"SILVER DIAMOND'S PLOT"

Written by

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EXT. PARK—NIGHT

TWO MEN grasp hands, roam down a sidewalk, stop and kiss.

GAY MAN
Happy Anniversary.

The Gay Man kisses his partner. A PACK OF TEENAGED BOYS AND GIRLS wearing black shirts with a diamond symbol on back stalk and encircle the Gay Couple. A BROWN-HAIRED GIRL and A DARK-HAIRED BOY emerge from the pack.

TEENAGED BOY
Voula? Time for some actual queer bashing?

VOULA
Stomp the fags.

VOULA, 17, leads the pack in an attack against the Gay Couple.

VOULA (CONT’D)
Pure Greeks hate fudgepackers.

The Male and Female Attackers isolate, drop and pummel the Gay Men with repeated kicks to their heads, abdomen and legs.

ATTACKERS
Pure Greeks hate fudgepackers.

The Male Attackers cease the assault. The Female Attackers drag the Gay Man’s Partner towards Voula. Voula brandishes a knife and places the weapon under the throat of the Gay Man’s Partner.

VOULA
Fire Island’s for ball suckers.

Voula draws the knife down the torso of the Gay Man’s Partner, positions the weapon over his genitals, lifts it up, plunges it downward and pulls back.

VOULA (CONT’D)
Say it. Or next time I’ll chop his...

The Male Attackers lift the Gay Man off the ground. Voula positions the knife over the Gay Man’s nether region.

VOULA (CONT’D)
Or both your pleasure sticks off.
GAY MAN’S PARTNER
Okay. Fire Island’s for ball suckers.

VOULA
And we promise never to set foot in another Astoria park.

GAY MAN’S PARTNER
And we promise never to set foot in another Astoria park.

In the distance, SEVERAL PEDESTRIANS dart out of sight. Voula and the Attackers strut off.

ATTACKERS
Greek pride. Greek passion. Greek purity.

VOULA
Silver Diamond owns this park now.

INT. OFFICE—DAY

A DARK-BROWN HAIRRED, THIN, CURVY and MUSCULAR WOMAN holds a handful of folders, ambles toward a side wall and gazes at a photo of herself dressed in a police uniform. A MAN lurks in the doorway.

MAN
Kev?

Under the photo is a framed encasing of a police badge bearing the surname: DIMAS and a patch denoting membership in The New York Police Department’s Counter-Terrorism Unit. PARASKEVI “KEV,” 45, continues to admire the picture.

MAN (CONT’D)
Keep at it, that photo will bring you up on stalking charges.

A photograph of Kev posing next to A MALE POLICE OFFICER is positioned atop a table near the wall. Kev lifts and transfixes on the picture.

MAN (CONT’D)
Hel...lo?

KEV
Sorry. I...
Kev drops the photo onto the table face down, rushes back toward her desk, rips a drawer open, extracts more folders, brushes by the Man, slides a cabinet drawer ajar and shoves the folders inside.

MAN
Passion you must need to do that job. I wish...

KEV
Not today Dave. Won my last three cases. Didn’t I?

DAVE
Not speaking about job performance.

Kev snares a book and thwacks it onto the desk.

KEV
Then what?

DAVE, 50, points at Kev’s police photo.

DAVE
To experience the joy of working with that gal.

INT. DINER—NIGHT

At a main room table, Kev eats alone. A large banner reading: “WELCOME TO UNCLE STAV’S: WHERE EVERYONE’S GREEK” adorns a far wall. A GREY-HAIRED MAN settles into a seat across from Kev. TWO WOMAN approach the Man.

WOMAN
Wonderful meal as always. Thanks Uncle Stav.

TWO BOYS wearing basketball jerseys charge through the entrance.

BOY
Uncle Stav? Uncle Stav?

UNCLE STAV, 69, rises. The Boys leap into Uncle Stav’s arms.

BOY (CONT’D)
We won. Thanks for sponsoring our tournament. Oh, hey Mrs. Dimas.

KEV
It’s Kev.
UNCLE STAV
Congrats.

Uncle Stav and the Boys exchange high fives.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
Two ice cream sodas on me gentlemen.

BOY
Thanks again Uncle Stav.

The Boys race towards a counter. Uncle Stav reoccupies the seat across from Kev. A TINY WOMAN with black hair emerges from the kitchen carrying a plate and serves Uncle Stav.

KEV
Spanakopita again?

Uncle Stav cuts off and consumes a forkful. The Tiny Woman rests down beside Uncle Stav.

UNCLE STAV
Best spinach pie this side of Athens. Speaking of the chef, you seen Constantine? Didn’t come in today. Tried his cell, apartment. Nothing.

KEV
You do recall I’m no...

UNCLE STAV
Thought maybe...

KEV
No thoughts today. Okay?

Smoke seeps out of the kitchen. A FEMALE SERVER bursts through the kitchen doors and rushes toward the Tiny Woman sharing Uncle Stav and Kev’s table.

FEMALE SERVER
Yia Yia Irene?

YIA YIA IRENE
The moussaka?

FEMALE OFFICER
Burning like the Olympic flame.

YIA YIA IRENE, 67, inches her chair back and runs a hand across Kev’s face.
YIA YIA IRENE
Nice to see you dear.

Yia Yia Irene scuttles into the kitchen.

UNCLE STAV
First time in ten days. Ya know, your brother helps out here, oversees places in the city and Park Slope.

KEV
Please...

UNCLE STAV
Yet we still manage to share an ouzo three nights a week.

Kev glides her chair back, crashes into a seat at an empty table and rockets to her feet.

KEV
Could you take Andreas off the damn Iconostasis? For one night? Can’t be the...

Diners pore over Kev.

UNCLE STAV
Not asking for a saint, only for the moro (Greek word for baby) I once had. Used to be...

KEV
In no mood for used to be’s either.

UNCLE STAV
Please. You’ve been a vyrkolakas (Greek word for zombie) for too long. It wasn’t your...

Kev huffs toward and stampedes through an exit. Uncle Stav waves over A MALE SERVER wearing a yarmulke.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
Please join me in an Oy Vey.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY OF A TWO-STORY BUILDING-NIGHT

A HEAVYSET, BALD MAN with Swastika tattoos running the length of his arms paces by a window and glances at his watch. The time is six-fifty-nine. A limousine pulls curb side.
MAN
He’s here.

Voula and A LARGE GROUP OF MEN AND WOMEN wearing black shirts with diamond symbols on back scurry into the hallway.

VOULA
How much time Mike?

A LIMO DRIVER opens the car’s rear door. A MUSCULAR MAN sporting a crew cut and sunglasses slinks out. MIKE, 48, places a hand on the doorknob.

MIKE
About thirty seconds. Get in position.

Voula, along with the Men and Women line up shoulder to shoulder with their backs against a wall. Mike rotates the knob at a deliberate pace and inches the door open. Clipped to the Man’s pants is a holster housing a silver pistol.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Igetis (leader in Greek) Giannis.

Mike extends his arm, offers a closed-fisted salute and clicks his heels.

GIANNIS
Genikos. (General in Greek)

GIANNIS, 36, returns the salute and struts inside.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
Attention.

The Individuals leaning against the wall clump forward, offer closed-fisted salutes and click their heels. Giannis singles out a Man. The Man trudges forward. Giannis straightens his shirt. The Man trembles backward and rejoins his comrades.

CROWD
Igetis.

Giannis salutes.

GIANNIS
At ease.

Giannis gestures at a collection of papers on the floor.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
Fuck’s going on in here?
Mike stumbles forward, retrieves and tosses the papers into a trash receptacle. Giannis grabs Mike’s arm. Mike clicks his heels and places his arms at his side. Giannis slaps Mike’s face.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
Hope the presentation’s better.

Giannis cocks his silver pistol and aims the weapon at Mike.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
We set?

MIKE
Y...Yes...Th...This way.

Giannis’s followers form a single file line. Giannis and Mike march forward. The line trails Giannis and Mike.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM-NIGHT

A large sign on the front wall reads: “SILVER DIAMOND-ASTORIA.” Swastikas cover the side walls. ARMED GUARDS man the door. The back wall is decorated by Greek flags and a banner stating: “GREEK PURITY.”

GIANNIS
Attention.

Mike, Voula and THE REMAINING SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS salute and click their heels. Giannis prances toward a podium and snatches a microphone.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
At ease.

The Silver Diamond Loyalists slink into seats.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
Congrats on your success in the park. A wonderful appetizer in anticipation of the banquet we’ll all soon be enjoying.

The Silver Diamond Loyalists applaud. Giannis raises and lowers his hands. The applause dies down. A TALL, DARK-HAIRED MAN rushes in and squats onto a back row seat.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
The Greek Diaspora will be pure again. The Greek Diaspora will be pure again. The Greek Diaspora will be pure again.
Giannis places his palms out and inches his hands upward. Silver Diamond Loyalists ascend, click their heels and salute.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS
The Greek Diaspora will be pure again.

A Silver Diamond Loyalist hands Mike a stack of papers. Mike distributes the documents.

GIANNIS
You’ve all got your assignments. May they be as bountiful.

The Crowd disperses. The late-arriving Man scampers toward the podium, salutes Giannis and clicks his heels.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
As you were Constantine.

CONSTANTINE
It okay if hit Greece on my way to Cyprus? Cousin’s sick and...

GIANNIS
Of course.

CONSTANTINE, 43, salutes and clicks his heels. Giannis lurks behind Constantine.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
One last thing Warrior.

CONSTANTINE
Yes.

Giannis socks Constantine’s stomach.

GIANNIS
Don’t ever be late again.

EXT. GAZEBO-DAY

Relaxing at a picnic table, Kev flips through a magazine. The cell phone positioned atop the table vibrates. The caller is identified as: “UNKNOWN NUMBER.” Kev hits talk.

INT. PHONE BOOTH-SAME TIME

Constantine edges the door open, peaks up, down, left and right.
KEV
With whom I speaking?

INTERCUT—PHONE CONVERSATION

CONSTANTINE
Your not so favorite ex.

Kev springs up.

KEV
My father’s gonna soon have half
the One-Fourteenth searching...Fuck
are you?

CONSTANTINE
Athens.

KEV
Not the one in Georgia I reckon?

A MAN raps on the door.

CONSTANTINE
Oh no.

KEV
What?

The Man positions his hands on the door and edges the
partition forward.

MAN
You’re not the only person without
a cell phone.

Constantine clutches the Man’s neck.

CONSTANTINE
You’re spying for them.

KEV
Spying for who? What’s...

MAN
Relax. I Just want to call my
girlfriend.

Constantine throws the Man against a pane of glass.

CONSTANTINE
Get out of here.

Constantine relinquishes his grip. The Man stumbles off.
KEV
Have you and the powder become intimate again?

CONSTANTINE
Gotta get me back...Right away.

KEV
What’re you...

CONSTANTINE
No cross examinations. Make sure I’m on Olympic’s next flight to Kennedy.

SEVERAL PEOPLE enter the gazebo. Kev shuffles onto a patch of grass.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Leaving for the airport now. Be there when I land. Don’t tell anyone...Not even your parents. And get me a motel room. Won’t be able to return to my apartment.

KEV
Guessing this’s an eleven on that famous scale?

CONSTANTINE
More like a hundred-eleven...And you’re the only one who can stop it.

KEV
Stop wh...

A dial tone follows. Kev wanders into the gazebo, reclaims a seat, fumbles through her purse, snare's her wallet, extracts a credit card and uses her phone to log onto Olympic Airline’s website.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

A SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST leans against a car facing a white building adorned by a Star Of David and a placard reading: “LARNACA SYNAGOGUE.”

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
Should we keep waiting?

ANOTHER SILVER-DIAMOND LOYALIST edges out the driver’s-side door holding a small duffel bag and a phone.
SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST (CONT’D)
Let me call Giannis first.

The Silver Diamond Loyalist dials.

GIANNIS (O.C.)
What?

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
Constantine still hasn’t shown.

GIANNIS (O.C.)
A plane can fly with two engines.

A dial tone follows.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
It’s a go. Move.

The Silver Diamond Loyalist unzips the bag, extracts a box containing a wired device and flips a switch. A timer counts down from one minute.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS

The synagogue’s sanctuary is filled to capacity. The Silver Diamond Loyalists race onto synagogue property and toss the explosive device through a sanctuary window.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS (CONT’D)
Greek pride. Greek passion. Greek purity.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
May your Shabbos be a blast.

The device detonates. Debris and shrapnel project. Flames engulf the sanctuary. The Silver Diamond Loyalists storm into their vehicle and speed away.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL-DAY

Kev studies a video board listing arrivals and departures. The time is eleven-forty. The third listing under arrivals is Olympic Air Flight 1214 from Athens. The flight’s scheduled arrival time is ten-thirty. Status reads: LANDED.
FEMALE PUBLIC ADDRESS ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
May I have your attention please?
Passengers now arriving on Olympic Flight 1214 from Athens can be met at Baggage Carousel D.

Televisions throughout the terminal are tuned to The INTERNATIONAL NEWS CHANNEL’s (INC), broadcast of: “BREAKING NEWS: AT LEAST 30 DEAD IN LARNACA, CYPRUS.”

FEMALE PUBLIC ADDRESS ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT’D)
Passengers arriving on Olympic Flight 1214 from Athens can retrieve luggage at Carousel D.

The televisions air footage of fire brigades fighting flames. Constantine dodges around TRAVELERS and hurries down an escalator. Kev storms toward Constantine.

KEV
I’m here. Now...


CONSTANTINE
Don’t know if I’m being watched or followed. Pretend we’re strangers and meet up outside.

Kev retreats. Constantine glimpses up and drops to his knees.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
My God. Shit. They did it. They did it. Fuck.

The televisions display images of emergency services personnel removing body bags from charred, smoldering wreckage. A CROWD gathers around Constantine. Constantine fixates on the television.

KEV
Yeah. It’s terrible. Story broke late last night.

CONSTANTINE
Get me out of here.

KEV
Fuck’s...
CONSTANTINE
Need to have some serious
words...In private.

INT. MOTEL ROOM–DAY

Kev lifts a chair and smashes it down.

KEV

What?

Constantine finds immediate refuge near a window shaded by
curtains. Kev charges, slaps and shakes Constantine.

KEV (CONT’D)
Remember how those pricks ruined my
life?

CONSTANTINE
Yes. And that’ll provide added
motivation.

KEV
To do what?

Constantine snatches Kev’s wrist. Kev and Constantine retire
to a bed’s corner.

KEV (CONT’D)
And when’d you start believing that
racist horse...

CONSTANTINE
Don’t. But spite hurts a little
more than getting dumped. Agreed?

Kev strikes Constantine’s mouth with her palm.

KEV
Not really. Do remember that I kept
fucking you?

Kev yanks out a pack of cigarettes, pops a butt between her
lips and uses a lighter to ignite.

CONSTANTINE
There’s more. Cyprus was the
foam...

Kev inhales a huge drag, expels smoke and dumps the cigarette
into an ashtray. Constantine slides a folded sheet of paper
out of his pocket.
CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Here’s the beer.

Constantine unfolds and hands the paper to Kev. Kev scans.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Codes.

Listed from one to three, top to bottom are the words: “FOOTBALL AND FOOD,” (NOVEMBER 13), “BIG PRIEST VISITS LITTLE CYPRUS,” (NOVEMBER 27) and “DARK MEAT GETS COOKED” (DECEMBER 10).

KEV
If you had this, then why...

CONSTANTINE
Cause they’ll kill anyone associated with us. My mother. Quite possibly your father and...

KEV
Okay.

Constantine rolls up a shirt sleeve. A tattoo of a sword penetrating a swastika over the word: “RIZIKO” (Radical in Greek) runs the length of Constantine’s arm.

CONSTANTINE
Silver Diamond’s gone all Isis. Thought my absence would delay or postpone it. Guessed wrong.

KEV
So...Your’re trying to gloat? Or...

CONSTANTINE
Only you’ve got the skill to prevent the rest of this.

Kev chucks a pillow at Constantine.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Always wanted to eliminate them. Here’s your chance.

KEV
I meant from our community, not foil an international terror plot.

Kev breaks for the door.

CONSTANTINE
Our community’s part of it.
Kev minces back toward Constantine.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
At least the next two events will be. Can’t tell you much, but know they’re supposed to be somewhere in New York with the last one in Greece.

KEV

Kev shoves Constantine and clumps toward the door, swings the partition open and places a foot in the hallway. Constantine pulls Kev inside and slams the door.

CONSTANTINE
Please.

KEV
Never think and never give anyone else the chance to either.

CONSTANTINE
Well, I think I need to go into hiding.

KEV
No. Really?

Kev inches the door open and ambles into the hallway.

KEV (CONT’D)
I’ll set it up. Meanwhile, no more jaunts to Athens.

CONSTANTINE
Thanks.

Constantine slips into the bathroom.

INT. N.Y.P.D. PRECINCT-DAY

At a desk, Kev observes A MALE POLICE OFFICER with Sargent epaulettes adorning his uniform’s collars. The surname: O’KELLEY is etched into the nameplate pinned to the shirt pocket of the Sargent’s uniform.

KEV
Want to hide him in The House.
O’KELLEY, 52, reaches into a drawer, extracts a can of smokeless tobacco, flicks off the top and tosses a pinch into his mouth.

O’KELLEY
When’d Family Court start featuring such interesting...

KEV
Need this favor. So just do it please.

O’Kelley snares a paper cup and spits out a wad of tobacco.

O’KELLEY
K. Good thing no mafia bosses are on trial.

INT. VEHICLE-DAY
A MAN allows a black SUV to pass, veers curb side and parks. The SUV pulls onto a makeshift driveway on the property of a dilapidated structure. Kev and Constantine emerge.

MAN
Shit.

Constantine lugs several grocery bags out of the SUV’s back seat. Kev unlocks the SUV’s trunk and removes several grocery bags. The Man slams the steering wheel.

MAN (CONT’D)
Bitch. And with him...Again.

The Man snatches a phone off the front, passenger’s-seat, pounds the text icon, scrolls down his contacts list, strikes the entry for KEV and types: “Need to talk. My office. Later today,” and nails send.

MAN (CONT’D)
Fuck her.

The car careens off. A phone clipped to Kev’s pants chimes.

COMPUTER-GENERATED VOICE
Peter’s calling.

Kev places the groceries down, snares the phone and hits “Ignore Call.”
INT. OFFICE—DAY

Kev pushes through a door adorned by a placard reading: “PETER DIMAS, CERTIFIED FINANCIAL PLANNER.” PETER, 46, storms inside.

PETER
Only four hours after my text. Guess my importance’s growing again.

Peter rips a cabinet open, yanks out a whiskey bottle, unscrews the cap and swigs.

PETER (CONT’D)
Sit down.

KEV
Don’t...

Peter flings a thick anthology titled: “TOP NEW YORK DIVORCE ATTORNEYS” at Kev.

PETER
Perhaps you’d like me to start cold calling? And I will be asking for full custody.

SEVERAL PEOPLE glance inside the office. Peter thwacks the door shut. Kev drops into a seat. Peter gulps from the bottle again.

KEV
What precipitated this tantrum?

Peter pours from the bottle into a mug and tosses the mug’s contents into Kev’s face.

PETER
Guess we interpreted last time I promise differently?

Kev uses a shirt sleeve to clear her eyes.

KEV
Number cruncher for pay. Magnum PI for fun.

PETER
Impressed?

KEV
It’s not...
PETER
Don’t utter that fucking cliche.

Kev snatches the whiskey bottle and ingests a hearty gulp.

KEV
Fine. It’s for reasons far less desirable than pleasure and much more important than any of us.

PETER
Don’t care and don’t believe...

KEV
I’m too frazzled to care. Now...Or anymore. So do what you want.

Kev helps herself to another swig and sets the bottle atop Peter’s desk.

KEV (CONT’D)
Thanks for the drinks.

Kev trudges out.

INT. SAFE HOUSE—NIGHT

An elevator door parts. Kev enters a small, windowless, bunker-like structure equipped with a cot, sink, counter, refrigerator, stove, television, stereo, a couple sofas and a desk housing a laptop computer.

CONSTANTINE
Never knew living underground could be so fun.

Empty beer bottles fill a trash receptacle.

KEV
See you’ve been striving to set a new standard in code breaking excellence?

Kev plops onto a couch. Constantine rubs Kev’s shoulders.

CONSTANTINE
Know where my true talents lie.

KEV
If you’re gonna shit in my souvlaki...

Kev eludes Constantine’s advances.
CONSTANTINE
Okay. Go back to Mr. Retirement Organizer.

KEV
His name’s…

CONSTANTINE
Daddy Dull. The Sultan of Sedation. The…

KEV
Only man in my life that’s ever been sensible and stable. Last forty-eight hours still proves neither term applies to you.

Constantine shuffles to the fridge, pops open a beer and flicks the cap at Kev. Kev stomps toward the desk.

CONSTANTINE
Maybe. But those traits don’t keep a lady from wandering…And not just to my door.

Kev grabs a pen, nabs a notebook and writes terrorwatchlist.org and nypd.ctu.nyc.gov/terrorlist, followed by the words PASSWORD: KEVKYP1.

KEV
Instead of humping the hops, use my login credentials to check for credible threats.

Kev hurls the notebook at Constantine.

INT. RESTAURANT-DAY

Kev and Dave occupy a two-seated table.

KEV
So? Granting me leave or not?

Dave raises his glass and summonses A FEMALE SERVER.

DAVE
No. I’m gonna ask you to clean out your desk.

KEV
Why? I just need…
DAVE
You’re more One-Fourteenth than Fifty-Seventh and Park.

The Server returns and presents Dave a fresh drink.

KEV
Wish it were only that.

DAVE
Isn’t court. Won’t ask for a defense. Kali tychi (good luck in Greek). And whatever it is, please take care of yourself.

KEV
Can I do anything to...

DAVE
No. Because neither of us believe you belong in a law office.

INT. SAFE HOUSE-DAY

The computer is logged onto a page titled: “UNITED STATES TERROR WATCH LIST OF CREDIBLE THREATS FOR NOVEMBER 2016.” Constantine scrolls down the page and highlights entry number ten.

CONSTANTINE
Shit.

It reads: “SOUTHEASTERN EUROPEAN TERROR CELL THREATENS TO DETONATE EXPLOSIVES AT OPEN-AIR STADIUMS IN THE NORTHEAST.” Constantine drags the cursor to the screen’s bottom right corner and clicks. A calendar for November 2016 appears.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Next attack’s supposed to be...Sunday. Crap. Let’s see where our football locals are.

Constantine logs onto Giants.com and clicks the schedule heading. The Giants next game is listed for Monday, November 14 against the Cincinnati Bengals at 8:30 p.m. at Met Life Stadium.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Can’t be the G-Men.

Constantine enters Jets.com into the Google Search bar. The New York Jets website is displayed.
CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
And for Gang Green?

Constantine clicks the schedule icon. The Jets next game is scheduled for Sunday, November 13 at 1 p.m. versus the Los Angeles Rams at Met Life Stadium.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Fuck.

Constantine snares a land line phone.

INT. OFFICE-SAME TIME

Kev packs belongings into a box, snares a vibrating phone and clicks talk.

KEV
What is it?

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

CONSTANTINE
It’s gonna be at the Jet game Sunday.

KEV
Drinking this early?

Kev activates speaker and sidles to a cabinet.

CONSTANTINE
This’s from your fucking secure site. I’ll scan and email the stuff with my notes. Take this to your other ex right away.

KEV
If this’s one of your hops hazes, I’m...

CONSTANTINE
Please.

Kev lifts the phone, places a finger over the off button and pulls it back.

KEV
All right. I’ll take a passing glance.
EXT. SHOOTING RANGE—DAY

O’Kelley unloads a round of ammo at a moving target. Kev holds a folder and observes. O’Kelley removes a pair of ear coverings. Kev shoves the folder into O’Kelley’s chest. O’Kelley slaps the folder to the ground.

KEV
One quick glimpse?

Kev removes a pair of ear coverings, retrieves and slaps the folder into O’Kelley’s hand.

KEV (CONT’D)
Please?

O’Kelley inches the folder open. A scribbled note reading: “ANONYMOUS SOUTHEASTERN EUROPEAN TERROR CELL” is the nondescript name Riziko uses when claiming responsibility for crimes against minorities in Greece.”

O’KELLEY
Haven’t forgotten we average about a couple hundred similar vague threats a week?

O’Kelley flips the folder to Kev.

O’KELLEY (CONT’D)
Know his Greek masculinity overwhelms you, but...

Kev re-affixes the ear guards and swipes O’Kelley’s weapon.

KEV
Need to bang a round.

O’KELLEY
Doing that with him again?

Kev fingers the gun’s trigger and points the weapon at O’Kelley.

O’KELLEY (CONT’D)
You’ll need this first.

O’Kelley hands Kev a clip of ammunition and frolics back. Kev empties the round on a stationary target; grips O’Kelley’s wrist, plants the gun into his palm and smashes the ear guards down.

O’KELLEY (CONT’D)
Forget about your past... Or present with him.

(MORE)
O’KELLEY (CONT’D)
How do you know he’s not being deliberately deceptive, especially since he’s...

KEV
No he’s not.

O’KELLEY
Not jealous. Okay? Fuck him. Love him for all I...

KEV
Just read it.

Kev flings the folder at O’Kelley.

INT. KEV’S HOME-DAY

Kev settles into a seat behind a desk housing a laptop computer, logs onto nypd.ctu.nyc.gov/terrorlist.

KEV
Eleni?

ELENI, 5, short with shoulder-length, brown hair races toward Kev.

ELENI
Yes Mama.

KEV
All ready for Yia Yia’s?

ELENI
Yep.

KEV
K. Go get your bag.

Eleni hustles into another room and returns toting a small suitcase.

KEV (CONT’D)
Come on. Load already.

Kev inches her head toward the computer.

KEV (CONT’D)
Uh oh.

ELENI
What’s wrong Mama?
Kev vaults up, corrals Eleni, snares a set of keys and hurries out.

EXT. MET LIFE STADIUM GATE—DAY


SECURITY GUARD
In that big a hurry to watch this garbage?

KEV
Not here as a fan. Need to speak with your Head of Security and any ranking member of the Jersey State Police...Immediately.


KEV (CONT’D)
I’m an ex cop. Okay? This’s a matter of extreme urgency.

Surrounding fans turn quiet.

FEMALE JETS FAN
Wonder if she’s serious?

Security restrains Kev.

KEV
Brought my shield. All right. Have no weapons. Reaching into my pants.

Kev slides a badge out. A Security Officer examines the shield. A NEW JERSEY STATE TROOPER places a hand over his gun and lumbers toward the disturbance.

STATE TROOPER
Trouble?

KEV
Trooper. Name’s Kev Dimas. I’m former NYPD...Hand him my badge.

The Security Officer presents the State Trooper Kev’s shield.

KEV (CONT’D)
Need to speak with your Site Commander.
The State Trooper hands the badge back to Kev. Kev accesses her wallet and flips it to the State Trooper. The State Trooper studies Kev’s New York State Driver’s License.

STATE TROOPER
Says your last name’s Kyprianou.

KEV
It was last time I got my license renewed...Seven years ago.

STATE TROOPER
Escort her out.

KEV
No. Please.

The State Trooper prances away. Kev muscles by security, hurtles over a turnstile and flags down the State Trooper.

KEV (CONT’D)
Couldn’t bear to be the gal who ignored a potential terror strike. Could you bear to be that guy?

Security charges, surrounds and drops Kev to the concrete.

KEV (CONT’D)
Would you like me to provide my NYPD Counter Terrorism Unit restricted access password? It’s still active.

STATE TROOPER
All right. Let her go.

INT. STADIUM UNDERGROUND COMMAND CENTER-DAY

Kev, STADIUM OFFICIALS and SEVERAL NEW JERSEY STATE TROOPERS huddle inside a room equipped with numerous television monitors. A STATE TROOPER wearing a Captain’s insignia and a name plate reading: WILLIAMS enters.

KEV
Ya able to reach O’Kelley Captain?

WILLIAMS, 65, joins a Stadium Official and Kev.

WILLIAMS
Seventy-thousand drunk Jet fans and the NFL will have our privates for trophies if you’re wrong Dimas.
The time on a digital clock flashes eleven forty-eight.

STADIUM OFFICIAL
Better do it before the tailgaters start trickling in. Your call Williams.

WILLIAMS
Don’t know how the fuck we’re gonna avoid causing a...

Williams retreats and confers with two State Troopers.

WILLIAMS (CONT’D)
Postpone game and evacuate. Search every crevice. No stadium personnel, player, coach, or team official leaves until they’re thoroughly checked.

KEV
Thank you.

INT. BALLROOM-NIGHT

MEN wearing tuxedos and WOMEN donning formal gowns mingle. A MAN enters and whistles. Revelers freeze and hush.

MAN
Ladies and gentlemen. May I proudly present The Ambassador of the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus Emanet Turgolu and Mrs. Cagla Turgolu.

AMABASSADOR TURGOLU, 75, with white-hair and MRS. TURGOLU 40, thin and dark-haired, are led in. TWO MALE BARTENDERS crouch behind the bar. One Bartender removes a pistol and a clip of ammo from his jacket pocket.

BARTENDER
For our Greek Cypriot brothers and sisters.

The other Bartender slides a pistol out of his pants, loads and cocks the weapon. The Bartenders roll their sleeves down. The Riziko symbol adorns the ASSASSINS’ arms. The Assassins bump wrists and frolic up. Turgolu approaches the bar.

ASSASSIN
What’ll be your pleasure Mr. Ambassador?
Simple gin and tonic would be quite sufficient.

The Assassin snare a glass, fill it with ice, splashes in tonic water from the tap and garnishes the beverage with a lime.

Any preference with gin?

Beefeaters if possible young man.

The Assassin snare a bottle, loads the glass, places the bottle down and presents the drink to Turgolu.

My apologies Mr. Ambassador. We’re out of gin. How’ bout some fire water?

The Assassin retrieves his weapon and blasts several bullets into Turgolu’s chest. Revelers scatter in different directions. The Assassins fire at will. Mrs. Turgolu and several Revelers are dropped.

Split up now.

Greek pride. Greek passion. Greek purity.

One Assassin hurtles over the bar. SEVERAL MEN wearing tuxedos storm inside, draw guns, fire on and kill the Assassin in the crowd. The Assassin behind the bar scrunches down, loads a clip and vaults up.

Greek pride. Greek passion. Greek purity.

The Assassin bounds over the bar and fires. An Armed Man dressed in a tuxedo shoots and kills the Assassin. Several dead and scores of wounded litter the ground.

INT. KEV’S HOME—NIGHT

Atop a couch, Kev observes a muted television. A scroll on the screen’s bottom flashes: “BREAKING NEWS: MET LIFE STADIUM PLOT BELIEVED TO BE HOAX.” Kev snare a remote and depresses the mute button.
NEWS ANCHOR
New Jersey State Police officials and federal law enforcement agencies have concluded Met Life Stadium to be secure.

The news broadcasts segments of Law Enforcement Officials conducting searches and evacuating Spectators. Kev snatches the remote and punishes the mute button. The doorbell rings.

KEV
Fuck. A day can never be bad enough. Can it?

Kev plods toward the door, glances through a peephole and edges the partition back.

KEV (CONT’D)
Either you came for Uncle Stav’s tzatziki...Or, to spike the football?

O’Kelley minces inside. Kev kicks the door shut.

O’KELLEY
Bad play on words. Where’re Papa and the little Greeks?

KEV
Mother-in-law’s.

Kev shuffles into the kitchen.

KEV (CONT’D)
You saw the updated list. And I take great exception to this being called a hoax. That’s insulting.

O’KELLEY (CONT’D)
Actually came to thank you for saving the Jets more embarrassment.

A land line phone chimes.

O’KELLEY (CONT’D)
Really though. You of everyone understands you’ve got to be absolutely...

Kev rushes back into the foyer and motions O’Kelley forward.

KEV
When and where’d you hear this? K. Shit.
O’Kelley trails Kev into the den. Kev tosses the phone onto a table, snares a remote, changes the television’s channel and jacks the volume.

O’KELLEY
Yeah?

KEV
Listen.

REPORTER
For those just joining us, there’s been a report of an attack on United Nations grounds. Specifics are still tricking in.

O’Kelley’s cell vibrates. The screen relays the message: “SIGNIFICANT CASUALTIES REPORTED INSIDE THE TURKISH MISSION.”

KEV
Take it you’re learning more?

O’KELLEY
Yep. Fill you in when I find out.

O’Kelley blitzes out.

REPORTER
There’s already been a claim of responsibility and perpetrators are set to make a public pronouncement. Soon as word is given, we’ll be joining network coverage.

INT. ATHENIAN HILL-NIGHT

The Parthenon provides a backdrop. FOUR SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS holding torches and wearing Spartan Warrior Helmets shield Giannis. Giannis dons a Spartan Warrior Helmet and cocks his silver pistol. Video cameras surround Giannis.

GIANNIS
Ready?

AN UNDISGUISED SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST hands Giannis a microphone.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
Good evening world. It is my great pleasure to announce Riziko, the champions of pure Greek people, have entered the top ten poll of international terror groups.
Giannis rolls up his shirt sleeve and reveals the Riziko tattoo.

INT. KEV’S HOME-SAME TIME

Kev transfixes on the television.

GIANNIS
For too long, Greek heritage, the foundation from which all of you’ve lived and prospered, has eroded and been victimized.

INT. N.Y.P.D. PRECINCT-SAME TIME

O’Kelley and ALL PRESENT OFFICERS gather around a desktop computer.

GIANNIS
We’ve the strength of Athens and Sparta put together. As you’ve seen, our people are already amongst you and future attacks will be greater in shock and scope.

INT. SAFE HOUSE-SAME TIME

Constantine smokes a cigarette and paces.

GIANNIS
We wish Greece and her diaspora be prideful, passionate and pure once again. And we’ll be relentless in pursuing this goal, as well as in punishing our enemies.

The screen goes dark. News coverage returns. Constantine shuts the set off.

EXT. BATTING CAGE-NIGHT

O’Kelley bends his knees, takes several practice swings and grips a bat. Kev observes. The pitching machine fires. O’Kelley flails and misses. Kev reaches into a cooler, snares a beer bottle, flicks the cap and chugs.

KEV
Can’t hit a seventy-five mile an hour fast ball?
(MORE)
KEV (CONT'D)
Must be really flustered. I hear that’s a symptom of being wrong.

O’KELLEY
There’s only two pitches left. Could you wait?

Kev frolics back and kills her beer. O’Kelley clutches the bat and awaits the pitch. The machine fires. O’Kelley swings and connects with nothing but air.

KEV
If I weren’t a Jet fan, I’d be coercing an apology at gunpoint.

O’KELLEY
That’s it. You’ve officially ruined my night off. Happy?

O’Kelley tosses the bat, stomps to the cooler, snatches a beer, rips off the cap and gulps. Kev steps into the batter’s box and grasps the stick. The machine fires. Kev clocks the ball over a fence.

KEV
Hitting home runs everywhere I see.

Kev relinquishes the bat, flips the cooler open and scoops up another beer.

O’KELLEY
All right. I’ll spare you the pathetic, apologetic spiel of what happens when I doubt you. To again earn your good graces, I must?

KEV
Full cooperation from the department.

O’KELLEY
We don’t know...

KEV
Ep...

O’Kelley yanks a can of chewing tobacco from his pocket, flicks the cover off and shoves a pinch between his cheek and gums.

O’KELLEY
Fine. Done.
KEV
I’d also like you to check out SDHQ.

O’KELLEY
Other than Mr. Invisible, there’s no...

KEV
I’ll go along and say I requested it. Something I need to take of down there anyway.

O’Kelley expectorates a wad of tobacco onto the ground.

O’KELLEY
When?

KEV
Day after tomorrow.

O’KELLEY
Ain’t gonna start agitating are you?

KEV
No. Just a little irritating.

INT. SILVER DIAMOND’S ASTORIA HEADQUARTERS-DAY

O’Kelley peruses. Mike trails O’Kelley.

O’KELLEY
Just precautionary. After recent events, some people have expressed concerns about your organization’s activities and potential ties to Riziko.

MIKE
We deplore violence...At least when it’s unprovoked.

SEVERAL SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS emerge and swarm around O’Kelley. O’Kelley scribbles into a notebook.

MIKE (CONT’D)
And our organization’s activities Sargent O’Kelley, focus on the preservation of Greek culture. Traditionally, Astoria’s been a Greek community.
O’KELLEY
Not anymore.

MIKE
There’s your problem. These damn illegals and all the crime and filth they bring to this town is disgusting.

Mike plods toward a window.

O’KELLEY
Funny how I remember booking you a few times over the years.

Mike watches Kev distribute papers to pedestrians. Kev extracts a hammer and nail from a backpack and affixes a paper to a telephone pole. Mike forces the window ajar and pops his head out.

MIKE
What’re you doing?

Kev breezes by Mike, stops near a wooden facade, yanks another nail from the backpack and stakes a paper to the surface. Mike bolts toward the entrance and swings the door open. Kev tosses a paper at Mike.

KEV
Hope you can make it.

Mike retrieves and unfolds the paper. Printed in black ink is an invitation to: “A RALLY AGAINST HATE: WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 2016 AT 8 P.M. UP AND DOWN DITMARS BOULEVARD.” Mike crumples and chucks the paper into a trash receptacle.

INT. DINER-NIGHT

Inside a corner booth, Uncle Stav and Mike shovel food into their mouths.

MIKE
Doesn’t she understand we only want to make Astoria the great Greek community it used to be?

UNCLE STAV
Don’t ever mention her name again. You idiots changed her.
MIKE
Silver Diamond was not held accountable. He was a lone nut high on smack. You know that.

Uncle Stav rockets out of the booth and dumps the contents of Mike’s plate into his lap. Loud chatter diminishes to complete silence. Diners pore over Uncle Stav.

UNCLE STAV
What I know’s this was never only a Greek community. Some of my best customers...And friends aren’t.

MIKE
The illegals are...

UNCLE STAV
Cut that fucking goat skata about illegals. Greek patriots.

Uncle Stav spits.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
You’re criminals.

Yia Yia Irene blitzes through the kitchen doors and hastens toward Uncle Stav.

YIA YIA IRENE
Why do you even allow him in here anymore?

UNCLE STAV
Cause I loved his parents.

Yia Yia Irene assists Uncle Stav into the booth. A FEMALE SERVER rushes toward Uncle Stav.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
Bring me the Zivania.

The Server hurries to the bar and returns with a bottle and shot glass.

YIA YIA IRENE
Okay dear?

UNCLE STAV
Nai. (yes in Greek)

YIA YIA IRENE
Mike. Take your hate-mongering...
UNCLE STAV
No. Think it’s time to tell him the story.

Uncle Stav unscrews the bottle’s cap, loads the shot glass and chugs. Yia Yia Irene settles down next to Uncle Stav.

YIA YIA IRENE
Then I better stay. Will you be able to...

UNCLE STAV
No. But he needs to hear it.

Uncle Stav crumples and chucks a napkin at Mike.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
Don’t know anything about invaders and crimes young man.

MIKE
All I’m...

Uncle Stav stretches across the table and snares Mike’s shirt.

UNCLE STAV
Honor your parents by shutting up.
While you were safe with U.N. Forces...

Uncle Stav pours and downs another shot.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
We were there: Kyrenia, Cyprus.
Second wave of Turkish attacks.
August fifteenth, nineteen seventy-four.

Uncle Stav slogs to the bar and returns with a cigarette in his mouth and an ash tray in his hands.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
Soldiers lined women up.

Uncle Stav puffs, exhales and wiggles into the booth.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
First the old, then young, but we’re particularly fond of the pregnant.

Uncle Stav splashes and kills another shot. Yia Yia Irene’s entire body trembles.
UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
Go back to the kitchen.

YIA YIA IRENE
No. I’ll be...

Yia Yia Irene spills Zivania into an empty water glass and swigs.

UNCLE STAV
One young bastard liked Christina, an elementary school teacher. They beat her first. Then raped her. Finally...One of them...

Uncle Stav inhales a long drag, expels a cloud of smoke and extinguishes the butt on the table. Yia Yia Irene’s breathing grows labored.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
Sliced open her...With a machete, ripped out her unborn child and carved the little boy in half.

Yia Yia Irene screams. Silence overtakes the diners. Uncle Stav pours and gulps another shot. Yia Yia Irene rocks back and forth.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
You should be proud to live in a nation where you only hear about such horrors.

Uncle Stav beckons A FEMALE SERVER and assists Yia Yia Irene to her feet. The Server escorts Yia Yia Irene into the kitchen.

MIKE
I...

UNCLE STAV
Can make all the threats you want and wear those stupid shirts. You won’t change the minds of us real, pure Greeks.

Uncle Stav points at the exit.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
Lick those pants because that’s the last taste of Theia (Aunt in Greek) Maria’s meatloaf you’ll ever enjoy.

Mike broods out.
INT. SAFE HOUSE—NIGHT

Constantine prints several documents. The desk is topped with folders labeled: “US METROPOLITANS” and “CYPRIOT AND ALBANIAN BISHOPS.” Kev flips on the stereo. The stereo’s clock flashes seven fifty-nine.

KEV
Any guesses?

CONSTANTINE
Only that’ll be in Astoria seeing it’s the only place I’ve ever heard referred to as Little Cyprus.

KEV
Need to crack it soon. They really duped us with the Thanksgiving to Turkey reference.

Kev slides a pair of shoes on and dons a jacket.

CONSTANTINE
Unfortunately, no American, Cypriot or Albanian Metropolitan’s planning any Big Apple tours next week.

KEV
And Greece?

Static screeches through the stereo’s speakers. Kev snares a remote, lowers the volume a few notches and grabs a seat beside Constantine.

COMPUTER-GENERATED VOICE
This’s WAST.

A chime echoes.

KEV
Give us all the good local news Nikki.

NIKKI (O.C.)
Good evening Astoria. I’m Nikki Castrianou and this’s WAST news. In a surprising announcement, Bishop Katsikis of Thessaloniki will visit Astoria this holiday weekend.

Kev and Constantine rocket up at the same moment and mince towards the stereo’s speakers.
CONSTANTINE
Code broken.

NIKKI (O.C.)
Concerned over rising tensions in the Greek Diaspora, the outspoken Priest plans to hold a peace rally in Astoria Park Saturday followed by Sunday Liturgy at St. Helen’s.

Kev hits the remote’s power button and races for the elevator.

CONSTANTINE
Where’re you running?

KEV
O’Kelley. And have him warn Katsikis to cancel his trip.

The elevator doors part. Kev steps into the elevator.

CONSTANTINE
No. You can’t.

Constantine zips toward the elevator and drags Kev out.

KEV
I have to. He’ll be ki...

CONSTANTINE
Giannis always has a Plan B. Spook him and many more people will die. He may already suspect something. Stadium shit was probably a ruse.

KEV
Then give me our contingency.

CONSTANTINE
Devise a way to keep old white beard safe.

Kev clicks the elevator button.

KEV
Okay. Gotta get home and prepare for tomorrow night’s protest.

CONSTANTINE
What for? Why make...

The elevator’s doors part. Kev shoves Constantine back and slips inside the elevator.
KEV
Trouble? Waves? What? Everyone’s so fucking afraid of them. I’m not. You gave me the chance. Don’t bitch about how I use it.

The elevator doors close.

INT. REC ROOM OF UNCLE STAV’S HOUSE-NIGHT
Kev hovers over a billiards table, strikes the cue ball and breaks the rack. A door squeaks open.

YIA YIA IRENE (O.C.)
Samali anyone?

The sound of footsteps clumping down a staircase follows. Yia Yia Irene appears carrying a tray hosting a plate of pastries. Kev steals a pastry.

YIA YIA IRENE (CONT’D)
A Greek home should never be this quiet.

Uncle Stav helps himself to a pastry. Yia Yia Irene retires to a seat adjacent to the pool table.

UNCLE STAV
Who else knows about...

KEV
O’Kelley and Peter.

Uncle Stav snares a stick off the back wall.

KEV (CONT’D)
Even or odd?

UNCLE STAV
Ehhh...Go with odd.

Uncle Stav jams his stick forward, nails the cue ball and separates a cluster of balls.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
How’d Peter...

KEV
Not well.

Kev slides the stick between her index and middle fingers, shoots and tucks a ball in a corner pocket.
KEV (CONT’D)
Can’t keep him safe forever. Please use whatever connections you have left in Cyprus and get his mother out.

UNCLE STAV
Can do.

Kev fires again. No balls are sunk. Uncle Stav takes aim. Yia Yia Irene returns upstairs.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
They’re after me.

KEV
And I hope you know better than to try?

Yia Yia Irene reappears lugging a tray containing a pot and three cups with saucers. Uncle Stav wolves down another pastry.

YIA YIA IRENE
Coffee?

Yia Yia Irene places the tray down on a small stand near the pool table. Uncle Stav and Kev serve themselves.

KEV
Samali doesn’t go well with beer.

Yia Yia Irene retires to a seat and sips from her cup. Uncle Stav strikes the cue, sinks a ball in a side pocket and swipes another pastry. Yia Yia Irene captures the pastry from Uncle Stav’s hands.

YIA YIA IRENE
No diabetic comas tonight. Enough.

UNCLE STAV
Give Constantine my strength. Guy ain’t been right since...

Kev whacks and breaks her stick in half, stomps toward the wall, corrals and hoists the remaining cues.

YIA YIA IRENE
Knew the sugar would get them going.

Yia Yia Irene plods toward the stairs.
KEV
Try to initiate this discussion again and I break these also.

UNCLE STAV
You and he were always...

Kev dumps the cues on the floor and places a foot over them.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
Okay. Okay.

EXT. DITMARS BOULEVARD—NIGHT

Kev removes a large sign from her SUV’s trunk reading: “VOICES INSTEAD OF VIOLENCE.” SCORES OF BLACK, WHITE, HISPANIC and ORIENTAL PROTESTERS march and applaud.

PROTESTERS
Astoria is for everyone. Astoria is for everyone.

Police guard barricades lining the sidewalk. The number of Protesters increases. Emerging from the Crowd holding a thermos, Uncle Stav lumbers toward Kev.

UNCLE STAV
Chicken soup.

KEV
Couldn’t have dreamt it be this big.

Uncle Stav hands Kev the thermos and zig zags around people.

KEV (CONT’D)
Not gonna stay?

UNCLE STAV
Don’t need Papa’s protection.

Several Protesters hoist a large flag decorated by countless, tiny national banners and the words: “ASTORIA: A LESSON IN ASSIMILATION.” Protesters converge. Kev brandishes a whistle, steps toward the Crowd’s center and blows. Quiet reigns.

KEV
Make it loud and exuberant, but peaceful.

The DRIVERS OF PASSING VEHICLES beep their horns. Protesters cheer.
A news van representing the station: WAST arrives on scene. A BLONDE-HAIRED WOMAN hops out of the van and scurries toward the fray.

KEV (CONT’D)
Nikki? Television now?

NIKKI, 28, yanks a note pad and pen from a back slacks pocket and directs A CAMERAMAN forward.

NIKKI
Tonight. Hoping this lands me that Channel Four position.

The Cameraman films the demonstration.

NIKKI (CONT’D)
Got time for a few words?

KEV
Need to ask the baby sitter you watched spend hours on the phone with her boyfriend that?

From behind a barricade, Mike and THREE SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS observe. The Cameraman focuses on Kev. Nikki places a microphone under Kev’s mouth.

NIKKI
Tonight’s aim is?

KEV
To show Astoria’s a place open to all peoples, most of whom are hard-working, law-abiding members of a diverse community.

Nikki places the microphone under her arm and scribbles at a frenetic pace.

NIKKI
There’re others who believe you’re purposely trying to agitate Silver Diamond, especially considering the group’s rumored links to recent events.

PROTESTERS
Voices not violence. Voices not violence.

KEV
May I ask who these others are?
Nikki gestures at Mike.

NIKKI
Well, for one, Michaelis Dimopoulos, leader of...

KEV
Yeah, I know him. And I won’t lie. Part...Most of this protest’s against their presence and actions.

The Cameraman zooms in on the Protesters, now numbering in the hundreds.

NIKKI
Would you be willing to meet on Astoria Forum tomorrow night and debate? Mike’s already agreed to.

KEV
What time?

NIKKI
Start taping at seven.

KEV
See ya at five.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO-NIGHT

Nikki stations herself between Kev and Mike. TWO SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS guard Mike.

MIKE
We’re growing tired of being called racists.

Mike attempts to steal Nikki’s microphone.

NIKKI
Could you let her speak please?

Kev snatches the microphone from Nikki and edges her face to within inches of Mike’s.

KEV
Perhaps that’s because you know you are, along with misogynist, evil, cold-hearted, murderous bastards.

Mike snares a glass of water off a small table and tosses it into Kev’s eyes.
NIKKI
That was completely uncalled for.

KEV
It’s also not the first time that’s happened to me this week.

Kev uses a shirt sleeve to wipe her face. Mike slaps Kev’s shoulder.

NIKKI

KEV
Striking women now?

MIKE
That’s not striking a woman. This is.

Mike shoves Kev.

KEV
These’re the pure Greeks folks.

Nikki lurches in front of the Cameraman.

NIKKI
Cut.

The Cameraman stops filming. Kev knees Mike’s groin and chops his throat. Mike tumbles down. The Silver Diamond Loyalists charge Kev.

NIKKI (CONT’ D)
Shit...Kev.

Kev executes a roundhouse kick that drops one Silver Diamond Loyalist and forces his cohort’s head into the camera, rendering him unconscious. Kev hovers over Mike. Nikki and the Cameraman break for the exit.

KEV
Nazis started to lose W W Two the second people started shooting back. My fists are warm. Yours?

EXT. STREET CORNER–DAY

O’Kelley purchases food from A VENDOR. Kev sprints toward O’Kelley.
O’KELLEY
It it isn’t Ms. Steven Seagal?

KEV
They’d be mutilated and dead if I were.

O’Kelley unwraps tin foil.

KEV (CONT’D)
Chestnuts? Your Christmas’s still a month away.

Kev unzips and slinks a folder out of her jacket.

O’KELLEY
And I’m sure that’s an early gift.

The folder is labeled: “PRIESTGATE.” O’Kelley hands the foil to Kev. Kev pops a few chestnuts in her mouth. O’Kelley peruses through the folder’s content.

KEV
Guaranteed.

O’Kelley snatches the foil from Kev.

O’KELLEY
Not that word. Please?

KEV
He’s been an ardent critic of Silver Diamond and has received numerous threats in Greece.

O’KELLEY
All right. I’ll put a detail on him.


KEV
Get his itinerary and send me a copy. I want to be with him at all times and...

O’KELLEY
Jesus already.

Kev mopes down the sidewalk.

O’KELLEY (CONT’D)
I’ll have his schedule to you by tomorrow.
INT. SILVER DIAMOND’S ASTORIA HEADQUARTERS—DAY

Behind a desk inside a private office, Mike places a land line phone on speaker.

MIKE
Not questioning his qualifications.

INT. SILVER DIAMOND’S ATHENS HEADQUARTERS—SAME TIME

Giannis polishes his silver pistol.

INTERCUT—PHONE CONVERSATION

GIANNIS
Then why am I spending three Euros a minute? Austerity’s still murdering us ya know?


MIKE
I’ll be right with you Father Papadopoulos.

FATHER PAPADOPOULOS, 35, slips into another room.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Can’t fucking do it this way.

Giannis loads his weapon and handles the trigger.

GIANNIS
He’s taken the oath and has the mark.

MIKE
Then why not carry this out back home? Cause you know how the people’d react. This’s too radical...Even for us.

Giannis fires at and destroys a chair’s back.

GIANNIS
Nothing’s too radical.

Giannis ends the call. Father Papadopoulos reappears. Mike lights a cigarette.
FATHER PAPADOPOULOS
I understand this’s...

MIKE
Not one drop of blood stains Saint
Helen’s. Understood?

Mike inches out of his seat and minces toward Father
Papadopoulos.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Not one.

Mike ambles toward a wall covered by a Greek Orthodox Cross
and an Icon of The Virgin Mary clutching a baby Jesus.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Please excuse me Father.

Father Papadopoulos exits. Mike surrenders to his knees and
makes The Sign Of The Cross.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Forgive us please. God please
forgive us.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY–DAY

Kev and A CONTINGENT OF POLICE OFFICERS congregate. O’Kelley
bolts inside. Kev moseys toward a window.

O’KELLEY
One minute.

Several Officers trail O’Kelley outside and surround a limo.
The remaining Officers station themselves by the entrance.
O’Kelley opens the limo’s rear door. AN OLD, WHITE-BEAERED
PRIEST adorned in a cassock springs out.

OFFICER
Looks spry for his age.

KEV
Try vivacious.

O’Kelley and two Officers shield and lead BISHOP KATSIKIS,
O’Kelley waves Kev forward. Kev minces toward, bows before
and kisses Bishop Katsikis’s cross.

KEV (CONT’D)
It’s my high honor Your Eminence.
O’KELLEY
Your Eminence. This’s...

BISHOP KATSIKIS
The Greek Warrior. May I be next in what I’m sure’s been a long line of people congratulating you for knocking those fools on their rears.

Laughter follows Bishop Katsikis’s words.

O’KELLEY
Kev will be shadowing you during your visit Your Eminence.

BISHOP KATSIKIS
Welcome news after such a long flight. May I sit down for a few moments? These old legs are stiff.

A Hotel Employee escorts Bishop Katsikis to a couch. O’Kelley presents a folded sheet of paper to Kev. The document is labeled: “BISHOP’S ITINERARY.”

O’KELLEY
Gonna tell him now...Or later?

KEV
Might as well now.

Kev plods toward and occupies a seat next to Bishop Katsikis.

BISHOP KATSIKIS
You’re displaying confession face young lady.

KEV
Your Eminence. Unfortunately, devotion to our faith and admiration of you aren’t the only reasons I’ll be with you this weekend.

A Hotel Employee hands Bishop Katsikis a glass of water.

KEV (CONT’D)
It is with deep regret I must inform you we’ve confirmed a credible assassination plot against you.
BISHOP KATSIKIS
Only one? My celebrity status’s waning.

KEV
I assure you, we’ll do whatever...

BISHOP KATSIKIS
I know.

Bishop Katsikis clutches Kev’s wrist.

BISHOP KATSIKIS (CONT’D)
But it’s truly God’s will To Paidi Mou (My Child in Greek).

EXT. ASTORIA PARK–DAY

A CROWD OF PERSONS REPRESENTING MANY DIFFERENT ETHNICITIES hoist peace signs and wave numerous national flags. On a platform stage, Kev snares a podium’s microphone.

KEV
Peace now. Not tomorrow.

CROWD
Peace Now. Not tomorrow.

KEV
Ready for a long day of fun?

CROWD
Yeah.

The Crowd enters a thunderous ovation.

KEV
Now I’m proud to introduce the toughest Priest on this planet. Ladies and gentlemen, His Eminence Bishop Katsikis of Thessaloniki.

O’Kelley leads Bishop Katsikis to the podium. The Crowd offers another round of loud applause. Kev bows before Bishop Katsikis, kisses his cross and presents him the microphone.

BISHOP KATSIKIS
Pleasant greetings from my home city, where I just found out it’s ninety-two degrees.

Laughter follows Bishop Katsikis’s comment.
BISHOP KATSIKIS (CONT’D)
Unfortunately though, my greetings are the only things that have been pleasant these past days and weeks. The evil wind called hate is blowing again.

Kev hops off the dais and confronts O’Kelley.

KEV
I’d like more coverage around the stage.

BISHOP KATSIKIS
But none of you will be knocked down.

A lengthy outburst of cheering follows Bishop Katsikis’s words.

O’KELLEY
If you’re right, the attempt won’t be...

KEV
Well, they could be lying so just...

O’Kelley snares Kev’s wrist and taps his badge.

O’KELLEY
Trust in this. And remember saving the Bishop won’t br...

KEV
I know. So save the Dr. Philisms. Okay?

O’KELLEY
I’m...

KEV
Just respect this’s my life right now. Please?

EXT. OUTSIDE SILVER DIAMOND’S ASTORIA HEADQUARTERS—NIGHT

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS don black helmets and dark sunglasses. Many carry banners reading: “GREEK PURITY” and “GREEKS FOR GREEKS.” Mike storms outside.

MIKE
Warriors ready?
The Silver Diamond Loyalists click their heels, offer closed-fisted salutes, shout and clap. Drummers emerge from the darkness. The Silver Diamond Loyalists form a Phalanx. The Drummers position themselves behind Mike.

MIKE (CONT’D) 
Set.

The Silver Diamond Loyalists respond with closed-fisted salutes. PEOPLE observing from inside a building draw a window’s blinds and cut the lights. TWO MALE PEDESTRIANS wearing shirts embossed with the Greek flag stop and observe.

MIKE (CONT’D) 
Join us.

The Pedestrians race off.

MIKE (CONT’D) 
Pussies. Don’t be afraid to defend your fucking heritage.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS 
Greek pride. Greek passion. Greek purity.

MIKE 
March.

Mike leads the procession.

EXT. ASTORIA PARK–NIGHT

Protesters file out. Kev and Bishop Katsikis occupy chairs on the platform. The pounding of a drum reverberates. The Silver Diamond Loyalists enter into view.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS 
Greek Pride. Greek Passion. Greek Purity.

Protesters scurry back towards the stage. The drumming increases in intensity. Kev leaps off stage. Mike and the Silver Diamond Loyalists advance towards the Protesters.

KEV 
Look at the formation? They ain’t here to take notes on crowd control.

O’Kelley snares a walkie-talkie.
O’KELLEY
All available officers to the front of the park. Now.

Mike and two Silver Diamond Loyalists face off with SEVERAL AFRICAN-AMERICAN PROTESTERS.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN PROTESTER
Get out of our park Nazis.

Mike holds his nose.

MIKE
The stench of our community trash.


KEV
Shit.

The numbers of Protesters and Silver Diamond Loyalists converging increases. Kev reverses course.

O’KELLEY
Where’re you...

KEV
To get the Bishop out.

O’KELLEY
Okay.

O’Kelley snares his walkie-talkie.

O’KELLEY (CONT’D)
Attention stage detail. Escort Kyp and the Bishop to unmarked and depart quickly.

Kev vaults atop the stage.

BISHOP KATSIKIS
Guessing it’s past my bed time?

Kev assists Bishop Katsikis up and corrals his arm. Two Officers guard Bishop Katsikis. Kev leads the Officers and Bishop Katsikis toward a vehicle parked several hundred yards behind the stage.

KEV
Safest place’s back at the hotel
Your Eminence.
Kev flings the vehicle’s rear, passenger-side door open and helps Bishop Katsikis inside.

KEV (CONT’D)
Get rolling.

Kev barrels into the front, passenger-side seat. One Officer occupies the driver’s seat. The other Officer slides in back. The vehicle skids away.

EXT. SIDEWALK—DAY


INT. SAFE HOUSE—SAME TIME

Constantine clutches a land line phone.

CONSTANTINE
Take it no news’s good news?

INTERCUT—PHONE CONVERSATION

KEV
For the present moment.

Kev unfolds a document titled: “BISHOP’S UPDATED SUNDAY ITINERARY.” Events listed are: 1. Breakfast at Uncle Stav’s, 8:30 a.m.; 2. Shrine Blessing at St. Irene’s at 9:30 and 3. 11 a.m. Service at St. Helen’s.

KEV (CONT’D)
I pray we can dare say great news in an hour.

Kev hits end. The time is forty-two minutes past ten. O’Kelley leads Bishop Katsikis to a chair positioned near the church’s steps. A short line of worshippers forms.

O’KELLEY
Ready to greet the lucky worshippers Your Eminence?

BISHOP KATSIKIS
Bring my adoring fans on.

O’KELLEY
Looks like you’re average’s still zip.

KEV
At bat hasn’t ended yet.

Father Papadopoulos plods toward Bishop Katsikis.

BISHOP KATSIKIS
Good morning Father.

Father Papadopoulos kneels and kisses Bishop Katsikis’s cross.

FATHER PAPADOPOULOS
May I take a photo Your Eminence?

BISHOP KATSIKIS
Please.

Father Papadopoulos reaches behind his back, brandishes a pistol and fingers the trigger.

KEV
Gun.

Kev leaps atop and knocks Bishop Katsikis to the ground. Father Papadopoulos fires. Worshippers scamper in different directions. Police shield Kev and Bishop Katsikis.

KEV (CONT’D)
Are you hurt Your Eminence?

BISHOP KATSIKIS
Only emotionally.

Father Papadopoulos handles the trigger again. O’Kelley dives to the pavement and pumps a slug through Father Papadopoulos’s chest.

O’KELLEY
Oh...Oh...My...

O’Kelley tosses his weapon aside. Kev rushes toward O’Kelley. Police contain the panicking Crowd.

KEV
Need to be relieved?
O’KELLEY
I’m okay. Take care of the Bishop.

KEV
Let’s bring His Eminence inside.

Bishop Katsikis wobbles to the church’s top step. Two Officers haul a bench up the stairs and position it near the church’s entrance. Kev escorts Bishop Katsikis to the bench.

BISHOP KATSIKIS
Always envisioned it could happen, but never that way.

O’Kelley raps Kev’s back.

O’KELLEY
Henrik Lundqvist be worried cause that was one great fucking save. Oh...My apologies Your Eminence.

BISHOP KATSIKIS
None are necessary young man. Those words...Every last one echo my sentiments. Congratulations fine Officers.

INT. MORGUE-NIGHT

O’Kelley and Kev hover over Father Papadopoulos’s corpse. Kev snares the corpse’s arm, which is decorated by the Riziko tattoo.

KEV
How much more’s necessary for a purge? Two schmucks at the Embassy...

O’KELLEY
So, I go over there and ask people to roll up their sleeves? Without any type of proof of course.

Kev throws the corpse’s arm down and stomps toward O’Kelley.

O’KELLEY (CONT’D)
Unlike your current colleagues, we can only go after people with evidence, not innuendo.

KEV
Bullshit.
INT. FBI’S NEW YORK FIELD OFFICE—DAY

O’Kelley and Kev mill around a conference room filled with OFFICIALS REPRESENTING VARIOUS DIFFERENT LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES. A TALL MAN wearing a suit prances toward O’Kelley and Kev.

O’KELLEY
Deputy Director Hill.

HILL, 50, offers Kev his hand. Kev reciprocates.

HILL
We admire your tenacity and bravery and can assure you, whatever they’re planning next will be stopped.

Hill whistles. The Crowd hushes.

HILL (CONT’D)
Ladies and gentlemen. If you will.

Kev, O’Kelley and Law Enforcement Officials trail Hill to a podium surrounded by camera crews. Hill accesses a microphone.

HILL (CONT’D)
Good afternoon. The FBI can confirm the assassination plot against Bishop Katsikis was on direct orders from Riziko.

Photographers snap shots of Hill.

HILL (CONT’D)
In addition, an informant has tipped us off about another planned attack. We, along with several global anti-terror agencies are already on the case.

Kev retires to a side room. O’Kelley follows Kev.

O’KELLEY
Leaving?

KEV
Time to be lawyer again for a bit.

O’KELLEY
Thought they let you...
KEV
On my own initiative...You guys can handle Greece. I’m taking charge in Astoria.

Kev motions off.

O’KELLEY
Oy. Guessing that means now comes the agitation?

KEV
More like full-blown antagonism.

O’KELLEY
Oh no.

KEV
That’s right.

EXT. STREET CORNER—DAY

THREE SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS prowl towards A DARK-SKINNED FRUIT STAND VENDOR, empty several bins and smash fruit on the sidewalk.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
Let me see your papers.

FRUIT STAND VENDOR
I’m legal. Don’t have to show you nothing. Get out.

The Silver Diamond Loyalists chuck fruit at the Fruit Stand Vendor, empty more bins and stomp countless pieces of fruit to mush.

FRUIT STAND VENDOR (CONT’D)
Leave me alone. Let me support my family. Doing nothing wrong. I’m legal. I’m legal.

FOUR LARGE, AFRICAN-AMERICAN MEN charge on scene. The Silver Diamond Loyalists bolt off. The African-American Men track down and thrash the Silver Diamond Loyalists until each is bloodied.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN
This ain’t Athens bitches.

The African-American Men race away.
INT. ARENA—NIGHT

Mike, A THIN, BROWN-HAIRED WOMAN AND THREE CHILDREN adorned in New York Islanders jerseys roam through a concession area. Mike’s phone vibrates. The screen flashes the message: “INCOMING CALL FROM GIANNIS.”

MIKE
Amen.

Mike rambles off and scrunches down near a men’s room entrance.

MIKE (CONT’D)
We’re facing resistance. Real strong like never before. Eight warriors in and out of the hospital this week. Fuck am I supposed to do?

A BOY wearing an Islanders jersey minces toward Mike.

BOY
Can I get ice cream Papa?

Mike accesses his wallet and hands the boy a twenty dollar bill.

MIKE
Share that with your brother and sister and no more food. Otherwise, you’re gonna get sick.

The Boy scampers toward AN ICE CREAM VENDOR.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Sorry.

INT. POOL—SAME TIME

THREE WOMEN massage Giannis’s neck. A LARGE, ARMED, SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST guards the pool’s edge.

GIANNIS
You continue to fight, but with greater urgency and intensity.

INTERCUT—PHONE CONVERSATION

MIKE
How’s the grand finale progressing?
GIANNIS
Suspended indefinitely.

The Silver Diamond Loyalist crouches down.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
Send them to the reverence room.

GUARD
Nai.

The Silver Diamond Loyalist exits. Giannis reclaims the phone.

GIANNIS
Bringing the fight to your area.

MIKE
Meaning?

GIANNIS
Short term, you’re getting reinforcements. Long term, you better prepare for one huge scrap.

A dial tone follows.

INT. SILVER DIAMOND’S ATHENS HEADQUARTERS-NIGHT

Giannis enters a darkened room lit only by torches. Greek flags and Greek Orthodox Icons adorn the walls. A NUMBER OF SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS click their heels and salute.

GIANNIS
All been briefed.

A Silver Diamond Loyalist minces forward.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
You want us to play informants?

GIANNIS
Yes. While the FBI and Interpol celebrate thwarting a non-existent attack, we’ll slowly start a war in New York. Now move.

Several Silver Diamond Loyalists rush out. One of the remaining Silver Diamond Loyalist confronts Giannis.

PROTESTING SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
With one bitch?
GIANNIS
She’s more like a symbol of resistance, a hero and almost a martyr.

PROTESTING SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
But...

GIANNIS
And, above all, an immediate threat to this entire movement.

The Protesting Silver Diamond Loyalist lumbers away from Giannis.

PROTESTING SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
That’s a...

Giannis charges and slaps the Protesting Silver Diamond Loyalist.

GIANNIS
People are starting to follow her. Need to defeat her in that neighborhood...In front of her friends, family and neighbors.

PROTESTING SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
Stupid. We should be...

Giannis yanks out his silver pistol and shoots the Protesting Silver Diamond Loyalist.

GIANNIS
His replacement will join you tomorrow. Any other objectors? Good. Get to the airport.

The remaining Silver Diamond Loyalists stumble out. Giannis menaces over the Protesting Silver Diamond Loyalist, inches the gun over his head and pulls the trigger.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
Only God tells me I can’t.

INT. KEV'S HOME-DAY

Kev strikes a desktop computer’s keyboard. Peter appears. Kev rockets up and bolts into another room. Peter glances at the computer’s screen.

PETER
Hope you’re not serious about this?
Kev reenters.

KEV
As serious as divorce proceedings.

PETER
Could get all of us killed.

Kev wrenches open a desk drawer, snares and inserts a flash drive into the computer’s USB port; clicks save and removes the flash drive.

KEV
No. Only me.

Kev lifts a photo of Eleni and A YOUNG BOY off a table.

KEV (CONT’D)
And that’d make your quest easier.

Kev pockets the flash drive. Peter grasps Kev’s shoulders.

PETER
Male mistress’s idea?

Kev breaks Peter’s grasp and races out.

INT. SAFE HOUSE-DAY

A large stack of papers tops the table. The title page reads: “PETITION OF CIVIL SUIT AGAINST THE SILVER DIAMOND POLITICAL PARTY, ORGANIZATION AND SUBSidiARIES.”

CONSTANTINE
Might want to grab a pen and memorialize the time and place.

Kev shuffles toward the fridge, unseals a bottle of water and guzzles.

KEV
What’s so memorable?

CONSTANTINE
The first time I and Papa Passive are in lock step. Cause if you do this, you’re gyro meat.

Kev reaches inside the fridge, tosses vegetables on the counter, tears a knife from a drawer and chops.
KEV
Rather be that than the cupcakes everyone else is.


KEV (CONT’D)
You started...And I’m trying to finish.

Constantine tosses the knife onto the counter.

CONSTANTINE
If we’re talking suicide, might as well make it mass. Star witness slash informant could make it much more lucrative.

KEV
No. Uh uh. I refuse to bury...

CONSTANTINE
I’m dead anyway. Just get my Mom out of Cyprus.

Kev sidles to the computer, logs on to her gmail account and clicks on a correspondence from: “ANDROULLA” followed by the heading: “SAFE. THANK YOU.” Kev clicks the heading.

KEV
Read this.

Constantine shuffles over. The screen displays: “TRANSLATED FROM GREEK” followed by the message: “I DON’T KNOW WHAT HE GOT HIMSELF INTO, BUT I THANK YOU AND YOUR PARENTS FOR ALWAYS PROTECTING HIM...AND ME. I PRAY FOR YOU ALL.”

CONSTANTINE
Where’s...

KEV
My parents condo in London.

CONSTANTINE
When d...

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Before anything got started.

Constantine embraces Kev.
CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Thank you so much.

KEV
Likewise.

INT. SILVER DIAMOND’S ASTORIA HEADQUARTERS—NIGHT
Mike and a SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST drink beer and toss darts at a target.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
What do you think he meant?

Mike hurls a projectile at the board.

MIKE
That he’s as serious an I am about ending our most pressing problem and is giving us the resources to handle it soon.

Forceful knocking punishes the front door.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Ah fuck.

Mike bolts toward the entrance.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Yeah. What is it?

Mike flings the door open. A MAN wearing a suit shoves a large, stuffed Manila envelope into Mike’s chest. Mike places the folder under his shoulder.

MIKE (CONT’D)
And?

PROCESS SERVER
You’ve been served.

THE PROCESS SERVER races off. Mike slams the door shut, storms into his office, tears the folder open and examines a stack of documents.

MIKE
No. No. Fucking...

Mike thwacks the stack of documents onto his desk.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Bitch.
Mike wrenches a land line phone off a charger.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Get down here...Immediately.

The Silver Diamond Loyalist appears.

MIKE (CONT’D)
I’m not waiting. Let’s take care of this now.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
Shouldn’t we...

MIKE
To hell with Giannis. Now.

INT. KEV’S HOME-NIGHT

Kev trudges toward a bed. Peter lies asleep. Eleni wanders in. Kev scoops Eleni up.

KEV
Okay meli? (Greek word for honey)

ELENI
Thought I heard something outside.

KEV
Aw. Let’s get you back to bed.

Kev shuffles into Eleni’s room, places Eleni in bed, minces to a window, edges a curtain back and peeks out. A car speeds down the street and skids to a halt. THREE SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS bolt out of the vehicle.

KEV (CONT’D)
Eleni? Wake up Papa...Go.

Eleni hustles into the master bedroom room. Kev scuttles into another room, flips on a light, nudges and awakens the Young Boy seen in the photo with Eleni.

KEV (CONT’D)
Antonis? Antonis? Wake up.

Glass shatters. Kev collects ANTONIS, 4, and scurries into the master bedroom.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
Greek pride. Greek passion. Greek purity.
Peter cradles Eleni in his arms.

PETER
More of you fine work?

A bottle flies through a master bedroom window, crashes into a wall and breaks.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST (O.C.)
You defend illegals. We defend Greeks.

Kev rushes Antonis into the master bedroom’s bathroom.

KEV
Get her in there, lock the door and stay frozen til I say come out. Do it.

Peter tightens his grip on Eleni and hurries into the bathroom. Objects pelt the house. Kev barrels into the hall, flings a closet door open, snares a box off the top shelf, removes an unloaded gun and dumps out several bullets.

KEV (CONT’D)
They play with glass...I scrap with lead.

Kev loads the weapon, stampedes into the master bedroom, separates the curtains, slides a large window open, cocks the gun and fires. A bullet creates a hole in the front, passenger-side door of the Silver Diamond Loyalists’ vehicle.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
Fuck did that come from?

The Silver Diamond Loyalists ramble towards their car. Kev sticks her head out the window.

KEV
In plain view assholes.

Kev shoots again. A slug cracks and penetrates the car’s rear window. The Silver Diamond Loyalists glance up. Kev fingers her gun’s trigger.

KEV (CONT’D)
Anyone want to hold up another bottle? Got a sudden urge to sharpen my sniping skills.

Two of the Silver Diamond Loyalists rush into their vehicle. The remaining Silver Diamond Loyalist places a hand on the driver’s side door and glances up.
SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
We’ll get you bitch. We’ll get you.

The Silver Diamond Loyalist storms into the vehicle and speeds off.

EXT. OUTSIDE KEV’S HOUSE-NIGHT

Police vehicles line the street. SEVERAL OFFICERS peruse the property. O’Kelley holds Antonis in his arms. Peter carries Eleni. Kev stomps toward Peter.

KEV
O’Kelley’s taking you and the kids to your mother’s.

PETER
For how fucking long?

KEV
Until I feel we’ll no longer be threatened.

Peter places Eleni in an Officer’s arms.

PETER
That’ll be never...

KEV
Just go.

Peter retreats toward O’Kelley.

PETER
Could you speak to her?

O’Kelley escorts Peter, Eleni and Antonis into a police cruiser.

INT. DINER-NIGHT

All tables and booths are empty. Uncle Stav and TWO MALE EMPLOYEES slide through the kitchen doors wearing coats. The Employees motion towards the exit.

EMPLOYEE
Good night Uncle Stav.

Uncle Stav pops open and places a stack of receipts inside a cash register.
UNCLE STAV
Night fellas. See ya at six.

The Employees leave. Uncle Stav makes The Sign Of The Cross and tilts his head upwards.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
For another ridiculously prosperous day in a ridiculously prosperous life.

Uncle Stav brandishes a set of keys and minces toward the exit. THREE SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS converge, propel the door forward and drive Uncle Stav to the floor.

UNCLE STAV (CONT’D)
Know you guys don’t want money.

Uncle Stav sneaks his phone out and attempts to dial. A Silver Diamond Loyalist lurches forward, snare and stomps Uncle Stav’s phone to pieces.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
Illegal-loving son of a whore.

The Silver Diamond Loyalists pummel Uncle Stav with repeated kicks. Blood accumulates on Uncle Stav’s clothes. The Silver Diamond Loyalists cease the assault and hover over Uncle Stav.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST (CONT’D)
Listen up Pappous (Greek word for grandpa). If she doesn’t stop, even your standing around here won’t save you.

The Silver Diamond Loyalists charge out. Uncle Stav struggles to his feet, snare a portable phone and collapses.

INT. BAR-NIGHT

O’Kelley and Kev occupy stools. A FEMALE BARTENDER slides two mugs of draft beer down a countertop.

O’KELLEY
Got a rule. It says when the kids are threatened, it’s okay to...

KEV
Don’t listen to him.

O’KELLEY
Why? Afraid he’s right?
Kev chugs and slams her glass down. One of the two phones positioned atop the counter vibrates.

O’KELLEY (CONT’D)
Got a late night chatter.

Kev examines the screen. The caller is identified as MOM. Kev sidles in the door’s direction.

KEV
Everything okay?

Kev steps out, returns, loses her balance, drops her phone and collapses.

O’KELLEY
What?

KEV
Take me to Mount Sinai Queens right away.

O’Kelley assists Kev up and escorts her out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM—NIGHT

Uncle Stav lies up in bed with his ribs taped and nose bandaged. Yia Yia Irene lifts a glass of water to Uncle Stav’s mouth. Kev races in. O’Kelley trails.

KEV
Papa? Papa? Papa?

Kev throws her arms around Uncle Stav.

KEV (CONT’D)
Doxa to Theo (Thank God in Greek).
Doxa to Theo.

Kev makes The Sign Of The Cross.

UNCLE STAV
I’d really thank him if you’d let go. Hurting a bit here.

Kev relinquishes her grasp.

KEV
Mama. Go home. I’ll spend the night.
UNCLE STAV
No. I’m fine. Your brother’s coming down anyway.

Kev pulls Yia Yia Irene aside.

YIA YIA IRENE
Nothing serious. Couple broken ribs and a free nose job. Insides are fine.

Kev snares a seat, settles down beside and places her head atop Uncle Stav’s stomach. O’Kelley and Yia Yia Irene exit.

KEV
I’m so sorry. Promise I’ll stop.

Uncle Stav grabs Kev’s hair and drags her head back.

UNCLE STAV
You do and not one penny of those restaurants are left in your name.

KEV
But...

Uncle Stav tugs on Kev’s hair again.

UNCLE STAV
Always love you, but you’re becoming that feisty girl I really like again.

KEV
Me too.

UNCLE STAV
Epimeno. (Persist in Greek)

Kev kisses Uncle Stav’s forehead.

KEV
Nai.

Uncle Stav dozes off. Kev pecks Uncle Stav’s cheek and wanders into the hall.

INT. DELI-DAY

A copy of the lawsuit is positioned atop the table of Nikki’s makeshift, remote studio. Nikki and Kev wear headphones. CUSTOMERS mingle in and out. A WOMAN extends a hand to Kev. Kev and the Woman complete their introductions.
WOMAN
Thank you. What tharros (Greek word for courage). Keep going.

Kev and the Woman exchange cheek pecks.

NIKKI
So this applies to anyone victimized by Silver Diamond...Or Riziko?

KEV
Class action all the way. Bankruptcy’s more effective than bullets.

Several lights flash on Nikki’s control panel.

NIKKI
Be willing to take some calls?

KEV
Definitely.

NIKKI
Again, we’re joined by, I guess now the most fitting title’s famous activist Paraskevi “Kev” Kyprianou-Dimas.

Nikki fields and places several calls on hold.

NIKKI (CONT’D)
Discussing her latest, most ambitious and dare I say most dangerous undertaking. Be back after this.

Nikki and Kev remove their ear phones. Music plays in the background. The off-air sign flashes.

NIKKI (CONT’D)
First caller’s Mike. Could tell him to...

KEV
Nope. Papa and I never got last licks. Think I’ll stick my tongue out now.

NIKKI
Solid. Back on in less than ten.
Nikki and Kev reposition their headphones. Nikki grips a microphone and flips a switch. The on-air sign flashes.

NIKKI (CONT’D)
We’re back on “Are You Aware Astoria?” live from Christofouros’s. Our first caller’s Mike. Glad some space separates you two this time. Go ahead.

MIKE (O.C.)
This lawsuit has abso...

KEV
Remember the other night Mike? My father and I...

A dial tone follows.

KEV (CONT’D)
Proved my point.

Nikki connects the next caller. Kev gestures at her headphones. Nikki raises the console’s volume button.

KEV (CONT’D)
K. Perfect.

NIKKI
Next we’ve got Ted from Flushing. Go ahead Ted.

TED (O.C.)
It...It’s a pleasure to speak with you Kev.

KEV
Likewise.

TWO TEENAGED BOYS throw their arms around Kev.

TEENAGED BOY
Damn you’re cute.

NIKKI
Pardon me Ted. Got idiots in here.

Nikki places the call on hold.

TEENAGED BOY
Astoria could use a smoking hot, super lawyer, ex-cop, bad guy slapping...
NIKKI
Okay infants. Interrupting an interview.

Kev and the Boys exchange fist bumps. The Boys blow Kev kisses and exit.

KEV
Thanks for the support guys.

NIKKI
Interesting fan club.

KEV
Yes. And they’re not idiots. Whatever silly reason gets young people to gravitate to my side’s a better reason than to join their’s.

Nikki takes Ted’s call off hold.

NIKKI
My apologies Ted. Please continue.

TED (O.C.)
Um. Me and my boyfriend were attacked and beaten in Astoria Park a little while back by them.

Nikki buries the last sips of a coffee.

TED (O.C.) (CONT’D)
Led by some nasty girl. Been afraid to speak with the police or come forward. We want to, but...

KEV
So glad you brought this up. I’m inviting people to go public without going public. Email, text, call or meet in private. As long as we establish a pattern.

TED (O.C.)
Don’t know. I...

KEV
Speak to Nikki off air and leave whatever means of communication you’re most comfortable with.

Nikki scrawls information down.
KEV (CONT’D)
Give you anything?

A DELI EMPLOYEE serves Nikki and Kev breakfast.

NIKKI
Yep. Email and cell for him and the boyfriend.

KEV
And with that, the suit’s got substance. Nai.

INT. SAFE HOUSE—NIGHT

Constantine fixates on the computer’s screen.

CONSTANTINE
And Cyprus scores a goal.

Kev emerges from the bathroom wrapped in a towel. Constantine skips to the fridge, yanks out two beers and pops the caps.

KEV
Why the exuberance?

Constantine storms back toward the computer.

CONSTANTINE
There’s another rat. Looks like they may be crumbling.

Kev sidles toward the computer. Constantine hands Kev a beer, clinks Kev’s bottle and backtracks.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Indulge in the breaking news.

Kew views a news headline: “INFORMANTS CONFESS TO WORLDWIDE LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES THE NEXT RIZIKO ATTACK TO HAVE BEEN IMMIGRANT PRIDE PARADE IN ATHENS’S SYNTAGMA SQUARE.”

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Can I get one night out now?

Kev plops onto the couch.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Why’re you not excited?
KEV
Doesn’t what transpired over the last few evenings answer that question?

CONSTANTINE
Meaning Astoria’s the new Athens?

Kev drags herself to the counter and chugs a beer.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Don’t care. This’s too much like my first tour in prison.

KEV
Fine. As long as you...

CONSTANTINE
I do. And again...I don’t care.

EXT. STREET—NIGHT

A car screeches to a halt. TWO SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS trawl A BLOODIED AND BRUISED WOMAN out of the back seat. A YOUNG COUPLE finds immediate refuge behind a large bottle recycling bin.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
Let’s go.

The Silver Diamond Loyalists charge into their vehicle and speed off. The Couple rushes toward the dumpster.

MAN
Fuck.

The Woman sneaks around the dumpster. Blood gushes out of the Victim’s arm.

WOMAN
Fuck they do to her?

The Man drops to the ground and rolls up the Victim’s shirt sleeve.

MAN
Gotta to stop that bleeding.

The Man rips off a portion of his shirt. The Woman settles down beside the Victim.

WOMAN
Shit. Look.
The warning: “NEXT TIME ITS THE LAWYER COP SUPERHERO BITCH, LOVE RIZIKO” is carved into the Victim’s arm.

    MAN
    God.

The Man wraps the cloth around the Victim’s arm, snares his phone and dials nine-one-one.

INT. MOVING SUV-NIGHT

Kev adjusts and glances at the rear view mirror. A car tails and gains speed on the SUV.

    CONSTANTINE
    What should we do now?

Kev glimpses at the rear view mirror again, swerves into the adjacent lane and presses the accelerator.

    CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
    Why do you keep peeking up?

    KEV
    Cause you’ve been spotted.

    CONSTANTINE
    Already?

The car plows into the SUV’s backside. Kev swerves into the other lane. The car pulls even with and rams into the SUV.

    KEV
    Up for a round of bumper cars?

Kev smashes into the vehicle.

    CONSTANTINE
    Didn’t like that at Action Park.

Kev places a hand in Constantine’s lap.

    KEV
    Cops always win chases.

Kev floors the gas. The SUV forges ahead of the car. The vehicle’s Passenger yanks a gun out of the glove compartment, sticks his arm out the window, aims and shoots. A bullet shatters the glass of the SUV’s passenger’s side-view mirror.

    CONSTANTINE
    Now’d be a grand time to lose...Or
do worse to them.
KEV

Agreed.

The Passenger empties his gun’s chamber. Kev veers from lane to lane, passes an alleyway and skids to a stop. The car comes to an abrupt halt and stalls by the alleyway’s entrance. The Driver attempts to restart.

KEV (CONT’D)

Perfect. Brace for whiplash.

Constantine reaches inside his shirt, clutches and kisses a Greek Orthodox Cross.

CONSTANTINE

Braced.

Kev jerks the SUV forward. The Driver flips the ignition several times. The car does not start. The Passenger accesses a clip of ammo from the glove compartment.

PASSENGER

Hurry up.

Kev whirs the SUV around and roars its engine.

DRIVER

Take your own damn advice.

The Driver flips the ignition again. The car fails to restart.

DRIVER (CONT’D)

Shit.

Kev punishes the accelerator. The SUV zooms forward, propels the car down the alley and into a brick wall.

CONSTANTINE

Think they’re dead?

Kev races up the alley in reverse, stops, throws the car into drive and drops the pedal to the floor. The SUV plows into and destroys the car.

KEV

Yep.

The cell phone in Kev’s lap vibrates. Kev glances down. The caller is identified as O’K. Kev hits the talk and speaker icons.
KEV (CONT’D)
Guess you really do know everything.

O’KELLEY (O.C.)
What?

KEV
Later. What’s happening?

O’KELLEY (O.C.)
Get down to the corner of Thirty-Ninth and Northern.

A dial tone follows O’Kelley’s words.

EXT. CRIME SCENE-NIGHT

POLICE force BYSTANDERS away from a taped off area. EMERGENCY SERVICES PERSONNEL load the Victim onto a gurney and wheel her into an ambulance. O’Kelley and Kev lean against the driver’s side of a police cruiser. Kev scans a police report.

KEV
Fuck.

The Victim is listed as: “LISA SANCHEZ.”

KEV (CONT’D)
She’s a regular at the diner.

O’KELLEY
Full-fledged race war could be next. Rumor’s this already hit the Latino gangs. Sent units to SDHQ.

KEV
I’ll head down there.

O’KELLEY
No. Your obsession’s...

Emergency Services Personnel enter the ambulance.

O’KELLEY (CONT’D)
Perhaps you and it should take a night off, head home and try and keep yourself...Or anyone else from getting hurt.

The ambulance’s lights flash and sirens blare. Kev stomps away.
Sorry. Didn’t mean...

Kev raises her middle fingers.

POLICE adorned in full riot gear form a barrier between SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS and SCORES OF PEOPLE encompassing all ages and ethnicities. A Silver Diamond Loyalist stomps forward.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
We’re not scared.

TWO LATINO MEN surge ahead. Kev forges into the Police barrier.

LATINO MAN
Good. Cause we’re here to do much more than that.

A mini baseball bat is hurled at a Silver Diamond Loyalist. The Attacked Silver Diamond Loyalist charges by Police and throws several punches at one of the Latino Men. The Hostile Factions lumber forward. Police separate the Combatants.

RIOT OFFICER
Kev. Get us support. Pronto.

Kev charges into a police cruiser and accesses the radio’s microphone.

KEV
Attention. Rumble at SDHQ. All available units need report...In full riot gear.

Copy.

Voula scraps with A LATINA WOMAN. Kev intervenes and lugs Voula away. Several other skirmishes break out. Voula shoves Kev and races off.

KEV
Fucking girl.

SEVERAL MUSCULAR MEN sneak out of the Crowd and follow Voula. Voula notices her pursuers and sprints faster.

VOULA
Fuck.
Kev witnesses the Men chasing Voula.

KEV
Ah shit.

Kev blitzes into her SUV, keeps the headlights off and tracks the Men at a deliberate pace.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD-NIGHT
The Men surround Voula on the pitcher’s mound.

MAN
Get that little cunt in the dugout.

The Men haul Voula towards a dugout. Voula struggles. Kev inches her SUV into a parking space, edges the driver’s-side door open and snakes toward the field.

VOULA
Help. Somebody help.

MAN
Shut her up.

One Man hovers over Voula. Another restrains Voula. The other places his palm over Voula’s mouth. The Hovering Man attempts to unzip Voula’s jeans. Kev bolts on scene, blitzes and drops the Hovering Man to the dirt.

KEV
Pretty good with descriptions. Sketch artists will have your likenesses on every telephone pole in the City by noon.

Kev cold cocks one Man in the face and renders him unconscious. The Hovering Man darts off. The remaining Man charges Kev. Kev runs the Man into the dugout wall and drags Voula to her feet.

KEV (CONT’D)
A simple thanks for keeping me from getting raped and killed shouldn’t have taken this long.

Voula breaks Kev’s grip and stomps away.

KEV (CONT’D)
Get back here young lady. We’re going on a date and you’re gonna gossip about all your friends and what they’ve been doing.
VOULA
F*ck you. Not a cop anymore.

Kev tackles Voula.

KEV
True. But I’m still a pretty fair street fighter. Care for a little knuckle to knuckle?

VOULA
All right.

INT. DINER-NIGHT
Kev and Voula occupy a booth. All other booths and tables are empty.

KEV
From such a respectable family. Why?

VOULA
Cause we got poor. Your Papa’s always been rich. Well, mine’s been out of work for two years. Silver Diamond helps us. Given us food, helped him find odd jobs.

A MALE SERVER presents Voula a plate containing a cheeseburger and fries. Voula chomps on the burger.

SERVER
Sorry. Forgot to ask.

KEV
Coming along well. Be back soon. Thanks. And thank the kitchen staff for staying open.

SERVER
Yes Miss Kev.

The Server relocates to the bar.

VOULA
They take care of us Greeks...Instead of the others everyone else constantly just gives to.

KEV
Speaking of giving...
The Server returns and places two glasses of soda on Kev and Voula’s table. Kev unfurls a straw, drops it in her glass and sips.

KEV (CONT’D)
Tomorrow, you’re gonna visit the One-Fourteenth and tell Sargent O’Kelley everything you did...And what you know about anything else.

Voula drops the burger, shifts out of the booth and huffs away from the table. Kev jacks up.

KEV (CONT’D)
Might want to finish that Angus beef. In juvy, dinner’s green jello and soggy ham sandwiches.

Voula plods back and slinks into the booth.

VOULA
What do I have to do?

KEV
Already told you. And if you know anything about who came after me or Uncle Stav, you better...

VOULA
Don’t. Honestly. That was a bunch of new people who just came from Greece. Most of them I never met.

KEV
K. But remember, if I don’t get a solid report...

Voula inhales what remains of her burger.

VOULA
Nai. I promise.

INT. PRECINCT-DAY

O’Kelley and Voula are situated at opposite ends of a long table in an interrogation room. A tape recorder is positioned atop the table. O’Kelley flips the page of a notebook over and scribbles.

O’KELLEY
Any more? Cause if you’re withholding any...
VOULA
That’s all I know. All right? And
most have unlisted numbers and
addresses, so good luck finding
them.

O’Kelley hits the recorder’s stop button, tears several
sheets out of the notebook, scuffles into another room and
presents the papers to a young woman behind a computer
terminal.

O’KELLEY
Margie. Please type this up and
have it ready for me by tonight.
Thanks.

O’Kelley returns. Voula pours the remaining contents of an
aluminum can into a glass.

VOULA
Should I tell Mama to bring my
toothbrush and a suitcase packed to
cover a long stay in juvy hotel?

O’KELLEY
Assault’s very serious. However,
being whistleblower for two pages
of potential felony arrests helps
your case. Be charged, but can
probably plead down to probation.

VOULA
Yea.

O’KELLEY
But ya better start making new
friends.

INT. SILVER DIAMOND’S ASTORIA HEADQUARTERS-NIGHT

A Silver Diamond loyalist watches a cavalcade of police
vehicles pull curb side. O’Kelley and several officers burst
out and storm towards the entrance. The Silver Diamond
Loyalist bolts into Mike’s office.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
Got trouble.

A loud rapping punishes the entrance door.

O’KELLEY (O.C.)
Got a warrant. Thirty seconds.
MIKE
Now fucking what?

Mike plods toward and inches the front door ajar. O’Kelley hands the search warrant to Mike. Mike boomerangs the document back at O’Kelley.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Hell’re you looking for?

A number of Officers charge by Mike. O’Kelley presents Mike a folder. The binder contains one sheet of paper listing monikers with Greek surnames.

O’KELLEY
The addresses of everyone on that list.

MIKE
For what reason?

O’KELLEY
They’re persons of interest in numerous unsolved crimes. Now you can either cooperate...Or obstruct.

Mike opens the door and shuffles aside. O’Kelley lumbers into Mike’s office, unplugs a desktop computer and lifts the monitor.

O’KELLEY (CONT’D)
Wonder what other secrets Mr. Dell’s hiding?

MIKE
Wait. Give me a minute.

O’Kelley places the monitor back down and re-plugs the computer.

INT. KEV’S HOME—NIGHT

Kev and O’Kelley watch footage of POLICE escorting MEN and WOMEN into a precinct, some of whom are handcuffed. The television is muted.

KEV
Clip’s more entertaining than Modern Family.

Kev snares a remote and hikes the volume.
FEMALE REPORTER
Twenty members of Silver Diamond were brought in for questioning and six have been arrested for what police are calling certain hate crimes.

Kev shuffles to a cabinet, snares a bottle and two shot glasses.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT’D)
Silver Diamond’s also suspected of being behind the brutal beating of Flushing native Lisa Sanchez, which set off an ugly riot two nights ago.

Kev loads the glasses and presents one to O’Kelley.

KEV
Stin igia sou (Cheers in Greek).

O’Kelley and Kev raise, clink and chug. O’Kelley thrashes his glass down and grabs his stomach.

O’KELLEY
Fuck’s that?

KEV
Zivania. A powerful little brandy from the beautiful isle of Cyprus.

FEMALE REPORTER
Some of the apprehended members are also believed to have ties to Riziko.

O’KELLEY
A little too powerful, even for this Mick.

Kev pours and downs another shot.

FEMALE REPORTER
Silver Diamond’s Leadership, however, remains defiant. A short time ago, I spoke with the President of the organization’s Astoria Chapter.

Mike appears on screen outside Silver Diamond Headquarters. Kev and O’Kelley mince towards the television.
MIKE
We intend to fight these ridiculous allegations...In every way possible. No further comment.

Mike stomps inside.

INT. BUILDING’S BASEMENT-NIGHT

THREE SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS force Mike onto a chair at a small table housing a laptop computer. The screen displays the message: SKYPE transmission. Giannis appears.

INT. ROOM-SAME TIME

Three of the four walls are covered with photos. The wall behind Giannis is empty other than one photo positioned in its center. Giannis loads his silver pistol and prowls toward the wall covered by the lone photo.

INTERCUT--CONVERSATION

GIANNIS
Perhaps you’ll do better fighting allegations than ex-cops and lawsuits.

The Silver Diamond Loyalists surround Mike.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
Think it’s time for another visit to the Borough of Queens.

Mike leaps from his seat. The Silver Diamond Loyalists muscle Mike down.

MIKE
This’s my fucking post.

Giannis glances at his watch.

GIANNIS
For about another...Twenty-two hours or so.

Giannis places his gun’s barrel over the photo of Mike’s wife and three children.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
Make sure there’s plenty of Volkan beer in the rec room fridge. Otherwise...
Mike struggles. The Silver Diamond Loyalists clutch Mike’s arms. Giannis retreats and fires until nothing remains of the photo.

    GIANNIS (CONT’D)
    We clear?
    MIKE
    Nai.

The Silver Diamond Loyalists relinquish their grip on Mike. Mike storms out.

EXT-DRIVEWAY OF KEV’S HOME-DAY

Kev carries Antonis and holds Eleni’s hand. Eleni grips a small suitcase. A jogger wearing a ski-hat and sunglasses sprints by. A vehicle pulls up. Peter exits the car.

    ELENI
    Papa.

Eleni leaps into Peter’s arms. The jogger removes the glasses and is revealed to be Giannis. Giannis snares a phone.

    KEV
    Was supposed to have them til twelve.

    PETER
    Oh pardon me. Sorry my schedule doesn’t fit into your superwoman, family-wrecking activities. Ya at least picking her up tomorrow?

    KEV
    Yes. And I’ll be at next week’s preliminary hearings, which’s really what you want to know.

Peter places Eleni down. Giannis inches closer. Kev hands Antonis to Peter. Peter positions Antonis in the car’s back seat, grabs and hurtles Eleni’s suitcase into the trunk.

    KEV (CONT’D)
    Just go. Tired of doing this in front of them.

Eleni wanders away from the car. Giannis uses his phone to snap several photos of Eleni. Peter corrals and escorts Eleni into the front, passenger-side seat, steams into the driver’s seat, flips the ignition, skids into reverse and speeds away.
GIANNIS
Advantage Silver Diamond.

Giannis hits the phone’s “Message” icon, scrolls down a contacts list until tapping ZEUS, attaches the photos of Eleni and types: “St. Demetrius Elementary. Late Kindergarten Dismissal, 2 o’clock” and hits send.

EXT. OUTSIDE ST. DEMETRIUS’S-DAY

Kev glances at a digital watch. The time is fifty-nine minutes and forty-six seconds past one. Kev moseys toward the building. A bell rings. SCORES OF CHILDREN race out. Kev spots Eleni and waves.

KEV
Over here meli.

A white van blitzes down the street and halts curb side. ZEUS, 30, large and muscular, stampedes out of the van and confronts Eleni.

KEV (CONT’D)

Eleni freezes. Zeus scoops Eleni up and darts toward the van. Kev chases Zeus.

KEV (CONT’D)
Bastard. Let go of her.

ELENI

ZEUS
Skase. (shut up in Greek)

The van’s rear door is flung open. Zeus tosses Eleni inside. The door closes. Zeus vaults into the van’s front, passenger-side seat. Kev dives and snatches the van’s bumper. The van speeds off. Kev rolls down the street.

KEV
No.

Kev scampers back to her SUV and springs inside.

INT. MOVING SUV-DAY

Kev zooms down the roadway and pursues the van.
KEV

Fuck.

The van and the SUV speed through a stop sign. The SUV is blind-sided by a pickup truck. The van races out of sight. A MALE PICKUP TRUCK DRIVER bolts out and scurries toward the SUV.

PICKUP TRUCK DRIVER

You okay?

EXT. STREET-DAY

An uninjured Kev tumbles onto the pavement.

KEV

My daughter. They...

Kev lunges forward and blacks out.

INT. KEV'S HOME-NIGHT

Peter paces in and out of the living room. O’Kelley, SEVERAL POLICE OFFICERS, Uncle Stav and Yia Yia Irene surround Kev. Kev smokes a cigarette and downs a shot of booze. Constantine appears. Peter stampedes toward and decks Constantine.

PETER
Son-of-a-bitch.

O’Kelley and Uncle Stav restrain and drag Peter away.

PETER (CONT’D)

Fucks my wife. Now he’s gonna get my daughter killed.

Constantine surrenders to his knees and corrals Kev’s hand.

KEV

They cost me a partner. Now maybe my daughter.

CONSTANTINE

Envision her in your arms again.

Several land line phones ring. Police scurry. O’Kelley snares a phone and places it in Kev’s hand.

O’KELLEY

Know the drill. Keep ‘em on...
KEV
No need to trace. Know who and where they are. Only concerned with what they want.

INT. SILVER DIAMOND'S ASTORIA HEADQUARTERS-SAME TIME

Giannis occupies a seat behind the desk in Mike’s office. A land line phone atop the desk is positioned on speaker.

KEV
Yes.

INTERCUT--PHONE CONVERSATION

GIANNIS
Evening Officer. I’ve become such a big fan of your work, I’ve made a special trip to the Empire State to meet you.

TWO SILVER DIAMOND LOYALISTS lead Eleni in. O’Kelley and Peter listen in on portable phones.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
Tell Mama what fun we’ve been having.

ELENI
Mama. Mama...

PETER
God no.

GIANNIS
Take her away.

The Silver Diamond Loyalists drag Eleni out.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
Hope that keeps you motivated?

Peter surrenders to his knees.

KEV
Name the terms.

Giannis flails his silver pistol.

GIANNIS
If you kill me, you and cutie live. But if I kill you...Well, you know.
PETER
Bullshit. Fucking bullshit.

Peter storms out.

O’KELLEY
The HQ. We could...

Kev places the phone in her lap.

KEV
No.

Peter barrels toward Kev. O’Kelley tackles Peter.

GIANNIS
Guessing that pause was caused by your former colleagues. For those not already listening, put the phone on speaker...Right now, or I explode her skull.

Kev pushes the phone’s speaker button.

KEV
K. Go. Everyone pay attention.

Kev springs to her feet and jacks the phone skyward.

GIANNIS
Place’s wired...And I’m willing to burn. Battle begins in precisely twenty-four hours. Come alone.

A dial tone follows Giannis’s words. Kev thwacks the phone to the floor and storms off.

EXT. DRIVEWAY-NIGHT

Peter stations himself in front of the garage door.

PETER
Please.

Kev stomps into and starts her SUV.

PETER (CONT’D)
For once lis...

Kev sticks her head outside the driver’s-side window.
KEV
Did you not think his words were clear enough?

The car’s reverse lights flash. Peter does not budge. Kev inches back and slams on the breaks.

PETER
Even now she runs to him.

KEV
Move.

PETER
No.

Peter collapses. Kev shifts into park, slides out, rushes toward and clutches Peter.

PETER (CONT’D)
First you. Now maybe...Can’t lose her.

KEV
Neither can I.

PETER
 Couldn’t we at least try...

KEV
Come on. You know we’ve been irreparable for a while. Not even this could fix it.

INT. CONSTANTINE’S APARTMENT-DAY

Kev dresses. Constantine maneuvers out of bed.

CONSTANTINE
Want to go with you.

KEV
Sorry.

CONSTANTINE
Don’t think they’d mind getting a chance to take out the guy who compromised them to the world.

Constantine shuffles toward a closet.

KEV
Said no.
CONSTANTINE

Why?

KEV
For Eleni damn it. To see her face again. Her smile. Her...It’s all that’s keeping me out of Bellevue right now.

CONSTANTINE
Then at least accept a special gift.

Constantine reaches into the closet, uncovers and presents a box to Kev. The box houses a knife.

KEV
Cretan Dagger?

CONSTANTINE
Nai.

Kev examines the dagger.

KEV
Shit.

CONSTANTINE
My most prized possession. Gift from Pappous. Use it often.

Kev pockets the dagger.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Come back and I’ll gladly become the next champion of calm.

A cell phone positioned atop the dresser vibrates. Kev answers.

KEV

Kev ends the call.

KEV (CONT’D)
To your last words, I gladly accept.
INT. BANK VAULT—DAY

A MALE BANK REPRESENTATIVE, Kev and Uncle Stav gather around a safe. The Bank Representative opens the safe, removes and places a metal case on a table.

BANK REPRESENTATIVE

Have the...

Kev brandishes a small key.

BANK REPRESENTATIVE (CONT’D)

Good. Take whatever time you need.

The Bank Representative exits. Kev unlocks the case and rummages through several folders.

KEV

Hell is it?

Kev studies the contents of several more binders until plucking out one labeled: “KW” in black ink.

KEV (CONT’D)

Here.

Kev slaps the folder against Uncle Stav’s chest.

KEV (CONT’D)

Open it.

Uncle Stav discovers a multi-paged document titled: “LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF PARASKEVI KYPRIANOU–DIMAS.”

UNCLE STAV

Please...I...I can’t. No. I...

KEV

You’re the only one who can handle it.

Uncle Stav collapses into a chair. Kev surrenders into a seat alongside Uncle Stav’s.

KEV (CONT’D)

If possible, lay us out in Saint Irene’s. Me in my police uniform, shield on my chest. Eleni in the white dress she wore last Easter.

Kev shakes Uncle Stav.

KEV (CONT’D)

Papa? I have to know.
UNCLE STAV
Heard you...And nai.

Kev grabs her phone, clicks the Message Icon, taps the entry for: “MOM,” and types: “Okay.” Yia Yia Irene and Antonis wander in. Kev lifts Antonis into her arms.

KEV
Be a good boy. Listen to Papa, Pappous and Yia Yia. Okay?

Uncle Stav and Yia Yia Irene amble out.

KEV (CONT’D)
Mama loves you.

INT. PRECINCT-NIGHT

O’Kelley fits Kev into a bullet proof vest. Kev loads ammo into a pistol and glances at a wall clock. The time is a quarter-past eight.

KEV
Call ended at exactly eight-thirty, so I should probably start skedaddling.

Kev affixes the Cretan Dagger to her belt.

O’KELLEY
Best damn cop...Or lawyer who ever came through the One-Fourteenth.

KEV
No one else gets involved. No matter what. Promise.

O’KELLEY
Okay.

Kev and O’Kelley embrace. POLICE OFFICERS form two lines. Kev proceeds through the line. The Police applaud. Yia Yia Irene blocks the exit.

YIA YIA IRENE
No. No. Don’t. There has to be...

KEV
There isn’t.

Yia Yia Irene accosts Kev. Kev tries to elude Yia Yia Irene’s grasp.
KEV (CONT’D)
Parakalo (please in Greek) Mama.

O’Kelley hauls Yia Yia Irene away. Uncle Stav drags Kev back.

UNCLE STAV
Make your victory for the Greek people.

KEV
What’re...

UNCLE STAV
You win, it’ll continue to be our way. He wins...Well.

KEV
Understood. I love you.

Kev and Uncle Stav embrace.

UNCLE STAV
Kali tychi.

INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM OF SILVER DIAMOND HEADQUARTERS—NIGHT

At a table positioned in a back corner, Giannis arms his silver pistol.

GIANNIS
Any sign?

Mike plods to a window and glimpses out.

MIKE
Not yet.

Giannis grabs his phone and dials.

GIANNIS
Get Little Miss Cyprus in here.

Zeus and Eleni enter. Zeus shoves Eleni toward Giannis. Giannis brandishes a pair of handcuffs and restricts Eleni’s foot to a chair’s leg.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
Devices set?

ZEUS
Nai.
GIANNIS
Activate timers the second she gets inside. Now stand guard.

Zeus exits. Mike minces toward Giannis.

MIKE
At least let the girl go.

GIANNIS
It’s the only way to ensure Mama makes the meeting.

MIKE
Then I’m sorry. Got kids. Just can’t...

Mike lumbers off.

GIANNIS
Stop.

Giannis removes his silver pistol’s safety catch and handles its trigger. Mike halts.

MIKE
I’m man enough to take it in front.

Giannis places the weapon by his side.

GIANNIS
Do whatever makes you feel comfortable.

Mike reaches the door. Giannis springs up and fires. A bullet pierces through Mike’s back. Mike tumbles down. Giannis menaces above a still breathing Mike, lowers the pistol and bullets Mike’s head.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
And so will I you insubordinate, incompetent load of skata.

Giannis waves his pistol in Eleni’s face.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
Mama’s next.

Zeus and A SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST race in.

GIANNIS (CONT’D)
Get rid of that.

Zeus and the Silver Diamond Loyalist lug Mike’s corpse away.
INT. DOWNSTAIRS OF SILVER DIAMOND’S HEADQUARTERS—NIGHT

Kev slithers through the unlocked front door with a gun drawn. The Silver Diamond Loyalist hides inside the door of a nearby room. Kev passes by. The Silver Diamond Loyalist lunges forward and plows Kev to the ground.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST
Ready to bleed bitch?

The Silver Diamond Loyalist brandishes a knife and restrains Kev. Kev fails to break the Silver Diamond Loyalist’s grip. The Silver Diamond Loyalist plunges the knife down. Kev breaks free, escapes the knife’s path and stumbles up.

SILVER DIAMOND LOYALIST (CONT’D)
Where’re you going choiros? (Greek word for pig)

The Silver Diamond Loyalist swings the knife. Kev kicks the knife from the Silver Diamond Loyalist’s hand, reaches into her pants, snare a pistol, fingers the trigger and fires. A slug rips through the Silver Diamond Loyalist’s head.

KEV
I’m going upstairs. You’re going to hell.

Kev snakes upstairs. Zeus activates the timers on two explosive devices attached to a wall. The timers count down from ten minutes. Kev reaches the top stair. Zeus lurches forward, draws a gun, fires and connects with Kev’s chest.

ZEUS
Got her boss.

Kev tumbles down the stairs and lands on her side.

INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM OF SILVER DIAMOND HEADQUARTERS—SAME TIME

Giannis kneels before Eleni.

GIANNIS
Mama’s gone.

Eleni cries.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS OF SILVER DIAMOND HEADQUARTERS—NIGHT

Zeus prowls down the steps with his gun pointed. Kev remains motionless. Zeus swings his leg back and strikes Kev. Kev remains motionless.
ZEUS
She’s fucking dead.

Zeus moseys back up the stairs. Kev inches upward. A bullet is lodged in her vest. Kev cocks her gun, slinks to her feet, minces behind and taps Zeus’s shoulder. Zeus whirls around.

KEV
Really?


KEV (CONT’D)
Touch my daughter. Asshole.

Kev races upstairs.

KEV (CONT’D)
Much like Sparta, your boys are history Gigi.

INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM OF SILVER DIAMOND HEADQUARTERS-NIGHT

GIANNIS
Fuck.

ELENI
Mama?

KEV (O.C.)
On her way meli.

The timer counts down under six minutes. Kev prowls in with her weapon drawn. Giannis cocks his silver pistol and edges the weapon toward Eleni’s head.

GIANNIS
Toss that piece.

Giannis handles the trigger and positions the gun’s barrel at Eleni’s temple.

ELENI
Mama.

Kev points her pistol at Giannis.

KEV
Take your...

GIANNIS
Drop the fucking gun...Now.
Kev tosses the pistol and Cretan Dagger aside.

KEV
Ya up for no weapons?

Giannis relinquishes his silver pistol.

GIANNIS
I’m all for making your death a slower process.


KEV
You hurt?

ELENI
No.

KEV
I’m gonna try...

Giannis gathers his bearings and blitzes Kev.

ELENI
Mama.

Giannis punishes Kev with repeated kicks to her ribs, head and extremities. Kev regroups and nails Giannis’s genitals with a closed fist.

KEV
Something’s actually there?
Surprised.

Kev leaps into the air and clocks Giannis’s head with a roundhouse kick. Giannis stumbles and wobbles up. Kev chops Giannis’s throat and sweeps his legs. Giannis smacks his head on the ground.

GIANNIS
Ouch. I felt that.

Giannis clutches his head and staggers up. Kev bursts forward, drives her palm into and breaks Giannis’s nose. Giannis crashes to the ground. Kev zooms back toward Eleni.

KEV
Gonna have to shoot and break the metal.
Kev reclaims her gun.

KEV (CONT’D)
The second you’re free, I want you to run out of here. Okay?

ELENI
Okay.

Kev cocks the pistol, handles the trigger and positions the barrel over the handcuffs.

KEV
Vibration may hurt a little.

Giannis frolics up, stampedes toward and tackles Kev.

ELENI
Mama. Mama.

Giannis hauls Kev upward and squeezes her throat.

GIANNIS
Gonna do that little whiner quicker than your partner.


CONSTANTINE
Think I’d avoid getting into another mess?

Constantine hovers over Giannis.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
A little more painful than a punch. Agreed?

Kev bolts into Constantine’s arms. The timers count down under one-minute and thirty seconds.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Hey?

Constantine returns Kev to solid ground.

KEV
What?

Constantine retrieves and hands the Cretan Dagger back to Kev.
CONSTANTINE
Way to care for such a special gift.

Kev places the dagger on her belt. Giannis sneaks up, snares and aims his silver pistol at Kev.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Heads up.

Kev yanks the dagger off her belt and hurls the weapon at Giannis’s head. The dagger plows through Giannis’s eye. Giannis collapses. Kev menaces over Giannis’s corpse.

KEV
The blade’s for hurting my daughter.

Kev snares her pistol and blasts a shot through Giannis’s other eye.

KEV (CONT’D)
And the bullet was for Lefty.

Constantine drops to his knees and clutches Eleni’s foot.

CONSTANTINE
Being there’s no one else to avenge...

Kev places the pistol’s barrel over the handcuffs and fires. Eleni runs free. Constantine steps out and zooms back in.

CONSTANTINE (CONT’D)
Um... We got twenty-five seconds, or we’ll be more well done than your Papa’s ribeye.

Kev collects Eleni. Constantine and Kev hasten downstairs. The timer counts down under ten seconds. Constantine and Kev storm through the exit. The timer counts down: five... four... three... two... one.

EXT. OUTSIDE SILVER DIAMOND’S ASTORIA HEADQUARTERS—NIGHT

Kev and Constantine scamper down the street. Kev strengthens her grasp on Eleni.

KEV
Leap forward as far as you can.

ELENI
Mama. Mama.


ELENI (CONT’D)
Mama. Mama.

Kev remains motionless. Eleni throws her arms around Kev. Kev strokes Eleni’s hair. Constantine surrenders to his knees, makes The Sign Of The Cross and crawls toward Kev.

CONSTANTINE
I love you.

Kev takes Constantine and Eleni into her arms. The Officer hurries toward the cruiser and grabs the radio’s microphone.

OFFICER
Explosion at SDHQ.

INT. PRECINCT—SAME TIME

O’Kelley, SCORES OF POLICE, Uncle Stav, Yia Yia Irene and Antonis huddle by a radio.

OFFICER
Got three survivors, including a kid. All a bit bruised, but don’t seem to have any serious injuries.

EXT. OUTSIDE SILVER DIAMOND’S ASTORIA HEADQUARTERS—SAME TIME

Kev limps toward the cruiser and snares the microphone from the Officer’s hand.

KEV
Sarge...This’s Kyp.

INT. PRECINCT—SAME TIME

The entire precinct erupts into a thunderous ovation.
KEV
Eleni’s safe. We’re all fine.

INTERCUT—CONVERSATION

O’KELLEY
Who completes the trio?

KEV
The guy who started...And helped me finish this whole thing.

EXT. OUTSIDE SILVER DIAMOND'S ASTORIA HEADQUARTERS—SAME TIME

The Officer escorts Constantine and Eleni into the cruiser’s rear.

O’KELLEY
And Silver Diamond?

KEV
Gyro meat.

O’KELLEY
Once again, great fucking save.

Kev places the microphone down and slides into the front, passenger-side seat. The Officer occupies the driver’s seat. Fire trucks zoom on scene. FIREFIGHTERS disembark and battle the flames.

KEV
Take us back to the One-Fourteenth.

OFFICER
My honor and pleasure. And forgive me for not recognizing you.

KEV
Understand. This’s isn’t my best makeup job.

The cruiser speeds off.

ONE MONTH LATER

INT. RESTAURANT—DAY

At a table, Kev sips a drink. Constantine and A MAN wearing a suit join Kev. Kev rises and extends a hand.
KEV
The suit still got steam Mr. Jackson?

CONSTANTINE
Need a strong adult beverage.

Constantine moseys toward the bar. JACKSON, 47, and Kev make acquaintances and retire to chairs.

JACKSON
Constantine’s deposition’s more like an inferno.

Kev removes a thick folder labeled: “VICTIM TESTIMONY” from an unzipped briefcase positioned near her chair.

KEV
Chapter and verse. Dates, times and exact locations in Greece, Cyprus and New York. More than three hundred people.

JACKSON
Looking forward to trying this case with you.

Constantine returns.

KEV
Unfortunately, I’ve accepted another job.

JACKSON
That’s too bad.

KEV
Not if Dave’s right. Says you’re the best International Lawyer in New York.

A MALE SERVER approaches the table holding a small note pad.

KEV (CONT’D)
Just one more minute...Promise.

The Server shuffles off.

KEV (CONT’D)
Think there’ll be a trial?
JACKSON
Since human rights violations are involved, they may push for international arbitration, but probably not. I say they settle.

Kev raises a glass. Constantine and Jackson follow Kev’s lead.

JACKSON (CONT’D)
To the victims.

Kev, Constantine and Jackson clink glasses.

JACKSON (CONT’D)
Hopefully this finishes them.

KEV
They’ll always be a them. Hopefully, there’ll also always be an us.

INT. OFFICE SUITE-DAY

The back wall reads: “UNITED NATIONS PERMANENT MISSION FOR THE REPUBLIC OF GREECE.” An ajar office door houses a placard reading: “PANAGIOTIS XANTHIPPI, AMBASSADOR.” XANTHIPPI, 60, slides a drawer open and removes a frame and plaque.

XANTHIPPI
Your efforts have reverberated in Greece and across the world.

KEV
Have they?

XANTHIPPI
Prime Minister has ordered a thorough investigation of Silver Diamond. Anyone, including MPs involved with Riziko will be arrested and tried.

Xanthippi hands Kev the frame.

XANTHIPPI (CONT’D)
There’s more, but please read this first.

The frame encases a document titled: “UNITED NATIONS RESOLUTION RIGHT-WING POLITICAL GROUP MONITORING INITIATIVE 4867985-16.”
KEV
About time.

XANTHIPPI
Already been unanimously adopted.
Now, in recognition of your heroic actions.

Xanthippi presents Kev the plaque. The plaque reads: UNITED NATIONS RESOLUTION RIGHT-WING POLITICAL GROUP MONITORING INITIATIVE will hereby be known as: “THE PARASKEVI KYPRIANOU-DIMAS INITIATIVE.” Kev sets the plaque down.

KEV
Don’t think I deserve such accolades.

XANTHIPPI
I’m not sure...

KEV
I had the skill set to fight. Many of their victims didn’t. And what about the many others who defy hate in their own way, regardless of how small? And they do it every day.

Kev reclaims the plaque.

KEV (CONT’D)
This’s just as much their triumph.
I accept the honor, but in all of their names and, in some cases, their memories.

EXT. GREEK ORTHODOX CEMETERY-DAY

Kev hovers over a grave stone etched with the name: LEFTERIS CASTIDIS. O’Kelley slogs toward the grave site. Kev makes The Sign Of The Cross.

KEV
Now you can rest.

O’Kelley makes The Sign Of The Cross and joins Kev.

O’KELLEY
And now you’ve got to let him go and continue living.

KEV
Still hard. Even after our triumph.
O’Kelley places an ANDREW DICE CLAY CD atop Lefteris’s grave stone.

O’KELLEY
Remember Lefty’s imitation? No one did it better. Loved his humor.

KEV
Wish those recollections could overcome my grief right now.

O’Kelley yanks an envelope out of his shirt pocket and presents it to Kev. Kev rips the envelope open. Contained inside is a badge inscribed with the surname: KYPRIANOU, in addition to two sets of Sargent Epaulettes.

O’KELLEY
Welcome back Sarge.

KEV
Thanks Lieutenant.

O’KELLEY
Ready?

KEV
In a sec.

O’Kelley minces away from the grave. Kev places the new badge into her pocket, slides out another shield etched with the surname: DIMAS, places it atop Lefteris’s grave stone, makes The Sign Of The Cross and trudges away.

EXT. ASTORIA PARK-DAY

A stage is set up. A banner hangs on the stage wall reading: “A CELEBRATION OF TOLERANCE, CULTURE AND PEACE.” Kev holds Antonis in her arms. Eleni plays soccer with SEVERAL BLACK GIRLS. Uncle Stav nears Kev. PEOPLE OF ALL RACES mingle.

UNCLE STAV
It’s calm and happy here for a change.

KEV
So I can cross one mission objective off the list.

Yia Yia Irene leads O’Kelley toward Kev and Uncle Stav. Kev and O’Kelley embrace.
O’KELLEY
Can only stay for a minute. Just checking. No riots or race wars?

KEV
Not yet.

O’KELLEY
All ready for Monday?

KEV
Polished the shield this morning.

O’Kelley offers the thumbs up sign and moseys off. One of the Gay Men attacked in the park minces toward, points at and stares at Kev.

MAN
Um...Kev?

The Gay Man minces forward. Uncle Stav and Yia Yia Irene shield Kev.

MAN (CONT’D)
Sorry. I...I’m Ted’s boyfriend.

KEV
So great to finally meet you.

The Man plods toward Kev and extends a hand. Kev and the Man make acquaintances.

MAN
We love this park and I just wanted to thank you for making it safe again.

KEV
No young man. Thank you.

The Man disappears into the Crowd. Constantine emerges.

CONSTANTINE
I still welcome?

UNCLE STAV
So long as you haven’t lost your touch with spinach pie.

Yia Yia Irene greets several people.

KEV
Sorry about the dagger.
CONSTANTINE
Got something I consider an even greater most prized possession now.

KEV
Just one thing. If you want to change my life for the better again, buy me a self-help book.

CONSTANTINE
Will do.

Uncle Stav, Kev and Constantine embrace and drift into the Crowd.

FADE OUT