

Knight of the Kolossos

Jeremy B. Storey

[jeremystorey@yahoo.com](mailto:jeremystorey@yahoo.com)

**EXT. PARK - LATE AFTERNOON**

A chess table. The KING lays on its side, in a puddle of brown liquid.

SUPER ON SCREEN:

*"Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world. Like a colossus and we petty men walk under his huge legs and peep about to find ourselves dishonorable graves." - 'Julius Ceaser' by William Shakespeare.*

**INT. APARTMENT - MORNING**

An ornate pepper shaker, on its side, in a puddle of thick orange/red liquid. A hand, covered in a latex glove picks up the pepper shaker.

Two plain clothed NYPD detectives stood over a dinner table.

Lieutenant LENNY DELVECCIO, early-40s, scraggy appearance. He wears jeans, with a '70s style waist-length leather jacket.

Delveccio frowns, while he surveys a grim scene; an opulently decorated dinner table, where a man and a woman in their late-50s sit slumped in their chairs, dead.

Opposite Delveccio, is Detective AMANDA WINCOTT, early-30s, with her dark hair tied back in a tight bun, held down by an omnipresent New York Mets baseball cap.

Delveccio sniffs the pepper shaker, curious.

WINCOTT

Got something, LT?

DELVECCIO

Tomato soup... with a touch of coriander... and fennel?

WINCOTT

Check out 'Hell's Kitchen' here!

Delveccio glowers back at Wincott.

WINCOTT (CONT'D)

All-righty... CSU puts the time of death at about 9 to 11 p.m.

DELVECCIO

Who found them?

WINCOTT

The maid. She's in the shitter puking.

Delveccio examines the jewels on the dead lady's fingers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELVECCIO

Ok... 411 on the vics?

WINCOTT

Mr. and Mrs. Oakley. Patriarch and Matriarch of the redonkulously wealthy Oakley clan.

DELVECCIO

No shit. They don't send Major Crimes for a runa-the-mill home invasion. These fuckers have ties at 1PP. And after 3 months on this team you know exactly what that means.

WINCOTT

The eye of Commisioner Sauron is on us. Understood, loud and clear.

*(Focuses back on the scene)*

Okay, so it doesn't look like forced entry or any signs of a struggle.

DELVECCIO

Three table settings.

WINCOTT

So, our dinner guest is either a witness, a perp, or dead elsewhere.

DELVECCIO

Dollars-to-donuts it's the perp.

WINCOTT

Why so certain?

DELVECCIO

Vics used their spoons. Guest didn't.

WINCOTT

Maybe wasn't a fan of the soup.

DELVECCIO

Maybe 'cos he knew it was poisoned.

WINCOTT

With what?

DELVECCIO

Rigidity suggests they were paralyzed before dying. And... the fennel aroma.

WINCOTT

Which means...?

DELVECCIO

Means hemlock was the cause of death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINCOTT

So our perp has a taste for murder,  
with a side of cruelty.

Delveccio, nods solemnly, then pats his top pocket.

WINCOTT (CONT'D)

LT...

Wincott tosses a packet of NICOTINE GUM at Delveccio.

WINCOTT (CONT'D)

I hear it works better than the patch.

DELVECCIO

Nobody likes a kiss-ass, Wincott.  
*(winks kindly back at Wincott)*  
But, yeah, helps with the cravings.

Delveccio looks back at the table.

DELVECCIO (CONT'D)

Ok, where's the bowls? I see cutlery  
and goblets, but no bowls.

WINCOTT

Perhaps the perp took 'em.

DELVECCIO

That's it?

WINCOTT

That's it.

DELVECCIO

So, the perp comes in, has a drink,  
sits for a soup appetizer, poisons his  
guests, takes their bowls, but leaves  
the rest of their effects behind?

WINCOTT

Gotta be a cool million worth of  
jewels on the woman alone... never  
mind the rest of the apartment. Maybe  
the perp just wanted to kill them and  
took the bowls as a memento.

DELVECCIO

Maybe. But this seemed purposeful.  
Vengeful, even. But why the Oakleys?

WINCOTT

A hit. Or maybe-

A flustered female, uniformed officer interrupts Wincott.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER

Detectives? We discovered a room next to the kitchen. We got it unlocked... but... please come look.

Delveccio nods to Wincott... they follow the officer over to a door by the kitchen, which is slightly ajar.

The Officer opens the door fully. The detectives' faces are aglow in a ruby hue emanating from the room. Wincott opens her mouth in shock. Delveccio takes an uneven breath.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

It's an S&M dungeon... I can't-

DELVECCIO

Did you check for a pulse?

The Officer shakes her head gravely.

WINCOTT

They can't be more than 15-years old.

DELVECCIO

If that.

WINCOTT

Think this is tied to the murder?

DELVECCIO

The perp wanted us to find them. Which makes me wonder...

WINCOTT

...is this just the beginning?

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

A MAN, in shadow, stands in an alley opposite the apartment building. He wears a *peacoat* and a Greek fisherman's hat.

He observes silhouettes of the officers in the apartment above. He backs into the darkness of the alley, out of sight.

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

SUPER ON SCREEN: Greece, 268 BC

Five men, in dark robes, their faces hidden by hoods, stand equally spaced around a fire. Over the fire is a bronzed CAULDRON, heating a golden liquid to boil.

Next to the cauldron is a woman (THE ORACLE OF HELIOS), adorned in a silky white robe. A hood veils her face.

The Oracle scoops up the golden liquid into a GOBLET. She

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

faces the men.

ORACLE

My Rhodian Brothers. Our patron God Helios has been defiled and dismantled. Like the sun from which he was delivered, the light of life is now in shadow. As the Oracle of Helios it is my duty, and your honor, to go forth and reclaim the fragments of his form. Once restored, his luminescence will bring balance back to the world. But do not forget... Those in possession of his body are forged by the dark and must be returned to the bowels of *Tartarus*.

The Oracle approaches one of the men. He kneels and holds out both arms in supplication. On one of his forearms is a tattoo of an inverted 'V' with an image of the sun embossed at the top of the 'V'.

The Oracle looks down at the man, his face still in shadow.

ORACLE (CONT'D)

Drink from the essence of Helios and you will be shielded from the erosion of time until your task is complete.

The man takes the goblet and drinks.

**INT. CAFE DINER - MORNING**

Delveccio sits on a stool and sips a cup of coffee. Next to him is a grim EASTERN EUROPEAN man. He discreetly hands Delveccio a file. Delveccio moves the file into the inside pocket of his jacket.

The diner door SWINGS open. Wincott enters. The Eastern European man grabs his coat, nods at Delveccio as he walks out the diner, past Wincott.

Wincott plops down next to Delveccio.

WINCOTT

Friend of yours, boss?

DELVECCIO

A CI.

WINCOTT

Some CI. Guy has '*Bravta*' written all over him. I mean... literally, you could see the *brotherhood* tattoos under his ~~SMORE~~ Anyways, thought

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINCOTT (CONT'D)

those guys'd rather eat their own balls before turning snitch?

DELVECCIO

Didn't your mother ever tell you not to judge a book by it's cover?

WINCOTT

Speaking of... the tech squints got into the Oakleys' devices and found some nasty shit. They were definitely living two lives.

DELVECCIO

Let me guess... sadism? Fetishism?

WINCOTT

Child's play. These sick puppies were strictly snuff. They'd prey on the helpless. Lure them in with promises of food and shelter. But sorta left out the part about murder porn.

DELVECCIO

For how long? How many?

WINCOTT

TBD. All we know is that they were deep into the dark web world.

DELVECCIO

What about cases with a similar MO?

WINCOTT

Yeah. Check it out... there was one like the Oakleys in Brooklyn two weeks ago, and another uptown last Tuesday.

DELVECCIO

Go on...

WINCOTT

Brooklyn was Veronica Knaply. An old cat lady.

DELVECCIO

Poisoned?

WINCOTT

Tox report confirms it was hemlock.

DELVECCIO

Anything taken?

WINCOTT

Apparently a bronze statue of an

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Egyptian cat god. 'Beast' or 'Bart'?

DELVECCIO

*Bast.*

WINCOTT

*Bast.* Right.

DELVECCIO

The other vic?

WINCOTT

28-year old real estate hot-shot,  
Lorenzo Parker. Found dead, in his  
car. Poisoned via a cup of coffee.

DELVECCIO

Hemlock?

WINCOTT

Winner, winner, chicken dinner.

DELVECCIO

Was he robbed?

WINCOTT

According to the girlfriend, his  
bronze thumb ring was missing. She  
said he found it at an estate sale a  
few years ago. Everything else on his  
person was left untouched, including a  
\$10,000 Cartier watch.

DELVECCIO

Items made of bronze.

WINCOTT

What idiot thinks bronze is more  
valuable than gold or diamonds?

DELVECCIO

Our perp. Is there a connection  
between the vics?

WINCOTT

I'm cross-checking their backgrounds.  
So far, sweet FA.

DELVECCIO

Keep searching their closets. I'm sure  
we'll find a skeleton or three.

WINCOTT

On it boss.

Wincott gets up to leave.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DELVECCIO

On the topic of CIs... I need to meet your guy down in Battery.

WINCOTT

Denny Wilkens? I dunno, LT. He's super-skittish, barely talks to me.

DELVECCIO

He's the best fence in lower Manhattan, right?

WINCOTT

He's gonna be pissed.

DELVECCIO

Whatever it takes, detective.

WINCOTT

Hard copy, LT. I'll set it up.

Wincott exits the diner. Delveccio flicks through the files.

DELVECCIO

Ok... so, what're you hiding?

**INT. ANTIQUE STORE - AFTERNOON**

A food DELIVERY MAN (mid-30s) enters the antique store. He carries two paper bags. His hair is tied back into a man-bun. He wears a plain t-shirt and jeans. A typical millennial.

As he enters, an elderly woman (MS. BRAITHWAITE) heads to the door, flanked by the store owner, MR. REECE (mid-50s).

REECE

The evaluation will take a few days.

ELDERLY LADY

Did I mention the silverware goes back to my Prussian ancestors?

REECE

Several times.

Mr. Reece shoos Ms. Braithwaite toward the door.

REECE (CONT'D)

Good afternoon, Ms. Braithwaite.

Ms. Braithwaite smirks at the Delivery Man as she leaves.

ELDERLY LADY

Prussian, Mr. Reece. Don't forget.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Reece nods dutifully and closes the door behind her. Turns to the delivery man, drops his gracious conduct.

MR. REECE  
My food? About time.

DELIVERY MAN  
One grilled cheese on rye and half a cup of chowdah. Lunch of champions.

MR. REECE  
How much do I owe you?

DELIVERY MAN  
That'll be 14 smackeros, bro.

Reece hands the Delivery Man a \$20. The Delivery Man takes the \$20 and pauses. Mr. Reece holds out a hand for change. Delivery Man hands over a bunch of ruffled \$1 bills.

Mr. Reece huffily takes the food behind his desk. He sits down and unpacks the lunch. He looks up, about to take a bite of the sandwich... notices the Delivery Man still lurks.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)  
Cool to look around?

MR. REECE  
Look. But don't touch. Some of these items cost more than you'll likely make in a lifetime.

DELIVERY MAN  
Don't I know it, dude. All the same, I sorta dig old stuff. You know, like real old, Alexander the Great, Byzantine, Hellenistic shit...

MR. REECE  
(*Curious*)  
Oh? You're a history enthusiast?

The Delivery Man's demeanor morphs; He straightens, smiles slyly. His accent shifts from NYC gruff to the Queen's.

DELIVERY MAN  
Enthusiast? Enthusiast? Hmm. An enthusiast is a voyeur. I consider myself more a connoisseur of antiquities. A servant of history.

As the Delivery Man talks, he subtly LOCKS the store door.

Mr. Reece squirms in his seat, as he slurps the clam chowder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. REECE

Are you mocking me, or just mentally disturbed?

DELIVERY MAN

Neither, Mr. Reece. I apologize for the subterfuge, but my work requires a certain level of stealth.

MR. REECE

What work is that?

DELIVERY MAN

The collection and restoration of historical artifacts.

MR. REECE

You're an antiques dealer? Come to spy on the opposition, huh?

DELIVERY MAN

No, I'm here to recover an item of profound value.

Delivery man approaches the desk, picks up a medium-sized statue. The base and body are made of bronze.

MR. REECE

That's not for sale. It's a one of kind model used to eventually build-

DELIVERY MAN

'*Zeus at Tarentum*'. The fabled statue sculpted by Lysippos in 305 BC.

MR. REECE

Y- yes. The statue stood 72-feet tall.

DELIVERY MAN

Actually, it was 56-feet. And this so-called model is a fake. The only thing authentic about it, is the material from which it was crafted.

MR. REECE

A fake? How would you even know-

DELIVERY MAN

The model, like the statue, was chiseled from Egyptian marble and the depiction was carved from Grecian limestone. This, Mr. Reece, is bronze.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)

MR. REECE

How exactly would you know if this is real or fake?

DELIVERY MAN

First hand knowledge.

MR. REECE

*(Derisive)*

So Lysippios was a friend of yours?

DELIVERY MAN

More mentor than friend.

MR. REECE

My God. You're completely deranged.

DELIVERY MAN

Better mad, than a corrupt charlatan.

MR. REECE

I think it's time for you to leave before I call... I.. C... c-

Mr. Reece drops his spoon. Clutches his throat, sputters, and then his arms lurch lifelessly by his side.

MR. REECE (CONT'D)

Whoooo- who... are y- y- you...

Delivery man leans forward, to hear Mr. Reece.

DELIVERY MAN

I'm your judgment Mr. Reece. And now I must relieve you of this invaluable relic. The penultimate piece of a puzzle that's taken over two millennia to seek and solve. You have my undying gratitude.

MR. REECE

H... hhhhh- help mmmmm mmmee.

DELIVERY MAN

'Undying'. That was insensitive. But then again, does a man like you deserve sympathy?

Mr. Reece convulses and then abruptly stops. Dead. The Delivery Man takes the Zeus statue, exits the store.

**EXT. BATTERY PARK - AFTERNOON**

Delveccio stands near a food truck, as he sips on a cup of coffee. He watches a group of older folks playing chess.

He focuses on a man in his early-60s. A big man, with an even bigger smile. Delveccio pulls a PICTURE out of his pocket and compares it to the BIG MAN. They are one and the same.

Delveccio's phone RINGS. He answers.

DELVECCIO

Delveccio.

WINCOTT

(OS)

LT, we got a guy here from Interpol.  
Wants to talk about our case. He's  
French. Really, really French.

DELVECCIO

I'll be there in 20.

Delveccio pockets his phone. Looks over at the BIG GUY, and sees him smoking. He takes out a stick of nicotine gum, stuffs it into this mouth and chews on it, agitated.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON**

Delveccio enters a conference room. He carries two coffees. Wincott trails behind him, holding a set of folders.

At the table sits CHARLES LINDO, a portly man in his mid-40s, with a mop of clumsy, curly hair, a wild graying beard, and large horn-rimmed glasses. His clothes are just as unkempt as his appearance. Basically, he's the French 'Columbo'.

LINDO

Ah, *Bonjour, Monsieur* Delveccio!

Delveccio nods, hands Lindo a cup of coffee. They sit.

LINDO (CONT'D)

*Merci, merci.* Please, please sit.

Delveccio opens one of the files Wincott was holding.

DELVECCIO

Charles Lindo. Captain. Interpol,  
Europe. Stationed in Zurich. Born,  
Nice, France. 10 years in the Foreign  
Legion before joining our friends over  
at the International Police.

LINDO

*Oui.* 'Guilty as charged'!

DELVECCIO

What brings you to New York, Captain?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDO

Please call me Charles. You say  
'Captain' and I feel I must salute. We  
are all friends here, no?

DELVECCIO

Depends on why you're here.

LINDO

The case you're investigating with the  
killer who poisons their victims...  
I've been hunting him for a decade.

WINCOTT

Him?

LINDO

In ten years, he has left only one  
piece of evidence; A size-11 boot-  
print in Venice. A man's boot.

WINCOTT

Well, that's more than we have.

DELVECCIO

What else have you got?

LINDO

He's killed maybe 40 or 50 people  
across 14 countries and 3 continents.

WINCOTT

Damn. An international serial killer.

Lindo takes out a flask, pours whiskey into his coffee.

LINDO

Keeps the mind fresh.

Gestures to Delveccio and Wincott to see if they want some.

DELVECCIO

We're on duty.

Lindo looks at Delveccio as he chews gum. Nods.

DELVECCIO (CONT'D)

So, why'd ya think this is or guy?

LINDO

Three Ms.

WINCOTT

Three what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDO

Three points of commonality; method, motive and malice.

WINCOTT

Method's poison.

LINDO

*Oui.*

DELVECCIO

Motive?

LINDO

In each case you've investigated, an item was missing?

WINCOTT

Yeah. But it's random: a bowl, a ring, a cat statue...

LINDO

But all the items have something elemental in common, *oui*?

DELVECCIO

They're made of bronze.

LINDO

Precisely.

WINCOTT

So, he has a hard-on for bronze. Why?

LINDO

That is, as you say... the million dollar question.

DELVECCIO

The third M.... what does-

Wincott's phone RINGS. She answers.

WINCOTT

This is Wincott. (*listens*) Where? (*listens*). Yeah, that's right. (*listens*) No shit? We're on our way.

DELVECCIO

What's going on?

WINCOTT

There's been another murder at an antique store on the Upper East Side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELVECCIO  
Let's get over there.

WINCOTT  
One more thing... they found some old art in a safe. So they called for a specialist from the Met.

DELVECCIO  
Why?

WINCOTT  
Apparently, the frames had Swastikas carved into them.

DELVECCIO  
Swastikas? As in Nazis?

LINDO  
'Malice', monsieur Delveccio. The 3rd 'M', is for Malice.

Delveccio grabs his coat.

DELVECCIO  
We'll be in touch, Mr. Lindo.

LINDO  
*Bon chance*, Lieutenant.

Delveccio and Wincott leave in a hurry. Lindo sighs and casually pours more whiskey into his coffee.

**INT. ANTIQUE STORE - EVENING**

Delveccio and Wincott speak to a woman in a CSU windbreaker.

CSU  
Time of death was 2 to 4pm yesterday.

WINCOTT  
Security cameras?

CSU  
Wiped clean.

DELVECCIO  
Where'd you find the deceased?

CSU points to MR. REECE's desk. Delveccio walks over, picks up the bowl of half-eaten soup. Sniffs.

DELVECCIO (CONT'D)  
Fennel.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WINCOTT

Our guy?

Delveccio nods. Wincott turns to the CSU.

WINCOTT (CONT'D)

Anything missing? Out of place?

The CSU shrugs, points around the store.

CSU

Needle in a haystack. It'll be days  
before we get that figured out.

Delveccio examines the desk. Notices a dust-free circle.

DELVECCIO

Well... something's gone walkies.

PROFESSOR BAPTISTE, mid-40s, wearing a surgical mask and plastic gloves emerges from a back room carrying a painting.

BAPTISTE

Detectives? I'm professor Baptiste.

Delveccio and Wincott look over inquisitively at the CSU.

CSU

The specialist I was telling you about  
from the Met.

Baptiste puts the painting down on the desk.

BAPTISTE

They called me to examine some  
paintings. I thought it was a prank.

DELVECCIO

What are we looking at?

BAPTISTE

It's a *Monet*. Been missing since 1935.  
Last seen in the home of Baron Otto  
Ziegler.

DELVECCIO

Ok, so what happened?

BAPTISTE

Hitler happened. Ziegler was a Jew.

WINCOTT

So, this was theirs?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINCOTT (CONT'D)

BAPTISTE

Much of the art belonging to Jewish families was confiscated or destroyed. Occasionally one'll pop-up in the black market. But rarely have I seen a collection this vast. Your victim was trading in Nazi stolen art. And god knows for how long.

Wincott leans over Mr. Reece, stares into his dead eyes.

WINCOTT

Karma strikes again.

**INT. DELVECCIO'S CAR - EVENING**

Delveccio and Wincott sit in the car outside the store.

DELVECCIO

Tell me about the other two vics?

WINCOTT

Turns out Cat Lady was a bit of femme fatale; Killed three husbands... and buried them in her yard.

DELVECCIO

Real Estate hot-shot?

WINCOTT

Swindled old folks outta their estates.

DELVECCIO

Motive. Method... and Malice.

Delveccio reaches for his top pocket. Comes up empty.

WINCOTT

Boss... I gotcha...

Wincott hands Delveccio a packet of gum.

DELVECCIO

Nobody-

WINCOTT

....likes a kiss-ass. I know.

DELVECCIO

I was gonna say... nobody could ask for a better partner.

WINCOTT

Awww! You're giving me the feels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DELVECCIO

Well, save your feels for the case.

WINCOTT

Right. Ok. Ok. So... motive, method and malice. Could be a vigilante?

DELVECCIO

This guy's no Batman. I think he-

Delveccio's phone RINGS. He answers...

WINCOTT

*(Under her breath)*

Batman'd be pretty cool.

DELVECCIO

*(Into the phone)*

Yes. Yes. I hear you. I'm on it.

Delveccio hangs up the phone.

WINCOTT

Copacetic, LT?

DELVECCIO

Commissioner's up my ass.

WINCOTT

Best enema for that pain is to find this crazy mambajamba.

DELVECCIO

Agree. Get with Lindo, maybe he can help. I'll catch up with your CI.

WINCOTT

You got it, boss. Don't forget... Wilkens likes to play chess.

DELVECCIO

I'll play frickin' *Tiddlywinks* if it'll help loosen his lips.

WINCOTT

Like you say: *'whatever it takes'!*

DELVECCIO

Right now I'll take whatever he's got, before our perp vanishes for good.

Delveccio starts the car.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Wincott sits alone in her car, keeping watch on a house across the street. She reads through a file.

A MAN in a peacoat, and wearing a Greek fisherman's hat stands in the shadows. He watches Wincott in the car.

**EXT. BATTERY PARK - LATE AFTERNOON**

Delveccio sits at a small table with a chess board on it, with pieces set up to play. There are others around also playing chess. He's waiting for someone.

A shadow falls over the chessboard. Delveccio looks up to see Lindo. Lindo holds up two cups of coffee as a peace offering.

LINDO  
*Monsieur Delveccio.*

DELVECCIO  
Lindo? What are you doing here?

LINDO  
Wincott said you're at the park.

DELVECCIO  
She also tell you I'm here working?

LINDO  
I can be discreet. If your contact shows, I'll leave *tout suite*.

DELVECCIO  
Look, this guy's jumpy. He-

LINDO  
We haven't much time, as the man you seek is nearly done here in New York.

DELVECCIO  
Why so sure?

LINDO  
Because his pattern, yes? He kills five, then *voila*, pfft, he's gone.

DELVECCIO  
He won't get outta NYC. Not on my watch.

LINDO  
This man is smart. Maybe a genius. Always four or five steps ahead.

DELVECCIO  
If I had dime for every perp who thought he was some kinda criminal mastermind, I'd be retired sipping martinis on South Beach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDO

*(Points to the chess board)*

Are you good at this game?

DELVECCIO

I can hold my own.

LINDO

Did you know, the game of chess was invented in Persia?

DELVECCIO

You don't say.

LINDO

The game was developed by the high-born military class as a battle simulation. It sharpened their strategic ability to plan many steps ahead of their enemy. In fact, the term 'Check Mate' comes from the Persian expression: '*Shak-mat*' - the 'king is dead'.

DELVECCIO

Thanks for the history lesson, professor.

Delveccio looks around furtively. He sips the coffee.

LINDO

*Oui*, I like history. After all, the past explains the present.

DELVECCIO

And I suppose you're gonna tell me how the past explains our present case?

Lindo takes out his flask, pours himself a tippie of whiskey. Offers some to Delveccio.

DELVECCIO (CONT'D)

Still on duty, pal.

LINDO

But of course. So, you ask about the past? *D'accord*. Let me share a story that will help unravel this mystery.

DELVECCIO

Can't wait to hear this.

LINDO

In 285 BC, a Cypriot Prince besieged the coastal ~~MOREY~~ of Rhodes. The siege

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDO (CONT'D)

lasted over a year but ultimately ended in failure. Broken and hopeless, the Prince and his men fled overnight leaving behind their weapons and equipment. The Rhodians celebrated their victory by building a giant statue in honor of their patron god, Heliios. Construction was left to a young artist and engineer, along with his four brothers. And together, they built the *Colossus of Rhodes*. It stood astride the port entrance at 108-feet tall and encased in brilliant bronze.

DELVECCIO

Right, right. The 7th Wonder of the World, and then an earthquake knocked it over. Is there a point to any of this, Lindo?

Lindo lights up a cigarette. This irritates Delveccio.

LINDO

It was no earthquake. The Colossus was toppled by a corrupt caliph named Muawiyah. After invading the city, and enslaving the people, his men struck down the statue, stripped the bronze casing, and then sold off the pieces to a merchant from Edessa. Who then loaded the lots on to 900 camels and sent them to 90 port towns in the Mediterranean. From there, they were eventually dispersed to the four corners of the world. All 9,422 fragments -- cursed by Helios himself.

Delveccio shifts on his chair. Suspicious, tense.

DELVECCIO

My gut tells me there's more to you than meets the eye. And I don't like secrets, pal. Not. One. Bit.

Delveccio pulls a stick of nicotine gum. He chews on the piece like he wants to kill it.

Lindo's accent slowly shifts from French, to English.

LINDO

Men are like art; you have what you see on the surface, but what you can't fathom is the experiences from which they were sculpted. Take for example this distinctive chess board. It once

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDO (CONT'D)

belonged to Roman Rebrov. A murderous Kossack, who by day was an amiable baker, but by night was one of the most formidable enforcers of the Russian Brotherhood.

Delveccio subtly moves his hand under the table to his gun.

DELVECCIO

How do you know that name?

LINDO

Same way I know that by day you're Lt. Delveccio. Decorated officer of the NYPD. But by night, you go by a different name. One that elicits fear in the underworld. The '*Serpico Sicario*'. A murder-for-hire hitman, who is as dangerous as he is brutal.

DELVECCIO

You must have some big brass ones to be makin' that kinda accusation, pal.

Delveccio withdraws his gun from the holster under the table.

LINDO

That's why you're here no? To meet Denny Wilkens - your partner's CI. He's a snitch according to your patron. An itch you've been sent to scratch. But, Denny's not coming. Decided to stay home with his grandkids after an anonymous call warned of his impending doom.

DELVECCIO

Just who the fuck are you?

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

The man in the *peacoat* approaches Wincott's car.

LINDO (VO)

Like you, I wear a mask. By day a bumbling agent of Interpol. By night... an artist. An engineer. A knight of vengeance.

The man in the *peacoat* pulls out an object from his jacket and approaches stealthily on the passenger side. He raises the object in his hand...

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**EXT. BATTERY PARK - CONTINUOUS**

While he talks, Lindo removes his beard, wig, glasses, and false stomach. He's the same man from the antique store.

LINDO

I am Chares Lindros... the last of 5 brothers. 5 *Knights of the Kolossos* sworn to restore and revive a statue we once built to honor Helios.

DELVECCIO

Really? Well I think you're a fucking psycho who belongs behind bars.

Lindo ignores Delveccio. Smiles cunningly.

LINDO

After the pieces of the *Kolossos* were scattered, they made their way into the hands of the most virulent in society. The ones you might call psychopaths were attracted to these powerful artifacts for reasons they couldn't fathom. You see, apart the pieces are cursed and attract those with darkness in their heart. Like the murderous couple on the upper East Side. Or the antiques dealer who trafficked in art corrupted by evil. Or the hitman who poses as a cop. They all deserved to die for holding that which never belonged to them.

DELVECCIO

Let's say for arguments' sake you're right about me. I'm the most feared enforcer in all of New York. And yet, you sit there, and threaten me. What do you think's gonna happen next?

Delveccio discreetly flicks off the safety on his gun.

LINDO

I think chess teaches us to anticipate our opponent's strategy. Exploit their weaknesses. Strike surreptitiously.

Delveccio coughs. Licks his lips. Coughs again. He tries to lift his gun hand, but cannot move. With great effort, he lift his other hand, pulls gum from his mouth. Smells it.

DELVECCIO

(*Sniffs*)

F- f- fennel? How... how did... d-

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Delveccio's other hand slips down to his side, knocks over his coffee. The KING PIECE on his side of the table topples over into the blackened puddle of coffee.

Delveccio, paralyzed, watches as Lindo reaches over and picks up the bronze-plated King piece. Dries it off with a napkin, places it into this pocket.

LINDO

As the Persians would say: '*Shak-mat*'.

Delveccio slumps over the table, dead.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Next to Wincott's car, the man in the *peacoat* raises his hand with an object in it and RAPS on the passenger window, Startles Wincott.

The man in the *peacoat* lowers his face into view. It's LINDO. He holds up the item in his hand... the KING CHESS PIECE.

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

FLASHBACK:

To the beach in Greece back in 268BC.

The hooded ORACLE stands over one of the HOODED MEN. Hands him the goblet. He removes his hood. It's LINDO.

He sips from the goblet as The Oracle removes her hood. Long black locks cascade down her back. She smiles back at Lindo. The Oracle is WINCOTT.

END FLASHBACK.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Wincott smiles warmly. Unlocks the door. Lindo slips in on the passenger side. Wincott removes her ever-present New York Mets cap. Let's down her black, curly hair.

Lindo reaches across to Wincott, hands her the King chess piece. She reaches back, and on both of their forearms are tattoos of the INVERTED V embossed by a sun.

LINDO

It's done. Wilkins?

Lindo nods over to the house Wincott had been watching.

WINCOTT

Denny Wilkins is sound asleep.

Lindo tosses to Wincott Delveccio's packet of nicotine gum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDO  
Clever.

WINCOTT  
I thought so.

The sun rises in the horizon. Wincott looks on blissfully.

WINCOTT (CONT'D)  
His luminescence has returned.

Lindo and Wincott's faces glow warmly in the morning sun.  
They both smile contentedly and close their eyes.

FADE OUT

END