

SCRIPT TITLE

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INT. GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH-DAY

A MAN OF AVERAGE HEIGHT WITH SHORT BLACK HAIR paces around an Iconostasis in the otherwise unoccupied house of worship. A YOUNG PRIEST enters, minces down the aisle, reaches the man and taps his shoulder.

PRIEST

Well Matt?

MATT, 33, not confident and frustrated, removes a Star of David necklace, places the item in his shirt pocket and retires to a pew. The Priest rests down beside Matt.

MATT

I'm sorry Soterios. I love her and want to marry her. Unfortunately, I can't come up with something more clever.

FATHER SOTERIOS, 33, super cool for a Priest, leaps up and storms down the aisle. Matt frolics off the pew and pursues Father Soterios.

MATT (CONT'D)

Soterios? S?

Father Soterios charges out of the sanctuary into a lobby. Matt trails Father Soterios and tracks him down inside the lobby. Father Soterios retrieves a basketball and dribbles.

MATT (CONT'D)

Come on S.

Father Soterios flips the ball to Matt with authority.

FATHER SOTERIOS

In here it's Father S. We're not watching the Red Zone Channel at Pete's.

MATT

Okay...Father. But may I ask why my answer's such a problem?

Matt tosses Father Soterios the ball. An unsuspecting Father Soterios ducks as the ball edges toward his head and caroms off a door.

FATHER SOTERIOS

Because.

MATT

What?

Father Soterios snares the ball. Matt places his hands out. Father Soterios bounces the ball to Matt. Matt grips the ball, heaves it skyward and catches it.

FATHER SOTERIOS
 Filo. Bishop Katsikis's the GM.
 You're the free agent and I'm Scott
 Boras.

Matt flings the ball to Father Soterios.

MATT
 Already told you. I...

Father Soterios catches the ball and dribbles with authority.

FATHER SOTERIOS
 Merely loving the girl I took to
 prom ain't a solid enough statistic
 to win you a contract. Sports
 analogies resonating?

Matt stomps toward the exit. Father Soterios drops the ball and snatches Matt's wrist.

FATHER SOTERIOS (CONT'D)
 Listen.

Matt breaks Father Soterios's clutches and continues toward the door.

FATHER SOTERIOS (CONT'D)
 Damn it.

Matt halts.

FATHER SOTERIOS (CONT'D)
 I'm begging you. Now's the time to
 tap that creative keg like it was
 Budweiser.

Matt inches his hand toward the door.

MATT
 All right. Anyway, ya coming to the
 party?

FATHER SOTERIOS
 And miss Yia Yia's souvlaki?

Matt and Father Soterios share a fist bump. Matt exits.

INT. HOUSE-DAY

Matt stands before a large table filled with photos of him and an ATHLETICALLY BUILT BLONDE HAired WOMAN. Balloons reading "CONGRATS MATT AND ATHENA" stick to the ceiling.

MATT

Wow. An old one. Back when A was still playing for St. John's.

Matt lifts up a photo of the woman adorned in a soccer jersey. A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN WITH BLONDE-GREY HAIR prances toward Matt.

WOMAN

It sure was honey. And to think it'd only be another decade plus before the two of you got...

Matt chucks the photo onto another table.

MATT

Irene. Don't start. I'm not...

IRENE

It's Mrs. Kyrpianou until our bearded friend wearing a cassock says 'You may now officially do what you've already been doing for...

ATHENA, 32, confident, passes through an archway separating kitchen from living room.

ATHENA

Mom? Knock it off.

IRENE, 59, domineering, recoups the photo Matt removed and returns the picture to its original position.

IRENE

Boyfriend and girlfriend for this fucking long. Who's seen anything so...

Athena forges in between Irene and Matt, nudges Matt aside and faces off with Irene.

ATHENA

Mom...I said stop. Okay?

Irene retreats into the kitchen. Matt and Athena embrace. Athena inches her mouth to Matt's ear.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Much like your grandmother. You'd better get used to ignoring her.

Matt and Athena kiss.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

I gather S's still giving you...

MATT

I'll come up with something compelling.

Athena stomps toward a cabinet, flings open a door, yanks a bottle and shot glass out, unfastens the bottle's cap, pours a shot, gulps and thwacks the glass down on a nearby stand.

ATHENA

I'll speak to...

Athena clumps towards the archway. Matt lunges forward, blocks the archway and corrals Athena.

MATT

No...Let's keep him on our side.

Athena returns to the liquor cabinet, retakes bottle and glass and pours another shot. Matt captures the glass from Athena's hand and sets it atop the stand. Matt and Athena embrace again.

MATT (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I managed to sell several stories for pay. Selling one more for free shouldn't be too hard...Even if it is to your exulted church.

ATHENA

I think we're owed fifty years of smooth sailing after all this shit.

Matt minces toward a wall housing numerous Greek Orthodox Icons and gestures at the religious artifacts.

MATT

Ask them? They made the rules. Anyhow, gotta go up and change.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-DAY

A HEAVYSET, WELL DRESSED MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN applies lipstick.
A WELL-DRESSED ELDERLY WOMAN emerges from the bathroom.

HEAVYSET WOMAN
Why do this Holly?

HOLLY, 86, the spunky, tell it like it is, epitome of a Jewish grandmother, snares her purse off a bed and skedaddles to the room's exit/entrance door.

HOLLY
No way he's gonna marry goyim
(Yiddish word for Christian
people). That little Greek bitch's
been manipulating him for years.

Holly inches the door ajar.

HEAVYSET WOMAN
I don't think that's true Hol...

Holly jerks the partition forward and slams it shut. A loud thump reverberates.

HOLLY
Don't quibble with me Darcy.

DARCY
All right. But...Can I ask how you
found out? The kids didn't invite
you, so...

HOLLY
The car's waiting downstairs. You
have the address of this place
right?

DARCY, 51, submissive and laid back unzips one of her purse's compartments, yanks out a folded paper, unfolds and glances at the document.

DARCY
Four-Two-Two Astoria Boulevard.

HOLLY
Great. Now let's shit all over this
shindig.

INT. DINER-NIGHT

A far wall reads: "WELCOME TO UNCLE STAV'S DINER: WHERE EVERYONE'S GREEK." Balloons fill the air. Matt and A GREY-HAIRED MAN hang another banner reading: "TO MATT AND ATHENA: LOVE, HEALTH AND HAPPINESS" on a far wall.

MATT

I think this's good. What says you
Uncle Stav?

UNCLE STAV, 60, jolly and boisterous, brandishes a tack from his pocket and fastens banner to wall.

UNCLE STAV

Perfect.

SEVERAL DINER STAFFERS emerge from the kitchen carrying trays and sternos.

FEMALE STAFFER

Where should we set up?

Uncle Stav directs his staff members to a large table situated towards the room's center.

UNCLE STAV

It should all fit on there.

Uncle Stav glances at his watch. The time is three-thirty.

UNCLE STAV (CONT'D)

Don't put the food out til around
five-thirty.

Staffers set up the trays and ignite the sternos. A BROWN-HAIRED, ATHLETIC LOOKING WOMAN sharing a resemblance to Athena bolts into the diner panting and nearly loses her balance.

UNCLE STAV (CONT'D)

Exorgisi(Greek word for
exasperation) Kev. What's the
crisis?

PARASKEVI "KEV," 31, prissy and sarcastic takes a moment to catch her breath.

KEV

Ma..Ma..Matt?

Kev exhales several times.

KEV (CONT'D)

You...Your grandmother's here?

MATT

Wh...Wh...What?

Irene and Athena race into the dining room from the kitchen.

IRENE
What?

ATHENA
What?

Matt, Athena and Irene pace circles around the same table.

MATT
Kev, I know I'm the eternal butt of
your...

KEV
No joke. Go out and see. She's with
some large woman and...

MATT
Darcy. Shit.

Athena surrenders into a chair beside a table, drops her head
down and pounds the table with two fists.

ATHENA
Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me.

MATT
We'll all be getting some
unpleasant nookie if I don't get
out there and learn the why, when,
where and how.

Athena leaps up and confronts Irene.

ATHENA
Did you?

Irene shakes her head and shoulders with force.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Then who the fuck did?

Staffers scatter out of the kitchen and observe the scene. A
WHITE-HAIRED WOMAN sitting at a table in the room's center
inches her way up, accesses a cane and limps toward Athena.

ATHENA (CONT'D)
Yes Yia Yia (greek word for
grandmother).

YIA YIA, 90, the epitome of a Greek grandmother, embraces
Athena.

YIA YIA
I did.

Collective grasps echo.

ATHENA
But why?

YIA YIA
Because it needed to be done.

Athena sobs.

ATHENA
You picked the worst possible time
to start a Yia Yia's of the world
unite rally.

Athena blitzes into the kitchen.

UNCLE STAV
Well, this party's looking like a
whore's fence post.

MATT
Not if I can prevent it.

Matt charges toward the exit and stampedes outside.

IRENE
Mama? What're...

Athena shoves the kitchen doors open and glares at Yia Yia.

YIA YIA
You know...And remember the reason
why.

Irene retreats to a booth. Athena charges through the kitchen
doors and confronts Yia Yia.

ATHENA
I bet you wouldn't have done this
if Matt's last name was Yanopoulos.

YIA YIA
Don't be ridiculous.

ATHENA
It's a conspiracy. Two racist old
women determined to preserve the
traditions of their outdated
customs and cultures. You'll see
wh...

Yia Yia bursts into tears. Uncle Stav darts toward Athena, lifts her up and carries her into an office. Kev surrenders into the booth with Irene.

IRENE

And everyone wonders why I can't wait to get all of you married so I can spend six months a year in Cyprus loafing on a beach and pounding Zivania.

Yia Yia shuffles toward Irene and Kev.

YIA YIA

Could someone drive me home. I need to get something.

IRENE

Wait. This doesn't have to do with...But what does that have to do with...

YIA YIA

Could someone take me home please?

Irene nods and motions to Kev. Kev extracts a set of car keys from a pants pocket.

KEV

Ready Yia Yia?

Yia Yia and Kev rise simultaneously. Yia Yia places her hand in Kev's.

IRENE

But I don't understand Mama. The two situations aren't the same.

YIA YIA

You couldn't be more off dear. They're exactly the same.

Kev escorts Yia Yia to the exit.

EXT. ASTORIA STREET-NIGHT

Holly and Darcy inch their way up the street. Matt notices Holly and Darcy and races toward them.

MATT

Wait. Wait up.

Matt, Holly and Darcy converge. Matt attempts to embrace Holly.....

MATT (CONT'D)
Grandma. How'd you...

Holly shoves Matt away.

HOLLY
Never mind that. I'm ending this
Kopveytik (headache in Yiddish).

Holly marches toward the diner. Matt chases Holly.

DARCY
Matt?

Matt continues to pursue Holly.

DARCY (CONT'D)
Matt. Please? We need to talk.

Matt reverses his field and doubles back toward Darcy.

MATT
So spill.

DARCY
Not here.

MATT
Oh. You mean a serious
conversation.

Matt wrenches his cell from a pants pocket, clicks the screen's text icon, scrolls down a contacts list to Big S, accesses the entry and types: "Holly showed up unexpectedly. Please help me avert disaster."

MATT (CONT'D)
Heaven help you if this's a delay
tactic.

DARCY
I promise you it isn't. But can we
do this somewhere other than the
diner?

Matt's phone chimes. Father Soterios's response states: "Ok. I'll improvise. On my way now. I'll keep ya posted." Matt types: "Thnx and whatever you do tell Athena to get out of there now" and pockets the phone.

MATT

Okay. Pete's. It's only a few blocks away.

INT. BAR-DAY

Matt and Darcy sip beer at a small, two-seated table in the rear.

MATT

She's sabotaged my life more times than Hezbollah has Israeli buses. No more Dar.

Darcy gulps a hearty sip of beer.

DARCY

Soon she won't be able to disrupt a bingo game.

MATT

As long as interfering in my life's the top prize, she'll always show up at the firehouse.

Matt kills what remains of his beer.

MATT (CONT'D)

Care for another?

DARCY

Sure.

MATT

Then I shall return.

Matt prances to the bar. A SEXY FEMALE BARTENDER taps Matt two refills. Matt slogs back toward Darcy's table carrying two mugs of beer, plops into the seat across from Darcy and slides her the refill.

MATT (CONT'D)

You've got til this next sip's down.

Matt raises the glass and tilts it to his lips.

MATT (CONT'D)

Go.

Matt sips. Darcy reaches into her purse, retrieves several tissues and dabs her eyes. Matt places his glass down.

MATT (CONT'D)

Time's up.

Darcy tears through her purse, extracts a yellow folder and tosses it to Matt.

DARCY

These type of words are more effective in print than spoken.

MATT

Meaning?

DARCY

The evidence I know you'd want.

Matt opens the folder and peruses through several of Holly's medical records indicating a diagnosis of Alzheimer's disease.

DARCY (CONT'D)

By next year, she won't remember me, you, or even your Mom.

Matt chugs his beer to completion.

MATT

So, what does everyone expect of me now? Move in with her? Bathe her? Put a mint under her pillow at night? I mean I've done everything else but.

DARCY

Just speaking to her's a start.

Matt flings the folder back at Darcy.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Please?

MATT

Fine.

Matt rises, slides his wallet out, removes two twenty dollar bills and drops cash on table.

MATT (CONT'D)

Let me get back to what I'm sure has turned into the taverna of torture.

INT. DINER-NIGHT

Matt covers his eyes and crouches in a corner by the entrance. The sound of several people shouting reverberates. Matt uncovers his eyes and inches upward. Holly tromps toward Irene. Athena and Kev observe.

HOLLY

You're done prosthelytyzing my grandson.

MATT

Grandma? Shut up.

Uncle Stav emerges from the kitchen and drags Irene away from the fray. Matt plods toward Holly and attempts to pull her towards him. Holly flails her arms and strikes Matt in the eye. Father Soterios bolts in.

FATHER SOTERIOS

Okay. Uncle Stav. All the guests are in the...

HOLLY

Goy bastards. I'll...

Athena charges Holly.

ATHENA

Selfish, mean, old witch.

Athena edges her face to within inches of Holly's. Father Soterios and Uncle Stav haul a struggling Athena away from Holly.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

You all should be dragging that bitch away.

MATT

Everyone stop it.

Athena breaks the grasp of both Father Soterios and Uncle Stav and stampedes back towards Holly.

MATT (CONT'D)

God fucking damn it.

Athena halts the charge. Everyone else stands at attention. Matt minces toward Father Soterios.

MATT (CONT'D)
 Sorry Father but attention grabbers
 are the only thing that work
 sometimes.

Matt shuffles toward Athena.

MATT (CONT'D)
 Uh, dear? Can we speak in private
 please?

ATHENA
 Don't tell me. You can't...

MATT
 Don't make me swear in front of our
 father friend again...Okay?

Matt and Athena retire to a table near a window. Uncle Stav,
 Irene and Kev slip into the kitchen. Father Soterios offers
 his hand to Holly. Holly does not reciprocate Father
 Soterios's gesture.

FATHER SOTERIOS
 Would you mind? Just for a couple
 minutes. I promise I don't have any
 forced baptisms scheduled.

Father Soterios offers his hand to Holly again. Holly inches
 her hand toward Father Soterios's. Father Soterios collects
 Holly's hand, assists her upward and escorts her to the door.

HOLLY
 Thank you young man.

Holly and Father Soterios slog towards the exit. Holly minces
 outside.

MATT
 S?

Father Soterios halts. Matt brandishes his cell phone and
 clicks several keys.

MATT (CONT'D)
 Just texted you her friend Darcy's
 number. And thanks...For
 everything.

Father Soterios exits.

MATT (CONT'D)
 I think we need to go swinging.

EXT. PARK-NIGHT

Matt and Athena sit on adjacent swings.

ATHENA
So Alzheimer's the latest calamity
du jour?

Athena swings to and fro.

MATT
I saw the proof.

Matt slides off the swing for a moment to reposition himself.

ATHENA
What does she want from us now?

MATT
A little more time.

ATHENA
Of course.

Athena leaps off her swing, stampedes across a patch of dirt and tromps onto a grassy surface. Matt bounds down and pursues Athena.

MATT
Stop doing this.

Athena stops short. Matt and Athena collide. Athena shoves Matt back.

ATHENA
No you stop doing this.

MATT
We've waited this long. What's
another...

Athena punches Matt's shoulder.

ATHENA
Everything. I want kids before
arthritis.

MATT
I do too. Please? In another year
she won't remember...

Athena barrels away from Matt.

ATHENA

No more another year, another month...Fuck it, not another second. It's either my bed or her condo swimming pool.

MATT

Will you just listen?

ATHENA

Wrong response. I'm gone.

Athena races out of the park. Matt gives chase at first but ultimately decides to pull up.

MATT

Fuck.

EXT. DINER'S FRONT STEPS-NIGHT

Matt occupies a step, drops to his knees, places his face in his hands and bawls. The entrance door squeaks open. Matt springs to his feet and wipes away the tears. Yia Yia stands before Matt.

MATT

I'm sorry Yia Yia. I'll be going.

Matt stomps toward the street.

YIA YIA

Come back here young man.

Matt continues toward the street using a quick pace.

YIA YIA (CONT'D)

I want to explain.

Matt fails to halt his sojourn.

YIA YIA (CONT'D)

This has nothing to do with my granddaughter. Now if you want to see her again, I suggest you bring that cute ass back here and park it. I want to show you something.

Matt returns to the steps using a deliberate gait, trudges to the top stair and settles down beside Yia Yia. Yia Yia reaches into a bag, yanks out an envelope and places the item in Matt's hands.

MATT
Great. Another envelope.

YIA YIA
Just open it.

Matt unseals the envelope. Inside is a photo of a YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE WOMAN who bears a resemblance to Irene.

MATT
Pretty hot for a future mother-in-law, but I don't understand what...

Yia Yia bursts into sobs.

MATT (CONT'D)
I apologize. That was course. I...

YIA YIA
She's my other daughter.

With trembling hands, Matt returns the photo into the envelope.

MATT
Don't tell me she...

YIA YIA
Not literally, but figuratively. Four years before we moved to Astoria, she fell for a Turk and married him. I never saw her again.

MATT
That's gut-wrenching, but I still don't see...

Yia Yia reclaims and kisses the envelope.

YIA YIA
You'll be together because you love each other and nothing and no one will stop that. I just wanted your grandmother to see you one last time.

MATT
How can you be so...

YIA YIA
Like I just said, I lived it.

Yia Yia struggles to her feet.

MATT

What should I do now?

YIA YIA

What your heart tells you.

MATT

It's speaking in many different voices. Which one should I choose?

YIA YIA

The one that's the loudest.

Matt brandishes his cell, texts Darcy and Kev instructing both to meet him at Club Doha.

INT. DANCE CLUB-NIGHT

Matt and Kev boogie on the dance floor. Darcy maneuvers around SEVERAL YOUNG FEMALE REVELERS and sways to the techno music with Matt and Kev.

DARCY

Since when do you get down?

MATT

When my entire body trembles and a dance floor's the only place I won't feel awkward.

A CURVY FEMALE WAITRESS approaches Matt and Kev carrying a tray filled with drinks and presents one to Matt and Kev. Matt swigs and places his glass back on the Waitress's tray before she shuffles back to the bar.

MATT (CONT'D)

Here's the deal.

Matt continues dancing. Kev and Darcy surround Matt.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'll return to Florida with her only long enough to get her into assisted living and get her moolah in order.

DARCY

She'll be so happy. Thank you.

Kev trawls Matt off the dance floor.

KEV

Why? You know that won't take ten minutes. My practice deals with elder care cases all the time and...

Matt clutches Kev's wrist.

MATT

I have to. Either I do this one last thing now or be hounded later.

Kev brushes Matt off. Matt pursues Kev.

KEV

By whom?

MATT

The adult protective services of Florida, what's left of my shit ass family.

KEV

Fuck them. She can't be your responsibility forever. Let your bitch aunt handle it.

Matt backtracks to the bar. Kev occupies a stool next to Matt.

MATT

I've tried many times before and it always boomerangs back to me. You...And your sister know that.

KEV

So let me guess...

MATT

Yes. Just one more time.

KEV

I deserve a political envoy job for all the times...

Kev attempts to bolt off. Matt drags her back once more.

MATT

I get that I owe you a couple. But please. Since my profile is one of repulsion at the moment, just talk...

KEV

No.

Kev catapults off her stool. Matt snatches Kev's arm.

MATT

Not persuade. Just talk. Let me know where she is and I'll be there within the hour. This's the last time. And I will beg if need be.

Matt surrenders to his knees.

KEV

Get up.

Matt leaps to his feet. Kev slides off her stool, minces a few steps leftward and stops abruptly.

KEV (CONT'D)

The Carvel on Thirtieth Street.

MATT

I'm not really feeling any hot fudge sundaes right...

KEV

Not for the ice cream stupid.

Kev exits.

INT. CARVEL-NIGHT

The shop is empty but for Athena and Kev. Athena shovels a spoonful of ice cream into her mouth.

KEV

Will you listen to me please?

Athena vaults up.

ATHENA

Get off my fucking back about this already.

Matt enters.

KEV

You should've told him years ago.

Matt approaches Athena and Kev's table.

MATT

Oh wonderful. Don't tell me I'm getting another envelope.

Matt attempts to embrace Athena. Athena eludes Matt's embrace, enters into a violent crying spell and bolts out of the shop.

KEV

Ah, wait. Um...Here.

Kev shoves a container housing a half-eaten ice cream sundae into Matt's chest, charges outside and tracks Athena down. Matt places the sundae down, plods toward the door and observes.

KEV (CONT'D)

I'm begging you. Please?

Athena zooms out of sight. Matt inches the door open. Kev returns and slogs inside.

MATT

Tell me what sis-in-waiting?

KEV

It's not my place. I...

Matt corrals Kev's arm, hauls her towards a table and forces her into a booth.

MATT

Everyone's made demands of me tonight and for the last umpteen years. Now, for once, I'm making the demands. Tell me what the fuck...

KEV

O...Kay. But there's only one environment suitable for this.

MATT

Booze dungeon?

KEV

The one and only.

INT. BASEMENT-NIGHT

Matt and Kev peruse around a darkened space filled with boxes of various beers and liquors. Matt slides out and holds up a box of Budwesier beer.

KEV

Not nearly a big enough nerve
soother for this one.

Matt returns the box. Kev sidles to a box labeled in black magic marker: "ZIVANIA," opens the top and extracts a glass bottle.

MATT

What'll hurt worse? The talk or the
burn?

KEV

Each in their own way.

MATT

Ouch.

Kev shuffles to a corner, maneuvers around several other boxes, opens a small closet, snares two short glasses off a shelf, shuts the door, sidles to the space's center and surrenders down. Matt plops down beside Kev.

KEV

This may change...

MATT

Skip the disclaimer and get to the
opening statement counselor.

KEV

Ugh...All right then.

Kev unscrews the Zivania bottle's cap and fills both shot glasses to the brim. Matt and Kev clink glasses, chug and slam their glasses down.

KEV (CONT'D)

It was at your Mom's funeral.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE

EXT. CEMETERY-DAY

Matt hovers over a casket near a freshly dug grave site. Near a fence, Athena observes Matt and weeps. Darcy attempts to restrain Holly from entering the premises through a gate.

KEV (V.O.)

Holly was on the warpath. Darcy
tried to hold her back but
couldn't.

DARCY
Holly. Don't.

HOLLY
Let go damn it.

Darcy relinquishes her grasp on Holly. Holly stampedes through the gate and lumbers toward Athena.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
How dare you?

KEV (V.O.)
It happened just as I approached the fence.

Athena shifts away from Holly. Holly snatches Athena's shoulders.

KEV (V.O.)
I tried to warn Athena to hightail it, but before I could, Holly uttered...

HOLLY
You killed my daughter. This fucking relationship.

Athena breaks Holly's grasp, scurries through the gate and races toward a chapel. Kev pursues Athena.

INT. CEMETERY CHAPEL-DAY

Kev lingers adjacent to the ajar door of a side room.

KEV (V.O.)
If I found a time machine and went back to that moment, even my glib-tongued lawyer self couldn't have possibly thought of anything to say.

Kev pushes through the door. Athena sits scrunched in a corner bawling. Kev minces toward Athena.

KEV (V.O.)
That moment, she buried it deep and we haven't spoken about it until just before you got to Carvel.

Kev reaches into her purse.

KEV (V.O.)
Before I could offer her a Kleenex.

Athena sees Kev, leaps to her feet, wipes her eyes and glances at her watch.

ATHENA
It's almost time. Let's go.

Kev tries to embrace Athena. Athena shoves Kev back.

KEV (V.O.)
How she compartmentalized this for so long I'll never know.

ATHENA
This stays with us. Tell nobody. Not Mom, Dad, any of our siblings and especially Matt.

KEV
But...

Athena shakes Kev.

KEV (V.O.)
She stopped the argument before it started.

ATHENA
I said promise.

BACK TO PRESENT TIME

INT. BASEMENT-NIGHT

KEV
So I promised.

Tears stream down Matt's face as he snares the bottle from Kev and swigs.

MATT
Fucking bitch. How could anyone, much less my grandmother be so damn cruel?

Kev leaps up. Matt's breathing deepens as he caps the bottle, shoves it onto a shelf and gaits around the room.

KEV
Perhaps you shelved the booze too soon. Damn. Are you okay?

Matt leans over and dry heaves. Kev brandishes and hands a tissue to Matt. Matt wipes a collection of sweat off his forehead and jams the tissue into his pocket.

MATT

There's somewhere I must go.

Matt makes a beeline for the door. Kev beats Matt to the exit and blocks his path.

KEV

I've never seen you so...Look, please, as a lawyer now's the time to think about what you're about to...

MATT

Don't worry. It's not gonna be of the criminal variety.

KEV

You don't want to it to be of the civil variety either.

MATT

It won't. You'll see.

Matt yanks out his cell, scrolls down his contacts list until reaching the icon for Big S, clicks and texts: "MEET ME AT CHURCH, GOT SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO DISCUSS." Seconds later, Big S responds: "ALREADY HERE, CAN'T WAIT."

KEV

What am I gonna see? Even Greeks understand the phrase too much drama for one night.

Matt retreats.

MATT

Tell your sister to meet me at the diner in about an hour. Got one stop to make first.

Kev hesitates.

MATT (CONT'D)

I won't try to go through you. Please grant me your trust.

Kev inches the door ajar.

KEV

Granted. But if you break it. God,
the Saints and the Virgin can't
help you.

MATT

Fair enough.

Kev parts the door all the way and directs Matt out.

MATT (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Matt zooms out.

INT. GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH-NIGHT

Matt cracks open the door and tiptoes into a packed church. A
FEW ELDERLY FEMALES gesture at Matt. Before long,
conversation ceases and ALL THE PARISHIONERS observe Matt.
Father Soterios hops away from the pulpit.

FATHER SOTERIOS

If it isn't the Saturday evening
prayer organizer?

Matt plods down the aisle toward the pulpit. Father Soterios
and Matt meet up. Matt leans toward Father Soterios's ear.

MATT

May I speak? It's important.

FATHER SOTERIOS

I shouldn't but they're clamoring
for some different entertainment.
Just nothing dirt...

MATT

Think you know me better than that
S.

Father Soterios leads Matt to the pulpit and snares a
microphone.

FATHER SOTERIOS

Ladies and gentlemen, we have a new
act added to tonight's festivities.
I'm pleased to announce that one of
the guests of honor will now
address you. Matt, if you will.

Father Soterios hands Matt the mic. Matt scans the crowd.

MATT

Whoa.

Matt trembles. Father Soterios stands beside Matt.

MATT (CONT'D)

Okay. Not good at this so I'll just get right to it.

A WOMAN seated toward the church's rear springs up.

WOMAN

So do it already. We're all hungry.

FATHER SOTERIOS

Come on folks. Let's not engage in unorthodox behavior.

The Woman surrenders back down. Light clapping ensues followed by full-blown applause. Father Soterios raises his hands. The applause ceases.

MATT

Earlier today, a friend asked me why I wanted to convert to Greek Orthodoxy and I couldn't truly answer.

Athena and Kev slip through the entrance, notice Matt and makes a beeline for the pulpit.

MATT (CONT'D)

I mean other than to marry the girl of my dreams. Well, I learned that girl and her family found out something horrible a while back.

Kev tracks Athena down and halts her progress.

KEV

Let him speak.

MATT

A secret that...If I found out about would've destroyed the relationship I had with the only relative I had left.

Athena breaks Kev's clutches and speeds down the aisle.

ATHENA

It wasn't what you thought. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

MATT
You don't need to be. For any
reason.

ATHENA
But I do. You see I...

Chatter breaks out amongst the Crowd.

MATT
Please let me finish A.

Athena settles onto a pew. Kev scurries down the aisle and settles down next to Athena. Matt places the mic beneath his lips.

MATT (CONT'D)
That's what families should do.
Care for each other, protect each
other.

Applause follows. Matt raises his hands up and down. The Crowd quiets down.

MATT (CONT'D)
I've never experienced that before
and the Kyprianous' tonight taught
me how it truly feels to be part of
a family.

Matt turns toward Father Soterios.

MATT (CONT'D)
Good enough reason S?

Father Soterios scowls at Matt.

MATT (CONT'D)
Forgive me...Father S.

Father Soterios nods. Athena jumps up and barrels toward Father Soterios.

ATHENA
Will you do it now?

FATHER SOTERIOS
Toss me the mic.

Matt tosses Father Soterios the mic.

FATHER SOTERIOS (CONT'D)
If it isn't, I'm the Knicks next
starting point guard.

The Crowd laughs, rises and applauds. Matt and Athena share a long embrace and kiss. Matt returns Athena to the ground.

MATT

There's one more person I must face.

ATHENA

Don't.

MATT

Relax. It'll be calm and without craziness. I promise. Just keep everybody here for a couple more minutes.

INT. DINER-NIGHT

Matt blasts through the entrance. The space is empty but for Holly and Darcy occupying a corner booth. Matt lumbers toward the table.

MATT

What a thing to find out. How could either of you?

Darcy guards Holly.

DARCY

It's taken out of...

MATT

I don't think so.

Matt slides into the booth across from Holly. Darcy attempts to sit next to Holly.

MATT (CONT'D)

Excuse us please.

DARCY

Matt please, she's sick and...

MATT

I don't want to hear that ever again Darcy.

Darcy backs toward the door and slips outside. Matt reaches across the table and grips Holly's wrists.

MATT (CONT'D)

I don't know how much you'll understand but it's important you listen.

Athena stampedes inside. Kev and Father Soterios trail Athena inside and restrain her.

HOLLY

Athena will become my wife. However, my request will determine whether you'll remain my grandmother.

Athena, Kev and Father Soterios retreat and observe.

MATT

I want you to apologize to Athena.

HOLLY

Matt, she's using you. She always lies and...

Matt slams his hand atop the table. Athena inches toward the fray. Kev pulls Athena back.

MATT

Ten seconds. If you don't, I'm done.

Holly's eyes tear as she breaks Matt's grip.

HOLLY

I refuse.

MATT

Then, please leave.

Holly struggles to her feet and ambles to the door without glancing at Matt or Athena. Athena rushes toward and embraces Matt.

ATHENA

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

MATT

I'm not. Now let's enjoy this party and maybe even nail down a baptism date with S.

FADE OUT