks tired.

The shaken priest looks at the shadow. Their eyes lock. The shadow struggles as the priest approaches. The priest pulls out a crucifix and begins an exorcism in Greek. The shadow howls and arches its back as the priest recites. FINALLY, it slumps. The darkness fades from its body to fully reveal Byzantine priest #2.

BYZANTINE PRIEST #2

(gasping in medieval
Greek)

I worship Father, Son and the Holy
Spirit.

(fighting sleep)

Find the Hodegetria. Protect it.

The Byzantine priest's words fade away, as does his body. The living priest slumps. Vlachos rushes to him.

Constantine braces himself and yanks his sword from between the flagstones.

DOUNIAS

What the hell was that?!

VLACHOS

An exorcism. He had chosen a path
which made him susceptible to evil.
We absolved him of the rage that
held him, and freed his soul.

Jamussa spins to look at Vlachos and the priest.

JAMUSSA

What about the shadow I destroyed?

VLACHOS

(shaking his head)

I am sorry, Adrian. His evil went
unpurged.

Jamussa turns and walks to the eastern edge of the wall, visibly shaking. He looks out over the city.

JAMUSSA

I condemned a man to eternal hell!
Do you not understand?!

ÇELIK

You had no choice. He would have
killed us all.

Jamussa turns to face the group.

JAMUSSA

(sobbing)

I thought it was a demon, but it was
a human being with a soul!

ÇELIK

You did what had to be done!

The priest steps towards Jamussa.

PRIEST

(in Greek)

My son, you were on a holy mission.
I absolve you of any guilt.

Jamussa shoves the priest back. He is almost hysterical.

JAMUSSA

Absolve me of guilt?! Who are you
to do that?! Only God can!

Jamussa backs up to the edge.

ÇELIK

Adrian, you are too close!

With a final look at Çelik, Jamussa spreads his arms in spite
of the sling, and leans back. They ALL lunge to catch him,
but are too late. SEVERAL barely avoid plunging over too.

ÇELIK

Oh, God!

Constantine grabs Çelik and Dounias, and leaps out.

EXT. ISTANBUL - ANEMAS DUNGEON - BOTTOM OF WALL - NIGHT

Jamussa lies on a slight slope, unmoving. His legs are bent
at odd angles, and his left arm is twisted under him. The
others land just past him. Constantine releases them and
kneels by Jamussa. He lays a hand on Jamussa's chest.

CONSTANTINE

(looking up)
He is alive, but he needs medical
care.

Constantine stands and looks up to the top of the wall.

CONSTANTINE'S POV

Vlachos tries to use his phone. He scowls and steps out of sight.

BACK TO SCENE

CONSTANTINE

My being down here may allow him to
use his talking device.

Çelik kneels by Jamussa.

ÇELIK

(softly)
What the hell were you thinking?

CONSTANTINE

Help will come soon. We must leave.

Çelik glares at Constantine.

ÇELIK

He is my brother. Give me a moment
to see to him.

Constantine pauses. His brow furrows. SUDDENLY, he spins and jumps to the prison's roof.

EXT. ISTANBUL - ANEMAS DUNGEON - TOP OF THE WALL - DAYBREAK

Vlachos talks to the priest in LOW tones. Constantine lands on the wall and they stop. He stares at them for a moment.

CONSTANTINE

(in English)
Where is it?

Vlachos turns pale. The priest raises his face slightly.

PRIEST

Somewhere safe.

CONSTANTINE

Safe? You wasted lives to hide your lies. How many people died?

PRIEST

It was unavoidable. A survivor of the attack sensed the icon and led us to it. We reclaimed it while the shadows followed you all. Evil cannot sense it, so they did not realize it had been recovered.

Constantine quickly closes the gap between them and him. He holds the dagger to the priest's throat while he palms Vlachos' head. The priest strains to see as Constantine's eyes close. Vlachos winces, then his eyes GLAZE.

PRIEST

This is sacrilege!

Constantine pushes up with the dagger, quieting the priest.

CONSTANTINE

(whispering)
Mount Athos.

Constantine's eyes pop open, and they are ICY.

CONSTANTINE

You do realize our enemies will continue to search for it?

PRIEST

That is why they must continue to believe it is still in Istanbul.

Constantine releases Vlachos, who sinks to his knees. Constantine steps back and sheathes his dagger.

PRIEST

(indignant)
Only God has the right to see into the mind of man.

Constantine's eyes FLASH, then look normal.

CONSTANTINE

You dare lecture me about morality! You lied to those men. They risked their lives pursuing the icon when it was already safe. I should have let the fallen priests take you!

The priest opens his mouth to reply, but Vlachos stands and stops him.

VLACHOS

No! He is correct. We did not fully consider the consequences. Innocent deaths could have been prevented.

The priest looks hard at Vlachos.

PRIEST

We did what had to be done.

CONSTANTINE

The means you chose do not justify the sacrifices. The icon was safe.

PRIEST

The secret had to be kept!

CONSTANTINE

In the process, you started down the same road as the fallen priests. I am sure they felt justified in what they did as well.

The priest reacts as if slapped.

PRIEST

I am nothing like them.

CONSTANTINE

True. The last one was repentant.
(acidly)
Will you repent, father, or will you burn in hell for the lives you ruined?

The priest looks at Constantine for a moment... cold.

PRIEST

Perhaps my predecessors were correct in calling you traitor.

The priest heads towards the scaffolding. Vlachos pauses.

VLACHOS

He is not evil, majesty. His intentions were good.

CONSTANTINE

I have killed many men. How do I know I am not going to hell, no matter my intentions?

VLACHOS

No, yours was a holy mission. You inspired the Greek nation through centuries of slavery and allowed us to be reborn.

CONSTANTINE

That was then. It is better I remain a myth. I will not inspire another war between Greeks and Turks.

Constantine steps to the wall's edge, but looks back.

CONSTANTINE

I will not reveal the icon's location just as you will not reveal mine. If I am found, I will hunt you both. Another death on my soul makes no difference.

Constantine jumps off the wall.

EXT. ISTANBUL - ANEMAS DUNGEON - BOTTOM OF WALL - DAWN

Constantine lands beside Çelik and Dounias, who are watching over Jamussa. O.S., SIRENS grow LOUDER.

CONSTANTINE

The icon is safe. Our search is over.

DOUNIAS

What?!

ÇELIK

(unsurprised)
When did they find it?

CONSTANTINE

Apparently some time ago... I must leave the city. Find refuge.

ÇELIK

Where do you want to go?

PAUSE.

CONSTANTINE

Greece.

DOUNIAS

How the hell are we going to smuggle you out of Turkey?

Jamussa stirs. His eyes are GLAZED with pain.

ÇELIK

(kneeling)
Adrian, be still.

JAMUSSA

I do not intend to move, ass. Ah...

A spasm of pain interrupts him.

ÇELIK

Where the hell is that ambulance?!

JAMUSSA

Probably attempting to navigate these poorly designed roads. Your government should hire more Germans to build your infrastructure.

ÇELIK

(tearing up)
Even now you are a wise ass.

JAMUSSA

Shut up and listen. The Eastwind's captain said he is taking the ship to Greece for repairs.

ÇELIK

Do you suggest we sneak Constantine aboard?

JAMUSSA

No, not sneak. He can travel as a Greek archaeologist.

Dounias looks hopefully at Çelik.

ÇELIK

Turkish police and soldiers would be unlikely to interfere with an archaeologist. It could work.

CONSTANTINE

Are you sure? I have no "papers."
(pats his sword)
In addition, I have this.

ÇELIK

Give it to me. You cannot carry it anyway. I can say I recovered it and lower suspicion.

Constantine slumps.

ÇELIK
You don't look well.

DOUNIAS
How would you look after being dead
for 500 years?... And waterlogged.

Constantine takes off his sword belt, removes the sheathed dagger, and hands Çelik the sword.

DOUNIAS
Guess I don't need this anymore.

Dounias hands over the MP-5 and spare magazines.

CONSTANTINE
Something is happening. I just...

He uses the dagger to nick his left palm. It BLEEDS.

CONSTANTINE
It is not healing and...
(making a fist)
... it hurts. I am mortal again.

Constantine smiles slightly for the first time.

ÇELIK
We need to leave.

JAMUSSA
I will be fine. Go!

Constantine, Dounias, and Çelik quietly FADE into the lightening fog.

INT. SAINT GEORGES CHURCH - DAY

Dounias sits in Vlachos' office as a Greek DIPLOMATIC OFFICIAL talks to Constantine. The official hands him a passport.

DIPLOMATIC OFFICIAL
(in English)
Here is your Greek passport. Your
new name is Nikolaos Antoniou from
Florina. You are 48 years old.

The official holds one out to Dounias as well.

DOUNIAS
What's that?

VLACHOS

Your Greek passport.

DOUNIAS

I have my American passport.

VLACHOS

I urge you to reconsider. Your U.S. papers will attract attention. Your new identity is a Greek university professor traveling under official Turkish ministry of culture and tourism permits.

DOUNIAS

But my accent will give me away.

CONSTANTINE

Fake a Greek accent. No Turk will know the difference.

Vlachos and the Greek official stand. The meeting is over.

VLACHOS

Good luck and God speed to you both.

Dounias and Constantine stand, then leave.

EXT. SAINT GEORGE'S CHURCH - DAY

Dounias and Constantine leave Saint George's and walk towards Çelik's car. Çelik leans against the driver's side front fender speaking with TWO Turks who stand next to a sedan. He straightens as Constantine and Dounias approach.

ÇELIK

Well?

DOUNIAS

We need a ride to the Eastwind.

ÇELIK

Unfortunately, I cannot. I have orders taking me elsewhere. These two will give you a ride.

Dounias pulls out a pen and paper and writes something. He hands Çelik the paper.

DOUNIAS

Well... it was an honor, Adnan. If you need anything, call me. Just let me know how Adrian is doing.

Çelik glances at the paper before putting it in his pocket.

ÇELIK

I am equally honored, John. You
always have a place in my home.

The silence is awkward for a moment. Finally, Çelik shakes hands with Dounias and Constantine. Çelik gets in his car and drives off. They watch him leave.

DOUNIAS

I have a feeling that something is...
afoot.

CONSTANTINE

That is very perceptive. I am amazed
you survived this long.

DOUNIAS

Okay, smartass. What now?

CONSTANTINE

It is likely Çelik was called away
to make us vulnerable. If these two
are not involved, then they are also
in danger.

DOUNIAS

Çelik guessed as much. He didn't
ask for the you-know-what.

CONSTANTINE

The what?

Dounias mouths the word "pistol."

CONSTANTINE

As I still have my... "toothpick."

The DRIVER motions for Constantine and Dounias to get in the back of the car. The PASSENGER gets inside without a word. Constantine motions for Dounias to sit behind the driver, then sits behind the passenger.

INT. CAR - DAY

As they drive off, Dounias leans forward slightly and pantomimes "smoking."

DOUNIAS

Cigarette?

The passenger shakes his head. Dounias looks at Constantine. The Turk whips around, a pistol in his right hand.

The sudden motion causes the driver to look over.

DRIVER

(in Turkish)

What are you doing? We are supposed to take them to the docks.

PASSENGER

Shut up! Turn left at the light.

The driver protests, but the passenger glares at him.

Constantine slaps the pistol to the right. The Turk reflexively FIRES, barely missing Constantine. Constantine reaches between the seat and the roof support post and grabs the Turk's chin. With a quick pull, he snaps the man's neck.

The startled driver swerves. The sudden jerk topples the corpse onto the driver, who yelps and almost wrecks the car. Constantine and Dounias turn the passenger around to face the front and lean him against the passenger door. Dounias retrieves the pistol off the floor, while Constantine whips out his dagger and places the tip against the driver's ribs.

CONSTANTINE

(in Turkish)

Yenikapi docks. Now.

DRIVER

Yes. I was against what he did.

CONSTANTINE

That is why you still live.

Constantine sheathes the dagger. He cups the dead passenger's head with his right hand and closes his eyes.

CONSTANTINE

(straining)

I can no longer see into minds.

DOUNIAS

Shit. Adnan is walking into a trap. I don't even have his phone number.

CONSTANTINE

We cannot help him. He probably hoped to draw attention to himself and give us a chance to escape.

DOUNIAS

(to the driver)

Hurry.

The driver looks in his rearview mirror with a puzzled look.

CONSTANTINE

(in Turkish)
Faster!

The car's engine ROARS as the driver floors the accelerator.

Dounias pick up the passenger's pistol and hands it to Constantine.

DOUNIAS

Do you know how to use this?

CONSTANTINE

I can learn.

DOUNIAS

(pointing)
Just push the safety here and it is
ready to fire.

Constantine hefts the pistol experimentally.

EXT. ISTANBUL CENTRAL POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Çelik parks his car and gets out. He REACTS as Berk approaches with four maroon berets armed with assault rifles. Berk grins from ear to ear. He hugs Çelik.

(NOTE: All remaining dialog with Berk is in Turkish)

BERK

(in Çelik's ear)
I must get you out of here. You are
in danger.

Berk pulls away and laughs.

BERK

We must eat lunch! I insist! I
have not seen you in ages, my friend.

Çelik smiles and nods. Berk puts an arm around Çelik and guides him down the sidewalk. The maroon berets group around them as they walk. Berk smiles at SEVERAL MEN who eye Çelik.

They stop at an unmarked panel van. SUDDENLY, wood splinters FLY off a nearby tree. A single gunshot ECHOES. The men who were watching Çelik SCATTER. A maroon beret throws opens the van's side door and jumps in the driver's seat. He starts the vehicle while Berk tosses Çelik inside, then follows.

INT. VAN - DAY

The rest climb inside. A maroon beret remains at the open side door (gunner), weapon pointed out. In back, another opens the rear double doors and aims his weapon out. The driver floors the accelerator. The van ROAR onto the street. POP. THUNK. Bullet holes appear in the windshield and the side of the van. SOMEONE curses in Turkish.

EXT. ISTANBUL STREET - DAY

A man armed with a pistol runs onto the street and aims.

ANGLE ON MAROON BERET AT SIDE DOOR - TRAVELING

He leans out and fires a BURST.

BACK TO SCENE

The rounds HIT the man, knocking him down. The driver runs over the still moving shooter.

INT. VAN - DAY

THUMP. WHAM. The passengers BOUNCE around as the van rides over the body. The gunner almost falls out. Another maroon beret grabs him and pulls him back inside.

ÇELIK

(shouting to Berk)

We have to find an American ship,
the Eastwind. I do not know where
it is docked.

BERK

It was moved to Yenikapi for repairs.
Relax. I have men there.

Çelik smiles his thanks.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The van races through city streets empty of civilians, but full of military and police units. It crosses Kennedy Caddesi and takes a traffic circle around to the east.

INT. VAN - DAY

Berk pulls out his cell phone and dials. He talks in the b.g. while Çelik moves to the open side door.

He looks across the road to the Eastwind. The driver maneuvers towards the shoulder, then onto the turn-off. Berk turns around in his seat as he puts away his phone.

BERK

(angry)

My men have been detained. Someone shall answer for that.

Çelik nods grimly and looks back to the Eastwind.

ÇELIK'S POV

... as the van takes the first turn. A DOZEN police officers with submachine guns stand by the Eastwind.

BACK TO SCENE

BERK

And we have uninvited guests.

EXT. ISTANBUL - YENIKAPI - DOCKS - DAY

Dounias, Constantine, and Bertelle are onboard the Eastwind with arms up. A policeman stands behind them, covering them. As the van approaches, Dounias subtly waves them off.

INT. VAN - DAY

ÇELIK

They are trapped.

BERK

So it appears. Be ready to shoot.

The Driver stops the van several meters from the policemen, who spread out, holding their weapons at the "low ready."

BERK

Has'siktir!

Çelik, Berk, and the maroon berets exit the van, weapons ready.

EXT. EASTWIND DECK - DAY

DOUNIAS

(shouting)

They threatened to kill everybody aboard if we didn't give up.

The policeman buttstrokes him in the back. Dounias grunts and goes to his knees.

EXT. ISTANBUL - YENIKAPI - DOCKS - DAY

Berk looks HARD at the leader and steps close to him.

BERK

Let them go.

LEADER

I have orders...

Berk puts his pistol to the man's nose.

BERK

Shove your orders up your ass. I said let them go!

LEADER

(visibly sweating)

You would die for a couple of Greeks?

BERK

The question is "would you die for a couple of Greeks?"

The leader drops his pistol. His men lower their weapons also.

CLOSE ON AN OUTBOARD BOAT ENGINE

... CRANKING. It SPUTTERS. The pilot cranks it some more. The engine FIRES and give off a single, loud BACKFIRE.

RETURN TO SCENE

INSTANTLY, Berk's men fire on the police, who try to fire back. MOST of the police and one of Berk's men are hit in the quick, sharp exchange. The remaining officers throw up their arms. Berk and his men stop firing, but remain ready.

Çelik sinks to his knees, hit. He grimaces as he takes a breath. He lifts his head and looks at the Eastwind. Berk waves them off.

EXT. EASTWIND - DECK - DAY

Dounias starts for the dock, but Constantine holds him back. Bertelle grabs the policeman and heaves him off the boat.

The officer lands on the dock with a loud CRACK. He lies there screaming in agony. Another officer flies out of the bridge and somersaults over the rail head-first onto the dock, where he lies unmoving.

EXT. YENIKAPI HARBOR - DOCK - DAY

The Eastwind's engines START. Sailors cast off the mooring lines and heave the gangway into the water with a splash. The water CHURNS at the bow and the ship eases away from the dock. It picks up speed as it heads towards open water.

Çelik watches the ship leave. He smiles as he passes out. Berk grabs him as he slumps.

LONG SHOT OF THE HARBOR

The Eastwind heads towards the Marmara Sea. The maroon berets hold the police at gunpoint. Berk holds Çelik.

EXT. EASTWIND DECK - DAY

CONSTANTINE

(to Dounias)

This is the second time I have fled the city. I will not return again.

CUT TO:

INT. MOUNT ATHOS - MEDITATION CELL - DAY

Jamussa reclines on a bed. He scratches under one of his leg casts. His left arm is also in a cast. He has salt and pepper stubble. A SOFT KNOCK on the door makes him pause.

JAMUSSA

(in Greek)

Yes! What is it?!

A MUFFLED voice says something unintelligible. He attempts to rise, but winces and stops.

JAMUSSA

(irritated)

Come in!

The door opens and Mullen sticks her head into the room.

MULLEN

Mr. Jamussa, am I interrupting?

JAMUSSA

(in English)

Only my attempts to scratch this incessant itching. Oh, my left test... arm for a backscratcher.

Mullen closes the door, and moves to Jamussa's bed. She reaches under the leg cast and gently scratches. Jamussa smiles, close his eyes, and leans back.

JAMUSSA

Ah, that's the spot.

Mullen stops after a moment.

MULLEN

I can stop your pain forever.

Jamussa looks into Mullen's eyes, which GLOW INDIGO. She strokes his cheek soothingly. He stiffens, then relaxes with a slight smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREECE - MYSTRAS - FORTRESS - DAYTIME

The following text appears:

Three months later.

Dounias talks to a group of tourists.

DOUNIAS

Constantine the eleventh was the last Roman emperor. If he had ruled in other times, he might have been considered one of the greats...

Dounias pauses. Çelik stands in back, an arm in a sling. Dounias nods and smiles before continuing.

DOUNIAS (CONT'D)

... in a chain of rulers going back nearly two thousand years.

Dounias points to a YOUNG MAN with a raised hand.

DOUNIAS

Yes.

YOUNG MAN

How can you be so sure about him? The times were chaotic and contemporary information is sketchy.

DOUNIAS

We have new information that completely changed our view of him.

A student archaeologist gestures to Dounias, who nods.

DOUNIAS

Okay, time to check out the next station. We have some neat stuff to show you in the chapel area.

Çelik moves through the crowd. Dounias grins big and carefully hugs him.

DOUNIAS

You can't even let yourself heal before you set off on your next adventure. Are you going to take me up on my offer to visit the States?

ÇELIK

After I visit the Grand Canyon. Eh, how are you, John?

DOUNIAS

Better, but I will never get used to having his memories. It is disturbing when I look at this place and flashback to the fifteenth century?

ÇELIK

I understand... I take it you have not heard from Adrian?

DOUNIAS

No, why?

ÇELIK

He left Mount Athos where he was recovering. In fact, both he and Doctor Mullen disappeared.

DOUNIAS

Huh?

ÇELIK

Yes, and he walked out... a remarkable feat for a man with two broken legs.

Dounias looks past Çelik for a moment.

DOUNIAS

He is probably still absorbing the memories. I adjusted by drawing what is in my mind. I have been churning these out like crazy.

Dounias opens a nearby briefcase, pulls out an sketch book, and hands it to Çelik. Çelik carefully leafs through it.

INSERT - CLOSE ON DRAWINGS

Some are pen and ink, others are pencil. They are all images of fifteenth century Mystras and Constantinople.

DOUNIAS (O.S.)

I have these images in my head... of people and places long gone.

RETURN TO SCENE

DOUNIAS

I rely on an expert to make sense of it all. Ah, here he is. Adnan, this is Professor Nikolaos Pavli.

Pavli stops looking at the ruins and turns around. It is Constantine. He is well-dressed with neatly trimmed hair and beard. He smiles as the shock on Çelik's face grows.

FADE OUT.

THE END