

I 'm Innocent

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EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Two tough-looking young teens ride bicycles, skateboards attached, toward the upscale Catholic church, where they stop, prop their bikes against the block wall and put on kneepads and helmets before focusing on the workings of their skateboards.

Long-haired MARCO ROMANO in dark blue Dockers pants and shirt, a conductor-type dark blue cap in his head, walks up to them, a knapsack with skater logo and marijuana decals on his shoulder.

MARCO
Dude.

BOY NUMBER ONE
Dude.

MARCO
Chill.

BOY NUMBER ONE
You chillax, Old Dude.

BOY NUMBER TWO
This your ride? Old dude newb?

MARCO
Kinda. I got a beef.

BOY NUMBER ONE
So? Point your beef somewhere else,
not at me.

He shows a knife, taking it from his bike to his belt, then continuing to adjust his skate gear. He tightens a wheel.

MARCO
Dude, it's a church. A wedding's
going down here.

BOY NUMBER ONE
And...?

BOY NUMBER TWO
He wanna marry you. He wanna marry
you.

MARCO
Quiet time now.

BOY NUMBER ONE
 Wedding. Shmedding. We got freedom
 of religion.

Marco looks at the boys, the church, the boys, the church,
 Boy Number One.

BOY NUMBER TWO
 Church Shmurch. God. Shmod.

BOY NUMBER ONE
 Shut it, dude.

MARCO
 Shmooze or lose, Dude. We gotta
 talk serious.

Up close Marco looks like maybe sixty years old. He puts his
 cap on his head. He points to the badge on the cap: Street
 Enforcement Unit. Boys' eyes widen; voices despair.

BOY NUMBER ONE
 Shit. A bust?

BOY NUMBER TWO
 Why, dude? What'd we do?

MARCO
 Sketchy location. And noise.

BOY NUMBER ONE
 We ain't done nothin'.

MARCO
 We got you on camera. Up the
 street. Near the grocery. We can ID
 you.

BOY NUMBER TWO
 We're fucked, man. One complaint
 and I'm off the team!

BOY NUMBER ONE
 Shut it, dude. Chess team's the
 least of it. Yo mamma. My mamma.

MARCO
 I got a plan. Stay here. Quietly. I
 gotta go in the church. Be out in
 maybe fifteen minutes. Wait down
 there. Around the corner. Watch my
 bag. No snooping. You're on camera
 there, too. Maybe I can get you
 off.

BOY NUMBER TWO
Maybe I can get you off.

He realizes what he has said and stops, embarrassed.

BOY NUMBER ONE
Dude, he's helping us.

Marco strides toward the delivery door of the church, gathering his hair under his cap and taking something from his pocket and touching it to his cap as he enters the door.

INT. CHURCH SOCIAL HALL - DAY

Crossing himself, Marco looks about, as high-end wedding guests assemble near a receiving line across the room. The hassled NUN guarding the door fails to notice her eyeglasses falling from her hand to the floor as he enters and she frowns.

MARCO
Thanks you for letting me come in this way, Sister. I know this entrance is planned for the use of wedding guests. May I speak frankly? I needed to inject my insulin in the car.

NUN
Well, okay then. Which side are you with?

Reaching for the nun's glasses on the floor, Marco in rising catches the reflection in the brass entry podium of the badge on his cap: Drag Queen Pageant Staff. In a courtly manner, he removes the cap as he hands the nun her glasses. His hair falls, and he assumes an innocent Jesus look.

MARCO
Like you, Sister, I am on the side of our Father.

The nun removes a ruler from her pocket, just in case.

NUN
I was asking if you are with the Darcy family or the Griffith family.

MARCO

Oh. I don't know. Oh, my! We are quite close but you know how young people are today. All Idaho and NJ and GaGa and really no last names.

NUN

Are you with Stacy's family or Lee's family?

MARCO

I am here for the family of the bride.

NUN

Yes. Of course. Which one?

MARCO

Stacy? I mean Lee.

The Nun and Marco look toward two middle-aged women holding hands and receiving congratulations in the receiving line. They are both wearing bride dresses and are clearly together. Nearby MARTHA STEWART whispers in the ear of the WEDDING PLANNER.

Note: Throughout the script there are celebrities and political figures that are, some, the real thing, and, others, impersonators.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I'm here for both of them. Finally, same-sex marriage legal in every state. Kinda makes me want to marry a man - just because I can.

Marco looks at the nun. The nun looks at Marco.

NUN

I'll tell the wedding planner...

MARCO

I don't wanna marry him.

The nun looks at Marco. She continues.

NUN

...so he can check you off the guest list. Name?

MARCO

John Smith. I'm supposed to eat something now. Doctor's orders. After my insulin. You know.

NUN

Very well. I'll know where you are.

She walks away, and Marco heads toward the food tables, gets a cucumber sandwich and nibbles on it, then looks up as comes charging at him an angry well-dressed male WEDDING PLANNER. Marco opens his pocket folder and chooses a different adhesive badge to press on his cap as he puts it on his head.

WEDDING PLANNER

No, you do not. All those invited are accounted for. You are not on the list. Society security applies.

MARCO

I saw you immediately and knew you were an Executive Nuptials Programmer.

WEDDING PLANNER

Why, yes, I am indeed. That I am.

Marco points to his cap and its badge: 'Fire Inspector'.

MARCO

I am with the Fire Department. I need to see the electric appliances to approve them. And assess the occupancy level.

The Wedding Planner wags his finger at Marco.

WEDDING PLANNER

I am tee-totally certain we are in total compliance.

Marco adapts, removing his cap and shaking out his long hair.

MARCO

Now calm down, girl. Your wedding is just gorgeous. To die. I just need to take care of this silly official nonsense.

WEDDING PLANNER

Well. Okay. Then.

The wedding planner walks with Marco, nodding at everyone around in smiling, exaggerated reassurance.

MARCO

It's okay; I can work alone. You've got other important business.

Marco points at CLAY AIKEN passing nearby.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Cute guy over there.

The wedding organizer turns and struts away toward CLAY AIKEN, who sits a microphone singing *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter*, turning from the wedding couple to the wedding planner at "kisses on the bottom". Marco stuffs into his capacious pants pockets Ziplock bags of food from the chafing dishes and bottles of beer as well as a bag of ice. The wedding planner reappears.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Oh, why, hello again. The
electrical connections seem just
fine.

Marco smiles and turns to hurriedly walk off. Several bags of food fall from his pocket.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Food for the hungry homeless
children. You've heard about the
Fire Department project -- well, of
course you have.

Marco looks toward the door.

MARCO (CONT'D)
I will get my clipboard in the car -
- for your signature. I think I can
make an estimate of the attendance
at a number that will be beneficial
to you.

He exits, the beer clanking, as the nun penguin-walks toward him, glasses on her nose, sugar-free chocolates in her extended hand.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NEXT

Marco strides, clanking, from the church to the boys waiting around the corner, the Fire Department cap on his head.

BOY NUMBER TWO
So you're a fireman too? We fast
but no fires. So far. Sparks maybe.

Marco takes off his cap.

MARCO

Yeah, I've got two jobs. And a third one is calling me.

BOY NUMBER TWO

Yeah, like those clanky pants of yours calling me.

He frowns, not sure if he should be embarrassed at what he has said.

MARCO

Illegal alcohol. Seized. Can't talk about it. I've got something for you to do. To expunge your record.

BOY NUMBER TWO

Expunge yo mamma.

MARCO

I've thought about it.

BOY NUMBER ONE

Dude, chill with that. I told you: he's helpin' us. Fo Shizzle.

MARCO

Fo-CUS, dudes. Watch me.

Taking items from his knapsack and his pants, Marco dumps sweetened condensed milk and instant pudding mix into a can and puts the can in a lawn roller with ice and rock salt around it. He attaches the lawn roller to Boy Number One's bicycle.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Ride your bike up and down that lot down the street. The one that just got cleared. Gonna be a community garden. The roller flattens the dirt. In half an hour you'll have ice cream. Gotta work that long.

Marco hands them some plastic spoons and bowls from his pants.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Eat what you want and then take the rest to that day care next to the lot. Know it?

BOY NUMBER ONE

Yeah. One with the ratty graffiti fence.

BOY NUMBER TWO
With my avatar all over it!

Boy Number One looks at him. He gets quiet.

MARCO
Yeah. Leave the roller with them.
Tell them Marco will come get it.

BOY NUMBER TWO
But we ain't doing nothing with no
ice cream. Can't buy no ice cream
for nobody.

BOY NUMBER ONE
Shut. Don't hate on the 'atric.

Boy Number One looks at Marco.

BOY NUMBER ONE (CONT'D)
Rad, Dude.

He starts biking off, then gets off and walks back to Marco.

BOY NUMBER ONE (CONT'D)
Thanks. Man. And you're not so old.

He reaches out his hand and Marco shakes it. The boys ride off with the roller rolling behind Boy Number One's bicycle.

BOY NUMBER TWO
When's my turn, Dude? Can't be just
you doing the good stuff. That
ain't fair.

EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR AN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Capless, Marco walks up to COURTNEY, slumped against a wall wearing a dress with a painted image of Marco and herself in the Garden of Eden under the Tree of Knowledge, on which very few apples are left.

COURTNEY
Hi, honey. Where's my food? I'm
starving.

She sees the food as Marco takes it from pockets and places it on the wall, but she reaches instead for a beer, opens it and starts drinking.

MARCO

It was a really nice reception. And the couple -- holding hands, in love for sure.

Marco lets tears run down his cheek.

MARCO (CONT'D)

It is such a beautiful thing, isn't it -- marriage.

Courtney pats his thigh and moves closer. She makes that sort of hum some women do around their men - sometimes.

COURTNEY

Oh, honey, you're touched!

MARCO

It's just...

He sniffs.

MARCO (CONT'D)

It's just that...Jesus! It took so long for marriage to be legal for gay people. They want to get married, too -- just like straight people.

Courtney starts, then calms herself and reaches to hold his pinkie.

COURTNEY

So we're next, huh? Even after living together for like 18 fucking years? Even without us getting pregnant? Oh, Marky.

MARCO

Well, I dunno, kid...

Courtney releases his hand. Marco puts his arm around her, kneading her opposite shoulder.

MARCO (CONT'D)

As long as I've got long hair, I'm a hippie. And I just don't know that real hippies ever get married. Or have children.

Courtney stiffens and moves away from Marco. She opens another beer. Marco eats.

The couple rises and walks down the street, Marco putting on his cap and handing out food and a few beers to homeless men, women and a father with his preteen son. He takes off his cap as they approach an apartment building.

COURTNEY

Marco, are we gonna do the ice cream walk? Did ya buy the stuff? Where's the roller?

MARCO

I'll tell you about that, honey. We'll have to do that later. Still time to practice before the big charity thing. Maybe tomorrow.

Courtney fumes, but sighs, too.

Marco stops, puts on and adjusts his cap, and returns to take the beer from the boy and pour it into a trash can nearby.

On the way back to Courtney, Marco again removes his cap. He sees a flyer on a pole for a performance by Sinead O'Connor with the date, "Tonight, April 1".

MARCO (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! Mother of God! I gotta go see Ma. It's her birthday. You wanna come? I gotta shop on the way.

COURTNEY

No way. I just can't take it, bub. Takin' the train?

MARCO

Yeah.

COURTNEY

Fuck, Marco. You're gone again! Okay, go. If I had a mother or a brother I guess I'd go, too. Whatever.

They do not kiss. Courtney goes into the apartment building, while Marco rushes off.

INT. MAY I HELP YOU HOME - EVENING

Marco, shopping bag in hand, walks quickly into a building marked with the sign: May I Help You Home.

INT. MA'S ROOM IN MAY I HELP YOU HOME - NEXT

Marco enters MA's room through its open door.

MARCO

Hey, ma.

Marco's mother sits in one of those large hospital-type fake-leather chairs, eating from a tray on a pull-up table.

MA

They said on the intercom my son was here. I thought it was Michael.

MARCO

No, it's just me. I'm a little late. I brought you a birthday cake and some of those things you like - dark chocolate ones.

His mother just nods and eats, not looking at the cake on which is written "Happy Birthday, Ma, from Marco and Michael."

MARCO (CONT'D)

But Michael is coming, too.

Ma brightens up. Silence while Ma munches. And munches, all the while looking down at her food.

MICHAEL, in priest collar and over-dressed enters the room, empty-handed, and Ma is all smiles.

MICHAEL

Hey, Ma. Whazzup? Happy Birthday.

MA

Thanks for the cake, Michael. Sit here beside me. Marco was late.

Michael pulls a chair close to his mother. He pulls from a pocket a DVD.

MICHAEL

Here's a DVD of me presiding over mass, Ma. Oh, no, it's not the newest one. It's kinda old. Oh, well, masses are all pretty much the same. Like a popular song! We can watch it for your birthday.

CHER passes the open door, singing *If I Could Turn Back Time*.

CHER

If I could turn back time. If I
could turn back time. If I could
turn back time. Ooh, baby.

Following Cher is another resident of the building, MARY ELIZABETH, who goes slowly past the open door in a handicapped person's scooter.

MA

Mary Elizabeth, my son the priest
is here. He is very well respected.

Michael looks up with an I-am-an-important-saint expression. Mary Elizabeth kinda smiles but continues onward, gone from view in the doorway. Then she returns, in reverse, but much quicker, from the direction she had gone.

MARY ELIZABETH

Oh, Marco's with you, too. Marco,
the plan you came up with -- when
your mother was kind of napping
during your last visit...well, it
is doing so well. Last night we had
lettuce and radishes from the
garden -- already! And we scooter
people can get to the raised beds
so, so easily. Thank you so much,
Marco.

Marco smiles. He and Mary Elizabeth wave goodbye as she smiles and, very fast, scoots away. Marco's cellphone with Rolling Stones decals rings with the Kings of Leon song "Given a chance I'm gonna be somebody, If for one dance, I'm gonna be somebody".

MICHAEL

Now, who are you kidding?

MARCO

It's my business: I 'be' people.
That's what impersonators do,
Michael.

Marco speaks on his Rolling Stones cellphone.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Okay, yeah. Let me know when
there's another gig./I know: it's
not your fault.

Michael and Ma share a shrug of the shoulders.

MARCO (CONT'D)
 My gigs paid for your seminary,
 Michael.

Michael puts the DVD in to play, while responding to Marco.

MICHAEL
 Okay. So, not that my work as a
 priest is anything to note, but
 what can you say you're doing for
 the world, with your pretend work,
 Marco?

Michael turns on the DVD player.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 I myself have presided over the
 same Mass for decades now.

MA
 All the good you do, Michael. I am
 so proud. All the rites. And the
 rituals. My, all the rites and
 rituals.

Marco gives MA a quick kiss.

MARCO
 Gotta go, Ma. Gotta go, Michael.
 Keep the peace. Gotta go study some
 lines. Love you.

MICHAEL
 Oh, okay, Marco.

Michael and Ma continue to stare at the television set.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 We learned our lines a long time
 ago, didn't we, Ma.

INT. LOBBY MAY I HELP YOU HOME - EVENING

Marco hands his debit card to Missy, who swipes it and hands
 it back.

MISSY
 Thanks, Marco. Update. You were
 right! The high school teams are
 coming over to work out with the
 residents.

(MORE)

MISSY (CONT'D)

Keeping everyone in shape, and lots of bonding going on. Already! And we've added the nerds, too.

Through the gymnasium door can be seen high school students playing basketball with elders. Pairs of an elderly person and a teenager talk and play checkers and chess and other board games.

High school students, older women of varied shapes, and older gay men chant cheers together, led by BETTY WHITE.

CHEERLEADERS

Yo cheerleaders, say what, yo cheerleaders, say what, shake your bootay, no way, shake your bootay, okay, jump, shake your bootay, jump, shake your bootay.

There are guffaws and giggles. Marco whistles a fingers-in-mouth cheer. The ACTIVITY COORDINATOR yells to Marco.

ACTIVITY COORDINATOR

Hey, Marco, can ya throw me a few minutes? About fencing stuff?

MARCO

I'm not into B&E any more and I suggest you not be in it either.

ACTIVITY COORDINATOR

No, Marco! Not fencing stuff. I mean stuff for fencing.

MARCO

Like chain link?

ACTIVITIES COORDINATOR

No, Marco! For fencing. Like those pokey swords and padded suits and stuff.

MARCO

With your accent I was back in the neighborhood.

(shaking his head)

Not in howtie-towtie North Carolina. But, yeah, lets Google it now.

Marco looks at his Rolling Stones cellphone to see the time. Then he calls Courtney.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Hi, babe. Look, I'm gonna be later than I said./Yeah, maybe half an hour. Okay./I won't wake you up.

Marco kind of jogs over to the Activity Coordinator.

MARCO (CONT'D)

For later, what do you think about scooter races?

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - DAY

A messy bed its major piece of furniture, the room is nondescript except for the miscellanea and clothes and bills and dishes that lie about the floor and on the dresser and the large paintings propped against the walls, one showing Marco holding loaves of Wonder bread and cans of tuna fish while around him people eat sandwiches, among them an unhappy Courtney, whose thought bubble circles a steak and baked potato.

Marco and Courtney sprawl in the only two chairs, both canvas butterfly chairs. They are eating fast food breakfast.

MARCO

Da Egg McMooffin, she good, but we needa da Italian 'Romano Muffin'.

Courtney is not up to praising silliness.

COURTNEY

I'm just tired of you being late, Marky. Last night you were like two and one half long hours later than you said.

They eat silently. Courtney looks at her Egg McMuffin.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

They're the left-over ones, aren't they? End of breakfast hours.

MARCO

It's the new economy, honey.

Courtney looks up at Marco and sighs.

COURTNEY

Well, I do get the best parts of what you find.

MARCO

You got the best parts, baby.

COURTNEY

Yeah, well, I wanta use my parts to make a real baby. And I want a marriage. And even a house. Maybe. And you don't. And...

MARCO

But I give you da great service, lady.

Silent Courtney searches for some pills, then swallows them with the remains of her coffee. Marco caresses her shoulder. She gets up and sits on the bed and turns on the old television on the dresser. An old PopEye and Olive Oyl cartoon is on. Marco gets up looks finds a can of spinach in a dresser, pops its top, and tries unsuccessfully to dump it all into his mouth at once. Courtney looks at him with no expression. Marco sits down and watches television again.

Courtney goes to an unfinished painting on her easel and paints over the children gathered about her and Marco. She moves the painting to the floor, gets several beers from the small refrigerator to place near her, and stares at the blank canvas.

COURTNEY

You getting lunch later at Hardee's?

MARCO

Yeah.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Marco and Courtney are in bed under separate covers. The picture on the easel shows an old Courtney leaning on a walker, an infant in a make-shift sling draped between the two handholds. On the bed near her are empty beer cans. Around his head are locks of hair. Marco opens his eyes.

MARCO

What the fuck? How did this happen?
Jesus! God! Mary! Fuck!

Courtney is asleep. A pair of scissors lies near her on the bed.

MARCO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Courtney! Why in God's name did you cut my hair off! Oh, God!

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

This is just fucking horrible. NO!
NO! NO! God damn, I have had long
hair for like, what is it? 20
years? Since the fucking 60's!

Courtney awakens, holds her head, looks puzzled. Then she
sits straight up.

COURTNEY

Come on, Innocent! You look great.
I think I've wanted you to have
short hair FOREVER! And not look
so...like an old hippie!

MARCO

I don't. I didn't!

COURTNEY

Now you can be a...a...a...a
hipster! Honey, you were sleeping
so hard...and I just couldn't stop
myself! You were so mean about
getting married and all. Come on,
honey; you're still my baby...my
baby Innocent.

MARCO

God, Courtney! My hair is who I AM!

Marco gets up to see himself in to the dresser mirror.

MARCO (CONT'D)

For Christ's sake, look what you
did, Courtney! What am I going to
do? This is too much! And I am
NEVER mean! What the hell do you
mean?

COURTNEY

Ah, you look sooo good, baby! It's
okay. I know I shoulda told you
before I did it. I guess I was
kinda wasted. Maybe a lot wasted.
And those pills might not be what
he said they were. I kinda thought
I dreamed it.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Courtney, my hair is who I AM!
Jesus! Now I won't even look so
innocent anymore! Now I look like a
judge or a banker or a fucking
priest. Who's gonna trust me now?

Marco rubs his head and looks again in the mirror.

COURTNEY

Well, yeah, you sure don't look like Jesus any more, honey. And not innocent at all.

Marco stares at her.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

You look sexy, Marco.

A small tattoo of a naked angel with butterfly wings visible on his back, Marco sits on the end of the bed looking into the mirror.

MARCO

Jeeze, I just don't look like me!
Oh, no, I'm playing Bret Michaels -
like fucking soon.

Marco reaches back under his pillow for his his Rolling Stones cellphone to check the time.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Like in an hour! How am I gonna do that? Huh? Jeeze! No hair! I gotta cancel.

COURTNEY

Innocent. You should go. You like it. And, honey, we do need the money. Cable bill's overdue again. And, um, somebody may come lookin' for some, uh, money.

MARCO

Oh, God, Courtney! If I quit my pot, well, damn it, you can quit your pills! You said you would, and it's been, what, a year, since I quit. It is TOO EXPENSIVE! So how'm I gonna do Bret Fucking Michaels? Huh? They didn't just hire me cause I can talk like him. It's my long hair, Courtney. Oh, fuck!

They both sit.

COURTNEY

Bret Michaels himself may not have long hair.

He looks at her but strides into the bathroom. Courtney looks through her stuff strewn around and in the chest of drawers, until she finds some bandanas. She gathers Marco's hair from the bed and then searches for glue. Marco comes back in.

MARCO

Are you getting it to work?

COURTNEY

Yeah. I'm down.

She works with the hair, bandana, and glue.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

And after the gig I'll take you out to dinner. I'll cash in on Jiovanni's debt to me. We'll eat at his place.

MARCO

Courtney!

COURTNEY

Your honor, he owes me something for that painting of mine in the restaurant.

Courtney hands the headband/hair combo to Marco.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Well, yeah, and for a few pills.

She looks over at Marco, who is putting on a t-shirt and torn jeans.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Where's that really nice suit I got you? Really, really nice. You know, from Goodwill.

Courtney finds the suit under the dresser, the low-slung back of her nightgown revealing her own tattoo of a naked boy angel with colorful butterfly wings.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

So this will be a special occasion.

(beat)

Yeah.

MARCO

Yeah.

COURTNEY

I feel a painting coming on. Who's that guy with the long hair that got cut off? Sampson?

MARCO

Courtney, that dude fucking lost his power! Momma's Bible stories. Because of Sampson she let me have long hair.

COURTNEY

Never mind. I'll make a beautiful painting of the new handsome you.

She looks up at Marco.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Not that you haven't always been handsome. Marky.

MARCO

Guess I should floss.

Courtney quietly works on the bandana wig.

INT. GRADUATION PARTY - AFTERNOON

In the rec room of an upper-class home, Marco as Bret Michaels mingles with fourteen-year-old kids. A TEENAGER speaks to Marco.

TEENAGER

Who's Bret Michaels? I thought you were supposed to be Fergie.

SECOND TEENAGER

Who's Fergie? I bet there's somebody who does Justin Bieber.

MARCO

I'm thinking of getting out of this business, actually.

DONALD TRUMP, nearby in the crowd, moves over near Marco.

DONALD TRUMP

I could use your skills.

Marco brightens up.

DONALD TRUMP (CONT'D)
 You know about hair. Would I look
 good in a head wrap? I think I can
 carry it off. What do you think?

Marco smiles, a little.

MARCO
 I gotta go.

INT. IMPERSONATOR AGENCY - EVENING

We see the company name, Impersonators International, Moe or
 Less, on a flyer on the desk. Marco, still in his Bret
 Michaels garb and hairdo, sits across the desk from MOE, with
 big curly hair, wearing a smock over his clothes. We spy
 through an open door two men who look remarkably like LARRY
 and CURLY. On Moe's desk are a computer and a round makeup
 mirror on a stand.

MOE
 Hey, Bret. Innocent with you?

Moe leans back in his chair, reminiscing.

MOE (CONT'D)
 Hey, 1987. Bret Michaels. The Talk
 Dirty to Me days. We rent the hall.
 Work the ticket booth. Think
 they're still there waiting for the
 show to start?

They laugh.

Moe comes back to earth.

MOE (CONT'D)
 No more.

MARCO
 Can't pull the Innocent thing and
 get out of prison: How do you nice,
 big guards help lost visitor ladies
 get out of this place?

They laugh. Marco takes Moe's check from the desk.

MOE
 Thanks for keeping me out of that
 investigation, Marco.

MARCO

Hell, ya gave me a job. And, Moe, if I hadn't taken that fist of mine to the face of that rent-a-cop you might not have fallen out that window.

MOE

Which I don't even remember.

MARCO

Leaves only me the one with a fear of heights. And a jealous lust for that top-of-the-line electric vehicle you drive.

The movie look of sadness and regret passes over his face.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Never again, Moe. I'll never raise my fist to anyone. Whatev'. I gotta go.

Moe looks up at a clock on the wall.

MOE

Yeah, me, too. Gig tonight.

MARCO

The Three Stooges?

MOE

No, why'd ya think that?

Moe expertly applies red lipstick and then white ovals to his eye area and removes his smock as he stands up - and becomes an older Little Orphan Annie.

MARCO

You are wearin' that dress, Annie!

INT. LOBBY IMPERSONATOR AGENCY BUILDING - NEXT

Marco enters the bathroom off the large, empty, older-looking lobby. He emerges with his newly short hair apparent, dressed in his wrinkled suit. Marco passes a nun in the lobby and he crosses himself, from some early instinct or playtime. At that moment, Moe, in an electric wheelchair, comes out of the Impersonators office, still dressed as Little Orphan Annie. The nun goes into the Catholic Charities office. Moe stares at Marco and then approaches him.

MOE

Sir. Sir. Sir. Sir, were you
looking for me?

Marco walks on, ignoring Moe at first.

MARCO

I don't feel like playing Daddy
Warbucks, Moe! I'm goin' to dinner
with Courtney. She's paying.

MOE

Innocent! I didn't even know it was
you! I come out to take a piss, and
there's the fucking Pope!

MARCO

What are ya talking about, Moe?
Look, I gotta go.

MOE

How did you do it, Innocent? You
look just like him. How in God's
name did you manage to look like
that? Gee, I thought you were some
new impersonator dude coming in
from the CraigsList 'Do you look
like a celebrity" ad.

MARCO

Okay. Look, this is me. Courtney
has screwed up my ass big time. She
has fucking crucified me! She cut
off my damn hair!

Marco strides toward the door.

MOE

There's money in impersonating the
Pope.

Marco stops, pauses, and turns back to Moe.

MARCO

Okay, Moe, I got a minute. What's
the gig?

MOE

No gig yet.

Marco starts to walk.

MOE (CONT'D)

Innocent! Wait! People are talking about the new Pope. They know what he looks like. Hell, the Pope's even a celebrity.

MARCO

I dunno. Haven't been watching no fucking religious channel.

MOE

They just chose him or God picked him, whatever they do. You know, the other Pope quit.

MARCO

I dunno nuthin', Moe.

Marco puts his hand to head, and is still surprised feel his short hair.

MARCO (CONT'D)

And Jesus Christ! I sure don't look like Jesus anymore! Shit.

MOE

There's not much call for Jesus these days anyway, Marco.

Marco starts walking again.

MOE (CONT'D)

Look, somebody does want the Pope. They just don't know it yet. They think they want Elvis, but the Pope beats fucking Elvis anytime.

Marco wavers.

MOE (CONT'D)

Come on. Gimme just two minutes.

Moe spins quickly toward the office door.

He looks back at Marco just standing there.

MOE (CONT'D)

Come on, Innocent!

Marco shrugs and scowls at the same time, and then follows Moe into the office.

INT. IMPERSONATOR AGENCY - NEXT

Moe points to Google News on his computer screen.

MOE

See here it is, the new Pope. And, Innocent, you're not going to believe this. The new Pope: he's Innocent!

MARCO

Sure he's innocent; he's the fucking Pope! And he doesn't even fuck.

MOE

No, no! That's the name he chose or something! It's Innocent -- Innocent Ten or Fifteen or something. Pope Innocent. That is so, what do you call it?

MOE (CONT'D)

Moronic?

MARCO

Ironic.

Moe looks for a picture of the Pope in Google Images.

MOE

And, ta da! See! He looks just like YOU! The Pope -- he fucking looks just like you. I told you, Marco. Look! Look!

Marco looks at the photos.

MARCO

Okay, I do look a little like him. Sorta. A little.

MOE

So, here's my idea. They want somebody famous at the new shopping center near -- listen to this -- Pope Air Force Base! And the mall is -- listen to this -- Pope Mall! So they need the Pope. We won't give them Elvis. We will give them Da Pope! And the Pope is YOU!

MARCO

Okay, fine. I went to mass. I saw priests. And the Pope's a priest, right? I can do priest.

Marco sweeps his arms gently and kneels, priest-like. And walks in a stately manner.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Me, a priest. My momma will be so proud. Okay, Moe, I'll do it. Get some fucking money. Rent-a-Center took back my computer. Can't stand not having a computer at home.

Marco looks at his his Rolling Stones cellphone to see the time and then gets up and walks quickly out of the office.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Later gator.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Courtney is watching Headline News from the bed. Marco comes from the bathroom, shirtless, a towel around his waist, with shaving cream on his face.

COURTNEY

Hey. Innocent! Moe's right! The Pope really does look like you! But he has a bitchin haircut. Wonder if he goes to Great Cuts. How do you say "Great Cuts" in Italian?

Marco is rumaging through drawers

MARCO

Trimya Hairz.

Courtney

And how do you say "Yo Mamma" in Italian? And How do you say "Marky, come to Momma?"

Marco looks at her.

MARCO

Just a minute. Hold that thought.

He goes back into the bathroom.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - NEXT

With shaving cream, Marco draws on his chest a necklace with a large cross.

From a messy pile of magazines near the toilet, he moves a Wired on top to get to the larger format Rolling Stone magazine for August 22, 1991, Arnold Schwarzenegger smoking a cigar on the cover, which he tears off and, using the soiled vanity as a table, forms into a tall Pope hat.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - NEXT

Courtney sits, unsure if she is losing the mood.

Marco re-enters the room, looking papal. Courtney looks. She smiles. He smiles. He lies down next to her on the bed.

COURTNEY

I was thinking. Your Italian
momma's good home school language
lessons are gonna pay off here. The
Pope's Italian. You can talk to the
people.

Marco's smile turns to a look of real fear.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

It can be English, honey. Just a
little Italian.

MARCO

You know I don't do speeches,
Courtney! I'm just doing this gig
to look the part. Walk, wave.

COURTNEY

It's okay, baby. Really. I was just
talking. They aren't hiring you to
talk. Just to walk around for
photos. Sorry I brought it up, hon.

The mood having changed, Courtney gets up to look for something in a drawer.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Hey, remember that ring I got you?
At the flea market?

She finds the ring.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

You can use it as a Pope ring. Just
reach out your hand and get it
kissed.

She kneels before him and places on his finger a large, brass ring with a smiley face on it.

He extends his hand to her, and she kisses the ring. Then she smiles up at him. Anxious, he misses her interest.

MARCO

I gotta get ready.

EXT. BACK OF POPE MALL - AFTERNOON

Marco, alone in a Rent-A-Wreck sedan, sees the triangular flags flying as he drives around to the other side of the mall, where a production crew of one young mall employee named JOE is talking on his cell phone while he is choosing songs on his iPod. Elvis's Shoppin' Around plays.

JOE

Here comes the talent./He's some
Elvis impersonator./No, for me
that's awesome./Really. Early Elvis
is my thing./We'll see soon enough.

Marco stops the car near Joe and gets out, in white flowing clothes and sunglasses, a large brass cross hanging from a chain around his neck.

JOE (CONT'D)

Hmmm...More like Vegas Elvis than I
expected./And he seems to be into
Religious Elvis, too./Lucky I've
got the entire Elvis collection.
I'll call you back.

EXT. FRONT OF POPE MALL - AFTERNOON

Near the main entrance of the mall, Pope Mall marketing manager FRANK stands before a microphone on a higher-than-necessary platform facing a crowd of maybe 100 people, some shoppers but many of them people wearing store employee badges and fast food worker hats and shirts.

Joe turns down the volume and gestures to Frank that the talent is ready.

FRANK

This is a real special moment here
at Pope Mall, ladies and gentlemen.
You won't believe who came for this
event. He lives! How could he miss
the grand opening of Pope Mall, the
largest shopping mall near Pope Air
Force Base?

The music gets louder as Marco, without shades, takes grand steps from behind a building, dressed in his starkly white flowing robe. Frank waves to him, and Marco returns a papal wave. As Marco walks, he pauses to place on his head a very tall Pope hat that he steadies with his hand as he walks.

The music changes to Elvis's He Touched Me. Marco touches people as he walks. Frank just looks. Marco slowly and steadily ascends the platform steps where Frank waits. At the top Marco pretty much ignores Frank at first, making Pope-like hand movements toward the crowd. People in the crowd smile or stare. The music changes and becomes lower in volume: Elvis's Stand by Me. Everyone looks at Marco. And everyone keeps looking at Marco. Silently. Without speaking. At all.

MARCO

People of North Carolina. I greet you.

His Pope hat blows off his head and down to the crowd. Marco looks down and then toward Frank, who looks back. Silent. Is this supposed to be Elvis?

MARCO (CONT'D)

And thank you, um, I mean I bless you, for that warm introduction, folks. People. Um.

He sweats.

MARCO (CONT'D)

You know it's great. It is wonderful for me to be here today with so many here while I am here. Here for a viewing of -- for an audience with the Pope.

Marco looks down from the height, queasy, and then looks out at the crowd. Frank types into his phone: "Who forgot to tell me they couldn't get an Elvis?!!!!" He gets a response: "It's the Pope. Pope Mall duh." Frank looks like he is regrouping.

MARCO (CONT'D)

We need people gathered -- gathered together -- for good. We need special times of goodness. Goodness is good. Especially today is good. A good day to be good.

Marco looks toward Frank, who points to the mall.

MARCO (CONT'D)

And, yes, we also need a mall. A good mall. Um. And we need to go to the mall.

He looks toward Frank, who is reaching for his pants pocket.

MARCO (CONT'D)

And we need pants. Good pants.

Frank takes out his wallet.

MARCO (CONT'D)

And we need to have good wallets.

Marco gets it.

MARCO (CONT'D)

We need to buy good things at the mall. It is good to buy. To buy good things. In the good mall. The new Pope Mall.

Marco makes subtle Pope-like gestures. Feeling with his foot the edge of the platform, and trying not to look down, he moves back without looking down.

FRANK

Thank you, Mr. um Your Highness, Mr. Sir. Your Holiness. Pope. It certainly is nice, well, good of you to be with us here today.

He reaches for Marco's hand to shake it. Marco holds his hand back and Frank sees a ring on it and remembers something.

FRANK (CONT'D)

May I kiss your ring?

Marco extends his hand. Frank kneels and kisses the ring. Marco faces the crowd from a new distance back on the platform.

MARCO

I am honored to be here with these wonderful and good people. I see Good -- and um Godly -- people here.

MARCO looks toward the crowd for a reaction. Nothing much. PAMELA ANDERSON, way too much cleavage showing, adjusts herself. A darling GIRL TODDLER stands with her apparently Hispanic MOTHER.

GIRL TODDLER
Papa. Papa. Papa. Papa.

MOTHER
Shh. Shh.

GIRL TODDLER
Papa! Papa! Papa!

Marco is sweating.

MARCO
You know, it's not easy being Pope.
There is just so much to do. You
know, for the good of the planet
and for all you fine people.

The girl toddler breaks from her mother and toddles toward the platform. She stops to pick up the very large Pope hat and then holds up her arms to Marco.

GIRL TODDLER
Papa. Papa. Papa. Papa. Papa.

Marco hesitates, unsure. Then he reaches for his Pope hat and for the girl.

MARCO
Does she want her father?

MOTHER
No, not her father. I do not know
who... She does not know her
father. She knows you, Your
Holiness. It is you. Papa. She see
you on the TV. I record it for her.
She heard them call you -- 'papa'.
Like they do in Italy.

As she speaks, Elvis's The Wonder of You starts up. Marco changes from looking overwhelmed to gazing lovingly at the now quiet child in his arms.

MARCO
Ma'am, your child is blessed. Our
Jesus loved his mother, his parent
on earth. And this child does have
a papa. The Pope is indeed her
Papa. The Pope loves all children.
And he loves all mothers. As Jesus
loved his. You are blessed, ma'am.

The child kisses Marco's cheek. Marco melts. She whispers.

TODDLER GIRL

Smell like OW-ka-hall. Like my
abuelo at the party.

To Elvis's Swing Low Sweet Chariot, a go-cart encased in boards, but somehow regal in its very bright whiteness, comes from behind the building. Joe jumps out of this Pope Mobile and holds the door open for Marco, who with dignity and while still holding the child, removes his tall Pope hat and gets in.

GIRL TODDLER

Pope Beel! Pope Beel! Ride Pope
Beel!

As Marco rides off with the child in the Pope Mobile, there is applause and then cheers for him: "Papa, papa, papa." Frank leads the cheers, which he changes to "Pope, Pope, Pope" and then to "Pope Mall, Pope Mall, Pope Mall." The Pope Mobile rides around the parking lot and then turns behind the mall. Elvis's King of the Road plays.

MOTHER

He is not the Pope? No. But he is a
high priest, no? She is good with
him? A priest is safe for the
children. Si?

People near the Mother look vaguely concerned. The Pope Mobile returns into view. The crowd cheers, 'Papa Mall, Papa Mall'.

EXT. ROADWAY NEAR THE VATICAN - DAY

Note: All exterior Vatican City scenes can be filmed as roadway scenes -- with the Vatican in the distance if needed.

The Pope Mobile lumbers silently, POPE INOCENT, alone inside, sweating and smiling faintly as he tries to wave.

Along the route are signs: "Hurray for the Pope", "A New Pope: Full of Possibility", "Condemn Priest Assaults on Our Children" and "Condoms Prevent AIDS and DEATH". STEVE MARTIN holds a "Your Message Here" sign. Reporters stick out microphones and photographers snap cameras. Pope Innocent slumps, glassy-eyed.

The Pope Mobile arrives at the Vatican and enters a garage, whose door then closes. The driver strides into the building.

ARTURO and SILVANO, attendants to the Pope, glide from the building toward the Pope Mobile and open its doors. Pope Innocent is slumped to the side of his bench seat.

ARTURO

Not again.

Silvano sniffs near Pope Innocent.

SILVANO

His Holiness has -- he has overdone
communion.

They carry the Pope inside, Silvano gently holding Pope Innocent by his arms, Arturo carrying his legs.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

In the darkened room Pope Innocent gets up from the stately, yet plush bed, rubbing his head.

POPE INNOCENT

Who am I? I am Pope Innocent XIV. I
am not innocent.

The man cries. He pours some wine from a decanter on a sideboard. He drinks it. He pours another cup and drinks that too. There is no wine for a third cup. Pope Innocent stumbles back to his bed and crawls under the covers.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - LATER

Pope Innocent is sleeping it off. Arturo comes in and looks at the Pope and then leaves, taking the empty decanter with him. Pope Innocent awakens. He stares into space and tosses and turns. He gets up and goes into his bathroom.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S BATHROOM - NEXT

The Pope takes a decanter of wine and a metal cup from the lower cabinet. He pours wine, drinks it and then another cup, and another. He replaces the decanter and cup. He gets up.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NEXT

The Pope returns to his bed and lies down.

INT. MOE IMPERSONATIONS OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Moe sits in an old wheelchair, sipping an expensive-looking take-out latte and reading a newspaper editorial 'Impersonating the Pope: Free speech or sacrilege?' Moe opens his cell phone and calls Marco and leaves him a voice message.

MOE

Hey Innocent! Guess what? I can still get free lattes if I use the old wheelchair. But guess what also? We got in the paper! I sent a video girl to that mall opening, you being a new character for us and all. Anyway, I dropped her DVD off at the newspaper -- for the advertising department. You know, trying the want ads for new talent. Anyway, that DVD ended up in the editorial department. Hey, any publicity is good publicity, right? And this is free! And it'll be on the newspaper web site. I made a copy of the DVD. I'll put it on our website, too. Take care, dude.

Moe starts to press the hang-up button, but places the phone to his mouth again.

MOE (CONT'D)

And, Marco, you were good as Pope. You old stoner, you.

EXT. STREET NEAR MARCO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Marco and Courtney walk together, Courtney mainly nodding as Marco talks.

MARCO

I did okay, Courtney. And the kid was cute.

COURTNEY

Good, babe.

MARCO

Real cute. And sweet. But no more speeches to crowds. Ever.

COURTNEY

Yeah, okay, honey. Wanna get some beer, hon? We're out.

(MORE)

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

And don't talk kids to me. You gotta know by now that's a bad thing for me.

MARCO

Yeah, no beer now. Glad you wanna cut down, too. Bad thing for both of us.

Courtney with head down and Marco with head up enter the apartment building together.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT BUILDING ELEVATOR - NEXT

Silent Courtney and Marco, he practicing a few Pope-like hand motions, ride silently up a floor.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALL - NEXT

Courtney pays no attention, but Marco looks ahead at two "men in black" approaching from the other end of the hall. HUGH LAURIE, with his House cane, exits an apartment and passes them, as Marco gives him a 'help me' look. Hugh Laurie shakes his head and continues to the elevator.

It looks like they will all meet at the apartment door. Marco whispers to Courtney.

MARCO

Did you just have to have the stuff, Courtney? How much money do you owe?

Courtney is not really listening. Things are fast and slow at the same time. They are all at the apartment door. Courtney unlocks the door. Marco speaks to the men.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I'm Innocent. I don't know anything about it. You've got the wrong people.

SAVIO, the one of the two men who seems more in control, smiles. He gestures to Marco and Courtney to enter the apartment before him.

SAVIO

Lets go in. Per favore. Please.

The other man, LUIGI, wants to talk.

LUIGI
I am LUIGI -- wid da Vatican!

Marco look terrified.

MARCO
What did you say?

LUIGI
I am Luigi -- wid da Vatican.

MARCO
With what? With the what? Oh, Lord,
the Fucking Vatican Mafia. How much
money do you owe, Courtney? I mean,
uh, I can't imagine what business
they would have with us, darling.

They all enter the apartment, and Savio closes the door.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - NEXT

Inside the apartment, the couple just stands there, so SAVIO turns on the 1970's pole lamp in the corner. He looks around the room. Then he makes a sweeping gesture toward the bed.

SAVIO
Let us all be seated.

They sit. Marco reaches out to hold hands with Courtney, and she grabs his hand. Savio stands. He reaches into his inner coat pocket and pulls out some folded papers. Luigi sits in an umbrella chair, briefly, as it leans sideways and he falls on the floor. He gets up and walks around the room looking at things and peering into the bathroom.

SAVIO (CONT'D)
We're with the Vatican.

MARCO
Oh, man. Dude, I thought you were
some really important and scary
people. I mean, the Vatican is sure
important, but you wouldn't be here
to do something bad to us.

No one says anything.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Would you? Oh, Lord! Oh, shit, God
is involved here. I don't steal
cable any more. And I will today
immediately stop...huh... coveting.
(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

I will not covet. Like other
people's things. Like your nice
Italian shoes. Oh, shit!

Luigi picks up the tall Pope hat and inspects it.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Oh my God. No. Oh, no, not that!
Oh, I am sorry. It was a stupid
idea. Somebody said I looked like
the Pope. Oh, no, is that
sacrilege? Is there a Vatican
Sheriff? Oh, my God -- I mean oh,
my -- gosh!

Luigi looks from the Pope hat over to Marco. He smiles.

MARCO (CONT'D)

No one told me to stop or anything.
No one reported me, or corrected
me. I'm Innocent. I did nothing
wrong.

LUIGI

We saw you play the Pope, at what-
you-call it, da mule, da Pope mule.
We saw you on da Interwebs,
interbay, internecklace!

MARCO

Oh. I meant no disrespect to His
Highness.

He is struck by his words.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I don't mean like drugs high. I
mean His Holiness!

LUIGI

I like way you do His Holiness.

MARCO

You do? Oh. Thanks. I can do you,
too, if you'd like.

Savio frowns slightly in Luigi's direction. Luigi's big smile
fades, as does Marco's little smile.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Well, I guess not. So, gentleman
what is this visit, uh, regarding?

During the wait for an answer, a look of horror appears on Marco's face.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Oh! Am I dead? Is this some sort of entrance to life after death, like purgatory?

He looks at Courtney, who simply stares back at him. Marco looks at Savio.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Are we dead?

Luigi looks at Savio and goes ahead and speaks.

LUIGI

As far as I know, you is not dead.

MARCO

What the hell? Oh, no, I mean what in heavens is this? God. Oh, I mean well, my goodness, what is going on? Your, uh, majesties. Sirs. Men.

Savio faces Marco, up close.

SAVIO

The Vatican needs your help.

MARCO

What?

SAVIO

We need someone to stand-in for the Pope. For public functions. For photographs, balcony appearances.

Marco looks suspicious, but he has calmed down.

MARCO

You mean...like a stunt double? Oh, Jeeze. Oh, I mean. Golly. I did take karate once.

Luigi looks up from his inspection of things on the dresser.

LUIGI

You da black belt?

MARCO

No, I don't like to wear belts. But there's a woven brown one over there somewhere. Take it.

Luigi continues looking.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I think it was karate...or maybe kung...something...oh, kung pao...yeah, kung pao... maybe. I was about...seven.

SAVIO

We'd like to hire you.

MARCO

I don't know. I only went to two classes. Well, one whole class. I do cry easily. Some people don't like that. Especially martial arts teachers, apparently. You need a security double who cries?

SAVIO

We have security for the Pope. We need someone to stand-in for him. Who looks like him. Until he is no longer, um, sick. Maybe a a week or so will do it. He needs to get himself together.

MARCO

Oh, a political decoy, sort of. Only no one is out to get him?

LUIGI

No that we know. Or maybe? Would you like that?

Savio frowns at Luigi. Marco frowns. He looks at Courtney.

SAVIO

We pay.

LUIGI

We pays good.

Marco frowns. Courtney beams.

MARCO

There would be travel and expenses and money lost from missing work here.

LUIGI

And you gets to ride in the Pope Mobile!

For Marco this is the clincher!

MARCO

Well, okay. I'm down. High Five.

SAVIO

Yes, we can pay high five figures,
Euros.

As Savio speaks, Marco reaches up to 'high five' him, but Savio does not understand and gets slapped in the face.

LUIGI

If that was karate, I think it must
be kung pao.

MARCO

I am so very sorry to have hurt
you, Your Excellentness.

Savio rubs his face; he is clearly not seriously hurt.

INT. IMPERSONATOR AGENCY - DAY

Marco, Savio and Luigi are squeezed into Moe's office. Dressed and talking as Bea Arthur, Moe is at the computer. In the next room there sits LADY GAGA. Courtney's chair sits back from the others, almost part-way out the office door.

SAVIO

Okay, so Mr. Agent, we're getting
this straight. Marco, he gotta
agree not to tell people here -- or
anywhere -- what he is doing. No
word that he is or isn't the real
Pope. And no word from here that he
is there, at the Vatican. None at
all. This is confidential stuff.

MARCO

I have no problem being mum about
it all. Except I can stay in
contact with Moe, and I can talk to
Courtney. If we're speaking.

SAVIO

What if other people look for you?

MARCO

Nobody much looks for me, except
my buddy, Johnny Walker.

SAVIO

Will he be wanting to see you?

MARCO

Well, if he does, I'll just ignore him. I think I can do that.

SAVIO

Okay, Moe and Courtney. Who else?

Savio writes those names on his list.

MARCO

I can call people back from my cell phone. Nobody knows where I'm calling from. Man, I don't even call people when I'm here at home -- not even Ma and my brother. I just visit Ma now and then. And nobody comes by to see me.

SAVIO

Arturo is the main manager of the Pope's personal schedule and such. He will know about you and he will direct things. And the barber, Gianni, will know about you.

Savio adds the names to his list. He peers at Marco's face.

SAVIO (CONT'D)

There's Adolfo, the Media Advisor, who sent us, so he knows.

Savio adds the name to his list.

SAVIO (CONT'D)

There may be a few others to explain it to. We will see. But not Silvano. He's a major assistant but he is such a blabber-mouth. And we won't tell Umberto. He is good with clothes, but he is too simple to guard a complex truth. Like you, Luigi.

LUIGI

Thank you, Sir. I am a complex truth.

SAVIO

You must assume that all others will believe you to be the Pope when you appear for photos and balcony appearances, that sort of thing. While the Pope is indisposed. So we sign a contract?

COURTNEY

Yes!

MARCO

Yes. I will sign.

The contract is signed.

COURTNEY

Can we...can Marco have an advance to buy a few things to drink? I mean to eat?

EXT. MARCO'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Marco and Courtney approach their apartment building on foot.

MARCO

I'm glad I don't drink anymore.

Courtney looks at him, startled.

MARCO (CONT'D)

You didn't notice?

COURTNEY

You did drink the day you were the Pope. I could tell.

MARCO

Yeah. Cause I can't go back to pot for nerves. Thought alcohol would help. But it's my last time drinking like that.

They walk on.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Oh, no! To get to Italy I'll have to fly. On a plane.

COURTNEY

It's not like other heights, Marco. Just don't look out the window until you're ready to.

They walk on.

MARCO

I'll miss you, Courtney. Wish you could come.

Courtney says nothing.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Cause you know all about me. They don't.

They walk some more.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Course they don't care who I am. It's a gig, an impersonation.

Courtney is silent.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Hey, Courtney I wonder if there's a Pope song they play? Like a theme song?

Courtney is still not really paying attention to Marco.

MARCO (CONT'D)

And maybe they need some paintings for the Vatican.

Courtney brightens.

COURTNEY

Yeah.

She returns to a neutral expression.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

But, well, probably not. I think the Vatican might possibly be kinda serious.

She remembers.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

The TV cable went out today, Marco. I wonder how soon they'll pay you.

INT. AIRPLANE - VERY EARLY MORNING

Dressed in a nondescript uniform and cap, Marco sits with Savio and Luigi, drinking directly from one airline liquor bottle, while several others wait on his tray table. Marco turns his head toward the window and then abruptly turns it back. He leans back and closes his eyes.

EXT. VATICAN CITY - DAY

Marco, Savio and Luigi are driven by CHAUFFEUR past TOM LEHRER singing part of *The Vatican Rag*. A panoramic view of Vatican City opens up.

MARCO

This is sick.

LUIGI

Some are ill here, yes. Da flu.

MARCO

Oh. It's like some kinda fucking video game.

LUIGI

I have indeed been to Fucking. It is in Austria. Did not look the same to me. But you are from U. S.

MARCO

Well, it's just fucking awesome.

SAVIO

We in Vatican City are filled with awesome wonder always.

MARCO

I guess that's what I meant.

INT. ARTURO'S OFFICE/RESIDENCE AT THE VATICAN - DAY

As Marco and Savio enter a door with a sign Papal Manager: Office/Residence, Arturo looks up from his nicely-appointed desk, shock passing over his worried face.

ARTURO

Your Holiness! Oh. My, you do capture his essence.

Arturo gets up and walks to the men.

MARCO

Back at ya I guess.

ARTURO

Well, you capture his essence when your mouth is not open.

They walk to a large conference table

ARTURO (CONT'D)

I am Arturo, the Papal Manager. I will oversee your appearances.

They all sit down at the magnificent table, which Marco rubs with his hands. Then he looks around him.

MARCO

Rad crib.

Arturo looks at Marco, not comprehending.

ARTURO

May we speak English? I am fluent in few languages beyond English and French and German. And Italian, of course.

MARCO

I speak some Italian. My mother is Italian.

ARTURO

And I see you are am also somewhat fluent in English. The Pope speaks English as well as Italian. His father was American. Would you gentlemen like some tea or coffee?

MARCO

I'm good.

ARTURO

You are a good stand-in for the Pope, for photos and appearances. But you will need to refrain from speaking, of course. So no one will know or care if you are good or not.

MARCO

That's a relief. I am happy about that. Oh, sorry. I will be quiet.

ARTURO

Would you like coffee or tea?

Marco does not answer. He smiles proudly.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Would you like coffee or tea?

MARCO

Oh, I should answer that? Okay, we stopped for a drink. I have the rest of mine here in my backpack.

SAVIO

No, thank you. We are both not thirsty.

He takes the drink from Marco and throws it in a trash can.

ARTURO

We have some rules.

MARCO

So, no outside drinks in the house. That's okay. Means you sell them here, right. Shoulda known that, with this retro movie plex decor.

Arturo looks at Marco, then goes on.

ARTURO

Rules. You will not be meeting with the Pope. Never. His Holiness does not know we have found a substitute for him. It is important not to let him see you.

Marco looks up, questioning.

MARCO

May I speak? So he is being protected but he isn't supposed to know that.

ARTURO

Somewhat like that. The Pope's inauguration was scheduled for today -- it is now three weeks since the former Pope resigned and Innocent XIV was chosen as the new Pope.

MARCO

I am to be in a big inauguration - today. Oh, no.

ARTURO

We have postponed that ceremony.

SAVIO

Arturo, what story was given? To the press?

ARTURO

We have released a statement that the Pope's immunity is sensitive and so he has been advised to avoid groups of outside people, who might spread the current flu virus.

MARCO

How is His Majesty - His...his... His Honor...His Exselsior--the Pope? Is he ill?

ARTURO

He seems fine, except for, well, his continued recovery from his recent -- his recent -- allergy.

MARCO

Oh, I get it. So you need me until he recuperates and can go on with the inauguration and with all the Pope stuff he'll have to do?

ARTURO

And, yes, until he is able to avoid that which he is allergic to.

MARCO

I sure had trouble with that, too. Avoiding weed.

ARTURO

So we need to inform food services of those greens to which you are allergic. We don't need you getting sick, too. We will take care of that later.

Arturo closes his notebook.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Okay, the Pope needs rest, to heal.

MARCO

Like rehab without him knowing he's in rehab, huh? Could work.

ARTURO

Please listen. You will be needed for a photo shoot soon.

MARCO

Okay, I can check into my room. Get some sleep. And I'll be ready to go - when, tomorrow afternoon? Hope you religious guys don't get up too early.

ARTURO

Today. It is today. Soon.

Marco gets his game face on.

MARCO

Okay. Ready for my close-up. Just give me the outfit. The clothes make the man.

He is embarrassed at what he has said.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Well, not in this case. Of course. I will merely look like His... His...His Dressiness. Oh, no. I mean I will look like His Greatness. I am honored to stand in for the Pope.

ARTURO

Savio, you may go now. I will take Marco to Gianni now.

Marco looks at Savio with a being-left-at-school-the-first-day look. Savio nods and leaves the room.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

While you are with Gianni, Silvano may come in to see you. He is the Pope's household assistant. He will not know you are an imposter. He will assume you are the Pope. The Pope does not say very much -- at least as we know him to be so far. So it is proper for you to not say much either. Can you do that?

MARCO

Sure. I mainly look the part.
That's what I do. I'm an
impersonator.

Arturo gives him a blank look.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Okay, this imposter is off to the
make-up room. Quietly.

INT. COSMETOLOGY ROOM AT THE VATICAN - DAY

MARCO, in a regal, Pope-like plastic cape, is getting his hair trimmed by GIANNI, the Vatican makeup man and barber. Gianni clips a few more hairs, perhaps imaginary, on the back of Marco's head and then removes the cape with a flourish. He stands back to admire his handiwork.

GIANNI

Gianni, you did it again!

MARCO

Do I look at all like His Holiness?

At that moment the door swings open and SILVANO, the Pope's Household Assistant, enters.

GIANNI

Welcome, Silvano.

Silvano comes in. Gianni bows to him, seriously and also somewhat mockingly at the same time.

SILVANO

Oh, so good, Your Holiness. You do not show that you have suffered an episode of, uh, overindulgence. You have recovered. I am so pleased.

He smiles approvingly and then leaves the room. Gianni gestures to an open dressing room door.

GIANNI

The clothes are here. There is privacy.

MARCO

Thank you.

He enters the dressing room. Gianni follows him.

GIANNI
I will help you dress.

EXT. BALCONY OF VATICAN - DAY

Dressed in papal clothing, with papal head covering, MARCO, appears, on a balcony very high in the air, Silvano not far behind him. Marco looks down, wobbles a little and then quickly backs up, fake-smiling tightly and clearly holding his breath while trying not to vomit. He waves to those assembled below -- He a postcard of Catholic magnificence; they an adoring crowd with SNOOKIE present. Marco and Silvano go back inside and are met by Arturo.

SILVANO
You look well, Your Holiness. No sign of any past difficulty. I was proud of you, Your Holiness, for overcoming.

Silvano begins to speak again, then stops himself, then proceeds.

SILVANO (CONT'D)
But I must ask, Your Holiness, on the balcony -- is there something wrong with your arm or hand? Your wave is different.

Marco simply smiles at Silvano and walks on with Arturo.

SILVANO (CONT'D)
I think it is an improvement, Your Holiness.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE ROOMS OF POPE INNOCENT AND MARCO - DAY

Arturo and Marco confer quietly in the empty hall. Marco is still dressed in the Pope attire.

ARTURO
We are putting you here next to the Pope's room. There is a connecting door, but it must remain locked. This door to the hall will stay locked also. Do not come out of the room until we come for you. And then only come out if you get a call first from Savio or Luigi. Or me.

MARCO

Okay. I'll bet a room here is as good as the rooms at Holiday Inn -- comfortable bed, great movies. I've had that connecting door thing, too, and, boy, some people are noisy. Oh, shit. Oh, I am sure the Pope is alone. And won't be noisy. Oh, no, I mean he is a quiet man, to be sure.

ARTURO

You can rest. Thank you for your service today. We will not need you to stay here after this week. The Pope will improve. No one is around. Quick, go in. Change into the maintenance uniform laid out for you so you are disguised. Go in.

Arturo rather abruptly walks off as Marco opens the door and goes in.

INT. MARCO'S ROOM - NEXT

The room is attractive in a old-fashioned, satin and heaviness, opulent way.

MARCO

Holy moly! I'm in Gone with the Fucking Wind!

Marco looks around the room, picking up and putting down items on the dresser and credenzas. Finding several decanters of wine, which he identifies by removing the tops and sniffing, he gathers them and looks around for a door. Then he carries them with him into the magnificent bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM ATTACHED TO MARCO'S ROOM - NEXT

MARCO

Shit biscuit! Looks too good to take a dump.

Marco finds a lower bathroom cabinet, where he places the decanters, closing the door, firmly.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Out of sight.

INT. MARCO'S ROOM - NEXT

Marco opens cabinet and closet doors.

MARCO

Don't they ever watch TV around here? Is the Pope blind or something?

From the dresser he picks up a small statue of the Pope, accidentally knocking it hard against a brass lamp, causing it to lose its head, which falls to a part of the wooden floor not covered by opulent carpets, making a loud "thunk". Marco looks around, worried. No one comes. He picks up the head of the Pope and lays it on the dresser next to the figurine. He lies on the bed. He looks down at the shoes on his feet. He jumps up. He walks around the room. He looks out the window.

Someone knocks on the door. Marco is stricken with fear. He grabs the Pope figurine and its head and looks around him. He enters the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM ATTACHED TO MARCO'S ROOM - NEXT

Marco puts the Pope figurine and its head in the lower cabinet, behind the decanters. He returns to the bedroom.

INT. MARCO'S ROOM - NEXT

Marco starts to walk toward the door, but he sees himself in the dresser mirror and realizes he is still in papal attire.

MARCO

Just a minute.

Marco takes off the papal robe and throws it in a closet. He quickly puts on the maintenance worker clothing, shirt buttons not matching up and pants half zipped up.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Come in.

A man enters, dressed in a nondescript technician-looking uniform, somewhat similar to Marco's.

UNIFORMED TECHNICIAN

Oh, um, okay, didn't know they'd sent staff. You can do the repair?

MARCO

Well, I guess. I'm sorry about
this. How did you know about that?
Cameras in here?

He looks around the ceiling of the room. As he does he captures his own reflection in the dresser mirror. He has left on the papal beret. He reaches up as if to rub his head and removes the cap, flinging it to the bed.

UNIFORMED TECHNICIAN

No, no cameras.

The uniformed technician is turning to go.

UNIFORMED TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Glad you can do the repairs. Don't
be sorry. A lot of times around
here two guys get called for the
same job.

He looks toward the air conditioner in the wall.

UNIFORMED TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Just be sure it's on low when you
finish working on it.

He walks toward the door and opens it.

UNIFORMED TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

And, hey, let me know if you want
to play.

Marco looks puzzled.

UNIFORMED TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

(gesturing toward the
papal cap)
I mean, I like those cloth
frisbees, too.

The uniformed technician leaves the room.

MARCO

Oh, boy.

Marco attends to the air conditioner, turning it on and hearing an inappropriate noise, that he quickly repairs. He sits on his bed. He gets up and walks around the room. He sits on the sofa. He takes out his Rolling Stones cellphone. He punches buttons and waits while he hears unanswered rings.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Hi Courtney. Guess you're not available. Or you're asleep. I gotta figure out this time zone thing. I'm fine. I waved and smiled for the faithful. Up high. No, I'm not high. The balcony is high. Like up. Don't want to even think about it. And there wasn't anything I had to say, so that's good. I'm in my room now. No TV. No computer. And no woman painting at an easel.
Later.

Marco hears a musical sound and goes to his window and opens it. Passing below his window is BONNIE TYLER singing *Total Eclipse of the Heart*.

Marco sits again on the bed, window open. He hears the song but then, after one too many "turn around" in the song, he closes the window.

Marco fidgets. He picks up his Rolling Stones cellphone.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Hi, Moe, well, I'm here in luxury. But no TV. Sorry I missed you. Well, take care. Oh. Hey, can you send me some of my regular working guy costumes? Just to have around. Thanks, pal. I'll call you back in a minute with the address. Wish I had email here. Thank God for cell phones. Hmm, maybe they got a prayer for that here. Anyway, later, man. I am so hungry.

INT. MARCO'S ROOM - NEXT

Marco looks in the dresser mirror as he arranges his clothing and puts on the maintenance cap. He looks through his suitcase for sunglasses and finds them, but also finds a Second Generation pink iPod, which brings a big, surprised smile to his face. He adjusts the sunglasses and hat before the mirror and leaves the room by the door to the hall.

INT. A VATICAN CAFETERIA - EVENING

The rather large cafeteria has many four-person tables, where are seated Vatican staff in clergy-looking outfits as well as workers in maintenance person coveralls and lay people in clothing that suggests a wide range of countries.

Some people sit alone and once in a while another person alone is seen to ask to sit with one of them, as all tables are in use.

Marco chooses food items in the cafeteria line and looks for a place to sit. He sees the chauffeur from the limo and asks him if he can sit with him. The chauffeur nods.

CHAUFFEUR

Oh, you're the airport pickup.
Doing maintenance here?

MARCO

Yeah, filling in for somebody.

CHAUFFEUR

Must be someone important for them
to bring you in from out of town.

MARCO

I guess. You drive the limo a lot?

CHAUFFEUR

Not too much. There are other
Vatican limo drivers, too. And I
stay available to drive the P. M.

MARCO

Nighttime?

CHAUFFEUR

Night and day. Whenever the Pope
goes out in that Pope Mobile it's
usually me driving. Oh, that's what
I call the Pope Mobile, the P.M.

MARCO

You drive the fucking Pope Mobile!
Awesome, man. I want to be in that
thing someday.

CHAUFFEUR

You wouldn't be here at the Vatican
unless you've got some, what do you
call it, 'street cred'? Wanna come
with me now? I've always wanted to
be a passenger myself.

EXT. VATICAN CITY - NIGHT

Marco drives the Pope Mobile, the chauffeur blissfully relaxing in the back. Marco has his iPod earbud in and his sunglasses on.

In a short time we can hear the music: Chuck Berry's No Particular Place to Go. Marco explores the area around the Vatican.

INT. POPE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Silvano comes into the Pope's room and looks down at the sleeping Pope.

SILVANO
I was thinking of you, Your
Holiness. You did well today.

Silvano smooths the covers and touches the Pope's face.

SILVANO (CONT'D)
Rest well, Your Holiness.

Silvano leaves, closing the door.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S BATHROOM - LATER

Pope Innocent, in papal pajamas, refills his cup and drinks some wine. He goes back to his room.

INT. ROOM NEXT TO POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM

Next to him a very white embossed cellphone rings and Marco, in papal pajamas, bolts upright and answers.

MARCO
Okay./ No, I didn't hear
anything./ Sure, Arturo. I'll listen
out for him while you're on the
way./ Guess he's the dude who looks
kinda like me. Ha. Ha./ Okay, sure,
will do now. And will call you
back.

He opens the door that links his room with the Pope's room. As with connecting hotel rooms, there is visible another door. At that moment that second door is also opened. Pope Innocent stands there. He looks confused. Okay, His Excellency also looks drunk. When the Pope touches his hair, Marco realizes he thinks he is seeing himself in a mirror. Marco goes along with the idea, copying, but in reverse, the movements of the Pope (think Marx Brothers' Duck Soup), until the Pope tires of looking at his imagined reflection and closes the door.

Marco calls Arturo back.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Just saw him. He's in his room.
He's okay, I think, but confused,
or something. Probably going back
to bed. To sleep it off. I mean to
rest from his allergies. I'm going
to listen at his door. Yeah, the
hall door.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE POPE'S AND MARCO'S ROOMS

The Pope, semi-alert, leaves his room and walks in the hall toward Marco's room and then past it. Without seeing the Pope, Marco exits his own room and walks toward the Pope's door. Silvano comes down the hall and, seeing someone he, not knowing of Marco, thinks is the Pope, escorts a silent Marco into the Pope's room.

SILVANO

Come, sir, I will lead you to your
bed.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE POPE'S AND MARCO'S ROOMS

Silvano returns to the hall and walks down the hall toward his office. The Pope walks back toward the two rooms and is near Marco's door when Arturo shows up and sees him.

ARTURO

Marco. I told you not to leave your
room. Thanks for helping, but we
can't let anyone see you. Get back
in there. And be quiet.

He sort of pushes Pope Innocent into Marco's room.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

And stay there. And get that
alcohol smell off your breath.

The men are rooms opposite from where they started out the night.

INT. ROOM NEXT TO POPE'S ROOM - NEXT

The Pope goes into the bathroom of Marco's room.

INT. BATHROOM OF ROOM NEXT TO POPE'S ROOM - NEXT

The Pope goes to the lower cabinet and takes out a decanter of wine. He can find no cup, but instead finds the beheaded Pope. He drinks directly from the decanter, holding the figurine, which he places in his pocket, leaving its broken-off head in the cabinet.

INT. POPE'S ROOM - NEXT

Marco calls on the white papal cellphone.

MARCO

Arturo, come get me. Silvano put me
in the Pope's room.

Arturo opens the door and, handing Marco a key, wordlessly gestures for him to leave the room through the connecting door, as he escorts the closed-eyed and groggy Pope to his room.

INT. POPE'S ROOM - NEXT

Arturo tucks the Pope in his bed.

INT. POPE'S ROOM - LATER

Pope Innocent is tossing and turning in his bed. He gets up and walks around the room. He looks up at the cross hanging on his wall. He touches his rosary.

POPE INNOCENT

I am Pope Innocent XIV. I am not
Innocent.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S BATHROOM - NEXT

The Pope takes a long drink of wine from the cup in the bathroom. He sits in the bathroom for awhile, then gets up but falls to the floor, hitting his head on the sink on the way down. There is blood and a large bruise. He lies, silent, on the floor, although he is awake, eyes open.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Arturo comes in to check on the Pope; he doesn't see him and checks the bathroom. He makes a little scream.

He exits the bathroom quickly. He telephones from the landline.

ARTURO

Come. I need assistance. Come to the Pope's bathroom. Now.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NEXT

Arturo and Gianni carry the Pope from the bathroom to his bed. Gianni cleans the Pope's face and applies some makeup. The Pope looks blankly at them and then falls asleep.

ARTURO

He seems fine. Let us let him sleep.

But the Pope don't looka so good.

INT. COSMETOLOGY ROOM - MORNING

A rather out-of-it Pope is helped into the room.

GIANNI

Your Holiness, the appearance is everything. I will make this face live again! Like you rise from the dead!

The Pope sits quietly in the cosmetology chair, as Gianni unsuccessfully tries various coverups.

Arturo slips into the room. He looks at the Pope. He nods "no".

INT. COSMETOLOGY ROOM OF THE VATICAN - DAY

Marco is now sitting in Gianni's cosmetology chair, a more alert Pope-looking person. Gianni looks for something in a side cabinet. Arturo stands talking to Marco.

ARTURO

Well, it looks like you've got a job here for awhile longer. The Pope can't go out until his facial blemishes look better.

MARCO

Acne?

ARTURO
Bruises. Something like that.

Marco smiles.

MARCO
Hope he didn't get faded. I'd like to see the other guy. I used to fight when I tied one on, too. Want me to fight for him? I have a little training.

ARTURO
No, from you just posing. For photographs. We want to reassure the faithful -- that all is well with His Holiness.

After trimming a few stray hairs, Gianni swoops off Marco's cape, revealing an undershirt that bares his shoulders and the tattoo of the naked young angel with rainbow wings. Gianni gasps. Arturo gasps.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
I guess we need to think about that tattoo. Keep it covered.

Arturo smiles.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
I know! We can put Band Aids on it. Then we must get the Pope dressed. I mean, get Marco dressed.

Gianni goes back to the closet to look for Band Aids. Arturo speaks on the landline phone.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
Umberto, come soon to dress the Pope./ Yes. Five minutes will be fine. But we do not have a lot of time.

Marco speaks while Arturo is listening on the phone.

MARCO
Band Aids make me itch. I think I'm allergic. But, okay. I've got some in my bag. I'll go get them. From my room.

Marco hops up and leaves the room before Arturo can notice.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE POPE INNOCENT'S AND NEXT DOOR ROOMS - DAY

Marco leaves the room in his undershirt. A YOUNG PRIEST walks in the hall.

YOUNG PRIEST

Oh! It is you! Really you! Hollo,
Your Helliness! Oh, oh, oh. I am so
sorry, Helly Father. I, I only mean
to honor you.

MARCO

Carry on! Carry on!

Marco walks backward, away from the young priest. The young priest backs away as well. Marco backs into a pedestal at the side of the hall, knocking over a statue of the Virgin Mary. He grabs for her, realizes he has grabbed her breasts, throws her up in the air, and catches her, again around her breasts. The young priest stares at him, impressed and reflexively giving Marco two thumbs up. The priest blushes, but Marco bows. He motions for the young priest to go on, and the young priest backs around a corner.

Marco puts down the statue and enters his room.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE POPE INNOCENT'S AND NEXT DOOR ROOMS - DAY

Marco peeks out the door, and, seeing no one, enters the hall and walks toward the cosmetology room, very quickly.

INT. COSMETOLOGY ROOM - NEXT

Gianni opens two of the Band Aids and places them over Marco's tattoo, as Marco sits in the cosmetology chair looking at himself in the mirror and adjusting himself so that he becomes a fine Pope. He smiles.

ARTURO

You will take photographs today.
And you agree to remain in service
for His Holiness a while longer?

MARCO

Yes. I will do that. It is an
honor.

Marco pauses and then begins to remove his undershirt.

MARCO (CONT'D)

There's one other thing.

As the undershirt rises, a second tattoo is visible in the middle of Marco's upper back: One toke over the line, Sweet Jesus.

As Gianni and Arturo notice the tattoo the flamboyantly dressed UMBERTO rushes into the room.

ARTURO

Umberto, please leave the room. Go get the Pope a cold drink. Now.

UMBERTO

I will get a, I know - a Pope-si.

Umberto leaves the room. Gianni applies more Band Aids over the One toke tattoo.

Arturo looks at the clock and quickly leaves the room. Umberto returns with the cold drink. Gianni looks knowingly to ask Marco wordlessly if he is okay alone with Umberto. Marco nods. Gianni leaves. Umberto tries a Pope outfit on Marco and makes measurements for slight adjustments in the attire. There are Batman Band Aids all over Marco's tattoos. Umberto looks at them, startled at first, but then he smiles at Marco.

UMBERTO (CONT'D)

I need to visit the headwear closet. Arturo will be back shortly. I will meet you and Arturo soon, before the appearance.

Marco stands up and admires himself in the full-length mirror. He puts in his iPod earbuds. We hear the song, as he struts and preens, and the SMOTHERS BROTHERS appear in a corner seriously strumming and singing their comedy version of *The Streets of Laredo* in such a way that Marco hears it through his earbuds.

SMOTHERS BROTHERS

As I walked out on the streets of Laredo, as I walked out on Laredo one day, I spied a young cowboy all dressed in white linen, dressed in white linen as cold as the clay. "I can see by your outfit that you are a cowboy." "I see by your outfit you are a cowboy too." "We see by our outfits that we are both cowboys. If you get an outfit, you can be a cowboy too."

Arturo enters the room and speaks with Marco.

ARTURO

Today you will ride in the Pope Mobile, through the surrounding neighborhood, as Pope. A few photographs will be taken to show the Pope is well.

MARCO

Way to fucking go!

Marco recovers.

MARCO (CONT'D)

It's an American expression, 'Way to Luck Is So'. I am happy to serve another week for you.

EXT. POPE MOBILE - DAY

Marco has his iPod with him and he places the earbud in his hear. In a short time we can hear the music: Roger Miller's King of the Road. The chauffeur looks back at him and adjusts the rhythm of the vehicle to accompany the nodding of Marco's head.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Courtney stands at her easel, painting the small Pope Mobile replica from the Pope Mall opening with little people clowns dressed like Popes exiting the car in a line.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - DAY

The Pope lies in his bed, his eyes closed. His visible injuries are somewhat improved, though he is clearly in much worse physical condition somehow. Arturo sits by the bed. The DOCTOR enters the room, closing the door behind him.

DOCTOR

From our examinations and the images, we find that His Holiness damaged important structures in his brain when he fell.

ARTURO

He looks better.

DOCTOR

His condition has been getting worse. It is now critical.

ARTURO
Will His Holiness be all right?

DOCTOR
We can hope for full recovery, but to get him well we are going to have to induce a coma -- the only way to allow his brain the chance to heal.

Arturo sighs.

ARTURO
Everything is logistics. We will arrange a room. We need privacy. And confidentiality.

DOCTOR
Of course. Like HIPAA in the U.S.

ARTURO
No pets in the Vatican, doctor.

The doctor leaves the room. Arturo picks up a landline telephone receiver and dials.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
Savio, we need to move the Pope next door./ A medically-induced coma. No one should know./ Yes, we will convert the adjoining room into a hospital room. Nurses must be arranged./ No, they must not be told the identity of their patient./ The room will remain locked./ We'll move Marco into the Pope's room. Thank you, Savio.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - DAY

At first we think it is the Pope, but it is Marco who sits on a sofa in the Pope's room, dressed as the Pope was dressed before, when in his quarters. Arturo stands, talking to him. Savio is also in the room.

ARTURO
The Pope will be in a coma for an extended period of time.

MARCO
Will he wake up and be, you know, like he used to be?

ARTURO

We are praying for His Holiness,
and the doctors are optimistic. We
need you to stay until he awakens.
Can you stay?

MARCO

I can stay.

SAVIO

Are there any arrangements to be
made - for you?

MARCO

No. Not really. It's the same as
for the short term. Courtney and
Moe can say I'm in rehab or
something like that. They'll tell
people they can't talk about it.
Heck, I've been to rehab before, so
that's okay. Who notices, really?

SAVIO

That's good.

MARCO

I guess.

SAVIO

No problems expected from friends
and family not knowing where you
are?

MARCO

People who know me know that
sometimes I don't show up for
awhile. I, uh, have a history of
being, well, indisposed. And then I
go on gigs around the state.

ARTURO

The gig is like a, what, an animal?
Oh, a boat?

MARCO

Oh, gigs, they're impersonator
jobs.

Arturo looks blank.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Other imposter jobs.

ARTURO

Oh. Yes. So, we need you to stay on to keep Catholics feeling safe, knowing the Pope is on duty and is just fine. Except that, as before, we will say that the Pope is restricting his public appearances due to the flu epidemic and his sensitive immunity.

MARCO

I need to be right in this role. I mean as His Holiness. In image.

ARTURO

Yes, they will make certain all the clothing fits.

MARCO

And prepare me to do the important stuff the Pope does.

ARTURO

The Pope is new, so the public does not know his mannerisms. And he was always a quiet man, so we here at the Vatican don't know him well either.

MARCO

I will study so I can do the Pope honor.

Arturo looks a little startled at Marco's words and even more startled at the next.

MARCO (CONT'D)

And may God lead me.

Marco leaves the room speaking low to himself.

MARCO (CONT'D)

But I don't do speeches.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - DAY

Marco talks on his Rolling Stones cellphone.

MARCO

Yeah, I am staying in the actual Pope Innocent room./ Am, too./ Am, too./ Moe, I am in fact staying in the real Pope Innocent room./ They think I'm the Pope./ Fucking really. I've gotta be him all the time now. Cool, huh?/ Yeah, only the ones who knew before. Most of the medical people don't even know they're treating the Pope./ I don't know. How long can it be? Like a couple of weeks max?/ Yeah, you get a cut of everything I make./ You're my agent, Moe./ Hey, tell Courtney - - okay? We don't talk much. Tell her we'll have more money the longer I stay./ Okay, bye.

INT. POPE'S ROOM

Marco sits and gets up and walks around and sits and gets up and walks around. He opens his Rolling Stones cellphone and makes a call.

MARCO

Oh, Courtney, you answered!/Well, it looks like I'll be staying on longer. The Pope needs time to recover./Okay, then, I'll be brief. Actually, I guess that's pretty much what I was going to tell you./Okay, don't want you to be late for the pedicure.

Marco waits for Courtney to say something else, but he realizes she has ended the call. He walks to the door. He walks back to sit on the sofa. He walks out the door.

INT. SILVANO'S OFFICE

Marco stands in the office. Silvano is not there. He sees in an out basket an envelope with the note 'Deliver to B928'. He picks up the envelope and takes it with him from the office.

INT. POPE'S ROOM

Marco changes into medical scrubs.

EXT. VATICAN SIDEWALK

Marco sort of struts, freed from being inside. His earbuds play 4 Non Blondes' What's Up?

EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR THE BUILDING THAT HOUSES THE POPE

Marco calls on the white Papal cellphone. He wears a knitted hat pulled down low and is dressed in a sweat suit with a pin "Exercise Physiologist".

MARCO

(speaking on white
cellphone)

Silvano, this is the Pope./ No, not in my room. On that new papal cell phone./ What's the room number where that envelope is supposed to be delivered?/ The one that was on your desk. To the, let me see.

Marco looks at the envelope.

MARCO (CONT'D)

(on white cellphone)

Document Depository Six. I thought the room number was on the envelope but it's not and I forgot what it was./ I am walking there by myself. I need exercise./ It's just to deliver the package./ Oh, I'm in disguise. No one will recognize me./ Look, two buildings over is nothing for me./ I'm used to walking all around town./ Yes, I mean before. / Okay, okay. I'll stay on the phone, so you can hear me and know I'm okay./ Now, what's the number?/ Okay, I should go to B928. Where do I go in?/ Oh. Thanks.

Marco sort of jogs a few steps toward the door across a long lawn, the phone stuck under his cap next to his ear.

MARCO (CONT'D)

(on white cellphone)

I'm down.

Marco touches his face and knocks the white phone to the ground, where it closes. He picks it up and walks on a short way.

A small ambulance screeches to a stop, and an EMS technician gets out and runs toward Marco, the radio at his waist blaring those indistinct, important-sounding words followed by others.

EMS RADIO

Pope Down. Pope Down. Pope Down.
Quadrant 6-D. Pope Down. Pope Down.
Pope Down. Quadrant 6-D.

The EMS technician can see no one else around, so he runs up to Marco.

EMS TECHNICIAN

Good, you're a med tech, too. Have you seen the Pope? Have you seen the Pope?

MARCO

Yes. I am the Pope.

EMS TECHNICIAN

No, not for fun. There was a report: 'Pope down'. This is serious. Pope has fallen. Did you see him and his procession?

MARCO

I am the Pope.

The EMS technician is very irritated but trying to stay calm.

EMS TECHNICIAN

Man! Help me! I'm gonna go to hell if I let the effin' Pope die. Help me! Where is the Pope?

MARCO

I'm sorry, I am not really the Pope. I meant that I am representing the Pope. This was a -- a training activity. You have done an excellent job. You came promptly. I will ask the Pope's assistant to call to thank you.

The EMS technician gets back in his truck and leaves.

Marco calls on the white phone.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Silvano, I'm okay. You told me how to get in the building, and I said 'I'm down'./ No, no, I am okay now, too!/It's an expression./No, not like chicken feathers. More like, 'I'm in agreement with 'something./ Yes, I'll come on back now./Okay./ And, Silvano, can we keep this just between ourselves?/ Thanks./ I just wanted to walk around as a common man for awhile.

Marco closes the white cellphone.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Before things get tougher.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marco and Arturo sit looking at one another, in two identical facing chairs.

MARCO

Okay, it's time. What are the rules?

ARTURO

No smoking in this building. I'll try to think of more.

MARCO

No, not the rules for everybody. Like what are the rules for the Pope?

ARTURO

Of course there are more. To appear to be the pope the rules you need to know, yes. Of course. How to look good. So, of greatest importance here: wardrobe.

Marco chuckles, surprised that he is hearing a joke, he thinks.

MARCO

JK

ARTURO

JK? Why did you say 'JK'? Like John Kennedy? American expression?

MARCO

Oh, I meant 'just kidding'. You know, texting.

Arturo looks puzzled..

ARTURO

Yes, well. We will set you up with Wardrobe as soon as we can. You and the Pope both seem rather out of shape but about the same shape.

He looks at Marco.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

JK

MARCO

High-five?

Arturo, proud, raises his arm for a successful high-five with Marco.

ARTURO

One important rule - no high-five's as Pope.

MARCO

Okay. And then the important rules later?

ARTURO

Which are?

MARCO

The doing good things. Like how to act when you are the Pope.

ARTURO

Oh! Well, yes, there is a lot to do. Sometimes a talk. And walking to the talk. For rules we have the movement advisor. He will be meeting with you, I am sure.

MARCO

Oh, I know. I respect your line of work -- and the movement. Of great importance. I won't be doing the talk, but I can learn the walk. But, where are the rules, like in the Catechism, maybe?

ARTURO

Sure, Marco. We can get you a copy of the Catechism book, if you're not up on your Catholicism. You are Catholic, aren't you?

MARCO

Well, yeah, I guess.

He notices Arturo's disapproving expression.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I mean, yes. I was raised Catholic.

Arturo nods.

ARTURO

Okay, for the serious stuff, NJK, Not just kidding!

The two men chuckle, Arturo more than Marco.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

You need to meet the Media Advisor. The new Pope had not met him yet. Their meeting was scheduled for tomorrow. So you can go to that meeting. Maybe get the two together, wardrobe and media -- similar duties.

MARCO

JK?

ARTURO

VS

MARCO

VS?

Arturo smiles.

ARTURO

Very Serious.

In the corner of the room Stephen Colbert sings *I am a Faithful Catholic*.

INT. COSMETOLOGY ROOM OF THE VATICAN - DAY

Marco is in a Pope changing room with Arturo and UMBERTO, who tries to remove Marco's undergarment, kind of like a woman's slip, but with long flowing sleeves.

UMBERTO

Your Holiness, we need to change the undergarment. The pink color will show through your white robe.

Marco does not respond; his earbuds are in.

ARTURO

He is listening to papal documents.

UMBERTO begins to pull the undergarment up. Arturo sees the tattoo start to appear and dashes to Marco's side.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Quick, go get His Holiness's headgear next door.

UMBERTO exits the room. There is a candle burning in the room. Arturo pushes and pulls Marco to help him quickly get out of the undergarment. His long sleeve brushes against the candle and begins to burn, at first in a small smoldering. Marco is not paying attention to any of this.

UMBERTO returns with papal headgear and sees the fire.

UMBERTO

Remove the pontiff's clothing!
Remove the pontiff's clothing!

Arturo sees the burning, but is reluctant to expose the tattoo. Marco is oblivious to the fire and the danger, and he begins to dance, with minimum yet experienced movement to the beat of the unheard tune, *The Doors' Come on Baby Light My Fire*, on his iPod. Pope/Marco sings very loudly, above the iPod sound in his ears.

MARCO

Come on baby light my fire.

The minor singeing is growing into something scary.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Set the night on f-i-i-i-re.

UMBERTO aggressively tries to disrobe Marco. Marco is off in his own head and not thinking about being the Pope, so he believes he is being approached sexually. But he does realize he has been screaming and whispers, earbuds still in.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I appreciate the compliment, but I don't see a future for us. I regret that I am not homosexual.

Marco looks around himself and comes to his senses.

MARCO (CONT'D)

In fact, I am the Pope. So. So, of course, I am not available. To anyone.

Marco returns to looking at himself in the mirror, sees the fire on his flowing robe, and rushes to the adjacent bathroom, Arturo running after. A shower is heard and in a short while Marco comes out in soaking wet papal underwear.

ARTURO

That is the procedure of the Vatican when the Pope is burning. Now I am to dress him myself. You may go.

UMBERTO nods. He leaves the room.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

So we have a new way now to hide that tattoo.

MARCO

I would also be willing to consider the lesser procedure of plastic surgery to modify the tattoo.

Marco starts to laugh. Arturo joins in, and they both chuckle and guffaw.

EXT. HALL OUTSIDE COSMETOLOGY ROOM - DAY

Umberto is outside the door of the cosmetology room, Pope hat in hand. Silvano passes by.

UMBERTO

What is that sound?

SILVANO

That is not your business, Umberto.

Silvano puts his hand to ear, listening.

SILVANO (CONT'D)

And I think it is laughter. Holy mirth.

Silvano smiles as he walks on.

UMBERTO

Holy Mirth. Holy Mirth.

INT. ADOLFO'S OFFICE - DAY

Marco in business papal attire is sitting at one end of a too-long conference table in a room reminiscent of a 1970's office, with an old-looking TV and one dated computer. The media advisor, ADOLFO, enters.

ADOLFO

Your Holiness, I am Adolfo.

He sits at the other end of the table from Marco.

MARCO

And I am Innocent.

ADOLFO

Yes. On to business. Here is what we do in Media Affairs. We make certain that your clothing makes a good impression. You have not been Pope for long; we don't know you well, Innocent XIV, but we have been told you are careful in your dress, with a sense of color. We can work with that.

MARCO

But you do know that I am not...

ADOLFO

Oh, yes. I forgot for a moment, though, really, it does not matter to me who you really are. You are the Pope. I did not yet meet the other new Pope. Now I meet you. It is the same.

He leans back in his chair and then forward.

ADOLFO (CONT'D)

So, the importance of being Pope for the world, through the media. For this we use clothing and movement.

Marco chuckles.

MARCO

I'm so sorry. I was thinking you were the Media Advisor. We're talking clothes. Of course! You're the Wardrobe Manager, like Umberto's boss, I guess. Glad to meet you.

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

I gotta see you guys' Facebook pages, so I can keep you straight.

ADOLFO

There is no book that I know with my face, Your Holiness. But, no, I mean yes, I am the Media Advisor. And Umberto is the advisor for wardrobe. He has no boss. He will join us soon. I believe you know him already?

Marco nods.

MARCO

I guess I didn't realize Umberto was so important. He has met me, but he doesn't know about me being a stand-in in for the Pope.

ADOLFO

No matter. You are His Holiness. When I knew we needed a Pope replacement, I asked the computer man to look online and order one. Which he did.

Adolfo goes into his I-am-consulting-with-you mode.

ADOLFO (CONT'D)

Okay, let me explain about this appearance thing. You and I -- we're around the same age. Remember Saturday Night Live? On the television.

MARCO

Of course! The Pope is a priest. I bet you're gonna mention Father Guido Sarducci.

ADOLFO

I do not know that priest.

MARCO

He's not real. Here, let me show you.

Marco walks to the older desktop computer and shows Adolfo the You Tube video Vita est Laborum by the character Father Guido Sarducci.

ADOLFO

This is interesting, yes. But, I was referring to someone else on SNL: Fernando Lamas. Billy Crystal played him. You know, 'You look mahvelous.' Crystal taught me a lot. That how you look is what matters.

Marco laughs out loud.

MARCO

'It's better to look good than to feel good.'

He laughs.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Like I guess you actually tell the Popes that.

ADOLFO

Well, yes, I guess I'm telling you that.

Marco looks at Adolfo, speechless. Adolfo gets up to end the meeting.

ADOLFO (CONT'D)

Goodbye, we will meet again, Your Holiness. You go on to Geaux. Someone will take you.

Adolfo leaves the room.

MARCO

'On to go' to you, too, Adolfo. New expression. On to go. On to go.

INT. MOVEMENT ROOM - DAY

Marco, in full Pope attire, and GUEAUX, with fancily embroidered identification on his flamboyant uniform: "Geaux" and "Movement Advisor", stand before a great number of mirrors in a large room that is bare except for two chairs. Marco looks at Geaux.

MARCO

So your name is 'Gex'?

GUEAUX

It is le French. Pronounced "go". I like to go like Pope.

Geaux makes some Pope movements.

Marco copies the movements Gueaux makes, from sweeping hand gestures to kneeling to raising wine cups to holding written works up to read them to sitting and getting up. He is good at some of the movements, but needs to be corrected on most.

MARCO

Like so, Go.

Marco copies more movements made by Gueaux.

GUEAUX

I will leave you alone to practice.

He leaves the room. Marco struts before the mirrors. The music for I'm Too Sexy for My Shirt plays through his Ipod earbuds.

Near the end of the song Gueaux, unnoticed, enters the room and sees Marco walk and dance. He joins in, following Marco's lead.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marco, on the bed, is speaking into his his Rolling Stones cellphone.

MARCO

I really don't do much of anything but I get so tired from so much kneeling and swooping and sitting. And trying on clothes is wearing me out. This is getting old. Anyway, call me if you have time, Courtney. Okay, bye. Maybe you'll be able talk when I call next. I think I'll go swimming tomorrow.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marco sits in a fine chair opposite a smaller chair in which is seated GEORGIO, a document handler, who hands Marco the book, Catechism of the Catholic Church.

MARCO

So you have the book I requested.

He opens the stiffly-bound book and peers at the tiny font.

MARCO (CONT'D)

It's so much easier for me to read with a Kindle. I had to pawn mine.

GEORGIO

A Kindle? Is it reading glasses? And how do you pawn, Your Holiness?

Marco thinks this is all a joke.

MARCO

Yeah. Ha ha.

Marco recovers, looking momentarily appalled that it is not a joke.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Oh, a Kindle is a way to read a book. Lets order one from Amazon. Hell, I mean heck, oh boy, lets do 'next day air' and have it tomorrow. This is the fu-, the great Vatican.

GEORGIO

You don't talk as I expected you to talk, Your Holiness.

MARCO

You have been briefed about the situation, right? You know who I am and what I must do.

GEORGIO

You are the new Pope and need to find documents about being a Pope.

Marco realizes Georgio is not in on the impersonation, and arranges his clothing and his language. He takes the book and looks at its Table of Contents and Index.

MARCO

So...I can find things within this book, you think? I can look for the concepts, the words...?

Marco flips pages back and forth, and then he hits himself on the head.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Oh, of course! I just need to look on the Internet! I'm embarrassed: you probably thought of that, too.

GEORGIO

Oh, yes, the Vatican is on the Internet, sir. We have a page with our address and maps. We have for some time been thinking about giving directions to important buildings.

Marco simply looks at him.

MARCO

I need a laptop.

GEORGIO

I don't know about your lap your holiness. I don't think that is of great interest to us. Although, of course, I am sure it is fine. The Pope's lap is honored. The top AND the bottom.

Georgio becomes embarrassed, but Marco laughs.

MARCO

The Pope has no muffin top.

GEORGIO

Holy Sir would like breakfast food? I can call for you.

MARCO

No. I am fine. I just need to know about computers.

Georgio is confused about this person, but he collects himself.

GEORGIO

Well, we do have several computers in our library. I can show you on a map where the library is located, sir. I have one somewhere.

He looks in his pockets. A small spiral paper notebook falls out.

MARCO

Use that notebook. Write all this down, please. Get me a computer. Lets make it a desktop. In this room, Internet-ready. Get it hooked up to work on the Internet. Wireless, please. Just tell that to your IT people.

Georgio, unsure about what this all means, writes notes to himself in the notebook.. He rises to leave.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Thank you so much, Georgio.

Georgio sort of fast tiptoes out of the room.

INT. ADOLFO'S OFFICE

Georgio looks from his paper notebook to Adolfo.

GEORGIO

Do you know who the IT people are?
Like beverage watchers? About eyes
and tea to drink?

INT. VATICAN SWIMMING POOL - EVENING

Marco is seen gliding underwater in the indoor swimming pool in a Pope bathing suit whose water-laden top reveals for a second his picture tattoo now covered in the sweeping robes of an angel and his word tattoo now reading : 'Won't walk over the line, Sweet Jesus'.

INT. ADOLFO'S OFFICE - DAY

Marco is meeting with ADOLFO.

MARCO

I was thinking that, since Pope
Innocent is not expected to appear
in public for now, with the flu
epidemic and all, I would make some
social media stuff.

Marco sees that Adolfo does not relate to what he is saying.

MARCO (CONT'D)

This seems like a great time to try
some things to get the word out
there. Using the Internet.

Marco opens the computer and turns it on, inserting a DVD on the side. Adolfo stares at the computer.

ADOLFO

What is that word?

Marco looks perplexed.

ADOLFO (CONT'D)

What is the word to get out there?

MARCO

I guess it is really lots of words. And pictures. Here's the deal: I found a video-making program on the computer they got me. So I made a commercial. I put it on You Tube. Won't get the views like the Harlem Shake videos or the piano-playing cats, but somebody might find it. Here's a netbook I ordered for you through Amazon. Just click on this link for the Pope Message at You Tube.

Marco realizes the Media Advisor doesn't know what he is talking about.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll write down here what to do.

Marco looks at his Rolling Stones cellphone for the time.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I just have a minute. Another clothes fitting. I need to go.

Marco leaves. Adolfo clicks, and video of dancing penguins appears. Then he finds Pope Message. It is a commercial for, of all things, doing good. The number of views is 46,317.

INT. ADOLFO'S OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY

Adolfo watches on his computer several videos made by Marco about doing good, the first several with very obvious and funny mistakes and the later ones more polished.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - DAY

Marco is talking on the white cellphone. The Pope's room has become somewhat junky.

MARCO

Hi, Adolfo. I wanted you to know that I checked out the American President's web site, so I've added a few things to ours./ Well, for one, a way for people to donate money./ Yes.

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

They can send it electronically./
 No, without using the mail./ It's
 already arrived./ Oh, not much./
 No, more. Maybe like fifty thousand
 Euros so far. No, fifty thousand./
 Fifty thousand. But let me check
 now. Hold on. Okay, now it's ninety-
 one thousand Euros./ For projects./
 Like for housing and jobs and food
 and stuff./For people./ Yes, I took
 a nice photo for the web site./
 Yeah, we can take one of me./ Yes,
 in colorful and appropriate
 clothing.

INT. ALDOFO'S OFFICE - DAY

Adolfo meets with Marco, showing more alert enthusiasm than
 previously.

MARCO

I started a new Twitter account. We
 will tweet these words: God loves
 you. You are precious. The world is
 better with you in it. You will
 help those around you. You will
 have peace, love, and joy.

ADOLFO

Only for Catholics, of course.

MARCO

No, for everyone. A tweet every
 hour. The same, repeated.

ADOLFO writes down all that Marco says.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Some of the faithful say they want
 to donate some of the money they
 used to spend on therapy. Because
 they are feeling better now!

ADOLFO

Is it really birds? Making the
 tweet sound?

INT. A VATICAN CAFETERIA - DAY

Marco, dressed as a nun, sits eating with a man dressed in a
 jacket with the embroidered insignia of a college.

MARCO

I have seen you watching,
observing.

COLLEGE PROFESSOR

I decided to put a priest in a play
I was writing. I asked my friends
who are Catholics: What shows other
people that a person is a Catholic
priest? First, I heard about the
clothing, the collar, things like
that.

There is a silence while the two are eating.

COLLEGE PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Then they told me about the rites
and the props used for them. Then
came words about the voices of the
priests. Not the specific words
they say but how they say them -
acting like what they say is
important and, well, true.

There is a silence while the two are drinking.

COLLEGE PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

And then they spoke of how a priest
moves. A priest walks and moves and
even sits like a priest -- like he
is important. He is playing his
role. He is a priest.

The two eat and drink.

COLLEGE PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

But I learned as well that a priest
also acts like he is a caring man --
whether he is or not, really. He
acts calm and he works within a
calm place.

INT. MOVEMENT ROOM - DAY

Marco, dressed as a priest, is seen walking around Geaux's mirrored room in his newly-realized style of a priest. His iPod plays a burst of I'm Too Sexy for My Shirt before he changes to Swan Lake Ballet and moves as a graceful and honoring Pope, practicing sitting and rising from the chair as well.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marco is speaking on his Rolling Stones cellphone.

MARCO

Oh. That's great, Michael. You'll get to see the Vatican. And you'll get an audience with the Pope. Maybe. But he will consider your request./ His Audience Advisor makes that decision, actually./ Yeah. I have heard that./ No, I'm not making it up./ I do know some things./ Do, too./ Do too./ Yeah, sometimes from the Internet.

Michael has hung up on Marco.

INT. ADOLFO'S OFFICE

MARCO

I want to do something as the Pope, to practice. You know, so I can act Popely at appearances, like on TV.

ADOLFO

You can walk around the Vatican and practice saying things to people

MARCO

Is there a way to speak with priests. Oh, maybe priests visiting the Vatican. Do you think I could speak to people like that?

ADOLFO

Oh, yes. There have been many apologies given to those wanting an audience with the Pope. Yes, there is a group of priests visiting later today. You might give them an audience -- with you.

Marco high-fives Adolfo.

INT. PAPAL AUDIENCE ROOM - DAY

Marco is across the Papal Audience Room from his brother MICHAEL, who is working his clothes and his pride, and several other priests, all with heads bowed.

MARCO

So, go forth and do what is right.
Think of the consequences of
actions and advise accordingly.
Make decisions based on good.
Remember the relativity of good.
Some actions considered sins may be
necessary for good.

Marco utters a prayer, then leaves the room. The priests
leave by a door to the hall.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PAPAL AUDIENCE ROOM - NEXT

Michael presses to call on his cellphone. He hears the ring
through his cell phone and, immediately after, a ring of a
phone behind the door he has left.

INT. PAPAL AUDIENCE ROOM - NEXT

Marco answers his Rolling Stones cellphone.

MICHAEL

Hey Marco.

Michael does that bragging, repetitive chant thing victors
do, while strutting back and forth in an exaggerated manner,
his hips and his hands moving

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I got to meet with the Po-ope. I
got to meet with the Po-ope. I got
to met with the Po-ope. And you did
no-ot.

He leans against the wall.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And, Marco, okay, he does look
kinda like you, but not much. Like
you if you shaved and got a great
haircut and if you really knew how
to speak Italian right.

Michael giggles, still on the phone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And if you had nice clothes and if
you knew how to act like a priest
like I do and if you weren't such a
douche about the business of
religion.

A higher-level priest passes Michael in the hall and gives him a stern look.

HIGHER-LEVEL PRIEST

We do not speak thus in the environment of His Holiness.

MICHAEL

Yes, I know. But I was speaking with someone ranked lower and not of the Church and I, uh, stooped to his level.

The Higher-level priest looks at Michael disapprovingly.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

No, I don't mean that. I am so sorry. That is not an excuse.

HIGHER-LEVEL PRIEST

No, it is not.

The higher-level priest walks away a few steps but then turns back toward Michael.

HIGHER-LEVEL PRIEST (CONT'D)

Have a good day.

He walks on. Then he speaks to himself, but aloud.

HIGHER-LEVEL PRIEST (CONT'D)

Douche.

The higher-level priest high-fives a statue in the hallway.

INT. WAITING ROOM FOR PAPAL AUDIENCE ROOM - LATER

Michael passes a priest in the hallway.

MICHAEL

I have been granted a long audience with the Pope. Just got the message. My second meeting with him. He needs my input.

Michael's walk changes to a strut. David Hasselhoff sings *Hooked on a Feeling*, walking with Michael down the hall.

INT. WAITING ROOM FOR PAPAL AUDIENCE ROOM - NEXT

Michael is on his cellphone with his mother.

MICHAEL

Ma, I am, right now, going to,
listen to this, a second audience
with the Pope.

A Vatican employee beckons him over.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It's now, Ma. Bye, Ma.

INT. PAPAL AUDIENCE ROOM - NEXT

Marco is dressed in especially impressive and grand papal clothing and fine Italian shoes. He is facing away from Michael, toward a window that has a cross as part of its design.

MARCO

Father Michael, I invited you to
see me again, when I recognized
your name on the list of priests
visiting the Vatican.

Michael beams expectantly.

MARCO (CONT'D)

But I wish to discuss one thing
with you. I know of you from what a
lower priest such as yourself might
call a dream.

Michael beams more.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I learned where you have not done
right.

Michael's whole expression changes, to shock and even fear.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Drop to your knees, Father.

Michael complies.

MARCO (CONT'D)

You must confess. To me.

MICHAEL

Your Holiness, I love God. And I
adore you, Your Holiness. Tell me
where I have not done right so I
might repent.

MARCO

These actions of which I speak were toward your brother.

MICHAEL

My brother? I apologize for any inconvenience.

MARCO

That is not apology and is not confession. Fall forward, with your forehead to the carpet.

Michael complies.

MARCO (CONT'D)

You have been disrespectful toward your own brother.

Marco gets up and walks toward Michael. Michael peeks at Marco's Italian shoes and smells them. Marco pushes Michael's head firmly down on the carpet.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Confession will not be sufficient. You must change your actions toward your brother.

Michael at first is silently shocked. Then he just lies there on the floor, actually content to be with the Pope, as Marco reads a book on his Kindle, Duffy's Saints and Sinners: A History of the Popes.

Michael finally looks up.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Be respectful. I will leave the room. Then you may arise and leave.

Marco opens and closes the door but stays in the room. Michael starts to get up.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I am here. I told you to respectfully wait for me to leave.

The door again opens and closes. Michael starts to get up. Marco is still present.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Are you not able to understand the words of the Pope and be respectful?

The door again opens and closes. Michael starts to raise his head but doesn't. He stays on the floor. Time passes. A Vatican Assistant comes in.

VATICAN ASSISTANT

Father Michael. Why are you here?
The Pope has ordered you to leave.
You must obey the Pope. He will not
be pleased.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PAPAL AUDIENCE ROOM

Michael comes out into the hallway. He has the imprint of a foot on the back of his head. Several priests and the like stare at him.

INT. ROOM NEXT TO POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - DAY INTO NIGHT

Marco starts talking from a seated position, facing the silent and still Pope in the bed.

MARCO

Something I want to talk to you
about is that cool thing Catholics
used to have with the not eating
meat on Friday thing when I was a
kid. That seemed really hard to do
then, when we ate meat every night.

He raises his voice and then gets up and walks around the room, gesticulating as he speaks.

MARCO (CONT'D)

We didn't even know then that fish
was really good for you. But you
top religious guys probably knew
that. Brilliant! I want to be like
that. You tell people to eat fish,
that is good for them, and they get
to feel holy and good about doing
it. Man, Catholics must have
donated so much meat to the poor.
Imagine all that meat not eaten by
Catholics -- being given to a
starving country! One day's meat
for an American would feed like,
what, at least five people of
another country. Maybe ten, or
twenty! How many starving people do
you think were saved?

Marco walks across the room to get his Rolling Stones cellphone.

POPE INNOCENT
(very softly)
Not done for good. Done for penance.

Marco does not hear the Pope.

MARCO
What are the rules now? So many Catholics! So much good to do!

Marco looks at the silent Pope, eyes slightly open. He picks up his Rolling Stones cellphone and calls.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Well, you're not there, but I know you listen to your messages. I'm getting more excited now. I want to learn from this Pope. He'll be awake soon, I think. Well, take care, Courtney. I gotta go. Call me sometime.

When Marco looks up, he sees that the Pope is asleep.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marco is sitting at the computer. He talks to himself as he types in notes to himself.

MARCO
Okay. First, rules. The Pope must have rules or laws or something. Like don't try to sleep with your neighbor's wife or, I guess, your nun -- or maybe your priest. And give to the poor, that must be one.

Marco opens Google.

MARCO (CONT'D)
A Catholic Church in Picayune, Mississippi, has the catechism online. And searchable!

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marco, dressed, lies on the bed. There is a knock.

MARCO

Enter.

Arturo comes in. Marco gets up and the two sit on the sofa, Arturo matter-of-factly making a report.

ARTURO

As you know, the Pope is comatose -- for a few more weeks, or months, perhaps. Or he could be awake earlier.

MARCO

Months! How'm I gonna do months, huh?

ARTURO

He will awaken slowly. The doctors don't really know when and how he will wake up, but they want him to have someone with him to help him recover.

MARCO

Certainly. Who will that be?

ARTURO

You. You will continue to sleep here in the Pope's room, but you will -- what do you say -- hang out with the Pope in the room next door. Okay, done. Oh, when he comes to consciousness, be gentle with him. Do not over-react. It is a medical necessity. And we do thank you.

And Arturo is gone from the room.

MARCO

(to himself)

Now I'm a fucking baby-sitter

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Silvano comes into the room. Marco is in bed, facing the opposite direction from the door, apparently sleeping, though we see him peeking, slightly, and then closing his eyes. Silvano pats his covers.

SILVANO

I am so happy to see His Holiness
doing so well. It is God's wish.
And it is my wish for His Holiness.

They leave the room. Marco smiles and drifts back to sleep.

MARCO

(mumbling to himself and
smiling)
The baby-sitter but also the very
special baby.

In the corner of the room Bobby McFerrin sings *Hush, Little Baby, Don't You Cry* with instrumental accompaniment provided by Yo-Yo Ma with Mark O'Connor and Edgar Meyer. (as on youtube.com)

INT. ROOM NEXT TO POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - DAY

Marco is sitting at the computer. The Pope lies in the bed seeming unaware of his surroundings, not making a sound.

MARCO

Okay, I'm getting another computer installed here in this room. You will probably be up and around soon enough, and then you will be next door, so I'll leave the other computer there. Whatever did you do without one?

Marco looks toward the Pope.

MARCO (CONT'D)

They think talking to you is a good thing. And I do, too. I don't even know you, Pope, but I am pleased to make your acquaintance. I'll tell you what I am doing, to help you get better. They do that in movies.

When Marco laughs, it seems like the Pope moves his mouth, too -- or maybe he doesn't.

Marco looks out the window and down to the parking lot, where he sees the Pope Mobile chauffeur singing a few bars of Harry Nilsson's *Everybody's Talkin'* (at me).

MARCO (CONT'D)

Lets talk about things you're used to. Catholics do good.
(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

And you're like the mob boss of Catholics, right? Okay, you are Innocent number X-I-V. Sounds like "no intravenous allowed". JK, XIV. Lets write that 'XIV' on my new big pad of paper. You are number 14 of Pope Innocents, and there've been lots of Popes with other names.

Marco leans back in his chair. Demetri Martin walks from nowhere over to the large pad that is on an easel.

DEMETRI MARTIN

So man, I mean Heavenly Dude, like you are Innocent XIV. Real Roman Numeral Name. Like really great basketball players ought to have roman numerals on their uniforms, like this player here with an X on his jersey.

Demetri goes back to the big pad, drawing the back of a man in a basketball jersey with different roman numerals fitting and clearly not fitting on the Jersey.

DEMETRI MARTIN (CONT'D)

And like Michael Jordan wore 9 in the Olympics, so that is IX. And he wore XII once when his uniform was stolen. And 45, XLV, and 23! XXIII! Popes need numbers on their shirts, too. But we -- oh, I mean 'you' need numbers. But you need names on your shirts, too. Then he draws a series of Pope pictures with progressively longer names and numbers of real Popes.

He adds big Pope hats at the last minute. Marco has fallen asleep at his computer. He and the Pope snore in unison.

INT. ROOM NEXT TO POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - DAY

There are a lot of crumbled up pages from the paper pad on the floor.

MARCO

Okay, lets start again. Picayune, show me references for 'doing good'. Must be a lot, so lets put quotation mark, doing good, quotation mark. Da Pope gots to do good!

Marco clicks on the 'search' button.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Got to know how act like a Pope. A good Pope!

He looks toward the Pope as he waits for the search results.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Okay, there must be a lot of results. Okay, here they are.

(disappointed)

Three references. Not a lot, but..must be major references.

Okay: ...*the ability to follow the example of Christ. It makes him capable of acting rightly and doing good...* Okay, good. But no specifics. Onward. *Christ declares the sabbath for doing good rather than harm, for saving life rather than killing.* Okay, I already try not to kill on most days of the week. Most people do that. Okay, *Do not weep, for I shall be more useful to you after my death and I shall help you then more effectively than during my life. I want to spend my heaven in doing good on earth.* Okay, this is good for those up there to do. But I, for one, want to spend my earth in doing good on earth. I think most people do, in fact.

Marco stares at the computer.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Okay, nothing about the Pope, really. So lets try 'Pope duties' without the quotes. Must be a list of references there. None.

INT. ADOLFO'S OFFICE - DAY

Marco speaks to Adolfo, the first standing, the second sittig at his desk.

MARCO

Okay, I set up a blog, "The Pope Speaks To You and For You." People can read my thoughts and they can comment on what I say.

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

And I can read what they have to say. And think about that. Well, they can read the comments of the Pope. I'm just trying to figure out what he would say. I need to change the name to "The Pope Speaks With You."

INT. ROOM NEXT TO POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - DAY INTO NIGHT

Marco sits back, in the quiet room with the quiet Pope. He speaks to the Pope.

MARCO

I just need to find a list of things to do. What are the rules for doing good?

He looks at the Pope.

MARCO (CONT'D)

It's okay dude.

He finds on the computer The Lion Sleeps Tonight (Wimoweh) by the Tokens. The music plays. Marco addresses the Pope.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I'll let you know later what I find.

He searches the catechism web site further.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Too many words. They repeat. And nothing helpful. Okay, I'll try this.

He types in 'values' and the computer page fills.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Hey, mother load! It's a BUNCH! Fourteen matches for 'values'. Hmm.

Marco quickly reads over the words, then turns toward the comatose Pope to speak.

MARCO (CONT'D)

But, no, nothing here helpful on values, Innocent. Lets try Wikipedia.

He reads.

MARCO (CONT'D)

The modern Roman Catholic Catechism lists the sins as: pride, avarice, envy, wrath, lust, gluttony, and sloth.

Marco makes a list on paper as he says the sins aloud. Well, I sure have been guilty of all of those. He sits back. He hits his head with his hand.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I just remembered the Ten Commandments! They should help.

He searches on the Internet.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Okay. I know there is something about not coveting your neighbor's wife. I only covet their groupies and mistresses.

He looks at the Pope with horror.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Oh, I don't mean that, Your Holiness. Just a joke.

Marco returns to the computer screen.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Here they are: the Catholic ten commandments in modern-day language. *I am the Lord your God and you shall have no other Gods before me.* Number two: *You shall not make wrongful use of the name of your God.* Number three is: *Remember the Sabbath and keep it holy.* Number four: *Honor your father and mother.*

Marco rubs his head.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I do try on that one. Number five: *You shall not murder.* Such an important rule, way down here at number five. Number six: *You shall not commit adultery.* Who knew it was right after murder? Number seven: *You shall not steal.* Number eight: *You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor.*

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

If that's lying, why can't it say so? Number nine: *You shall not covet your neighbor's wife.* Number ten: *You shall not covet anything that belongs to your neighbor.* So number ten doesn't approve of advertising, I guess. Commercials teach us to covet.

Marco leans back. He looks toward the Pope.

MARCO (CONT'D)

These are good. Hm. Two say what TO do: *Remember the Sabbath and keep it holy.* and *Honor your father and mother.* But overall this list is the 'Thou Shalt Nots'. So where are the 'Thou Shalts'?

He goes to Wikipedia on his desktop computer.

MARCO (CONT'D)

This is it. Maybe. "The seven holy virtues are humility, charity, kindness, patience, chastity, temperance, and diligence." That's good, positive things.

He leans back to rub his head and think.

MARCO (CONT'D)

But no actions to take, really. Does the Pope need to know what things are good for people to do, so he can teach people, encourage them, to do things that are virtuous? How does the Pope know what to do? To help the world be the best it can be. How does the Pope help the world's people of the world be better people.

Marco sits back.

MARCO (CONT'D)

No wonder the last guy quit.

INT. A VATICAN CAFETERIA - DAY

Marco as a Red Cross volunteer looks around for a place to sit to eat. He approaches a table with people in colorful African attire who speak another language than English.

He approaches the table where sits a large AFRICAN WOMAN of about 45 who sits, a book with an English title beside her.

MARCO

May I sit with you?

She spreads wide her arms and the sleeves of her colorful, well-made flowing robe, to welcome him. An artfully ornate pin with the photographs of two especially adorable small children is revealed.

AFRICAN WOMAN

So, how are you?

MARCO

I am good. I am blessed, actually.
I see your lovely pin.

AFRICAN WOMAN

Yes, I was blessed as well.

They eat in silence a short while.

MARCO

Are you royalty? Or are you clergy?

AFRICAN WOMAN

Now there would be one person here who is both -- the Pope!

They both laugh.

AFRICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

I can see your interest is in my attire, which is flamboyant, as dresses this new Pope. He might, better than strut, wear clothes like you wear. And do work as you do. Clothes make the man, no?

Marco looks down at his food.

AFRICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

But clearly you work for the Red Cross, not the Catholic Cross!

Marco laughs with her.

AFRICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

I guess both crosses are in some ways for the same thing...but in some ways, not.

MARCO

Tell me.

Their heads get closer and they speak together seriously, tears streaming down the beautiful rounded ebony face of the woman in the robe.

AFRICAN WOMAN

Why did not the Catholic Church help my people? Why! Why! I want to know. AIDS is killing us, and we are told it is immoral to use condoms. Many are sick and they look for love and comfort. They spread the disease. He cannot win, we cannot win -- we cannot win.

She looks to the ceiling. She quietens. She hugs herself in a manner than includes her pin.

AFRICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

My grandbabies are dead. My daughter is dead.

She sobs.

AFRICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

I cannot hate her husband who made her ill. She loved him. I loved her. I loved the babies. I loved him.

She gets quieter and then whispers.

AFRICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

The Pope did not save us. I must not hate the Pope. I must love the Pope, too.

She looks up at Marco, who is crying along with the woman.

INT. ROOM NEXT TO POPE'S ROOM

Marco sits on a chair facing the comatose Pope, eyes raised in thought.

MARCO

How does the Pope know which rule to follow? What if following one rule will make other bad things happen? Like decisions about condoms and AIDS.

Marco thinks, then speaks more softly and seriously.

MARCO (CONT'D)

For the very important decisions there must be people, like juries of our peers, common people who take things seriously -- who have more at stake in real life things, like marriage and money and girlfriends and babies.

He leans back in thought. He dials his Rolling Stones cellphone, not thinking of which cellphone to use.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Hey, Arturo./ Oh, this is Marco. I got a question./ Is there like a jury of people to talk things over and decide rules./ Like Catholic rules./ But if they need to be changed. Or if something new comes up. Or something complicated./ Okay, maybe the media department?/ Okay, then. Bye.

Marco shakes his head. He writes and rewrites on a post-it note words to explain what he wants to know. Then he dials again.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Adolfo./ Yeah, Marco here. Are there like groups to decide the priority of actions? Like to decide when an exception to a big rule is needed -- when there is a new combination of factors./ Okay, I'll tell you more. Try to explain. Like the Pope here might say that people should not steal but that stealing from a rich guy is okay when you are stealing for a starving baby to live./ Oh, well, okay./ Yeah, I guess it would sound kinda wimpy, if the Pope talked that way on television. Okay, thanks. Bye.

The Pope nods toward the book with the bold title on it: Catechism of the Catholic Church

POPE

No search. Right here.

MARCO

Hey, man, you're awake.

The Pope is asleep.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Kinda awake. Okay, I'll search 'priorities' in the Catechism. No, nothing.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marco comes into the room charged from success. He strides around the room. No one to tell. He sits on the bed. For awhile. He begins to sing The Beach Boys' *Sloop John B.*

MARCO

We come on the sloop John B. My grandfather and me. Around Nassau town we did roam. Drinking all night, got into a fight. Well I feel so broke up, I want to go home. Why the fuck am I singing that song?

He pauses. Marco sits up and thinks for a long time. He walks around the room. He notices, for the first time in a way, the cross on the wall. He kneels before it.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Lord, I miss my old life, where I could do what I wanted to do. Like, well, like dress up like other people and, well, try to figure out good stuff to help people when I could and try to pay the bills and, well, um ...

Tears stream down his face.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE POPE INNOCENT'S AND NEXT DOOR ROOMS - NIGHT

Sobbing can be heard, very vaguely, coming from the area of the side-by-side doors to the two rooms. It seems to come from both rooms.

UMBERTO

What is that sound?

ARTURO

That is not your business, Umberto.

INT. POPE'S ROOM - THE FOLLOWING DAY

Still on his knees, Marco kind of cries, then he looks struck by something, then he speaks.

MARCO

I am lonely. I am so lonely. But I don't miss...anyone.

Marco rubs his head.

He looks up at the cross on the wall.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I ended up here. Why? Let me know.

He looks at the cross, waiting for an answer. He walks around the room, waiting for an answer. Then he takes a Rolling Stone magazine from a suitcase under the bed. He opens it to an article about Leonard Cohen. The PHOTO OF LEONARD COHEN begins to sing from his *Waiting for the Miracle*.

PHOTO OF LEONARD COHEN

... I've been waiting,/ I've been waiting night and day./ I didn't see the time,/ I waited half my life away./ There were lots of invitations/ and I know you sent me some,/ but I was waiting for the miracle,/ for the miracle to come./ I know you really loved me./ but, you see, my hands were tied.

Marco closes the magazine, stopping the song. He stomps around the room. He picks up his Rolling Stones cellphone.

MARCO

Courtney, hi babe./ I need to talk./ Oh, you need to do something./ Papers to fill in? / Okay. So there is a deadline for something urgent./ Okay, we will talk later.

Marco puts down his cellphone and stomps even more loudly around the room.

INT. ADOLFO'S OFFICE

Adolfo and Marco sit at the table, the door to the hall open.

ADOLFO

There has been an earthquake in Mozambique. We must present a reassuring image to them. Through a talk to their nation.

MARCO

I cannot do that. Lets figure out what we can do for them. Get medical supplies in. Get medical personnel in. See if they need water. Send food in. Send blankets. Dolls for the children.

ADOLFO

Your Holy...Sir. We are only the Vatican. We can be ready if the relief agencies ask us for donations. The point here is that Mozambique is a Catholic country and we must show them the Pope and the Pope must speak to them.

MARCO

No, we've gotta keep them alive first.

ADOLFO

But I mean it, Your...Sir. We need a speech.

MARCO

I'll think of a way.
(yelling)
No, I can't think of anything.

The Beatles are singing *Help* from the hallway.

MARCO (CONT'D)

No speeches. I will not do that. I cannot do that.

ADOLFO

Look, you are the Pope. The Pope has to do this.

MARCO

I am not the Pope. I am just a person.

ADOLFO

Are you anybody?

MARCO

Yes. Exactly. I am just a person,
anybody.

ADOLFO

Pope John XXIII said something.
Look.

He opens a drawer in the table and takes out a small plaque
and points to it while reading its words.

ADOLFO (CONT'D)

"Anybody can be Pope; the proof of
this is that I have become one." It
is time for anybody to be Pope.
That is you.

Marco gets up and goes to the door.

MARCO

I gotta go. Give me some time.

INT. POPE'S ROOM

Marco sits at the computer, searching on Google. He calls on
the white Papal cellphone.

MARCO

Hey, Adolfo. Mozambique is a multi-
religion country./ No, not a big
proportion of Catholics./ Yeah, you
had it wrong./ No, I guess there
isn't a need for me to speak./ It's
okay. Stress comes with life./Yeah,
you, too. Bye.

Marco looks out the window and stretches. He smiles. Then he
looks depressed. He walks around the room. He looks in the
mirror. He walks around some more. He sits at the computer.
He finds an old movie. A movie father speaks with his movie
little daughter.

MOVIE FATHER

Hannah. Your mother had died, yes,
but your needs are taken care of.
You do not need to worry about
anything.

The movie little daughter looks at him with quiet, silent,
sad big eyes for a long, terrible time.

MOVIE FATHER (CONT'D)

I will always be with you. I love you.

The Movie Little Daughter flings her arms around her Movie Father and starts crying in release.

MOVIE LITTLE GIRL

Oh, thank you, Papa.

She sobs in his arms, hugging him.

Marco turns off the computer.

MARCO

Shit!

Marco moves agitatedly around the room. He sweats.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Damn sure wish I still smoked pot.

He looks in the mirror.

MARCO (CONT'D)

People of Mozambique, I am with you.

He sounds squeaky and nervous. He pulls from a drawer some Mickey Mouse ears and puts them on.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Hello, Minnie and others.
Everything will be all right.

Marco gets in bed. He tosses and turns. He gets up, punches in for a call on his Rolling Stones cellphone, and stands as he talks.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Adolfo, man, you can't fucking say I don't need to give them a speech./ I said man, you can't fucking say I don't need to give them a speech./ Sorry, I didn't know it was so late./ Please apologize to Mrs. Adolfo. Tell her I said...No, tell her I'm the fucking Pope. I can do what I wanna do!./ Okay, I know./ Just a joke./ But, seriously, Adolfo, we have to give that speech./ Okay, I have to give that speech./ Yeah, I'll tell you what I mean tomorrow.

Marco wipes sweat from his brow and sits on the bed.

MARCO (CONT'D)
This speech stuff is the hardest
thing about being Pope.

Marco leans back on the bed, then sits upright.

MARCO (CONT'D)
They don't make Popes do that
Dancing With the Stars show, do
they?

He lies down.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Yeah, like me and Kate Gosselin
dancing together.

Marco's serious expression turns to a grin. Then he laughs.

INT. POPE'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Marco tries another hat and gives a speech as the different characters. Then he puts on a papal beanie and, voila, he is able to deliver a reasonable-sounding one-sentence speech.

INT. ADOLFO'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Marco enters Adolfo's office and speaks, standing, to Adolfo looking down at something on his desk.

MARCO
I've gotta do it, Adolfo. Once I
realized that, I've got no out.
Those people in Mozambique will
need so much from everyone. From me
they need words.

Marco sits down across from Adolfo.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Seems like I have to do whatever is
the hardest thing for me to do. Are
you like that, Adolfo?

Adolfo finishing scribbling over an unfinished Sudoku puzzle and looks up at Marco.

ADOLFO
Sure.

Marco sits.

INT. MOVEMENT ROOM - DAY

Marco practices speaking alone facing out from the mirrored room. Then he speaks with one manikin in a chair before him. Then more and then more manikins are added. Then one person is allowed, Umberto. Then one by one the others who know about Marco are added: Arturo and Savio and Luigi and Gianni and Adolfo. Then, after a sign is posted: 'Preview of Papal Speech', others from the Vatican watch him, starting with Umberto and Geaux.

INT. ADOLFO'S STUDIO

ADOLFO

Marco, you have to come give the speech now. No, now. I mean by 'now' now.

INT. POPE'S ROOM

Sweating and shaky, Marco looks up at the cross in his room.

MARCO

How am I going to do this?

He draws himself up straight and puts on his papal beanie.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Okay, I've got my speech. I'm out of here.

He walks out of the room without his speech, carrying the wrong folder.

EXT. ADOLFO'S OFFICE

MARCO

So where is my speech to be filmed?

ADOLFO

Ha. Ha. It would indeed be nice if we could do retakes, would it not?

Marco is about to throw up.

MARCO

Okay. It is time. Lead me to the yard.

ADOLFO
No, it's out here.

Marco is led to a balcony. He looks down and sees it is a very long way down.

He speaks...from no notes.

INT. SILVANO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Silvano sits and watches television.

TELEVISION COMMENTATOR
The Pope has inspired the people of Mozambique to see a future beyond the earthquake. New media management at the Vatican is praised for the success of the Pope's communication with the people.

Silvano has the proud smile of a parent of the best recital student.

INT. ROOM NEXT TO POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - DAY

Marco is talking with, or, really, toward, the Pope.

MARCO
I know what I am to do. I am here to help.

Marco sighs.

MARCO (CONT'D)
I gotta figure out how to do that better. Hell, I've got time and outfits and the fucking Pope Mobile, too! Who can't help with all this?

He looks at the Pope, who is not helping.

INT. POPE'S ROOM

Marco turns on his iPod to relax while sinking into his sofa and he listens to a song in Spanish, *Tieta's Light* sung by Caetano Velosa.

MARCO

What about South America? What are we doing for South America?

INT. A VATICAN CAFETERIA - DAY

Marco, as a woman in a sort of turban with fruit on it, looks around the room several times. He walks up to a table where someone sits who appears from her bag with Travel Brazil logo on it, to be a SOUTH AMERICAN WOMAN.

MARCO

(in bad Spanish)
May I sit here?

SOUTH AMERICAN WOMAN

(in English)
That depends on your intent.

MARCO

(now in English)
There are so few tables free and I could use some company.

She looks at him.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Only while I eat.

SOUTH AMERICAN WOMAN

Too bad. I need a friend to share girl-stuff with.

Marco smiles. But he gets down to the business of eating - to get it out of the way so he can talk with her.

INT. A VATICAN CAFETERIA - LATER

SOUTH AMERICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

So many of my friends are now Baptists and Methodists and things like that.

MARCO

Why? Why are they no longer Catholic?

SOUTH AMERICAN WOMAN

Well, I think it is the music!

She laughs a musical laugh. Marco laughs back.

MARCO

So what are our chants lacking?

He chants, snapping his fingers. They laugh again together.

SOUTH AMERICAN WOMAN

And more, really. We are a people with emotions. We get words about what to do and what to stop doing. We get repetition. All are good.

She looks wistful.

MARCO

But.

SOUTH AMERICAN WOMAN

Yes, but.

There is silence for awhile, as the woman shares her chocolate dessert with Marco.

SOUTH AMERICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

And this is nice. Our being together. In the church there are no women like me. I mean, yes in the rest of the, the...audience, watching the men. And yes, three are nuns. But they have led different lives. There are women leaders in other religions.

She looks up at Marco.

SOUTH AMERICAN WOMAN (CONT'D)

Like telling you need a wax on that upper lip. Only a woman can tell you that!

They giggle. And giggle.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marco sits, reading on his Kindle. Arturo comes in.

ARTURO

The Doctors are lessening the Pope's medication, Marco. You may begin to hear him next door when you are not with him. They think he might come to his senses off and on for awhile.

MARCO

Okay. I'll listen out for him and maybe look in on him if he sounds like he needs me...needs someone.

ARTURO

He will have his usual nurse check-in, but thanks. Just wanted you to know. Sure is nice having you around. This makes me think of, you know, the future. Will hate to see you go. I mean when the Pope is well.

MARCO

No. You won't miss me when you have a real pope.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM

Marco is lying in bed listening on his iPod earbuds to Tina Turner's *What's Love Got to Do with It?* He looks at the cross on the wall. He begins singing, in a whisper.

MARCO

What's God got to do with it, do with it? What's God, but a second-hand emotion? What's God got to do, got to do with it? Who needs a heart when a heart can be broken?

INT. POPE'S ROOM - NIGHT TO DAY

Marco lies staring all night. When the clock shows him it is 8 am, he sits up.

MARCO

Who can I call? I know, Moe! My old buddy.

Marco presses a number on his Rolling Stones cellphone, then quickly closes he phone.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Oh, no, I forgot the time zone. He's asleep! Like duh. It's, what, seven hours earlier there, Eastern Time.

Marco stares.

MARCO (CONT'D)

E.T.

Marco sits and speaks quietly to himself.

MARCO (CONT'D)

E. T. phone home.

Time passes.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I'm hungry. I gotta get out of here.

He finds what looks like fresh fruit.

INT. A VATICAN CAFETERIA - NEXT

Marco, wearing Nikes and running clothes and a baseball cap, looks for a table. A BOY AT THE VATICAN of about 13 wearing a black t-shirt is eating quietly.

MARCO

Okay if I sit here?

The boy brightens, a little, and nods.

BOY AT THE VATICAN

Whatev.

Marco places his food on the table. The two have chosen practically the same foods: breakfast but PopTarts and Juicy Juice in a box with a straw and some kind of fun breakfast meat.

MARCO

So. You here alone?

BOY AT THE VATICAN

With a club. Future Priests of America.

MARCO

Never heard of it. Sounds okay.

BOY AT THE VATICAN

Yeah. It was that or step. For step I don't look right.

MARCO

Those the only clubs that weren't full? Step dance and Future Priests?

BOY AT THE VATICAN

Kinda.

MARCO

Oh. So what do you do?

BOY AT THE VATICAN

Priest stuff. What do they call it?
I can't think of it. Rites and
rituals. Yeah. It's mostly just
reading words and doing things.
Like with your hands and stuff. So
we're on a trip here. To the
Vatican.

MARCO

You like it -- the club? And you
wanna be a priest?

BOY AT THE VATICAN

Thought I wanted to be a priest.
But I like building stuff much
more. Like working with Habitat.
Not too many priests get to do
that. Maybe none.

The boy eats.

MARCO

Maybe some.

They both eat their chocolate pudding.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I kinda have some connections. Can
I have your name and email? In case
I hear of something to help with
the building club thing.

BOY AT THE VATICAN

Sure.

He writes his name and email address on a napkin that Marco
puts in his pocket.

BOY AT THE VATICAN (CONT'D)

What time is it?

Marco opens his Rolling Stones cellphone and shows the time
on it.

BOY AT THE VATICAN (CONT'D)

Oh, I gotta go practice! You should
watch us.

The boy reaches in the top of his t-shirt and takes out a white priest collar and folds it down over the shirt. The he reaches in his pocket and takes out a flyer that he hands to Marco. Then he walks off quickly.

INT. ROOM NEXT TO POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - LATER

MARCO

But maybe the Pope is always old and tied down, taught to be a priest forever. Like my brother. Impressed with who he is but also bored.

The Pope speaks softly as he falls asleep.

POPE INNOCENT

Yes. Yes.

MARCO

But back home I was impressed with myself for what I can do. Not what I am simply able to do. What I can actually do and hope to do -- that is never boring.

He thinks.

INT. ROOM NEXT TO POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM

The Pope has improved in his speech, although he speaks carefully and slowly.

POPE INNOCENT

I want you to stay.

MARCO

It's okay. I can stay with you a while. The meeting doesn't start for an hour. And the Pope can be late. No prob.

The Pope shakes his head emphatically, "no".

POPE INNOCENT

I want to go.

MARCO

Bathroom?

POPE INNOCENT

No, I want to leave. I want you to be Pope. They need you.

MARCO

It's okay, Your Holiness. You are dreaming. Just sleep now.

INT. ROOM NEXT TO POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marco, in papal attire, looks up from his computer. The Pope wears expensive-looking black pajamas. He is awake, and he touches the satin clerical collar.

POPE INNOCENT

I want to wear what I like.

Marco indicates his own clothes with a sweeping arm movement.

MARCO

I can get them to dress you in these, Your Holiness.

POPE INNOCENT

No. I have a picture. There.

The Pope points to the drawer of a bedside table, and Marco takes out a photos that he hands to the Pope. The Pope chooses a photo of a young man dressed like Marco looked when he came to the Vatican. Marco breaks into guffaws, and then so does the Pope.

MARCO

That looks like me from 1968 until -
- well until I came here! But now I don't miss that outfit at all. I've got lots of clothes like that back home. You can have 'em!

Marco stands up and works his papal outfit.

MARCO (CONT'D)

And here I am, grooving on these drag queen gowns!

EXT. HALL OUTSIDE POPE INNOCENT'S AND NEXT DOOR ROOMS - NIGHT

UMBERTO

What is that sound? Who is in there?

ARTURO

That is not your business, Umberto.

He listens.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

And I think it is laughter.

We see the seven Batman Band Aids on Umberto's forearm.
Arturo smiles as he walks on.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

SILVANO

I brought you something to eat,
Your Holiness. I know you work
hard.

Marco smiles at Silvano.

MARCO

Thank you so much, Silvano.

SILVANO

I have enjoyed our talking, Your
Holiness. I admire your goodness
and your work to make goodness
actually happen.

MARCO

And I admire you as well, Silvano.
And I thank you. You make my life
better.

Silvano smiles. He walks off, beaming.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - DAY

The Pope and Marco are together. Marco faces his computer,
typing. Then he turns to the Pope.

MARCO

Gee, there wasn't much done about
the pedophilia in the Church, was
there?

POPE INNOCENT

No.

MARCO

Doesn't the Church want you to say you're sorry? I mean when you do something wrong.

POPE INNOCENT

My friend, you know that we have confession.

MARCO

Yes, but I mean, like is there not a rule to apologize to those whom you have hurt? Whether what you did was against a commandment -- or not. Whether you meant to be harmful in what you did, or were harmful without knowing?

POPE INNOCENT

I do not know. Perhaps I have forgotten.

INT. A VATICAN CAFETERIA - DAY

Wearing sunglasses and a regular man's suit and a too-large fedora, Marco sits at a cafeteria table, speaking with a man wearing coveralls, the name 'Joe' and "Plumber" on his patch.

MARCO

You don't even have to know what kinda shit I'm into, but my work is like yours. We both figure out how things can be made to work again.

Marco leaves the cafeteria talking to himself.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I want to stay. I want to fucking help.

A passing priest frowns at him.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Except I must not curse -- ever again. Except for placing emphasis on something that is fucking important.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - DAY

Marco and the recuperating Pope are sitting on the sofa.

POPE INNOCENT

My coma has given me a great gift.
I no longer crave wine. But I fear
that I will return to a time of
overindulgence. Let me tell you
why.

MARCO

We have similar experiences.

POPE INNOCENT

My turn. I have a lot to say. I
want to talk. I have rested up for
this. A speech is easy for me -- I
read the written words. This is
real.

The Pope sits up straight.

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

I was an altar boy. So was my best
friend, Dante. Father Giraldo, was
close to us, but especially close
to Dante. My father had not yet
died, but he was very ill. Dante
had no father.

The Pope pauses and takes a breath.

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

Dante told me -- his closeness with
Father Giraldo grew bad for him. He
was very sad.

Tears appear in the Pope's eyes.

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

I did nothing. I did not tell
anyone. Dante dealt with his pain.
He was a brave boy. And he studied.

The Pope pauses a long while. Marco waits.

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

And Dante himself became a priest.

MARCO

So he was able to heal and move on.

The Pope raises his hand gently but firmly.

POPE INNOCENT

So I thought. But I learned
something different.

(MORE)

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

Dante wrote me. He had become a priest. And I know he loves people and he loves children. He told me he had fondled one of his altar boys. He said 'loved'. He did love the boy; I am sure of that. I did nothing. I thought of nothing I could do. I could not betray him. And it was only one boy.

The Pope begins to cry.

LEONARD COHEN, in the corner (or a photo of him on a magazine in the corner) sings, from his song *Closing Time*.

LEONARD COHEN

The whole damn place goes crazy
twice/ and it's once for the devil
and once for Christ /but the Boss
don't like these dizzy heights/
We're busted in the blinding
lights,/ busted in the blinding
lights of closing time.

POPE INNOCENT

Only one boy.

The Pope pauses.

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

And Dante was only one boy.

MARCO

And you are only one boy. The Pope
is only one boy.

The Pope cries.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - LATER

MARCO

What did Dante do?

POPE INNOCENT

He did not know what to do. He
resigned from the priesthood.

The Pope shakes his sadly.

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

Dante thought of taking his own
life. So far he has not. He lives
alone.

(MORE)

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

He drinks too much wine, like I do.
Like I did before the coma.

His tears well up again.

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

A Pope cannot draw attention to
Dante by visiting him -- or am I a
coward?

The Pope and Marco sit together in silence for a long while.
Then the Pope sits up straight and speaks assertively.

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

Marco, do you know what I want to
do with my life?

MARCO

You want to visit Dante?

POPE INNOCENT

Yes. No. I want something for Dante
and for myself. I want to
apologize.

MARCO

For what? What is there for you to
apologize for, Pope Innocent? Tell
me, have you also a story to tell.
My friend.

The Pope shakes his head 'no'.

POPE INNOCENT

But I am a part of this. I need to
apologize, too. I need to apologize
for the silence. I need to
apologize for my own silence.

The two men sit quietly, looking at one another.

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

I want Dante to receive an apology.
And, Marco, I want Dante to make an
apology. as well. Then he can live.

MARCO

And then you can live.

The Pope is silent and then speaks quietly.

POPE INNOCENT

Yes.

MARCO

And go on with your work as Pope.

The Pope does not respond to that.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - LATER

Pope Innocent is being examined by a PHYSICIAN.

PHYSICIAN

You are improving, Your Holiness.
Some walking would be good for you.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - DAY

The Pope is walking very slowly around the room. Marco sits on the sofa.

POPE INNOCENT

Marco, I have something to ask of
you.

MARCO

Sure. Anything, brother.

The Pope smiles.

POPE INNOCENT

Meet with Father Repeato.

MARCO

Sure. A friend?

POPE INNOCENT

I knew him from my second parish.
But not well. I saw him with altar
boys and I wondered about his
behavior. I left for another
parish; he remained there. Later I
heard he was transferred. Will you
meet with him? He can be summoned
here. Give him the opportunity to
repent.

MARCO

Of course, Your Holiness. Tell me
what to do.

INT. PAPAL AUDIENCE ROOM - DAY

Marco sits in a big Pope chair. PEDOPHILE PRIEST, jaunty in his hipster priest clothing and manner sits opposite him in a much smaller chair.

MARCO

So you have been accused of pedophilia. And then transferred to another parish.

PEDOPHILE PRIEST

Yes. I felt it was good to move to a new parish, given there was a feeling against me. I did not know why. Perhaps jealous. For my sophistication.

MARCO

So you admitted wrongdoing and apologized?

PEDOPHILE PRIEST

It seemed best to acknowledge the charges. And move on.

Marco ponders, frowning.

MARCO

So you have forward from that event and now do nothing that would give anyone a reason to suspect you?

PEDOPHILE PRIEST

Oh, no, Your Holiness. Nothing.
(smiling)
Only good.

MARCO

You are filling your duties as an honorable priest.

PEDOPHILE PRIEST

I lead the church in Mass in a resplendent manner.

MARCO

Would you like the opportunity to pray with me and apologize for your past actions at your first parish?

PEDOPHILE PRIEST

Oh, yes, Your Holiness. Apology for anything I might have done.
(MORE)

PEDOPHILE PRIEST (CONT'D)

What an honor! Oh, thank you, Your Holiness.

MARCO

Kneel.

Marco picks up a paper, Priest Offenders This Year, and runs his finger down the names.

MARCO (CONT'D)

What is your whole name again, Father?

PEDOPHILE PRIEST

Benito Alberto Repeato, Your Holiness.

Marco stiffens and his eyes harden as he comes to the name on his paper.

MARCO

Rise, Father.

As the Priest stands, Marco moves walks toward him, removing his Papal headgear and placing it on the head of a bust of a prior Pope. Then he stops and quickly reaches for the headgear and places it again on his head. He holds his covered head high and strides toward the priest. When he gets to the priest he socks him hard with his fist. The Priest falls.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I see that you have been transferred twice more, and there is a charge against you by three boys at your current parish. You are not a priest in my eyes.

Marco strides from the room, stepping on the priest as he goes.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marco and the Pope sit together. Marco flexes his fingers.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I gave the priest an audience. And looked up his record. Interesting meeting. Scraped my knuckles on something.

The Pope slowly realized what Marco is talking about. He looks puzzled, then startled, then understands. He smiles. Then he starts to laugh. Marco joins in the laughter.

POPE INNOCENT

He will never tell. No, he will never tell. You did the right thing, Pope Marco. I don't think I can do things like. You broke rules, standards of behavior, for a higher truth. Oh, thank you, my friend. Thank you.

EXT. A VATICAN CONCRETE YARD - NEXT DAY

A small group of people is gathering to watch middle school aged children dressed like Boy at the Vatican. Marco, dressed as Russell Brand, all in leather, with long, somewhat unkempt-looking hair, stands waiting.

MARCO

Where are you? Come on!

There is a delay.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Please. You look fine.

The Pope walks slowly toward Marco, dressed as Marilyn Monroe his skirt up.

Marco breaks up. Then the Pope breaks up. Both laugh, but try to stay in character. The audience group and entering performers ignore them but some say, "shh."

MARCO (CONT'D)

Shh!!

POPE INNOCENT

Shh!!

Future Priests of America teams do a routine to USA for Africa - We Are The World that includes step and movements of rites and rituals, that is serious, hilarious, and athletic.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marco looks up from his computer and notices that the Pope is awake. He is wearing a t-shirt with a rainbow and a unicorn on it.

MARCO

Okay, Holy Hippy. I've been thinking. Here's what I figured out. See what you think.

The Pope is interested.

MARCO (CONT'D)

If the U.S. Government can visit all families of soldiers who die in combat, then we can do this. We get together a grant-funded operation. We get paid people and volunteers to visit every one of the boys and families affected by pedophile priests.

POPE INNOCENT

(excited)

For apologies to be made!

MARCO

Yes. Real apologies. Apologies from the Pope and from the Catholic Church.

The Pope's eyes are bright with interest and then, sobbing, relief.

POPE INNOCENT

Oh, Marco. That is awesome. This is how that word should be used.

Marco types on his computer. The Pope thinks, shaking his head in awe.

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

Marco, I want to do it.

MARCO

Okay, well, lets get on it. How many people do we need, I wonder?

POPE INNOCENT

One. No, two.

Marco stares at him.

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

I want to do it myself. And I want Dante with me.

They sit for quite awhile, great smiles building on both their faces.

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

I want to do it now. I want to do it now.

MARCO

Well, I can leave soon. You are ready to appear as Pope again. And you can do this.

POPE INNOCENT

No. No No. Not as Pope from a balcony. Not a speech. From my heart. I want to be there. Alone with them. No posing. No cameras.

There is a pause. Both are silent.

INT. A VATICAN CAFETERIA, ANOTHER DAY

Marco, dressed as a fast food worker, is sitting with a very fat Catholic clergyman, identified by his collar and clothing, who looks sadly at a man and wife talking somewhat loudly at a nearby table.

MAN

But I don't want to ask them for a job. It's too scary.

WIFE

But the job is you. I'll help. You can send an email.

The clergyman speaks to Marco.

CLERGYMAN

You can tell they are married. Living with a person who knows you well helps you take on bigger, better projects.

The two eat in silence.

MARCO

And feel less lonely?

The clergyman nods, as he eats his second dish of pudding.

INT. ROOM NEXT TO POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - DAY

Marco and the Pope, both in similar sets of Marco's sweat pants and t-shirts, sprawl at opposite corners of the sofa. Marco wears a small Pope hat. On the computer final movie credits roll. Marco looks up at the Pope.

MARCO

My father in heaven. Well, my dad
who is in heaven.

POPE INNOCENT

That's so nice, Marco. Our father
who art in heaven, calling him our
Dad.

MARCO

No, it's my father, Art, who is in
heaven.

POPE INNOCENT

Our father who art in heaven...
This is pretty basic, Marco. You
don't make me look so good. I
forgot to teach you the Lord's
Prayer even.

MARCO

Hey, wait! I know that, Holy
Innocent! I mean my father, Art,
who is in heaven.

POPE INNOCENT

In English we say 'our father who
art in heaven', Marco.

MARCO

Listen. My father, Arturo, who was
called Art, died when I was 14. As
far as I know, he is in heaven.

POPE INNOCENT

Your father, Art, who is in heaven.
Oh, that is so funny.

He starts to laugh.

MARCO

My father being dead is funny to
you?

The Pope looks shocked.

MARCO (CONT'D)

JK

Marco starts laughing, and then both laugh together for what
seems to be a long time. The laughter dies down. They smile
at one another.

POPE INNOCENT

My father is in heaven, too. He died when I was 14 also. Hallowed be his name.

MARCO

Hallowed be thy name.

POPE INNOCENT

No, my father's name was Hallowed.

MARCO

Really? Oh. I'm sorry. I didn't even know that was a real name. Please forgive me.

POPE INNOCENT

No, not really.

The two dissolve into man giggles again.

The laughter having died down, Marco and the Pope sit and look at each other.

MARCO

Too bad we both can't stay here as friends.

The two men, looking identical, both in baseball caps, sit with the same expression of despair. Their heads lean forward, and both their hats fall to the floor. Neither shows any concern about that happening.

POPE INNOCENT

I know that I cannot quit as Pope. The Church needs someone to continue. One Pope leaving is enough, for the century. Maybe for all the future.

MARCO

Courtney needs someone in her life. She needs me to be there. I am her only family. I need to go back to her. And how can I stay around here, hiding? I have a role now -- stand-in -- but soon you won't need that.

POPE INNOCENT

You have become friend and family to me. But I need to take on my obligation.

(MORE)

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

You have been here three months. It is time to schedule the inauguration.

The two are quiet, determined but sad. Pope Innocent takes from his pocket the headless Pope figurine.

POPE INNOCENT (CONT'D)

This showed me what I was when I was intoxicated. I was cutting off my head. Not thinking well. And not wanting to think.

He hands the figurine to Marco.

MARCO

I can glue it -- give it back its head.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Courtney stands at her easel, painting herself with a baby in her arms. And a smile on her face. Finally.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marco and the Pope sit on the sofa.

MARCO

I moved with Ma and Michael to North Carolina to get in-state tuition for Michael.

POPE INNOCENT

North Carolina, that is above the United States?

MARCO

No, that's one of the states.

POPE INNOCENT

Good to move.

MARCO

Yeah. Sometimes. Got me outta some stuff. Started over.

Silence.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Got a new career. Legal, even.

POPE

Same was supposed to happen for me.

MARCO

I want to give you something before
I leave here. Something I came here
with.

Marco holds out his arm to show the Pope his Silly Bandz
bracelet.

MARCO (CONT'D)

This bracelet I wear. Take it.

Marco removes his bracelet and it immediately assumes the
shape of a chameleon. He hands it to the Pope to look at.

MARCO (CONT'D)

The chameleon changes his color and
can blend in if necessary. But he
is still the same lizard he started
out as. You can keep it.

The Pope hands it back.

POPE INNOCENT

I thank you. But, no. I want to be
a different animal from that I was.
This is not for me to wear.

Marco takes back the bracelet. After a moment he speaks.

MARCO

I know!

Marco goes to the dresser, opens a drawer, looks through the
clothing inside, and finds something that he conceals in his
hand.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I need to turn off the light.

He reaches for the switch of the lamp. The bracelet glows.
Marco hands it to Pope Innocent.

POPE INNOCENT

A glow-in-the dark rosary bracelet!
Perfect! New for me. And always
visible, day or night. Thank you,
my friend. And it will always
remind me of you. And of the new me
you have discovered -- by shining
on me your own light.

The two sit in the dark looking at the glowing bracelet.

INT. ROOM NEXT TO POPE'S ROOM - DAY

Marco's original suitcase and other items are waiting near the door. Marco and the Pope sit on opposite ends of the sofa pretending to eat breakfast, not looking at each other. Both are sad-looking and generally silent, one in workday papal attire, the other in a generic uniform, with 'Marco' and 'Computers' on the front. He wears the bandana with hair attached.

Gianni comes in to arrange the hair of the Pope and to give Marco a card, which he reads aloud, as the Pope and Marco listen respectfully.

GIANNI

It is a beautiful card we bought.
Me and Arturo. In English. We say:
Good bye, our friend, we wish you
well. You helped us mend

Gianni opens the card to read the line inside.

GIANNI (CONT'D)

And raised some hell.

The three break into laughter. Gianni leaves. Tears flow. The one with the bandana looks at the clock in the room and, with a wave from his temple, picks up his bag and leaves the room. He returns. He walks to the bookcase and takes his sunglasses and places them on his face. He leaves again. He returns. The two men meet in the center of the room for an extended hug and a look at each other in the eyes. Then they go out the door together.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE POPE'S AND MARCO'S ROOMS - DAY

Notes in hand, one strides off, clearly on his way to an important meeting. The other, walking the other way, seamlessly blends in with a group of Vatican visitors as they leave the building. As he walks away, we see 'making IT right' on the back of his shirt.

INT. AIRPORT

The man who left the Vatican walk through the airport.

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Courtney stands at her easel, painting herself, smiling, sitting on a picnic blanket, a large picnic basket beside her. The painting dissolves to the identical scene, live.

EXT. LAWN OF A MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE IN AMERICA - DAY

A man who looks remarkably like the way Marco used to look comes to the side yard of the house and opens the gate as he rings the bell attached. Courtney smiles broadly from where she sits on the blanket next to a large picnic basket.

As he approaches her, Courtney reaches into the basket and takes something out.

COURTNEY

You're here! She's waiting for you.

Courtney holds a beautiful baby girl with darker skin than Courtney's. A broad smile on his face, the man delightedly takes the baby in his arms.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Grandpapa's home, Baby Innocent!

The glow in the dark rosary bracelet is visible on his wrist as he holds the baby up in the air.

Courtney's cellphone rings. She answers. The man cuddles the child.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Sure. Call us tomorrow on Skype so you can see the baby. She's all mine now. The adoption papers are final./ Thanks./ Oh./ Okay, I've got it./ I'll tell him that. But I know you did your best, Marco./ Love you, too./ Bye for now.

Courtney turns to the man.

POPE

We were such good friends. We are such good friends. And he will be a better Pope than I could ever be.

COURTNEY

And he has said that you will be a better Marco than he ever was.

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - DAY

MARCO

(on his Rolling Stones
cellphone)

Thanks, Moe./ No, it isn't really about me. Yeah, just a cover. You know that, Moe./ Yeah, to explain where I've been. Like anyone but you cares, Moe. And to introduce the new project./ Yeah, I gotta go. Gonna tell Ma.

Marco calls his mother on his Rolling Stones cellphone.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Hey, Ma, it's Marco. Turn on to channel 12./ Yeah, it's about me. What they are saying about me.

REPORTER ON TV

...Catholic group led by Marco Romano. Formerly a North Carolina professional impersonator, Mr. Romano found religion influencing his life more strongly after he appeared as the Pope at a mall opening in his home state. Later, in drug rehab, he was given the opportunity to study the Catholic faith. He contacted Pope Innocent XIV about his interest in the duty of the Church to apologize for the misdeeds of its priests, and a relationship grew between the two and resulted in his appointment. Mr. Romano decided to locate the commission in the Midwest, from where he will travel to meet with families all across the country.

MARCO

What did you say, Ma?/ Oh. Yes, you did tell me my brother had two audiences with the Pope.

There is a knock at Pope Innocent's door.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I gotta go, Ma. Bye.

Marco opens his email as he shouts toward the door.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Enter.

Silvano comes in with a plate of cookies and a glass of milk. He smiles happily.

SILVANO

Yo mamma.

Silvano blushes.

SILVANO (CONT'D)

Oh, I am sorry, Your Holiness. It is just a, like a joke. Well, not a joke that is bad...

MARCO

It is perfect, Silvano. You are my good Italian mamma who really cares for me.

He turns to his computer screen.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I've got an email from Innocent! With an attachment.

Silvano looks puzzled.

MARCO (CONT'D)

A friend. A good friend. With a nickname like my Pope name.

He reads the email.

MARCO (CONT'D)

He sent something for me to listen to on my iPod.

Silvano sits on the sofa, at first formally. Then he relaxes and stretches out. Marco hands him the cookie plate. He turns on Sister Sledge's We Are Family on his iPod speakers. Silvano nods awkwardly to the beat.

INT. MA'S ROOM - EVENING

Michael and Ma are watching television. A news story comes on.

TV REPORTER

At the Vatican today Pope Innocent XIV announced a new commission within the Vatican to assist in making decisions about birth control for Catholics across the world. The commission is to be composed of lay people as well as Clergy.

Michael gets up to leave, as a commercial for a television show, Pregnant at 16, plays in the background.

MA

You could do that, Michael.

MICHAEL

What's that, Ma?

MA

You know, like we heard on TV. Like be a reporter on religious matters.

MICHAEL

Sure, but who'd do Mass, Ma?

MA

Of course, son. That's right. You need to do that. Wonder what Marco's up to?

MICHAEL

Surely nothing very important, Ma. Playing some role. You know he played the Pope once. At a mall, can you believe that?

Michael gets up, takes some money from her pocketbook and leaves the room.

Ma turns off the television just as there comes a close-up of a very happy-looking Pope. On his wrist is a chameleon bracelet.

MA

I don't see the resemblance.

MONTAGE: NEWSTAND HEADLINES

Front page stories include "Pope has highest ratings of all religious figures" and "Pope has highest ratings of all politicians" and "Pope has highest ratings of all celebrities" and "Seven hundred thousand convert."

INT. POPE INNOCENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marco watches news on his TV.

TV REPORTER

Yankees Stadium today was filled with people who are standing up for loving one another, with the blessing of Pope Innocent XIV on the occasion of their marriages.

On screen the stadium playing field is filled with couples, some composed of one male priest and a woman dressed as a traditional bride, others composed of two male priests. They are getting married, all at once. As is Rachel Maddow, dressed as a nun, with another nun.

MONTAGE: survivors of abuse by priests and some of their loved ones, young and older, meet with the Pope/Marco and Dante, who are hugged, screamed at, or seriously talked with. Many cry. Some are silent. The Pope/Marco and Dante give each survivor a medal.

INT. SILVANO'S OFFICE - EVENING

Silvano is watching television news.

TV REPORTER

Floodwaters have been successfully rerouted to grow grapes. The program initiated by Pope Innocent XIV asked citizens to fill sandbags that were used to divert floodwaters to provide irrigation for newly planted vineyards. Those vineyards have now produced wine. Those who made the sandbags will share the profits - and the wine.

He Turned the Water into Wine by Johnny Cash plays.

RECORDING

He turned the water into wine. He turned the water into wine...He fed the hungry multitude. He turned the water into wine.

EXT. VATICAN - DAY

Driven by the chauffeur, Marco rides around in the Pope Mobile, his iPod earbuds in.

He sings the refrain of Soulja Boy's song that is actually called *Nope*, substituting 'Pope' for "Nope".

MARCO

And uhh. You can't get like me
Pope. You can't get like me Pope.
You can't get like me Pope. You
can't get like me.

THE END