

"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 HAired, 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, snares 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
Greek pride. Greek passion. Greek
purity. Greek pride. Greek passion.
Greek purity.

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 brushes past Kev. Kev tracks Constantine down.
 Constantine glimpses back.

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. Gessed 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

Fuck no. Can't get involved with them again. Shit. No. Go away. Please go away.

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 cliché.

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

Fans donning New York Jets jerseys file through security checkpoints. Kev stampedes toward a turnstile. A MALE SECURITY GUARD interrupts Kev's progress.

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.

SEVERAL SECURITY OFFICERS converge. Kev attempts to force herself past security. Security thwarts Kev's efforts.

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?

TURGOLU

Simple gin and tonic would be quite sufficient.

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

ASSASSIN

Any preference with gin?

TURGOLU

Beefeaters if possible young man.

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

ASSASSIN

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.

ASSASSIN (CONT'D)

Split up now.

ASSASSINS

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.

ASSASSIN

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 snares 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 punches 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

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 Castriano 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
Public Access. Not Pay Per View
guys.

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.

O'Kelley stomps off. Kev tracks O'Kelley down.

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 studies a document titled: "SOTERIOS PAPADOPOULOS ASSASSIN CANDIDATE PROFILE." Experience: Four Years Greek Special Forces. Skills: Expert Marksman Credited With In Excess Of Fifty Kills." A GREEK ORTHODOX PRIEST appears.

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-BEARDED
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,
76, inside. Kev, Police and THE HOTEL EMPLOYEES rise.
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.

An African-American Protester shoves a Silver Diamond
Loyalist. Mike plows an African-American Protester to the
ground. Kev and O'Kelley race towards the confrontation.

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

Kev, O'Kelley and A POLICE DETAIL protect Bishop Katsikis. Behind barricades, WORSHIPPERS line both sides of the street. The procession reaches a sign reading: "ST. HELEN'S CHURCH." A phone clipped to Kev's pants vibrates. Kev answers.

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.

Police direct the first group of Worshippers forward. The Worshippers bow before Bishop Katsikis, kiss his cross and take selfies. Next in line is Father Papadopoulos. Kev flanks Bishop Katsikis. O'Kelley approaches Kev.

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.

Constantine massages Kev's shoulders. Kev hashes more
vegetables. Constantine snares the knife from Kev's hand. Kev
shoves Constantine.

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 as 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, snares 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, snares 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.

Kev 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 whirls 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.

O'KELLEY (CONT'D)
 Sorry. Didn't mean...

Kev raises her middle fingers.

EXT. OUTSIDE SILVER DIAMOND'S ASTORIA HEADQUARTERS-NIGHT

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.

FEMALE DISPATCHER (O.C.)
 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

Fuck 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? Eleni? Run.

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

KEV (CONT'D)
Bastard. Let go of her.

ELENI
Mama. Mama. Help. Mama.

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

On my way. Got Antonis? Good.

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, snares 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 pumps several rounds into Zeus's chest and abdomen. Zeus stumbles down. Kev grabs and flings Zeus downstairs.

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.

Giannis charges Kev. Kev propels Giannis into a wall. Giannis tumbles down. Kev leaps atop Giannis and pummels his face with numerous punches. Giannis rolls away. Kev darts toward Eleni.

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 regroupes 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.

A gunshot rings out. Kev and Giannis tumble to the floor.
Blood trickles out of Giannis's mouth. Kev breaks Giannis's
clutches and shoves him to the ground. Constantine tosses a
gun aside.

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.

Kev and Constantine hurtle forward. An explosion follows. The blast's force propels Kev, Eleni and Constantine apart. A police cruiser races on scene.

ELENI

Mama. Mama.

Flames engulf Silver Diamond headquarters. AN OFFICER rushes out of the cruiser. Constantine wobbles up and stumbles toward Kev. Kev remains motionless. Eleni drags herself toward Kev.

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