

TRINITY

"Pilot"

by

Matt Ragghianti

"Behind every fortune lies a crime."

- Balzac

TRINITY

TEASER

INT. ALBERGHETTI HOME - TINO'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A vaguely human shape buried under an avalanche of blankets. One foot protrudes from this cocoon, a lone sentry.

ON: AN ALARM CLOCK -- as it SOUNDS **5:24am.**

WIDE to see an arm shoot out from undercover, SHUT IT OFF.

The blankets are THROWN OFF and we get our first look at CONSTANTINO ALBERGHETTI, (16, as of today) dark, wild hair frames a boyish face, a divot of chest hair coming in. He rubs the sleep out of his eyes and gets to his feet.

He finds the lamp, SWITCHES IT ON. There, on top of the dresser, leaning against the mirror above is an ENVELOPE marked "TINO" -- who removes the card from within--

"Happy 16th Birthday! Love, Mom and Pop" And then -- "Look behind you..."

Tino looks into the mirror, sees something in its reflection we can't quite make out. He turns to make sure... SMILES.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALBERGHETTI HOME - SUNRISE

Nothing fancy, but you wouldn't be heartbroken to live here. SALVATORE ALBERGHETTI, 49 and overweight shuffles to the front door. Shirt hanging out the back of his pants, coat over his arm. FOLLOW HIM--

INT. ALBERGHETTI HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Salvatore hangs his coat on the worn, wooden rack by the door; A FRAMED PHOTO of THE (last, Italian) POPE hangs beside it. He crosses through a modest living room, gently OPENS a door--

INT. ALBERGHETTI HOME - CHRISTINA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Walls covered in colorful posters; a rack of dolls in the half light waiting for their turn to play. Things you expect to see in a little girl's room. But then--

A HEART MONITOR stands in the corner next to a dresser covered with at least a dozen PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES; An OXYGEN TANK is bolted to the wall beside the bed.

And in this bed sleeps CHRISTINA ALBERGHETTI, 4 years-old and smaller than she should be.

Salvatore goes to her side, gently brushes her dark hair from her face, then carefully replaces the OXYGEN HOSE back in her tiny nostrils. She stirs momentarily, but remains asleep--

Salvatore leans down and gives her a gentle kiss.

EVELYN (O.S.)
(sotto)
She's fine.

Salvatore TURNS to see EVELYN ALBERGHETTI, 45 and still very pretty despite her terrycloth robe, standing in the doorway. She GESTURES TO Salvatore TO FOLLOW HER--

CUT TO:

INT. ALBERGHETTI HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Salvatore closes the door behind him, safe to speak normally now. Which they do in a shorthand that suggests routine--

SALVATORE
No problems?

EVELYN
(shakes her head)
It was a good night.

Salvatore steps to the sofa, PLOPS DOWN and lets out a deep breath. After a silent beat--

SALVATORE
(confused; checks watch)
Why are you up?

EVELYN
I thought you and Tino could use a bite to eat before you left.

SALVATORE
Me and Tino?

EVELYN
Yes.

SALVATORE
(more confused now)
Before we left?

Evelyn's SHOULDERS SLUMP--

EVELYN
Please tell me you remembered.

SALVATORE
(covering)
Of course I remembered. It's
just...
(he didn't remember)
...Been a long night, that's all.

EVELYN
Your son only turns sixteen once,
Salvatore. He's been looking
forward to this for weeks.

SALVATORE
(backpedals)
I know. I have something special
for him back at the restaurant.
I'm giving it to him tonight.

He can still pull this off; just needs to buy a little time--

One look at Evelyn tells us she has her doubts. But before
she can dig deeper, TINO ARRIVES AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS
carrying a FISHING POLE with a ribbon still attached--

Evelyn rushes over; SMOTHERS him in kisses--

EVELYN
Happy birthday, sweetheart. Look
at you, so handsome.

TINO
(holds up the pole)
Thanks, Ma. Very much.

EVELYN
I wish it could be more.

TINO
Don't be silly, I love it.

A moment of genuine affection. Then, Tino clocks Salvatore
sitting on the sofa. He's STARING at that fishing pole--

TINO (CONT'D)
(excited)
Ready to go, Pop?

Salvatore locks eyes with his wife. And even though no words
are spoken, an entire conversation has just taken place.
So...

SALVATORE
 (all smiles)
 Absolutely.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SONOMA COUNTY - MORNING

A late model SEDAN winds its way along a frontage road. The morning sun bathes the surrounding hills, brown from a lack of rain, in a rich, golden light. Only a handful of buildings dot the landscape.

As the car passes a ROADSIDE SIGN we STAY WITH IT, to learn we have just entered the northern Sonoma County town of ASTI.

INT. SEDAN - SAME

Tino sits next to his father on the front bench of the car. The smile Salvatore wore for his performance back at the house is long gone. He looks exhausted. Tino tests the waters--

TINO
 Spring practice starts on Saturday.
 Should be pretty good this year.

SALVATORE
 I wish you would play football.

TINO
 (huh?)
 I'm captain of the team, Pop.

SALVATORE
Real football. The only son of *Il Fantasma* and he doesn't even play the game?

Tino SMILES. They've been down this path before--

TINO
 Did you really play for the national team. I mean... You?

Salvatore looks to his son, knows something that Tino doesn't yet understand. That one day, even HE will get old...

SALVATORE
 When I was young I moved like a ghost.

TINO
 Yep, *The Phantom*, I know. So what happened?

SALVATORE

Your uncle, Marco wrote me a letter about a town in America named for our village in Italy. Said it was ready to take off; so I sold what little I had and bought a ticket from Asti... to Asti.

Tino gazes out the window? It looks like it "took off" all right. And kept right on flying--

TINO

Maybe his English wasn't so good?

They LAUGH together as Salvatore turns the car off the "main" road into the hills--

CUT TO:

EXT. ASTI HILLS - DIRT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The Sedan pulls to a stop at the crest of a hill. Before the dust clears, Tino is out of the car.

CLOSE ON: TINO -- kid in the candy store.

TINO

(involuntary)

Wow.

A SPECTACULAR CLEARING in the unspoiled countryside. Rolling hills the color of caramel as far as the eye can see, Sprinkled here and there with trees defiantly thriving in the already noticeable heat. And there, just in front of them, a small POND shimmers in the sunshine.

Tino's races back to the car; opens the back door, grabs TWO FOLDING CHAIRS. He sets them up near the water's edge. He returns to the car again, grabs a large UMBRELLA -- sets that up next to the chairs.

Salvatore stretches his arms; trying to find his third wind. He goes to the rear of the car, fiddles with his keys a moment and OPENS THE TRUNK. He grabs something out of view --

Tino removes his new pole and a TACKLE BOX from the back seat. He sets the box on the ground, KNEELS next to it and flips it open, blissfully lost in the buffet of BAITs within.

TINO (CONT'D)

Gotta be some big ones in there!
Trout, maybe some bass? We're
gonna kill 'em today, Pop!

ON SALVATORE, dealing with something STILL OUT OF VIEW. And we hear the sound of SOMETHING BEING POURED INTO WATER --

SALVATORE

(sotto)

Yes we are.

BACK ON TINO, as he threads a lure onto his line. Pulls the knot, tight with his teeth. All set. He turns to walk to the pond, but gets to take only a single step before his face tells us something is very wrong...

REVEAL SALVATORE, emptying the last of a FIVE GALLON DRUM OF GASOLINE into the pond. Already, DEAD FISH begin to float to the surface.

He turns, sees the look of shock on his son's face--

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

I got a full day.

(beat; then)

You bring a net?

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - CHAPEL - DAY

TIGHT ON: A large CRUCIFIX. The face of Jesus hangs slack in eternal pain and suffering.

WIDEN SLOWLY. A shaft of sunlight pierces the stained glass window high behind the altar, giving this an ethereal feel.

WIDER now as we move back to see the rows of empty pews form a silent garrison on either side of the marble walkway between them; a faint channel visible in the stone, worn slowly by a century of sinners.

PAN TO the CONFESSIONAL BOOTHS, also ornately carved from rich wood. But, as we get closer, we notice that... SMOKE is WISPING out from under the door--

TIM (O.S.)
Bless me father, for I am stoned.

INT. CHAPEL - CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Inside the center booth (where the Priest would sit) Tino holds a joint, flicks a bit of ash from the end.

TINO
You must repent. Take another hit of this and drink two Bloody Marys.

Tino passes the joint through the small window to the adjacent booth. We travel with it to find TIM GALLAGHER, 16, ruddy and Tino's best friend. He takes another hit...

TIM
(coughs)
Few more I might actually see God.

A FEMALE VOICE comes from the booth on the other side--

STEPHANIE (O.S.)
(playful)
There are people waiting, you know?

THE CENTER BOOTH. Tino spins around, slides open the window to the booth on the opposite side.

TINO
Patience, my dear. This man's soul is in jeopardy.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)
(thru window; deadpan)
So is your sex life.

Tim's soul just got bumped down on the priority list.

TINO
 (swivels back to Tim)
 Timothy Gallagher, consider
 yourself cleansed.

The door to Tino's booth OPENS and we meet STEPHANIE BELLERO, 17 and gorgeous even in her school uniform.

STEPHANIE
 Room for one more in there?

TINO
 (pats his lap)
 Always room for a hopeless sinner.

Stephanie enters and takes a seat on Tino's lap, closing the door behind. The two share a gentle kiss and Tino passes her the joint, which she takes and hits. A beat, she EXHALES--

STEPHANIE
 Wow. Where'd you get this?

TINO
 The gardener. I got home this morning and there's a little present waiting on the porch.

STEPHANIE
 How do you know it's him?

TINO
 Instead of the Weed Fairy?

Stephanie PUNCHES Tino playfully in his arm--

TINO (CONT'D)
 No, he's really cool, we talk all the time. Besides, he left me his card, see?

Tino pulls a MATCHBOOK from his pocket. Solid black.

STEPHANIE
 Matches?

Tino takes the matches back, FLIPS THEM OVER. A GOLD BUTTERFLY is printed on the back.

TINO
 His last name is "Mariposa". Take a guess what that means in Spanish.

STEPHANIE
 (smiles)
 Butterfly.

TIM (O.S.)
Your gardener gives you weed?

TINO
You want the best part? He knows it's risky to plant a big field of it, so he takes one plant and mixes it in with the rest of the bushes at the houses he takes care of.

TIM (O.S.)
Wait... Seriously?

TINO
Who's gonna notice one little plant among all the others? Both of you could be growing me weed right now.

STEPHANIE
Seeing as we're all in a sharing mood...

Stephanie takes one more hit and grabs Tino's face in her hand. She presses her mouth to his, BLOWS the smoke in--

Just then, the door OPENS and these two find themselves staring up at FATHER ANDREWS, 46 and DEAN OF STUDENTS.

Reflexes kick in and Stephanie tries to hide the joint. But it doesn't really matter. A second later, Tino is forced to BLOW OUT all that smoke --

TINO
(sheepish)
Hi.

FR. ANDREWS
Yes, I'm sure you are.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DOCKSIDE FISH MARKET - DAY

A row of makeshift STANDS are crammed onto one of the many bay-side PIERS; every available space occupied by FISHERMEN doing their best to sell their catch.

SETTLE ON, one such stand, where Salvatore is in negotiations--

SALVATORE
C'mon, Mike, you can't raise the price of your abalone overnight.

MIKE, 30's and built like a fisherman stands, arms crossed behind his stand. He ain't having it--

MIKE

I dive for this abalone out by the Farallons. You know how many sharks there are out there?

SALVATORE

(please)
Sharks?

MIKE

It's my ass, Sal. And my ass is worth another buck-fifty a pound.

SALVATORE

Turn around, I wanna see.

MIKE

(he's done with this)
The fuck outta here.

SALVATORE

All right, fine. Gimme three boxes.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DOCKSIDE FISH MARKET - DAY

Salvatore stands at the trunk of his car as Mike loads in three boxes STUFFED WITH ICE; A LARGE BUCKET is already inside. Salvatore takes it, PRIES OFF THE TOP.

ON, the BUCKET -- full of the fish from this morning.

SALVATORE

Brook trout. Caught 'em this morning in Asti. Maybe we can work something out?

MIKE

I come here to sell fish, Salvatore.

SALVATORE

Think about it, Mike. Everybody's got great stuff, but it's all from the sea. You'd be the only guy on the pier with a selection of both salt and fresh water fish.

It's a bullshit offer. But Mike is considering it...

MIKE

Trout? For abalone?

SALVATORE

Trout and five cartons of smokes.
Lucky Strike's isn't it?

Mike NODS... it is Lucky Strike's. And we're starting to get a feel for how gifted a shyster Salvatore is. He's backed Mike off the logic; gotten him to think about what he wants. Now he just needs one more, little push--

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

I'll throw in a freebie with one of the girls. For you and your expensive ass.

MIKE

Deal.

They SHAKE ON IT. Salvatore CLOSES his trunk; prepares to get out of there. Mike grabs a TROUT from the bucket, gives it a good look. It's a fine looking fish. But...

MIKE (CONT'D)

Do you smell... gasoline?

SALVATORE

Nope.

CUT TO:

INT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - OFFICE - DAY

Tino, Tim and Stephanie sit in a row of chairs outside a door marked DEAN OF STUDENTS. A group of OFFICE LADIES take time to regard them with varying levels of disdain.

STEPHANIE

I wish he'd call us in, already.

TIM

(head in hands)

I am so dead.

TINO

It's gonna be okay. Relax.

A BUZZ on the Office Lady 1's phone. She PICKS UP --

TIM

Relax? Not everyone has a dad like yours, Tino.

TINO

What's that supposed to mean?

Another Office Lady jumps in; this ain't a chat room.

OFFICE LADY 2

SHHHHH!

TIM

(sotto)

My dad's a cop. Yours... isn't.

OFFICE LADY 1 hangs up. SNEERS at them --

OFFICE LADY

Father Andrews will see you now.

TINO

(sotto; to Tim and
Stephanie)

Just let me do all the talking.

Tim raises his palms up. *Be my guest.* FOLLOW THEM TO...

INT. DEAN OF STUDENTS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Father Andrews sits behind his desk. BOXES are stacked in the corner, just a few items remain on the walls and shelves.

Tino leads the way, with Tim and Stephanie right behind him.

FR. ANDREWS

This isn't what I had in mind for my last day.

TINO

Father, would it be okay if I said something before we begin?

Father Andrews leans back; his wooden chair creaks--

FR. ANDREWS

Go ahead.

TINO

(beat; then)

I take full responsibility for what happened. It was completely inappropriate, but the blame should rest entirely with me. Neither Stephanie nor Tim had any idea what I had in mind and, well, they were just caught in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Tim and Stephanie look at one another; this was unexpected.

Father Andrews looks Tino dead in the eye. Tino doesn't blink. Say what you will, but the kid's got steel in him.

FR. ANDREWS
What about it, you two?

And yeah, Tim's desperate to get out of this jam, but his voice tips his reluctance to let his pal jump the grenade.

TIM
Yes, Father. That's what happened.

STEPHANIE
(can't look at him; nods)
I really do apologize.

Tino looks relieved; glad to see his friends take the baton.

FR. ANDREWS
Mister Gallagher, Miss Bellerio you may go home. But I want you both to think tonight about what it means to be personally responsible.

TIM
(relieved)
Thank you, father!

SHARON
Yes, father.

Tim and Stephanie make their getaway; practically leave a trail of dust. Tino is the only one left on the hook --

FR. ANDREWS (CONT'D)
Big of you.

TINO
It was the right thing to do.

FR. ANDREWS
Don't be so sure. Tim and Stephanie need to learn from their mistakes as much as you do. Loyalty is an admirable quality, but it can be dangerous. Take a seat, Tino.

He does. Father Andrews regards Tino a moment, his face betrays a warmth that belies the current circumstances.

FR. ANDREWS (CONT'D)
You'll be the first in your family to graduate high school, isn't that right?

TINO
(grimaces)
That's right.

FR. ANDREWS
 Provided you don't get kicked out
 along the way, that is.

Tino lets his eyes fall --

TINO
 Yes, Father.

FR. ANDREWS
 The confessionals? Really?

Tino lets out a laugh; can't help himself --

TINO
 Pretty stupid, huh?

FR. ANDREWS
 You may be a lot of things, Tino,
 but stupid isn't one of them.
 (beat; holds up joint)
 What should we do with this?

Tino takes a moment; LEANS across the table, TAKES what's
 left of the joint from Father Andrews. He GETS TO HIS FEET,
 and CROSSES TO another DOOR--

A BEAT, and we hear the sound of a TOILET FLUSHING. Tino
 returns, sees Father Andrews NODDING his approval.

CUT TO:

INT. ALBERGHETTI HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Evelyn wears a STYLISH DRESS, goes through her PURSE at the
 dining table. There are at least 3 PILL BOTTLES inside--

EVELYN
 Thanks so much, Patty; I know
 you've got your own life next door.

Reveal, PATRICIA GUENZA, 46, and matronly. A neighbor.

PATTY
 The kids are at school; I've got
 some time before Jack gets home.

EVELYN
 I shouldn't be long. Christina's
 been good. But if anything happens--

PATTY
 (finishes for her)
 Call the number next to the phone,
 I know. You just run along.

Evelyn grabs her purse, a few ENVELOPES and she's gone--

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - SAME

A handful of STUDENTS jockey for position as a bus comes to a stop in front of them. They all climb aboard, all except for one girl, prompting one of the boys to call out to her--

BOY
You coming, Liliana?

This is LILIANA ALBERGHETTI, 15 Tino's other sister and the spitting image of her mother. She looks back towards the school now, slightly annoyed--

LILIANA
(to boy on bus)
Waiting for Tino.

The bus CLOSES its doors and pulls away, leaving Liliana to wave the exhaust away. She's alone now. Or is she?

TIM (O.S.)
You know where a guy can get a
catholic education around here?

Liliana turns to see, Tim walking towards her--

LILIANA
You seen Tino?

TIM
Father Andrews caught us smoking in
the confessionals. Tino took the
blame, so... he's probably going to
be a while.

LILIANA
(frustrated)
It's like thirty minutes til the
next bus!

Tim SITS next to her.

TIM
Sorry.

Liliana SMILES.

LILIANA
(leading)
Maybe someone could give me a ride?

TIM

What a coincidence... I happen to have a car.

She looks at him, then PAST him; OVER HER SHOULDER. Nobody around. She cocks an eyebrow at Tim--

LILIANA

Not that kind of ride.

Tim's face FLUSHES. And in an instant these two are MAKING OUT like only a pair of teenagers can.

BACK TO:

INT. DEAN OF STUDENTS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tino and Father Andrews are still at it.

FR. ANDREWS

How old are you now?

TINO

Sixteen.

FR. ANDREWS

(nods; pensive)

You feel like the whole world is spinning and you're stuck in place.

And here's the thing -- that's EXACTLY how Tino feels. Though having the condition diagnosed doesn't make the symptoms any less acute.

FR. ANDREWS (CONT'D)

But these might be the most important years of your whole life. This is the time you get to decide what kind of man you're going to be. God made you a leader, Tino. Surely you can see that by now.

Tino KEYS on this. Looks Father Andrews in the eye.

FR. ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Our lives can be broken down into nothing more complex than a series of little moments. It's up to us to decide which are important enough to get caught up in.

TINO

(sincere)

I'm going to miss you, Father.

FR. ANDREWS
I serve at the pleasure of the
archdiocese. Like the Jesuit motto
says...

TINO
Age quod Agis.

Father Andrews NODS; smiles--

FR. ANDREWS
It may seem as if God moves us on a
whim. But he has a plan for all of
us. Even you, Tino.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

No mass today. SCAFFOLDING spans the length of one wall, in
the middle of renovation. A WORKER in coveralls, speaks to a
PRIEST in one of the galleys.

The Priest spies something in his peripheral vision.

EVELYN walks purposefully towards him. He dismisses the
workman; moves to intercept her.

PRIEST
It's not safe for you here, Evelyn.
(beat; points to workers)
Not with the work being done.

EVELYN
(starts to cry)
He forgot Tino's birthday.

PRIEST
(sighs; beat)
We'll go to my office.

FADE TO:

EXT. CITY BUS STOP - NIGHT

A MUNI BUS stops at an active corner. Tino joins the few
people leaving and we FOLLOW HIM; And even though we're in
late spring, this is San Francisco, so he zips up his jacket,
thrusts his hands in his pockets.

INT. LA CASA ALBERGHETTI - MOMENTS LATER

The doors open and Tino walks in off the street. He shakes
off the chill and steps into another world --

REVERSE, to show an expansive dining room, warmly lit and comfortably furnished. Every table is filled with all manner of PEOPLE; some with their families, others on a date. All come to enjoy the food and the hospitality, both of which are served in ample supply.

FRANKIE (O.S.)
There's the birthday boy!

Tino turns to see FRANCINE CARLAMAGNO, 46 (but she'd never admit it) and blessed with the sort of bosom you can't take your eyes off of. The Italian have an expression for it. Roughly translated: "*She has the world on a balcony.*"

She's learned to use this to her advantage and trends towards a fashion sense somewhere between risqué and inappropriate. Oh, and only her mother calls her "Francine."

TINO
Hey, Frankie.

She steps out from behind the hostess station, HUGS him; temporarily burying him in a tsunami of flesh--

FRANKIE
Look out ladies, here you come.

TINO
(looks at the floor)
Thanks.

Frankie takes one of her hands, pick his chin up and looks right into his eyes.

FRANKIE
You're going to be something special, Tino. You'll see.

And although it's her job to make sure people feel good, we get the sense she means that.

Just then, one of the WAIT STAFF approaches --

WAITER
*Scusilo, Frankie, ma la tabella
otto sta chiedendo se possono
aggiungere due di più alla tabella.
Ma abbiamo bisogno dello spazio.*

FRANKIE
Who's sitting at table eight? And in English, Alberto. You'll never learn if you don't practice.

ALBERTO
(thick Italian accent)
It's Signore Triano.
(MORE)

ALBERTO (CONT'D)
 (clocks Tino)
 Ciao, Tino.

TINO
 Hey, Alberto.

Frankie turns; takes a quick survey of the situation behind her. A SWARTHY MAN, sits next to a YOUNG BOY, a mini version of himself, at the head of a table OVERFLOWING with people.

FRANKIE
 Tell Mr. Triano that will be fine,
 and his check comes to me,
 understand? Four and fifteen look
 ready to clear, so offer the next
 two groups a Cinzano and apologize
 for the wait.

ALBERTO
 Si, Frankie. Tutti presto.

Alberto turns to see to his duties but there's no lull in the storm because, just then--

An Enormous, black man enters the restaurant in an expensive suit. Almost instantly, people start to CHEER--

This is TERRY LONG, 31, left fielder for the San Francisco Giants and the current toast of Major League Baseball.

He smiles; gives a quick wave of thanks to the crowd.

FRANKIE
 Mister Long, how nice to see you.

TERRY LONG
 Hi, Frankie.
 (beat)
 Whoa, look at that.

REVERSE, to see... Salvatore carrying a lavish BIRTHDAY CAKE through the dining room complete with SPARKLERS for candles. We travel in SLOW MOTION here... Watching the sparks cascade--

And Tino actually GASPS; can't help it. *Is that for...?*

But then Salvatore stops; SETS THE CAKE DOWN in front of the man at table eight. His son's eyes as big as plates. It's the coolest birthday cake ever.

And Tino sees it given to a customer. BACK TO REAL SPEED--

FRANKIE
 (to Terry)
 The rest of your party is waiting
 for you, I'll show you back.
 (beat; to Tino)
 (MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Liliana's already in the kitchen,
Tino, why don't you suit up.

TINO
(deflated)
Right.

INT. LA CASA ALBERGHETTI - UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Frankie arrives at the top of a flight of stairs and leads Terry Long down a hallway, past several NUMBERED DOORS.

FRANKIE
(over her shoulder)
As usual, we can send up anything
you like. Just dial zero.

She reaches door number 3; opens it to reveal...

TWO GORGEOUS WOMEN, dressed as Major League Umpires. Well, sort of...

One wears nothing but SHIN GUARDS and a UMPIRE'S MASK. The other, PANTIES and STIRRUP SOCKS--

Remember, people come here for the food AND the hospitality.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Your party, Mister Long.

Terry looks pleased; steps inside the room and begins to take off his jacket. Just as Frankie shuts the door behind him--

UMPIRE GIRL
(seductively)
Batter up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ST. STEVEN'S PARISH - RECTORY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

We hear the sound of FOOTSTEPS, then see a LARGE MAN (50's) approaching someone from behind, as they load a suitcase into the trunk of a car--

LARGE MAN
Father Kennedy?

MONSIGNOR RICHARD KENNEDY, TURNS from the trunk, revealing his priest collar, and his annoyance at being interrupted.

40 years-old and solidly built, Kennedy regards his visitor with STEEL, BLUE EYES that shine with intelligence. A feature all the more interesting for one, very unusual fact:

Kennedy... is a black man.

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
(to the point)
Who are you?

The Large Man looks mightily confused, weakening his appearance momentarily--

LARGE MAN
(involuntary)
I... I thought you'd be...

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
Taller?

Kennedy has been through this all before, of course. Countless times. And whatever patience he may have had is now long gone.

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)
It's late. If you'd like to speak with a priest call back during office hours.

This snaps the Large Man from his stupor. Back to business--

LARGE MAN
I'm here from Truitt's. The caterer?

Kennedy's demeanor changes immediately and almost imperceptibly from defiance, to calm and calculating--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
Yes?

LARGE MAN
See, with the food and drink for all your events... it's come to quite a bit of money, Father.

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
(corrects him)
Monsignor.

LARGE MAN
(smiles)
Of course.

He removes a BALANCE SHEET from his jacket pocket, unfolds it, HANDS IT TO KENNEDY--

LARGE MAN (CONT'D)
It's all right here.

Kennedy pinches the sheet between his thumb and forefinger as if it were dirty; takes only a cursory glance--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
Your food is very nice. Nice things cost money, don't they?

LARGE MAN
They do. But Mister Truitt assumed you'd be at Saint Steven's for many years fa... I mean, *Monsignor*.

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
As did I. Still...
(points to luggage)
...These things happen.

LARGE MAN
I guess we live in a world where just about anything can happen.

That little chestnut hangs heavy between them. A BEAT, try to read the subtext in each other's eyes. Then--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
In my line of work, you hear all manner of things... *happening*. Things a man wouldn't want anyone to know about. Anyone but God, that is. I've spent these years at Saint Steven's assuring that man his secrets were safe. And that his soul was still pure in the eyes of God. I've been very happy to do this, you understand. Because the Lord has rewarded me for this task.
(beat; lays it on)
Now, I have every intention of continuing on that path. But, from time to time, even a man of the cloth suffers a moment of weakness. Begins to think that the weight of all those secrets is just too heavy. And perhaps he should lay his burden down. It usually passes. And the Lord renews his strength. But the Lord has decided I am now needed elsewhere.

Kennedy takes a step towards this man, closing the distance between them to mere inches--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)
Tell me, *my son*... Should I have refused him?

Confident and strong just moments ago, it's clear the priest's sermon has reached its audience. So...

LARGE MAN

No.

Kennedy hands him back the balance sheet --

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY

Neither should you.

It's a two thousand year-old shakedown. And it still works.

CUT TO:

INT. LA CASA ALBERGHETTI - LATE NIGHT

A COUPLE remains at a booth in the corner. A few OTHERS dot the bar. Most of the STAFF is at one end, sharing what people in the restaurant biz refer to as "the family meal."

Tino dives into a calamari steak, lightly breaded and fried in olive oil, butter and lemon juice. It sits next to a tangle of spaghetti thick with the house sauce that has brought people back here for a generation.

He gets a pat on his back, turns to see --

LILIANA

Pop wants to see you downstairs.

Her apron is splattered with all manner of culinary detritus; she grabs a bowl and sits with the others.

His mouth full of food, gestures to his plate, pleading--

LILIANA (CONT'D)

Just saying.

And even looking like this, she doesn't go unnoticed.

ALBERTO

(suggestive; thick accent)

When we have dinner together?

LILIANA

Fuck off, Alberto.

INT. LA CASA ALBERGHETTI - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The vast room spans the entire footprint of the building. And everywhere there are stacks of... merchandise. Several crates of SEAFOOD, packed with ice. Boxes of VEGETABLES and TOMATOES; a barrel of POTATOES, cases of WINE.

Nearby a full rack of LADIES DRESSES exactly like the one we saw Evelyn wearing earlier--

There are four SLOT MACHINES and next to those, crates marked LUCKY STRIKE, MARLBORO and WINSTON. And finally, a huge rack of EMPTY BOTTLES next to an actual working STILL.

We're a long way from the Ozarks, but there it is, HISSING steam as it turns potatoes into alcohol.

Salvatore sits at a CORKING TABLE with NICK DELCARLO, 50-ish and dressed in a suit slightly too small for him.

They are speaking *Italian* -- so all this will be *subtitled*

NICK
You sure you want to do this?

Salvatore SQUINTS at Nick--

SALVATORE
What are you saying, Nicky? Is it good information, or not?

NICK
It's good. It's just early. They want to save him for a bigger race.

SALVATORE
(shakes his head)
Tomorrow, nobody will be looking. Too many eyes at the big races.

NICK
(sighs)
They will be angry, Salvatore. They will want to know who did this.

SALVATORE
I know how to keep my mouth shut. And so do you.
(beat; lets that sit)
Now, you got it or not?

Nick seems reluctant, but he fishes into his coat pocket and pulls out a THICK ENVELOPE. He slides it across the table to Salvatore -- just as Tino ARRIVES AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS.

Nick sees him, TENSES UP.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
(to Nick)
My son.

Nick takes a closer look at Tino; smiles --

NICK
 (to Tino)
*You look like your father. Minus a
 hundred pounds and with hair.*

Tino looks to his father, waiting for the translation--

SALVATORE
 (chuckles; to Nick)
He doesn't speak Italian.

NICK
 (shrugs; to Tino)
 I was just saying how much you
 resemble your father.

Salvatore GRABS THE ENVELOPE, places it in his shirt pocket.

SALVATORE
 My son is sixteen today.

NICK
 Fantastico. *Buon Compleanno.*

TINO
 Thank you.

SALVATORE
 So I suppose you're ready to become
 a man, eh Tino.
 (beat; with gusto)
 You go upstairs and enjoy yourself.
 Choose any girl you like; I already
 squared it with Frankie.

Nicky looks MORTIFIED. But that's nothing compared to Tino--

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
 Look at him, he's so excited he
 can't even talk. *Mio figlio.*
 I'm gonna be late again. Since
 you're all grown up now, you can
 drive your sister home.

He reaches into his pocket, SLIDES HIS KEYS across the table
 to Salvatore.

Salvatore leans back in his chair, smiling... no, GLOWING
 with pride at this moment. For his sixteenth birthday,
 Tino's dad has just given his son... a hooker.

Hallmark doesn't make a card for that.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BELLERO HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Stephanie is in her robe and slippers, the lights in her house behind her are all off. She WAVES A FLASHLIGHT, back and forth across the greenery in her backyard.

She GRABS a plant, shines the light its leaf. Just a fern.

STEPHANIE

(sotto)

Damn.

Just then light comes on in the window of the house behind her. A BEAT, and then the BACKYARD LIGHTS come on as well--

We hear the CREAK of the back door opening. Hear the voice of STEPHANIE'S MOTHER--

MRS. BELLERO (V.O.)

Stephanie? Is that you?

STEPHANIE

(shit)

Yes, Mom.

MRS. BELLERO (V.O.)

What are you doing out there.

The hunt is over. At least for now--

STEPHANIE

I lost an earring.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALBERGHETTI HOME - LATER

The sedan pulls into the driveway of the Alberghetti house. A weary looking Liliana and Tino climb out and begin the short walk to the front door--

LILIANA

Awfully quiet on the way home,
Tino. Everything okay?

Where should he start? The gasoline fishing trip? The incredible cake that was for someone else? Or the hooker?

TINO

Just wiped out, Lili. That's all.

INT. ALBERGHETTI HOME - CONTINUOUS

LILIANA
Man, do I need a shower.

TINO
You're telling me; you were fogging
the windows on the way home.

Liliana gives her brother a playful PUNCH in the arm.

LILIANA
Shut up!

TINO
Three words: Wash, rinse, repeat.

Liliana LAUGHS. He GRABS HER in a half hug and it's clear these two are close.

LILIANA
(means it)
Happy Birthday, Tino. Really.

TINO
(means it, too)
Thanks, sis.

Liliana walks downstairs to shower and go to bed. We STAY WITH Tino as he walks into--

THE KITCHEN. He goes to the refrigerator, opens the door and grabs a pitcher of lemonade. He unscrews top and takes a long pull directly from the pitcher.

In the glow thrown out by the light of the refrigerator, Tino sees a photograph attached to the freezer door by a small magnet; CROUCHES DOWN to get a better look at it--

CLOSE ON, THE PHOTO: A smaller Tino wears a muddy soccer uniform. Standing next to him, hand on his shoulder is his proud father. Tino runs his hand over the photo, straightens it slightly. He lets out a SIGH--

And a TINY ARM wraps itself around Tino's neck. Startled, he turns to see Christina standing there. Out of bed she looks even more frail. Clear PLASTIC TUBING hangs around her neck.

TINO (CONT'D)
What are you doing out of bed?

CHRISTINA
I wanted to see you on your
birthday.

Tino REPLACES the lemonade, KNEELS down now to her level.

TINO
You did?

CHRISTINA
Mm-hmm. What time is it?

TINO
It's late, Christina. Let's get
you back to bed, okay?

Tino SCOOPS CHRISTINA UP in his arms, she's light as a
feather. Follow them to--

INT. ALBERGHETTI HOUSE - CHRISTINA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tino enters the room carrying his little sister like an
airplane. Her arms stretched out like wings --

TINO
Zoooooom!

Christina GIGGLES as her brother "flies" her back to her bed.
He tucks her in under her blankets, then reattaches the
rubber tubing to the valve on the oxygen tank; and replaces
the other end gently back under his sister's nose.

TINO (CONT'D)
I'm so happy I got to see you; It's
the best present I got all day!

Christina BEAMS UP at her brother.

CHRISTINA
I love you, Tino.

This gets Tino. He DIVES IN FOR A HUG before she can see the
tears form in his eyes; SQUEEZES her as tight as he dares--

TINO
I love you, too, Christina.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LA CASA ALBERGHETTI - THE NEXT DAY

The place does a steady lunch service, but nothing compared
to dinner. The atmosphere is much calmer and the staff has
time to breathe. Even--

SALVATORE, who chats with a CUSTOMER at the bar. The
customer's back is to camera as we join the conversation--

CUSTOMER
It sounded like she meant it, this
time. She's really upset.

SALVATORE
She'll get over it. You'll see.

CUSTOMER
I don't know, Salvatore.

SALVATORE
(shakes his head)
E niente. What else?

CUSTOMER
That's really it.
(beat; sighs)
This is so wrong, Salvatore.

SALVATORE
I'll tell you what's wrong, taking
the Dolphins minus twelve and a
half. You wanna make things right,
pay me my three grand.

The customer NODS; accepting the reality of the situation.
He takes the last pull from his drink, sets the glass down--

CUSTOMER
I should get back.

SALVATORE
(checks his watch)
I need to be somewhere, too. See
you next time, Paul. And listen,
don't worry, huh?

ARM AROUND, to reveal Paul's face. And holy, fucking shit--

It's the PRIEST WE SAW EVELYN GO TO YESTERDAY! He wasn't
complaining about his troubles; He was telling Salvatore his
own!

FADE TO:

INT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - CHAPEL - DAY

The STUDENT BODY is squeezed into the pews; girls on one
side, boys the other -- as if the four feet between the two
were enough to deny the urges within them all.

At the LECTERN is FATHER JOSEPH PARENTI, 50-ish, Principal of
Trinity Catholic High School. We join him mid-speech--

FR. PARENTI
So it's my pleasure to introduce to
you, a respected colleague and our
new Dean of Students... Monsignor
Richard Kennedy.

Monsignor Kennedy waits there, dressed in his FINERY. He nods to Father Parenti and struts to the lectern. He levels his blue eyes at the assembly. His tone is stark and cold--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
I wonder if most of you realize
what it means to have a
relationship with God.

CUT TO:

INT. ALBERGHETTI HOME - BACKYARD - SAME

Evelyn removes a tiny SWEATER from the clothesline; presses it to her face; INHALES DEEPLY. She SMILES, looks up at the fluffy white clouds above.

BACK TO:

INT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY (V.O.)
If you are truly prepared to make
the sacrifices necessary to become
one of His children.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLDEN GATE FIELDS - BETTING WINDOWS - SAME

Salvatore carries a RACING FORM in one hand; the other stays in his coat pocket. SHIRLEY, a prehistoric woman sits behind the wire of the window. She SMILES when he steps up--

SHIRLEY
Hi-ya, Salvatore. What'll it be
today?

SALVATORE
The seventh, twenty-five on the
three horse; to win.

Shirley hits a few buttons on her machine--

SHIRLEY
Okay; Seventh race, the three
horse, twenty-five dollars, to win.

Salvatore removes the ENVELOPE we saw earlier--

SALVATORE
Uh, uh, Shirl.
(slides it under window)
Twenty-five thousand.

You get the feeling Shirley's seen just about everything once in her day. Still, her jaw hits the floor.

BACK TO:

INT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - CHAPEL - SAME

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY (V.O.)
For too long, we have tried to deny
that, to know God requires
sacrifice.

CUT TO:

INT. ALBERGHETTI HOME - HALLWAY - SAME

Evelyn walks down the hall, freshly folded laundry on her arms. As she reaches a doorway walks into--

EVELYN
Guess who's here with...

INT. ALBERGHETTI HOME - CHRISTINA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

EVELYN
...Fresh, clean clo-

The laundry FALLS to the floor as Evelyn RACES to the bed--
ARM AROUND TO REVEAL, Christina, UNCONSCIOUS and very PALE.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
(shakes her)
Christina?! Come on, wake up!

BACK TO:

INT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - CHAPEL - SAME

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY (V.O.)
Do you honestly believe you can go
on doing whatever you wish and
still reap the glory of God?

CLOSE ON, Tino; he turns his head, looks at those
CONFESSIONAL BOOTHS we saw back in Act 1--

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE FIELDS - GRANDSTAND - CONTINUOUS

Sprinkled with people you find at the track mid-day, during the week. Several do their best to drink their luck around.

SETTLE ON, Salvatore. Sitting alone and lost in thought. We hear the TRACK ANNOUNCER over the P.A.--

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
The last of the horses is being
helped into the starting gate.
(beat)
And they're off!

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIN COUNTY STREETS - DAY

An Ambulance screeches down the street towards camera. Go...

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

A PARAMEDIC works furiously over an unconscious Christina while the SIRENS BLARE. Seated on the bench behind him is Evelyn, her EYES CLENCHED TIGHTLY against the tears. She holds her ROSARY to her lips; PRAYING with all she's got--

BACK TO:

INT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - CHAPEL - SAME

CLOSE ON, Monsignor Kennedy; really laying it on now--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
Whether or not you choose to
believe, the truth will always
remain the same...

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE FIELDS - GRANDSTAND - CONTINUOUS

A group of desperate faces track the race in unison, focused on the horses HURLING around the track--

But Salvatore isn't even watching. He looks straight up. And while we see his lips are moving, we can't make out what he's saying over the Announcer's Call--

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

...And into the stretch they come;
it's Assertive Lad by a head,
Majestic Prince running hard off
his right shoulder and, Spritus
Sancti closing on the inside; this
one's gonna be close!

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - ER WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn is in "Chairs". Although there are a handful of OTHERS around, she is ON HER KNEES, elbows resting on the seat of a chair, hands clasped tightly in front of her face.

BACK TO:

INT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - CHAPEL - SAME

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
The Lord giveth...

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE FIELDS - THE TRACK - CONTINUOUS

The horses CHARGE down the finishing stretch--

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
And it's...Spritus Sancti, winning
by a nose!

THE GRANDSTAND: Salvatore lets his eyes return to the track.
And for a guy who just won a lot of money, he looks more
exhausted than happy--

CUT TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - ER WAITING ROOM - SAME

A WEARY DOCTOR enters the room, MASK around his neck --

DOCTOR
Mrs... Alberghetti?

Evelyn, SNAPS to her feet. Looks at him with all the hope
you could imagine--

CUT TO:

INT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
... And the Lord taketh away.

BACK TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - ER WAITING ROOM - SAME

Which makes it even more heartbreaking to hear him say this--

DOCTOR
Why don't you sit down?

Evelyn just COLLAPSES.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - ER WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

The automatic doors SLIDE OPEN and Salvatore RUSHES IN. He scans the room for someone he knows. Anyone. Goes to the DESK.

SALVATORE

(frantic)

My daughter was brought here, she's only four... Christina Alberghetti.

The NURSE can see he's desperate; tries her best to help--

NURSE

Okay, can you tell me about when she was brought in?

EVELYN (O.S.)

Seven hours ago.

WHIP PAN TO: EVELYN standing in the doorway between the waiting room and the rest of the hospital. Tino and Liliana stand beside her, in their school uniforms.

Salvatore GOES TO HER; HUGS HER. She does not hug him back.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

(pure disdain)

Seven hours. And you just got here.

Salvatore looks to the faces of his other children, reads the fatigue and pain. He puts his arm around his family, leads them back to the relative privacy of the hallway.

SALVATORE

I'm sorry, I was... What happened?

EVELYN

Her heart just can't pump on its own anymore. It's just too weak. She almost died, Salvatore.

"Almost"

Salvatore lets out a SIGH of relief. Then quickly returns to the moment. He picks his head back up; HUGS her again. And once more, there is absolutely no reciprocity.

SALVATORE

Okay. We'll fix it. We'll--

And that's all Evelyn can take--

EVELYN

(interrupts)

What is so important? Every time you aren't there when she goes to bed? And still aren't there when she wakes up? Where are you?

SALVATORE

(hurt)

Evelyn, please. That's not fair.

EVELYN

Fair? Is it fair that your children have no idea who their father is? You forgot your only son's birthday. And don't you dare try to tell me you didn't.

He can't. Won't. And Tino lets his eyes fall to the floor when he hears the confirmation of what he already knew. Salvatore just stands there and takes all this. And now Evelyn's tears return, fueled by equal parts grief and rage--

It's too much for Liliana to bear, and she begins to cry herself. Tino wraps his arms around her, LEADS HER OUT--

Salvatore holds his hands out to his wife, invites her to him--

SALVATORE

Evelyn. *Tesorina...*

She SLAPS him, hard; ROUGHLY WIPES her tears away and tries to find strength from somewhere deep--

EVELYN

I deserve better than this,
Salvatore.
(beat)
We all do.

And she turns and walks away -- the automatic door SLIDING OPEN to let her through.

Salvatore SEES his wife gather his children and lead them away. As they are walking out...

TINO looks back; sees the sadness on his father's face as he stands there, alone in that hallway, until the door SLIDES CLOSED.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEAN OF STUDENTS' OFFICE - THREE DAYS LATER - DAY

Functionary and stark now. Cold. The way Kennedy likes it.

Monsignor Kennedy meets with SISTER CABRINI (AGE UNKNOWN), but a senior NUN at the school. And one whose own approach (to discipline at least) is closely aligned with Kennedy's--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
Who's next, then?

She consults a LIST; several names have been CROSSED OFF. And the next one is...

SR. CABRINI
Mister... Alberghetti.

Sister Cabrini looks like she just smelled ammonia--

SR. CABRINI (CONT'D)
He's been absent the last two days.
His file's there with the others.

Monsignor Kennedy sorts through a STACK OF FILES on his desk, finds Tino's; thumbs through it--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
Grades are... satisfactory. I see he's an athlete. Football captain, baseball and basketball. Has a sister in the tenth grade.

SR. CABRINI
He's popular. Students seem to look up to him. His father is...
(beat; stops herself)
...Colorful. The others seem attracted to this. Frankly so does the boy himself. Your predecessor treated him with kid gloves.

Kennedy looks at Sister Cabrini, a WRY SMILE creases his face. He REPLACES TINO'S FILE on top of the stack.

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
Bring him to me.

Sister Cabrini BEAMS at Monsignor Kennedy. She practically FLOATS out of his office --

INT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

STUDENTS cross in every direction, happily moving through the DIN of thousand conversations.

Stephanie is at her LOCKER, exchanging books between classes. Pulls her head out of her locker and sees--

TINO

Walking to his own locker from the other end of the hall.

Stephanie goes to him -- HUGS him.

STEPHANIE
I heard what happened.

He glances around -- doesn't feel like being the story of the moment. But the other students are too busy with themselves to pay any attention.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
Are you okay? How is she?

TINO
(empty)
She's really sick.

Tino OPENS his locker--

STEPHANIE
(trying)
I called last night.

TINO
We were at the hospital.

STEPHANIE
Can I do anything to help, Tino?

TINO
The doctors are doing all they can.

Tino FISHES OUT A BOOK--

STEPHANIE
(places a hand on his arm)
Tino, please. Look at me.

He does. And she sees the PAIN in his face.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
I mean can I do anything for you?

Tino looks into Stephanie's eyes -- sees the comfort, and the love inside them; thinks about how good it would feel to just let himself be swallowed up inside them. When--

A BELL RINGS. And then, from OFF SCREEN--

SR. CABRINI (O.S.)
Welcome back, mister Alberghetti.
Nothing too serious I trust?

TINO
It's under control.

SR. CABRINI

The new Dean would like a word.
That is if you're not too busy.
(to Stephanie)
Get to class, Miss Bellerio. That
was the bell.

Stephanie grimaces; She desperately wants to talk to Tino.
But before Stephanie can say anything else, he's GONE.

CUT TO:

INT. ALBERGHETTI HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Dark. Sunlight tries its best to seep in but is being held
at bay by the thick curtains.

EVELYN

in bed, unable to sleep; her eyes stare at the ceiling.

The PHONE RINGS. And it takes several more to convince her
to answer it. Even still, she moves in slow motion--

EVELYN

(zombie)
Yes.

INT. LA CASA ALBERGHETTI - RESTAURANT - SAME

Alberto is on the other line. His English is still spotty

ALBERTO

Scusilo, Signora; it's Alberto at
the restaurant. Is Salvatore
there?

INTERCUT BETWEEN LOCATIONS

EVELYN

No.

ALBERTO

A man is here with a bill.

EVELYN

Have Frankie take care of it.

ALBERTO

She no here either.

EVELYN

(she doesn't need this)
Then tell him to come back later.

ALBERTO

I already do, yesterday. And the day before.

EVELYN

(confused)

Salvatore wasn't at the restaurant yesterday?

ALBERTO

Nobody see him for two days now.

OFF EVELYN, wondering what's going on--

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN OF STUDENTS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tino ENTERS and stops short, visibly struck by the changes in both decor and tone.

Kennedy gives Tino a hard look. Just to prime the pump--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY

Sit down, Mister Alberghetti

Tino sits in his usual seat--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)

When I arrive at a new school, I make it a point to meet with a selection of students. Those who need... extra attention.

TINO

I'm doing fine, thanks.

And now Kennedy GLARES at Tino--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY

You are here to listen to what I have to say. When I require you to speak, you will be informed, is that clear?

Tino stares at Kennedy. Is this guy for real?

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Now, is one of those times.

TINO

Yes, sir. It's clear.

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY

I understand Father Andrews had a very relaxed view of discipline while here. That is going to change. And you are going to change with it. Is that clear?

TINO

Yes. Sir.

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY

Now, what sort of student are you?

TINO

'Bout average, I guess.

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY

Any extracurricular activities?

TINO

I'm Captain the football team. And play on the varsity basketball and baseball teams as well.

(beat; steady)

But you already know that.

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY

(indignant)

I beg your pardon.

TINO

That's my file, isn't it? Right there on top of the stack?

Kennedy's eyes betray him, FLICK TO THE STACK of files, erasing any doubt. This is Tino's meeting now.

Kennedy's face FLUSHES RED. But he's played his hand, so he reaches for the only lifeline he can--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY

You have a lesson to learn about respect, *boy*. And I will be the one to teach you. You be here tomorrow morning at seven sharp. And if you're even one minute late, you may consider yourself expelled.

Tino STANDS UP; rock steady -- and grateful for something to push against.

TINO

It's a date.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - SAN FRANCISCO - LATER

In your twenties, you might get away with calling it "bohemian." At Frankie's age, it's just small--

Still, as the dead or dying plants and the mess will confirm, she doesn't spend much time here.

Frankie sits on her sofa in her robe, a towel still wrapped around her head. Bits of LINGERIE hang on a makeshift clothesline behind her, drying in the afternoon sun.

A KNOCK at the door catches Frankie off guard; she STUBS OUT her cigarette and heads that way.

FRANKIE

Thank goodness. Do you know how worried I've been?

She OPENS the door and standing there, looking like hell...

EVELYN

Someone was going out when I arrived. So I let myself in.

Frankie looks like she might faint--

EVELYN (CONT'D)

You going to invite me inside?

FRANKIE

(extremely flustered)
I... yes. Of course.

Frankie stands aside, allowing Evelyn to enter. Frankie follows her inside and closes the door. She GRIMACES and goes to the lingerie; TAKES IT DOWN.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I thought...

EVELYN

You thought what?

Frankie SQUIRMS--

FRANKIE

I don't know what I thought.

EVELYN

Where's my husband, Frankie?

FRANKIE

I have no idea. Honestly.

EVELYN

But you were expecting him at the door?

Frankie ADJUSTS HER ROBE, tries to hide completely behind it.

FRANKIE

(sighs; worn down)
That was a long time ago, Evelyn.

EVELYN

Not for me, it wasn't.

She can't do this anymore; Frankie BARKS back at Evelyn--

FRANKIE

Evelyn, If I could go back and change things, I would. None of us can. But what we can do is try to find out what happened to Salvatore. Now, has he come home at all?

Just for the moment, Evelyn relents. But this isn't over.

EVELYN

No. I haven't seem him since the hospital.

FRANKIE

The hospital?

And it KILLS her to do this in front of Frankie, but having to say it out loud bring the pain right back again. Tears start to form in her eyes; she has to SIT DOWN--

EVELYN

Christina's heart is failing. She needs a transplant.

Shit. Frankie had no idea -- she SITS next to her.

FRANKIE

Oh my God. I'm so sorry.

And yeah, there's a lot of water under the bridge here; but Frankie's a human being; she puts an arm around Evelyn.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Salvatore went to the track after lunch on Tuesday. I haven't seen him since. Nobody else has either.

Evelyn she JUMPS to her feet. So much for bonding.

EVELYN

When you do see him, you tell him
his youngest daughter would like
him to visit her.

(venom)

If he has time.

Frankie is literally soaked in the rage and anger coming off
of Evelyn. But what can she do? So...

FRANKIE

Sure, Evelyn; Of course.

Evelyn walks back to the door, anxious to get out of here.
She opens the door, but before she leaves--

EVELYN

Oh. And Frankie?

FRANKIE

Yes?

She means this.

EVELYN

I better not see you there.

Evelyn walks out the door, leaving it open behind her.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. ALBERGHETTI HOME - TINO'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Tino is shaken from sleep. He reacts, startled. Sees...

LILIANA

Dressed in her pajamas, she looks worried--

LILIANA
(scared)
Something's wrong with mom.

CUT TO:

INT. ALBERGHETTI HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tino comes to the top of the stairs, Liliana close behind. He sees their mother seated at the dining table, a SEA OF PAPERS spread out before her. She looks awful--

TINO
Mom, are you okay?

EVELYN
(staccato; frantic)
Why are you home, Tino? Are you in trouble at school? What happened!?

And even within the horror of the last few days, Tino knows something is very wrong.

Because it's four in the morning...

He goes to his mother. Puts his hands on her shoulders--

TINO
(gently)
It's the middle of the night, Ma.

Evelyn has several papers in each hand. You can FEEL the stress coming out of her--

EVELYN
You have to graduate and go to college, Tino. You have to! Someone needs to make a success of this family. Please!

TINO
Mom, everything is fine. Look at me. Look at me, Mom, please.

She does. And she looks so scared--

TINO (CONT'D)
It's okay. I promise.

She wants to believe that. So much.

EVELYN
Everything is so expensive. The hospital...? And your father!

She pulls herself back. Puts her hand over her mouth--

TINO
What about Dad, Mom?

She can't hold it inside her any more--

EVELYN
He's gone, Tino.

TINO
What do you mean gone? Gone where?

Evelyn GRABS HOLD of Tino's shirt, CLINGING to him--

EVELYN
He left us!

TINO
What?

EVELYN
Nobody's seen him since the hospital. He just disappeared.

And now Tino's head is spinning. Behind him, LILIANA PUTS A HAND OVER HER MOUTH--

EVELYN (CONT'D)
(pleading)
But we're together, Tino. We'll find a way to make it, right?

Evelyn looks up at her son, DESPERATE. But things are about to get worse--

TINO
(accusatory)
Why did you do?

EVELYN
(confused)
What? No, I--

TINO
Why were you so mean to him about Christina!? You made him leave!

Evelyn is shocked and mortified, all at once-

EVELYN

No, Tino... that's not true. He-

TINO

(losing it; wanting this
to be true)

He's a great man! He deserves
respect! Why can't you see that?!

And there are a million things Evelyn could say in response to that. Should say. But the emotions here are simply too sharp. So the dam breaks. All over again--

She collapses on the table, LOST in her grief.

Tino stands there, next to her, consumed in (misplaced) anger. Through it all, he's kept his emotions closed off, like someone (who?) taught him to do.

Liliana now, jumps into the fray, running to her mother's side, throwing her arms around her, desperate to console her.

She shoots a look to Tino -- *How could you?*

When Tino sees the plain humanity in his own mother, REALIZING that she's just as frightened, just as LOST as he is right now... it's finally more than he can take.

And he collapses onto the floor, runs his hands over his head and face as his mother wails just feet away. And as we

RISE UP, further and further above this tragic scene, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TINO'S BLOCK - THE NEXT DAY - SIX THIRTY AM

Tino walks down his street, his backpack slung over his shoulder, and his eyes bleary and red from last night.

He passes two houses; And is STARTLED when he hears..

TIM (O.S.)

Tino!

EXT. GALLAGHER HOUSE - SAME

Tino looks and sees Tim sitting on the steps to his house. He's dressed in sweats; bare feet. His face is FLUSHED.

TINO

What are you doing up?

TIM
Went for a run. Wanna be ready for
practice tomorrow.

TINO
Who cares.

Tim recoils slightly; that doesn't sound like Tino. Still he comes down the steps and puts a hand on his shoulder--

TIM
Listen, I'm so sorry about
Christina.

TINO
(dismissive)
Yeah.

TIM
How's Lilliana? She okay?

TINO
(what the fuck)
"How's Lilliana?"

TIM
(backpedaling)
Yeah, I just mean... you know,
how's everybody holding up?

TINO
Just great, Tim. Thanks so much.

Tino looks angry--

TIM
Okay well, I guess you want to-

Tino THROWS A HAYMAKER at Tim's eye, puts him down--

And, yeah, Tim is aware his friend is going through the ringer here, but he's also sixteen years old. So...

In a FLASH, Tim SPRINGS TO HIS FEET; PUNCHES Tino in the nose, snapping back his head. And then it's on.

THE FRONT DOOR

MR. GALLAGHER, 42, built like a tank BURSTS from the house, half dressed in his police uniform--

He moves quickly to break it up. He's done this before and it shows. He FLINGS Tim back towards the house--

MR. GALLAGHER
You, get back inside right now!

Tim is hyped up, but goes in the house, SLAMS THE DOOR.

Mr. Gallagher BRUSHES OFF a very UPSET Tino; breathing hard, not ready to calm down--

MR. GALLAGHER (CONT'D)
Sorry, Tino, but I can't have this.

Tino SWIPES HIS HANDS AWAY; picks up his bookbag, can't take another speech right now. And he walks away--

But we STAY HERE for a moment; travel PAST Mister Gallagher to the WINDOW in a downstairs bedroom. The CURTAIN is being held open at the corner, just a bit. And we push through to

INT. GALLAGHER HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM - SAME

Liliana kneels on Tim's bed, sheets pulled up around her naked body.

LILIANA
(sotto)
Shit.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN OF STUDENTS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tino OPENS THE DOOR; Kennedy sees the blood on his shirt, dirt on his pants. Raises an eyebrow--

TINO
I fell off my bike.

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
No matter. As it happens, you're appropriately dressed.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - RECTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Monsignor Kennedy leads Tino around a narrow FOOTPATH to the rear of the rectory.

PAN, to reveal a large and SEVERELY OVERGROWN WEED PATCH.

Wild grasses, bushes and weeds grow unchecked in all directions. The forest primeval--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
I'm turning it into a prayer garden.

(MORE)

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)
Of course, before that can happen,
someone has to clear all of this
out.

Kennedy TURNS to face Tino, his eyes shining with glee.

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)
You'll find your tools in the shed.

Kennedy points to a RAMSHACKLE BOX, clearly abandoned.

TINO
Leave it to me, Father.

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
(annoyed, corrects him)
Monsignor. You may go home for the
day when you've finished. Not
before. Understand?

The school day runs seven hours. Tino'd be lucky to finish
this in seven days. Kennedy is visibly pleased.

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)
What? Nothing clever to say?
(beat)
Very well, I'll leave you to it.

Kennedy BRUSHES Tino on his way past, and out of the scene.

Once he's gone, Tino, lets his bravado slip away. His
shoulders drop as he realizes what's in front of him. He
makes to the "shed" PRIES THE DOOR OPEN--

REVEAL... an old RAKE and a pair of RUSTED HEDGING SHEARS.

TINO
(sotto)
Fuck.

He removes a JOINT from his pocket; places it between his
lips. He takes out a book of matches now and strikes one.
Just before he lights the joint, Tino clocks something---

THE MATCHBOOK

Tino folds the cover back down, revealing the gold BUTTERFLY
LOGO; a telephone number underneath. He SMILES--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - CHRISTINA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Christina sleeps in her bed. Surrounded by a crowd of
machines keeping her alive. But you hardly notice them at
the moment, because the room is OVERFLOWING with flowers.

Evelyn ENTERS--

EVELYN
(shock)
Whoa.

NURSE (O.S.)
I have to say, this is the most
I've ever seen.

Evelyn turns to see a NURSE enter behind her.

EVELYN
Are all these for us?
(beat)
For Christina?

NURSE
We couldn't even fit them all in
the room. There's even more at the
nurses station.

Evelyn goes to one of the arrangements, a MASSIVE cascade of white roses. She moves to the next one, equally beautiful. None of them, have cards.

EVELYN
How can we tell who sent them?

NURSE
He didn't want to leave a card.

EVELYN
He?

NURSE
Rumor is they're all from the same
person. Isn't that amazing?

The nurse goes to Christina's bedside, replaces a bag of fluid on her IV stand.

OFF EVELYN, as she tries to understand this--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - RECTORY - AFTERNOON

Monsignor Kennedy leads Sister Cabrini down the footpath;
Both are smiling as they round the corner--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
Well now, how's it-

Kennedy stops right there, utterly gobsmacked.

A NEATLY TILLED PATCH OF SOIL sits before them. Clean borders on all sides -- and not a shred of debris in sight.

It's impossible.

SR. CABRINI
There's something there.

THE SHED.

A NOTE is tacked to the door, fluttering in the gentle breeze. Kennedy walks over, RIPS IT OFF--

CLOSE ON, the note: *"Dear Monsignor, Best to let the soil breathe for a day or two before watering. Yours, Tino."*

ON KENNEDY, as he FUMES...

FADE TO:

INT. LA CASA ALBERGHETTI - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The Quiet Time. Between services. Staff is in transition, so the place is practically deserted. All except for...

FRANKIE

Seated in the small office, PORING OVER tickets from lunch; justifying them with the receipts and CASH in the till.

TINO (O.S.)
Still no sign of my dad?

She SPINS, startled. She sees Tino standing in the doorway, still dirty from his gardening project.

FRANKIE
Jesus, Tino; you scared me.

TINO
I'm just here to get some ravioli for Christina. It's her favorite.

FRANKIE
I know. Tino, I'm so sorry.

TINO
Thanks. Listen, Frankie... My mom's under a lot of stress right now. And, I think she'd feel better if she knew the bills were paid, you know?

FRANKIE
(fishing; hoping)
Did she say something to you?

TINO
 No, not really.
 (yes; really)
 I just know she's worried about
 money. The restaurant is packed
 every night. So-

FRANKIE
 (interrupts; frustrated)
 You should really talk to your
mother about this, Tino.

But Tino's no dummy. He realizes something stinks here.

TINO
 (serious now)
 Wait. What's going on, Frankie?

Frankie's complexion visibly changes two shades WHITER--

FRANKIE
 I think you better sit down, Tino.

TINO
 I don't want to sit down. So just
 tell me what's going on

Frankie sees he means it. Her shoulders fall. Defeated--

FRANKIE
 Your father likes to gamble. You
 know that, right?

TINO
 Yeah. So?

FRANKIE
 So, he's kind of... been on a
 losing streak. A big one. And he
 owes a man named Gary Triano.

A BEAT, as Tino registers something--

TINO
 The guy who's kid got the cake.

FRANKIE
 (beat; smiles)
 You don't miss much, do you?

TINO
 (back to business)
 How much?

FRANKIE
 It's complicated.

TINO
I know how to count, Frankie.

Tino comes further into the office now--

TINO (CONT'D)
How much has my father lost?

If Tino thought he was ready for the answer. He was wrong--

FRANKIE
Everything.
(beat)
Triano is taking possession of the
restaurant.
(and then)
Tomorrow.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE - CHRISTINA'S ROOM - LATER

The lights of San Francisco are now visible through the window. Tino ENTERS, a paper TO GO bag in his hand.

A Nurse gently finishes a sponge bath for his sister.

NURSE
She's asleep.
(beat; then)
Wow, that smells good.

Tino looks to the bag in his hand. Forgot he was even carrying it--

TINO
Ravioli.

The nurse smiles.

NURSE
She was awake for a little while
earlier today and I wanted to know
if she was hungry. So I asked her
what her favorite thing in the
whole world was. I meant to eat.
But do you know what told me?

Tino shakes his head.

NURSE (CONT'D)
She said, "My family."

Tino swallows hard.

The nurse gently puts the covers back over Christina, then stops to give Tino a warm pat on the arm as she walks out--

Alone now, Tino goes to his baby sister, looks at her there in her bed, silently fighting for her life, and wanting nothing more than to be with her family.

Family.

Tino takes her tiny hand in his, brings it to his lips and gives it a gentle and sincere kiss. And he lets it out. Finally and completely--

Tino begins to WEEP.

For the little sister he loves so much; for the father he naively idolized; for what he has done to his Mother...

And, most of all, because he understands now, that his "childhood" is over.

FADE TO:

EXT. BELLERO HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - SATURDAY - MORNING

The sun is shining brightly above a crystal blue sky.

Stephanie emerges from her front door in her soccer uniform, BALL under her arm. She spots a BAG on her front porch; bends to look inside and pulls out

A DRESS.

The same one from the rack in the restaurant basement, but in Stephanie's size. She takes it out, holds it up and admires it.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL FIELD - SAME

A few dozen boys are assembled in their football practice Helmets off, they take a knee at the foot of their coach, who is reading from a clipboard--

COACH

Feehan?

A voice from the boys--

FEEHAN (O.S.)

Here Coach!

COACH

Gallagher?

On TIM. A nasty shiner under his eye--

GALLAGHER

Here.

CUT TO:

INT. ALBERGHETTI HOME - CHRISTINA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Evelyn lays on Christina's bed in the fetal position. She clutches a number of her daughters stuffed animals to her chest.

INTO FRAME steps, LILIANA, who sets down a tray of food on the dresser beside the bed--

LILIANA

C'mon, Mom. You have to eat.

But Evelyn ROLLS OVER, away from Liliana--

CUT TO:

INT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - CHAPEL - SAME

PARISHIONERS are lined up for confession. Each waiting his or her turn to enter the booth, at odds internally over what to reveal, and what to keep secret--

CUT TO:

INT. GALLAGHER HOUSE - GARAGE - SATURDAY - MORNING

Mister Gallagher tinkers on a LAWNMOWER, broken down now to be repaired.

He turns to grab a set of NEEDLE NOSE-PLIERS from the tool board above the bench. Sees a tool is missing, it's black outline clearly visible in the middle of the other tools--

It's the FLARE NUT WRENCH.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT BUILDING - FILBERT ST. - SAME

Gary Triano steps out onto the sidewalk, moves to his CADILLAC, gleaming in the morning sun.

CUT TO:

INT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - CONFESSIONAL - CONTINUOUS

Monsignor Kennedy sits in the dark, wrapping up a confession. He delivers another penance to a SINNER through the grate--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
Say one hundred Hail Mary's and
think of how you can better serve
God. Now go in peace to love and
serve the Lord.

CUT TO:

EXT. FILBERT STREET - CONTINUOUS

THE CADILLAC

Crests the rise of Filbert street between Leavenworth and Hyde, and proceeds down the famously steep street on his way to conduct the day's business.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRINITY CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL FIELD - SAME

COACH
(pissed off)
Where the hell's Alberghetti?

CUT TO:

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTHS - SAME

Monsignor Kennedy turns to the opposite side of his booth; slides open the door, and greets his next victim--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
(through screen)
May the Lord be in our hearts to
help you make a good confession.

He awaits the traditional reply. But none comes.

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY (CONT'D)
Are you there, my child?

TINO (O.C.)
You haven't told me how you like
the garden.

ON MONSIGNOR KENNEDY: His eyes flash with anger.

CUT TO:

INT. GARY TRIANO'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Triano continues down Filbert Street and pushes his brakes... but nothing happens. Well something happens. His car starts to speed up. And fast.

GARY TRIANO
The Fuck...?!

CUT TO:

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTHS - CONTINUOUS

Kennedy gets his fury under control quickly, determined not to give Tino the satisfaction--

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
A fair effort. If a bit rushed.

TINO'S BOOTH: Tino smiles; volleys back--

TINO
Guess some people just can't keep up.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARY TRIANO'S CAR - FILBERT STREET - CONTINUOUS

The car HURTLES downhill. And this all happens very quickly--

ROLLING MONTAGE:

THE CAR continues to gain speed as inertia and gravity do their deadly work.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET a MOTHER escorts her YOUNG SON, eager to practice walking across the street. Midway through the crosswalk, she HEARS SOMETHING; cranes her head towards the noise--

INSIDE THE CAR:

GARY TRIANO
(hysterical)
Help... HELP ME!

He fights to keep control as his car hits the next cross-street and LAUNCHES off the top onto the next downhill--

Directly towards the mother and her child.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTHS - SAME

In the center booth, Kennedy has had enough.

MONSIGNOR KENNEDY
(ice cold; demanding)
Do you have something you would
like to say to me?

Tino can think of a few things, actually. But this isn't the time. Not yet. So...

TINO
Bless me father...

CUT TO:

EXT. FILBERT STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Mother SCOOPS up her son, but it's too late. They're frozen, right in the middle of the road. She SCREAMS.

INSIDE THE CAR: Triano JERKS THE WHEEL to the right--

GARY TRIANO
NOOOOOOOO!

SLOW MOTION: The Cadillac just misses the mother and child, FLYING OFF the edge of the next cross-street and straight into an apartment building.

A sickening CRUNCH fills the air, along with a cloud of dust, metal, debris... and blood.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTHS - SAME

ON TINO: The light from the priest's booth though the screen is enough to cast his face in an eerie glow.

His jaw set firm as he sanctifies the covenant he has made protect his family. Any way he can.

TINO
... For I have sinned.

END OF PILOT EPISODE