

FILOTIMO

Written

by

Jessica Pappas

&

Allison Burnett

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

October 2025

Inspired by a true story

All dialogue in italics is
spoken in Greek with subtitles.

FADE IN:

EXT. PATMOS FERRY DOCK -- GREECE -- DAY.

LOCALS and TOURISTS wave as the FERRY pulls out to sea.

Among them is ANNA, 9, petite, tomboyish, smart, squinting into the sun with a hint of worry.

ANNA
I can't see them!

At her side stands NICHOLAS TILIAKOS, 60s, wearing a white shirt with a black armband and a weathered fedora. He squats down, a hand on her shoulder, and points with an unlit pipe--

NICHOLAS
She's right there, on top...do you see? Near the yellow railing. And your father's to her left. Talking on the phone.

ANNA
Oh, yeah! I see them!
(beat)
I think so.

NICHOLAS
Don't look so sad. They'll be back in three days. Come. Your aunt's preparing us a special meal.

He starts to walk. Anna takes one look back at the ferry, then hurries to keep up.

EXT. PATMOS STREET -- LATER -- DAY.

Cats lounge lazily in patches of shadow.

Anna and Nicholas appear, walking side by side. They approach a WOMAN on a short stone wall, reaching into the branches of a FIG TREE.

When they reach her, she lowers a bowl of figs to them. Nicholas takes a fig and hands it to Anna.

ANNA
Yum.
(calling out to her)
Thank you!
(to Nicholas)
Thank you, too.

She bites into the fig and laughs as the juice drips down her chin.

EXT. PATMOS TOWN SQUARE -- LATER -- DAY.

Anna and Nicholas emerge into the square.

Life hums: A GYPSY squats in a threshold, scratching a tired DOG. She looks up and smiles as Nicholas passes.

Men, flipping worry beads with their coffee, nod hello to Nicholas.

A WOMAN, sweeping the doorway of her shop, smiles, says "good morning" to Nicholas, and steps out of his way.

Every single person greets him. Anna looks up at him with pride.

Reading her mind, he smiles.

EXT. ANOTHER PATMOS STREET -- MINUTES LATER -- DAY.

Still walking, Nicholas and Anna pass under a canopy of bougainvillea. He points to a street sign written in Greek. Before he can translate it for her--

ANNA

"Doctor Nicholas Tiliakos."

NICHOLAS

(delighted)

How did you do that?

ANNA

I go to Greek school every Saturday. For, like, the last two years.

NICHOLAS

(pleased)

Why didn't your father tell me?

ANNA

Why didn't he tell *me* you were a doctor?

NICHOLAS

Because I'm not a doctor. The street isn't named after me. It's named after *my* grandfather.

(MORE)

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

My pappou. He was known as "The Island Doctor."

ANNA

Was he the only one on the whole island?

NICHOLAS

No, no...but he was the best one. The bravest one.

They walk on. After a few beats--

ANNA

How can a doctor be brave? What, because he wasn't afraid of blood or something?

He laughs.

NICHOLAS

You're curious. It's a wonderful gift.

He stops walking and smiles out at the sea.

As he thinks, the camera rises to the MIDDAY SUN, then slowly MATCH DISSOLVES to a KEROSENE LAMP burning in the window of--

EXT. PATMOS STONE DWELLING -- NIGHT.

We drift toward the light in the window.

INSERT: 1943

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

The lamp flickers on a crude table. Religious icons adorn the walls. ANNA TILIAKOS, late 30s, sits by the bed of her sleeping son, THEO, 1, dabbing his brow with a wet cloth.

THE ISLAND DOCTOR, 40s, hurries into the room.

ISLAND DOCTOR

The boat's on its way.

ANNA TILIAKOS

He's still burning up.

He hurries over and lays his hand on his son's forehead.

ISLAND DOCTOR
*It's breaking. Come, grab your
 bags.*

She hurriedly wraps the boy in a blanket.

The Doctor hurries to another bed where two OLDER BOYS sleep.
 He jostles them awake.

ISLAND DOCTOR (CONT'D)
It's time.

The boys rocket up, ready to go, already dressed. They start
 to collect their duffels and bags.

The Doctor leans into another doorway--

ISLAND DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Girls--

HIS POV OF THEIR BEDROOM: His daughters, MARIA, 10, and
 IRINI, 7, jump up just as the boys did.

IRINI
I was having such a good dream!

EXT. PATMOS STREETS -- NIGHT.

A wild, blustery night.

The TILIAKOS FAMILY moves with urgency down the descending
 path to the harbor. Each carries as much as he can.

The sound of approaching footsteps, echoing on the stone.

The Doctor freezes. Stops his family. They listen.

Suddenly from the darkness, a BOY, 10, bursts into view,
 frantic.

BOY
Please come quickly!

ISLAND DOCTOR
*Shhh! What is it? Where are your
 parents? You should be at the
 dock.*

BOY
*Mama's having the baby early! She
 needs you now!*

The news hits the Doctor hard. The boy grabs his hand and tries to pull him.

ISLAND DOCTOR

(to Anna)

*If I don't get there in time, leave
without me. I'll find another way.*

It's all there on his wife's face -- stark fear that he won't make it back, along with the knowledge that she mustn't frighten the kids.

ANNA TILIAKOS

Of course.

As the children begin to object, he fights his own tender feelings and speaks brusquely--

ISLAND DOCTOR

*None of that. Be quiet! Go! Do
exactly as your mother tells you.*

He quickly kisses his wife, then hurries up the hill with the boy.

As Anna leads her family down the hill, the kids look over their shoulders, watching their dad ascend into darkness.

EXT. THANASSI'S HOME -- LATER -- NIGHT.

At the threshold of a modest home, the boy's father, THANASSI, 40, anxiously waits.

When he spots the Doctor and his son, he urgently beckons them inside.

INT. THANASSI'S BEDROOM -- LATER -- NIGHT.

Thanassi, holding his son close, stands in the flickering lantern light, watching as the Doctor delivers the baby--

ISLAND DOCTOR

*Yes, Yes! Almost! Push! Push!
Push! PUSH! Yes! Very good!
You've done it! Oh, he's a beautiful
boy!*

We hear a slap. A newborn's cry.

ISLAND DOCTOR (CONT'D)
*There, there, he's perfect. What a
 set of lungs! Do you see? Look at
 those healthy limbs!*

The mother cries with happy relief. The Doctor bends down
 and whispers into her ear--

ISLAND DOCTOR (CONT'D)
*Kalliopi, you must be strong now.
 After I clean you up, we'll leave.
 Bundle him tightly to your breast.*

She nods quickly. She knows.

The Doctor walks to Thanassi. Before the proud father can
 thank him, he hands him a knotted cloth from his medical bag.

ISLAND DOCTOR (CONT'D)
*Dip it in water and honey to keep
 the infant quiet.
 (to the boy)
 Fetch your brothers and sisters.*

EXT. THANASSI'S HOME -- LATER -- NIGHT.

The Doctor emerges with Thanassi and Kalliopi (carrying her
 newborn), as well as the young boy and ONE GIRL, 6, carrying
 their possessions.

As everyone files past him, he lifts his FEDORA, gazing up to
 the highest point of the island -- the ancient MONASTERY OF
 ST. JOHN the THEOLOGIAN -- and utters a muted prayer.

RETURN TO PRESENT.

EXT. TILIAKOS HOME -- PRESENT -- DAY.

Nicholas and Anna walk up the street to *the same house where
 the Island Doctor lived in the flashback.*

ANNA
 Why did they have to leave so fast?

NICHOLAS
 The Nazis were on their way to
 arrest them.

ANNA
 Nazis? You mean like...like Hitler
 Nazis? They were here?

NICHOLAS

They were almost everywhere. But here, not yet. We were occupied by their best friends -- the Italian fascists.

ANNA

That's crazy.

NICHOLAS

Indeed.

As they reach the door--

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)

No more talk of war. Let's enjoy our meal.

He ruffles her hair. She smiles. A bond has formed. They go inside. The door closes.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. TILIAKOS BACKYARD -- NEXT MORNING.

Nicholas flips his WORRY BEADS as he reads his newspaper and sips his coffee.

In the open window behind him, his daughter GEORGIA, 40, is visible, washing dishes.

We hear in Greek--

ANNA (O.S.)

One, two, three...ummm....

Across the table from him sits Anna, arranging flowers in a crude vase. Stuck on four, she starts over. Gets stuck, again. Nicholas laughs.

NICHOLAS

Who's this teacher of yours?

Anna, determined, tries again.

ANNA

One, two, three...FOUR!

NICHOLAS

Bravo.

ANNA
I knew that. It was just a stupid
glitch.

Anna takes a bite of her toast. She chews for a few beats.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Grandfather?

NICHOLAS
Granddaughter?

ANNA
Can I ask you a question?

NICHOLAS
I insist.

She points to his arm band.

ANNA
Why do you wear that?

He touches the band as though he'd forgotten it was there.

NICHOLAS
I put it on yesterday. To honor
the dead.

ANNA
All dead people or--

NICHOLAS
Your Yiayia.

ANNA
(softly)
Yeah.

NICHOLAS
When we lose a loved one, we wear
the band to show our pain...to hold
the lost one close. After forty
days, we take it off. This allows
the soul to pass on to the next
level.
(gentle smile)
I've broken the rules. I'm going
to wear it all week. It's been one
year....

ANNA

I wish I'd met her. You know, we almost visited right before, but my dad said it was too expensive. Now he regrets it.

NICHOLAS

She would have adored you.

ANNA

Really?

NICHOLAS

Almost as much as I do.

(setting down his napkin)

Come, we mustn't keep her waiting.

Anna, confused, gets up.

EXT. CEMETERY -- SKALA -- DAY.

Sunlight warms the marble whitewashed tombs, each one bearing potted flowers and tokens of memory.

Aside from the breeze in the leaves, the cemetery is quiet.

Nicholas and Anna walk among the tombstones. Anna carries the flowers she plucked from the backyard.

NICHOLAS

There she is, sound asleep.

Anna walks over, kneels on the dry grass, and places the flowers thoughtfully on her grandmother's gravestone. She notices something that surprises and pleases her.

ANNA

She's Anna, too.

Nicholas pulls an embroidered handkerchief from his jacket pocket and dusts off the stone. Then he offers it to Anna.

NICHOLAS

A gift.

She sees that it's embroidered with an ornate "A" and "T".

ANNA

It was hers?

NICHOLAS

Yes, a wedding gift from *my* grandmother. Another Anna.

ANNA
 (with a laugh)
 Do *all* Greek people recycle their
 names?

NICHOLAS
 Yes, it connects us to the past.

ANNA
 Thank you, Pappou.

NICHOLAS
 She would have given it to you
 herself if she could.

ANNA
 (to the grave)
 Thank you, Grandma Anna.

He lays a hand on the shoulder and leads her toward a larger,
 older tombstone.

NICHOLAS
 Here he is, also sound asleep. *My*
 Pappou. The Island Doctor.

He sits down on a stone bench. He pulls his worry beads from
 his pocket. Anna plops down beside him, reading aloud his
 single-word epitaph--

ANNA
Filo-ti-mo.
 (beat)
 What does that mean?

He doesn't answer her. She looks over at him curiously. His
 face is stoical, his forehead etched in thought.

She looks back at the stone. Thinks for a few beats.

ANNA (CONT'D)
 He made it back to the boat that
 night, right? The Nazis didn't
 catch him?

Nicholas looks at her.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. PATMOS DOCK -- NIGHT.

The Doctor's family stands in silence, watching as a FISHING
 BOAT, engine cut, rides the waves toward the DOCK.

Little Irini whispers--

IRINI
Will we really leave Baba behind?

ANNA TILIAKOS
If we must.

IRINI
But Mama--

MARIA
We don't have to. Look!

She and Irini turn around. There's the Doctor, leading Thanassi's family down the dark hill. Everyone silently celebrates. The relief on Anna's face is profound.

EXT. DOCK -- MINUTE LATER -- NIGHT.

The FISHING BOAT pulls up to the dock.

ON THE DOCTOR, at the head of the group, as he moves to the edge of the dock.

A DECKHAND, holding a rope, jumps down and ties it off.

The boat rises and falls with the swell. The rope creaks, straining.

CAPTAIN GIORGOS, 60s, reaches down a strong hand from the stern.

GIORGOS
Come quickly. One at a time.

The deckhand and the Doctor usher the passengers forward, beginning with the two mothers, who carry their youngest.

Once they are both aboard, the other children quickly follow.

One after another, they board in silence.

The Doctor notices something and whispers urgently to Anna aboard the boat.

ISLAND DOCTOR
Where are Helena and Spillios?

ANNA
I don't know! She swore they'd come!

Thannasi boards. It's the Doctor's turn. Giorgos reaches down. He hesitates.

ISLAND DOCTOR
Can we wait for them?

CAPTAIN GIORGOS
Too risky. We can't use the engine. Who knows how long these winds will last.

The Doctor understands.

Just as he leans on the shoulder of the deckhand to climb aboard himself, HELEN, 70s, bursts from the shadows, whispering hotly--

HELEN
He refuses to come! I begged him! They'll kill him! Please talk to him! Come with me! Please!

He takes her firmly by the wrist and hands her off to the deckhand. She resists.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I can't! No!

ISLAND DOCTOR
Nonsense. I'll go. I'll talk to him.

Giorgos pulls her aboard.

ISLAND DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I'll bring him by way of Livadi tou Geranou. Meet us if you can.

DECKHAND
There are sentries there. If they stop you--

ISLAND DOCTOR
--it will give you more time to escape. Good luck!

He slaps the deckhand's shoulder. The deckhand jumps aboard. The Doctor unties the rope and tosses it.

Anna emerges from the cabin, eyes wide with fear--

ANNA
Nikos!

The wind jerks the boat back. He throws his wife a loving look, then hurries off into the shadows.

EXT. PATMOS STREETS -- NIGHT.

A SEQUENCE, showing the Doctor racing through the shadows. Hiding behind corners, ducking in doorways.

He squats behind a wooden cart as TWO GERMAN SOLDIERS walk past on patrol, laughing about something.

Finally, he darts across a SQUARE and through a doorway.

The door shuts behind him.

INT. SPILLIOS HOME -- NIGHT.

The Doctor, chest heaving, enters the dark living room--

ISLAND DOCTOR

Spillios!

SPILLIOS

What do you want?

Spillios, 70s, frail but fierce, sits in a rocking chair by the fireplace with a rifle across his lap. His hand trembles as he shakes a defiant finger at him.

SPILLIOS (CONT'D)

You should be on the boat with your family. You're a fool!

ISLAND DOCTOR

And not you?

SPILLIOS

I've made peace with my bones.

ISLAND DOCTOR

And what about Helena? Has she made peace?

SPILLIOS

She'll find joy without me. More joy, I should think.

ISLAND DOCTOR

Bullshit. You're her only happiness -- you stubborn old goat.
(taking his rifle)

(MORE)

ISLAND DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Come now. I won't hear another word.

As the Doctor reaches to help him out of his chair, the old man violently grabs him by the wrist, his eyes filled with desperate fear.

SPILLIOS

*I..I can't walk. I've tried.
I...I can't do it!*

EXT. PATMOS STREETS -- LATER -- NIGHT.

Straight-backed and strong, the Island Doctor carries Spillios, wrapped in blankets, in his arms, down the hill toward the water.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET -- LATER NIGHT.

The Doctor, carrying the old man, freezes when he hears a COUGH in the darkness.

He gently sets Spillios on his feet. They meet worried eyes. Waiting.

Suddenly, a BRIGHT BEAM OF LIGHT blinds them.

AN ITALIAN SOLDIER, 20s, steps out, helmet low over his brow, his rifle raised.

SOLDIER

What are you doing here? It's past curfew!

ISLAND DOCTOR

I'm a doctor. This man's gravely ill.

Spillios closes his eyes, moans, playing his part.

SOLDIER

Doesn't matter! No exceptions! I could shoot you like a dog, and they'd give me a medal for it!

BACK TO PRESENT.

EXT. SHORE -- DAY -- PRESENT

Walking with Nicholas, Anna anxiously struggles to understand.

ANNA

Why did the Nazis want to kill a doctor?

NICHOLAS

My grandfather was one of the partisans -- ordinary citizens who banded together to fight the occupation. There's nothing a tyrant hates so much as a man of honor and defiance. He was their enemy.

ANNA

But the Italian soldier didn't know that, did he?

NICHOLAS

No, but he had broken curfew, and that was enough. Fascists rule by fear. The tiniest disobedience is punishable by death.

Deep in thought, Anna stops at a BASIL PLANT growing in a planter as tall as she is. She rubs a leaf between her fingers and smells it.

EXT. PETRINO'S CAFE -- TOWN SQUARE -- CONTINUOUS

Anna and Nicholas walk in silence.

A young BOY steadies a laden cart for a FISHERMAN, struggling up a street.

TWO WOMEN, 20s, help an OLD MATRON to sit on a shaded bench, after she's staggered by the heat.

A MAN offers his DOG a lick from his ice-cream cone.

A WOMAN rushes to mop a spill in the middle of the square.

A MONK on a scooter stops for a freshly baked loaf of bread, offered by the BAKER. He waves to Nicholas. They share a few words.

Nicholas greets each person familiarly.

INT. PETRINO'S CAFE -- SAME

Nicholas and Anna enter. No one's there. Nicholas walks over and points to a large framed black-and-white photo of AN OLD MAN playing backgammon with a YOUNG BOY.

NICHOLAS
 (pointing)
 I'm right here. And this is--

ANNA
 The Island Doctor.

A WAITRESS, 30-something, bursts through the open door, carrying an empty tray. She warmly greets Nicholas, kissing him on both cheeks.

WAITRESS
*He's on his way. Take a seat.
 I'll bring you your coffee.*

NICHOLAS
*Thank you, Roula. And an orange
 Fanta for this divine girl.*

EXT. PETRINO'S CAFE -- MOMENTS LATER.

Anna and Nicholas sit at a cafe table.

ANNA
 How come everybody stares at you
 like you're a celebrity or some
 thing?

NICHOLAS
 They stare at you, too. It must
 run in the family.

ANNA
 We got rizz.

She drums the table. Before he can ask what that means, PETROS, 80, spry, drags a chair up from a nearby table.

PETROS
 Anna from America! At long last,
 she graces us with her presence!

NICHOLAS
 (to Anna)
 Petros, the owner of this fine
 establishment.

Nicholas and Petros exchange some words in loud, fast Greek.

PETROS
*A copy of your Anna -- may her
 memory be eternal!*

A look crosses Anna's face. Nicholas notices.

NICHOLAS
What's the matter?

ANNA
I can't understand what you're
saying.

NICHOLAS
In time.
(to Petrino)
She studies Greek.

Petros, pleased, points to the pretty handkerchief around her neck.

PETROS
I recognize it. Your *yiayia* wore
it in her beautiful, long hair.

ANNA
(pointing to Nicholas)
It used to belong to *his yiayia*,
too. The wife of the Island
Doctor. Did you know her?

PETROS
Certainly. I knew them both.

ANNA
Was he your hero?

PETROS
He was everyone's hero. But he
didn't like to hear it. Only the
weak feed on flattery. He was a
strong-willed man -- with fire in
his blood and love in his heart.
Filotimo!

ANNA
That's the word on his gravestone.

Impressed, Petros meets Nicholas's eyes. Anna doesn't notice
because Roula is there with their drinks.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Anna sips her soda. Then seemingly out of nowhere--

ANNA (CONT'D)

If he was such a hero, why didn't
the Italian just shoot him?

Petros is bemused. Nicholas explains to him--

NICHOLAS

I told her about the night of his
escape.

PETROS

Ah!

NICHOLAS

(to Anna)

You see, my grandfather was a
master of diagnosis. One look in a
person's eye...a few questions...a
hand to his cheek -- and, more
often than not, he knew what was
wrong. This ability was not so
common. His *rarer* gift, though, is
that he could do it on the
spiritual plane, as well.

ANNA

Spiritual? Like...ummm.... What
do you mean?

NICHOLAS

He saw into people's souls.

Anna isn't quite sure she understands.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. PATMOS STREET CORNER -- NIGHT.

The Island Doctor, eyes locked with the soldier's, speaks
with calm confidence.

ISLAND DOCTOR

I'm bringing the poor man home.
He collapsed as he was leaving the
monastery.

SOLDIER

The Reich doesn't care about your
excuses!

He starts to lift his rifle again, but stops and coughs.
A nasty hack.

ISLAND DOCTOR

Then please shoot us both. And afterwards, when we're lying in a pool of blood at your feet, go ahead and shoot yourself.

The soldier is confused, spooked. The Doctor steps closer, his stare somber and intense.

ISLAND DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Someday, when the war is over, when your children ask you what you did when the world caught fire, what will you tell them? That you served these beasts at the point of a gun, because you had no choice? Or will you confess that you shared in their hatreds?

SOLDIER

But I...I don't.

ISLAND DOCTOR

I know that. Save what's left of your soul. It isn't too late.

The soldier, deeply shaken, slowly, slowly, lowers his trembling rifle. Then coughs.

The Doctor reaches out and touches the soldier's chest. Then his cheek.

ISLAND DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You need penicillin at once. Get off your feet.

The soldier nods frantically. Exactly what he'd feared.

ISLAND DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Be well.

He picks up Spillios and walks on.

EXT. LIVADI TOU GERANOU BEACH -- LATER -- NIGHT.

The Doctor, exhausted, staggers to the shore, carrying Spillios. He wades through the water to the boat, a ghostly apparition, bobbing in the moonlit shallows forty feet out.

Everyone on board celebrates with silent joy -- no one happier than Helena.

BACK TO PRESENT.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE CAFE -- PRESENT-- AFTERNOON.

Anna eats a yogurt with honey.

ANNA

Where did the boat take them?

NICHOLAS

First, towards Turkey -- neutral at the time -- but after several days at sea, they came ashore on Kastellorizo.

ANNA

That sounds Greek. Is it Greek?

NICHOLAS

Yes, an island.

ANNA

Were they safe there?

NICHOLAS

For a few days. Then my grandfather had a terrible premonition. He convinced everyone to return to the boat. They head towards Cyprus. Almost at once, German bombers darkened the sky. Kastellorizo was reduced to rubble.

ANNA

(amazed)

He was psychic, too?

Petros and Nicholas laugh.

NICHOLAS

Perhaps.

PETROS

(under his breath)

Filotimo.

Anna hears the word. Before she can ask about it--

PETROS (CONT'D)

Tell her about the king's invitation.

ANNA

Oh, I like kings.

NICHOLAS
You tell her.

PETROS
Years after the war, an official
from the palace came to Patmos, to
this very cafe -- my uncle owned it
then -- and handed the Island
Doctor an invitation to an
important state dinner in honor of
the king.

ANNA
Cool!

PETROS
Do you know what he did?

Anna shakes her head no.

PETROS (CONT'D)
He ripped up the invitation! Tore
it to pieces. He told the man his
allegiance was to *democracy*, not to
a monarch!

ANNA
(awed)
What happened? Did they punish
him?

PETROS
The people *respected* him for it!
But the government? It labeled him
a Communist. Fools!

Nicholas and Petros laugh at the absurdity.

ANNA
(to Nicholas)
What happened to all the other
people he saved? Did they survive,
too? What happened to the baby?

Smiling to himself, Nicholas leans in closer--

NICHOLAS
He turned out very well, I think.

He nudges his head toward Petros. Anna suddenly realizes.
Petros grins sweetly--

PETROS
I'm happy to meet you.

A big smile blossoms on Anna's face.

EXT. PATMOS STREET -- LATER -- LATE AFTERNOON.

Both growing tired, Nicholas and Anna walk up the hill to the house.

ANNA

What does *filotimo* mean exactly?

NICHOLAS

It can't be translated...*exactly*.

ANNA

Weird.

NICHOLAS

It's a word that exists only in the Greek language.

ANNA

Why did they put it on his gravestone?

NICHOLAS

Because he *lived filotimo*. He embodied it.

ANNA

How can you live something if nobody knows what it means?

NICHOLAS

I didn't say it was a mystery. I said it couldn't be *translated*. Every Greek knows and feels its meaning -- it's in our blood, in the air we breathe -- but we can't reduce it to mere words.

ANNA

You mean like "love?"

NICHOLAS

Yes, in fact, *filotimo* includes love. But also courage. Dignity. Honor. Self-sacrifice. Purity of action. Conscience. It's the greatest of all virtues. All that's best in Man.

ANNA

And woman.

NICHOLAS

And woman, yes, of course....

She smiles, content with his answer.

After a few beats--

ANNA

Someday, when you die, I think they
should write *filotimo* on your
gravestone, too.

Surprised, he smiles, tears welling in his eyes.

Seeing it, Anna spontaneously takes his hand.

They walk in silence up the hill.

THE END