

Thee Sinxorese Tous
[God forgive them]

written by

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1. EXT. FUNERAL. DAY 1984

SOULA (late twenties) holds a baby LOLAS in her arms, crying on the shoulder of her sister ELENA (early thirties).

ELENA

Good man he was.

SOULA

The best. The best, my Yiannis.

ELENA

I know. I know, paidi mou [my child]. A real Greek man.

SOULA

The best Greek man. You know what he last say to me?

ELENA

Tell me, agapi mou [my love].

SOULA

He say to me, he say "Soula, I tell you something. Before I was born, my mother and my father leave the Albania. They leave *everything*. Risk *everything*. You know why?" I say why agapi mou [my love]? And he say, "To make sure I grow up in the best country in the world. To make sure I grow up Greek!" And I say, I know agapi mou [my love]. And you are! You are Greek! Then he say, "Soula, promise me something." And I say, anything! Anything Yianni mou! And he say... he say...

SOULA sobs. ELENA dabs her eyes with a tissue.

ELENA

Tell me glikoula mou [sweetheart]. Tell me, what he say?

SOULA

He say, "Promise me our boy grow up proud. Proud he from the best country in the world. Proud he is Greek!"

ELENA

And Greek he is! Look at him! Our Lolas! No one will be as Greek as our Lolas!

2. INT. FAMILY HOTEL. MORNING, 35 YEARS LATER

LOLAS (mid-thirties), slaps dirt off the used sheets - preparing for a new guest's arrival. Ashing his cigarette onto the carpet, he straightens his apron in the mirror and looks admiringly at himself.

LOLAS
(to self)
I make aprons look like a man
thing.

JENNIFER
You sure do.

LOLAS whirls around, startled. JENNIFER (late thirties, American), the new guest, stands with keys in the door. Lolas, liking what he sees, quickly gains back his confident composure.

LOLAS
Hello.

JENNIFER
Hi. Sorry, just checked in a few
minutes ago. This is my room.

LOLAS
Yes, it is.

JENNIFER
Are you Lolas? I think I just spoke
with your mom at the front desk.
She told me a lot about you.

LOLAS
Yes, I am. And that is good.

JENNIFER
Yeah... should I come back later?
When you're done or...

LOLAS
Ah c'mon, stay! Two minutes I
finish.

LOLAS gestures for JENNIFER to come inside with a greasy smile.

LOLAS (CONT'D)
Is it so wrong to sit and get to
know each other?

JENNIFER

Uhm, of course not. I'll just...

JENNIFER goes to grab for her luggage when LOLAS sweeps past her, lifting a suitcase on each arm.

LOLAS

You ever meet a Greek man before?

JENNIFER, laughs, a little beside herself.

JENNIFER

Well, I went to a Greek restaurant back home. The waiter's name was Jordan and /

LOLAS

Jordan?

JENNIFER

He was young and hot. So, we dated for a bit and /

LOLAS

Dating?

JENNIFER

Got married ridiculously fast, like idiots. Until /

LOLAS

Married?

JENNIFER

We got divorced six months ago; which is partly the reason why Rebecca made me come on this trip to you know, get away /

LOLAS

Divorced?

JENNIFER

For a bit. So yeah. Sorry, I just -

LOLAS

Kouklara mou [beautiful], Jordan. Jordan is no Greek name. And today, today is your lucky day because...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH. LATER THAT EVENING

LOLAS is on top of JENNIFER, sprawled in the sand. We hear orgasmic moans and Lolas's name being said over and over.

LOLAS
(directly to camera)
Lolas, now Lolas, is a real -

Thrusts hard. JENNIFER gasping, grabs the back of his hair.

LOLAS (CONT'D)
Greek -

Thrusts again, harder. JENNIFER shrieks ecstatically.

LOLAS (CONT'D)
Name.

3. INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

SOULA (late fifties) and ELENA (early sixties) work furiously in the kitchen.

SOULA
You peel the potatoes??

ELENA
This morning! This morning I peel
the potatoes! Pooooohhhh, paidi mou
[my dear]. You stress too much.

SOULA
I stress? Of course, I stress! I
have Easter in three days, I have
to cook for all the family /

ELENA
What? I no helping you now?

SOULA
Plus some of the guests, AND I run
the hotel!

ELENA
With Lolas! Lolas help you!

SOULA
Ah, kala [yeah, right]. Lolas help
me. I get a bad review on the Yelp
yesterday saying they find
cigarette ashes in the candle.

ELENA
In the candle??

SOULA
In the candle! He becoming big pain
in my -

LOLAS walks into the kitchen.

LOLAS
Ela, mom [hi, mom]. Ela, theia [hi,
auntie].

SOULA
Ela, agori mou [my boy], aggele mou
[my angel]!!

LOLAS, immediately opens the refrigerator.

SOULA (CONT'D)
What is this? You come in, "Ela
mom", take the food and give your
momma no filaki [kiss], nothing??
Like I don't give you life, like I
no raise -

LOLAS, gives SOULA a kiss on the cheek.

SOULA (CONT'D)
Now where did you go?

LOLAS
Nowhere.

SOULA
What did you do?

LOLAS
Nothing.

SOULA
Who did you see??

LOLAS
No one.

LOLAS goes to leave.

SOULA
Where you going??

LOLAS
To work.

LOLAS walks out the door.

SOULA
Kala, [right] to work. I the only
one/

ELENA
What you think I do??

SOULA
Who work around here!

They both pause.

SOULA (CONT'D)
And I tell you why else I am so
stressed.

ELENA
Tell me.

SOULA
Kostas is coming from the America.

ELENA
And you stressed? Why you
stressed?? That is good!

SOULA
With his mother.

ELENA
With Despina?

SOULA
With Despina.

ELENA
Koutsompolla [the gossip queen]??

SOULA
Nai.

ELENA
Gamoto [fuck].

SOULA
Nai, gamoto [yeah, fuck].

4. INT. LIVING ROOM. MORNING

SOULA and ELENA sit side by side expectantly on the couch. Elena sips coffee obsessively. Soula stirs her yoghurt aggressively. They stare at the door.

SOULA
It can't be so bad.

ELENA
No, it will be bad.

SOULA
Maybe, she won't be so obnoxious.

ELENA
What you think? She been living in the America now thirty years!

SOULA
And she Greek.

ELENA
It's a disaster.

SOULA
How did our brother do it?

ELENA
He didn't. He died.

Both SOULA and ELENA spit, signing crosses in the air. A knock is heard.

SOULA/ELENA (CONT'D)
As mas voithisei, O Theos [help us God].

CUT TO:

INT. DOORWAY.

SOULA and ELENA scurry to the door. Whispering a mile a minute.

SOULA
Now, let me do all the talking.

ELENA
What you mean let you do all the talking??

SOULA
You don't think! You say something stupid!

ELENA
And you think too much! That's why your head all stiff and you get the migraines!

SOULA
Small talk. You know small talk? That's what we stick to.

ELENA
Oh kala [right], you think Despina know how to do the small talk? You think you -

SOULA frantically hushes ELENA as they open the front door. There stands KOSTAS (mid-twenties) and DESPINA (mid-fifties). Everyone throws themselves in a group embrace.

ALL
Ela [hello]!!!

5. EXT. PORCH. DAY

SOULA, ELENA, DESPINA, and KOSTAS sit on the porch.

DESPINA
And *that* is how he lost all his money. To the prostitutes. Oi xenes oi putanes [the foreign hookers]. I know. My cousin's, sister in law's neighbour told me. And Katerina, his wife, the fat one, she get depressed and hear about this new diet the Russian models do. They eat the cotton.

ELENA/SOULA
The cotton?

DESPINA
Only the cotton! So she try it, right? And she become addicted. Only eating the cotton! She don't even eat no food!

ELENA/SOULA
She no eat no food??

DESPINA

No food! Only cotton! You know, to
lose the weight. And *then* -

LOLAS enters.

LOLAS

ELA RE FILE [hey buddy]!!

KOSTAS

ELA XADELFE MOU [hey cousin]!!

KOSTAS and LOLAS exchange embraces, yelling their greetings.

SOULA

Ah, look who is here!! My Lolas!

DESPINA

Ah, agori mou [my boy]!! Ela edo
[come here], give your theia
[auntie] a kiss!

LOLAS gives DESPINA a kiss on both cheeks. Everyone exchanges
more embraces and sits back in their chairs.

DESPINA (CONT'D)

Ah Lolas! I tell you something.
When you was first born, you were
so very, very ugly. And I tell my
Angelo, your uncle, he's dead now,
but back then I say to him -

ELENA

Paidia! Thelete kafedakia [Guys!
You all want a little coffee]??

SOULA

Ah, yes! I also remember when
Kosta was born.

ELENA aggressively gestures for SOULA to follow her into the
kitchen. Soula ignores her.

SOULA (CONT'D)

He was so skinny. Like leeeetle
chicken bone.

Pinches KOSTAS'S collarbone aggressively and affectionately.

SOULA (CONT'D)

And now look at him! He is fat! And
you know what they say about the
fat ones! Good personality!

(MORE)

SOULA (CONT'D)
Thank God your mother learn to cook properly, eh?

ELENA
Endaxi!! Paidia! Thelete spanakopitakia [Okay! Guys! You all want a little spanakopita]??

SOULA and DESPINA exchange grimacing smiles. The rivalry has returned. ELENA pours coffee and dishes out spanakopitas.

ELENA (CONT'D)
So! Kosta! What you study now?

KOSTAS
Well, I started my masters in -

DESPINA
Philosophy! He a true descendant of Aristotle. Taking after my side. Aristotle from *my* side, you know?

LOLAS
Ehh!! Bravo, agori mou [my boy]!
Real Greek men we are!

LOLAS smacks KOSTAS affectionately on the back of the head.
DESPINA sips coffee coyly looking directly at SOULA.

DESPINA
(under breath)
Like he would know what that means.

SOULA catches this. Panic and rage flood her face.

SOULA
And Lolas!!! Tell your aunt what you do now!

LOLAS
Kala [okay], I have a good life. I relax, I stay here on the island, I meet -

SOULA
He run the hotel! So well he run the hotel! I hardly work! It's like I am retired! And our reviews are so good now. So good -

LOLAS
I thought you tell me we have -

ELENA smacks LOLAS on the back of the head.

ELENA
 (laughing)
 Oh, agori mou [my boy]. He don't
 like to speak so big for himself.
 So! Despina! Tell us more about the
 cotton!

6. EXT. MARKET. NEXT MORNING

SOULA and ELENA throw produce in their bags at high speed.

SOULA
 She knows!!

ELENA
 How she know??

SOULA
 You say something??

ELENA
 No! I no say nothing!

SOULA
 Well, it's no possible for no one
 to say nothing and she somehow know
 something. So WHO SAY SOMETHING??

ELENA pauses. Thinking frantically. Something dawns on her.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. FAMILY GATHERING. DAY 1984

While the family consoles SOULA, DESPINA and ELENA tend to the food at the gathering after the funeral.

DESPINA
 And she say, "I think she just
 jealous Angelo take you to the
 America." And I say, "It's not my
 fault, she eat too much and can't
 find a -

DESPINA notices ELENA isn't paying attention to her story and looks to see where her focus is at. When Despina sees SOULA and the baby across the room, she changes topics.

DESPINA (CONT'D)
 It is so sad.

ELENA

It is.

DESPINA

With the baby. So young. Alone.

ELENA shakes her head in sincere pity.

DESPINA (CONT'D)

Trying to raise him to be like a Greek.

ELENA stops.

ELENA

Like a Greek? He is a Greek.

DESPINA

Of course, of course. I am just saying, between me and you. We know...

ELENA

Know what? What you mean?

DESPINA

C'mon, Elena. Yiannis, very good man, but he have the funny ears. You know? Like the Albanians. So, I ask around. And then, I hear you and Soula talking -

ELENA

You hear nothing. You say nothing. Katalavenis [you understand]?

DESPINA

Ela re [c'mon], Elena. Iremise [relax]. I say to you because you are my sister in law! I don't tell no one. But I do tell you something... you remember Takis and that girl he bring from -

BACK TO PRESENT:

SOULA stares intensely at ELENA, mortified.

ELENA

But I don't say nothing! And I tell her don't say nothing!

SOULA

You tell her don't say nothing mean
there is something to say! And
tomorrow, tomorrow all the family
will be there and she... she will
say something!! And
Lolas... ayyy Lolas...

ELENA silently panics. Trying to think of a plan.

ELENA

Maybe, maybe we get her so drunk
tonight, she hungover and no want
to come tomorrow??

SOULA bops ELENA on the back of the head irritated. Walks
hastily away.

SOULA

Stupid!! Stupid, stupid, stupid...

7. EXT. BACKYARD. DAY

It's a sunny Easter afternoon. The family and SOULA'S guest
BRIAN (early forties, Australian tourist), all sit together.
Everyone eats force fed helpings, everyone talks over each
other, everyone plays *tsougrisma*; tapping the end of their
red dyed Easter eggs into the end of another's. Soula brings
out yet another plate of lamb to the table, clearly anxious.

SOULA

And everybody no worry! I have more
in the kitchen!

SOULA forks out more lamb onto LOLA'S already full plate, as
he rolls another cigarette. Continuing to BRIAN'S plate, she
spoons out another serving, despite his polite refusals; and
continues around the table.

DESPINA

(to Kostas)

You know, after I marry your
father, she steal all our family
recipes.

SOULA, hearing this, whispers from behind DESPINA.

SOULA

Kala [right], and it is probably
your recipes that make him *fat*.

SOULA splats more food onto DESPINA'S plate.

DESPINA

What you mean! You say I am fat??

SOULA

Oxi paidi mou [no, my dear], maybe
you just have good personality.
Like Kostas!

BRIAN

So! What's this soup? It's
interesting!

DESPINA

You like it, eh? We call
it *magiritsa*. MY recipe. Inside are
the lamb insides, you know? (PATS
BELLY) Bravo! Now you eat the
liver!

DESPINA, eagerly waits for a grand gesture of approval. And
BRIAN, mid-mouthful, looks like he may crumble into a puddle
of regret; until LOLAS aggressively CRACKS his egg into
Brian's, startling him.

LOLAS

EHHHH!! OPA!! I am undefeatable!

SOULA

Bravo, agori mou [my boy]! Bravo!
Three years, THREE years and my
Lolas NEVER break his egg!

DESPINA

(to Brian)

I tell you something. He take the
Greek luck, like Albanians take the
Greek jobs.

DESPINA stares at LOLAS accusingly.

DESPINA (CONT'D)

(to everyone)

Or, maybe Lolas has a wooden egg!

All the cousins began to protest. Demanding to check LOLAS'S
egg. DESPINA laughs. BRIAN laughs as well, despite his clear
confusion. SOULA, seeing what Despina is doing, suddenly
slams her hand on the table. Brian nearly jumps out of his
seat.

SOULA

Now! Who want to eat the lamb
eyeball? (TO BRIAN) It make you
smarter!!