

THE VATICAN

Created by

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Episode One:

“The Pope’s Slippers”

REVISED DRAFT  
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“But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty... That no flesh should glory in his presence.”

Corinthians 1:27 – 29

INT. DAY. PAPAL APARTMENT -- THE VATICAN

A gorgeous pair of SLIPPERS, handcrafted of red satin, featuring on the toe a cross embroidered with gold thread and garnished with rubies, coddled in arthritic hands:

POPE SIXTUS VI, 70s, fussy, passive-aggressive, by turns dogmatic and frivolous, moons over the slippers. He speaks both English and Italian with a strong Bavarian accent. Alongside him, BERND KOCH, 30s, the spectacularly handsome and well-built PAPAL SECRETARY. He, too, speaks with a German accent.

STEFANO QUADRAGGIO, 30s, an unctuous and effusive TAILOR, hovers behind the men.

SIXTUS  
Marvelous.

BERND  
What workmanship.

SIXTUS  
Feel that.

QUADRAGGIO  
Satin.

BERND  
I'm sweating.

QUADRAGGIO  
Hand-loomed.

BERND  
So light!

SIXTUS  
So few can do this kind of  
needlework anymore.

QUADRAGGIO  
From Piana Clerico. The yarn has a  
sixty per cent content of twenty-  
four karat gold.

BERND  
Like a ballet flat.

QUADRAGGIO  
I want to assure you that no  
caterpillars were killed in the  
making of the silk.

Bernd stops. At any moment he might wipe away a tear.

BERND  
Thank you, Stefano.

SIXTUS  
Something is missing.

Quadraggio smiles.

QUADRAGGIO  
I was hoping you'd say that.

The tailor pulls from a garment bag a gorgeous, tea-rose-pink silk CHASUBLE with gold trim...Bernd applauds as Stefano holds the chasuble up against the Pope, pairs it with a white wool pallium, embroidered with crosses...

BERND  
To die for.

QUADRAGGIO  
You like it?

SIXTUS  
Bernd, I can't wear this.

BERND  
What that color does for your skin!

SIXTUS  
I'm an old man.

BERND  
For Advent. For Gaudete Sunday.

SIXTUS  
Well, perhaps.

QUADRAGGIO  
Perfetto.

SIXTUS  
Well, it can't hurt to try it on.

The Pope pulls off his shirt to slip on the chasuble. Not a physique that would make anyone forget Jack LaLanne. The door opens and CARDINAL MARCO MALERBA, 50s, enters. The Vatican's Secretary of State and camerlengo, the dark prince of the Curia, a dour careerist who knows the Church's corporate ladder, its exact tensile strength and every knurled rung.

MALERBA  
Am I interrupting, Holy Father?

SIXTUS  
What is it, Malerba?

MALERBA  
There's a problem.

SIXTUS  
There's always a problem.

MALERBA  
In New York.

SIXTUS  
The Americans.

MALERBA  
In Sri Lanka we have a bishop who's  
not sure he believes in Jesus.  
(drily)  
There's always one.

Malerba finds the pink chasuble. Rubs the silk between his  
fingers, his lip curled with disdain.

BERND  
(lamely)  
For Gaudete Sunday.

SIXTUS  
As the schedule should indicate,  
Malerba, this is my time for --

MALERBA  
Prayer.

SIXTUS  
-- prayer and --

MALERBA  
Holy Father, may I speak to you  
privately?

The Pope takes Malerba aside...

SIXTUS  
With most problems -- any problems --  
-- all problems -- this problem -- I  
believe it best to allow it to  
mature for a few months.

MALERBA  
Perhaps then it won't be a problem.

SIXTUS

And then see where we are.

MALERBA

Perhaps by Advent it will be a pink problem.

SIXTUS

Is that all?

MALERBA

The Archbishop of New York, responsible for two-and-a-half million Roman Catholic souls, just ordained a woman.

Off the Pope,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. MALERBA'S OFFICE -- THE VATICAN

PRIESTS and ACOLYTES -- the "downstairs" staff of the Vatican -- gather around an ancient tube TV, as the rabbit-ears antenna is adjusted by PIERO, 20s, Malerba's assistant, a meek young priest who lives on the volcanic rim of his boss's explosions...

...Among them are NGUYEN VAN PHONG, 20s, a Vietnamese ACOLYTE, and FATHER DENG BUL YAK, 20s, a seven-foot Sudanese, his knobby wrists protruding from his too-small cassock...

Also among them, MONSIGNIOR ALBERICO IEMMA, 40s, senior to the others, the Vatican's Sam Spade, with Bogie's basset-sad eyes and flinty irony.

ON THE TELEVISION

...A broadcast on CNN, with images of ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL in New York...

CNN ANCHOR

...Big changes up ahead for the Catholic Church. We'll be coming to you live from New York with the details...

On a signal from a lookout, Piero snaps off the TV and the priests scatter...Piero sits at his desk as Malerba sweeps inside...Without a hello, he enters his office. A look between Piero and Iemma. Piero follows his boss inside...

INT. CONTINUOUS. MALERBA'S OFFICE

Agitated, Malerba shuffles through his papers as Piero creeps timidly toward him...

PIERO  
Your Eminence, the Monsignor --

MALERBA  
What Monsignor?

PIERO  
From the Congregation for the  
Causes of Saints.

MALERBA  
Miracles?

Iemma brazens his way inside.

IEMMA  
At the age of five, the child  
becomes blind. Bilateral  
chorioretinitis. Atrophy of the  
optic nerves. The mother prays to  
the memory of John Paul.  
Inexplicably --

MALERBA  
Today?

Piero beseeches Iemma with his eyes.

PIERO  
We will reschedule, yes?

As they exit, off Iemma, disappointed,

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL -- ESTABLISHING

A large, pink advertisement on the side of a bus:  
"FLASHDANCERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB," with a promise of two-for-one drinks, or ladies' night, or mostly, the promise of the chemical blonde with the marzipan lips...

...As the traffic light changes, the bus moves to reveal ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, its three-hundred-foot neo-Gothic spires striving amidst the skyscrapers...

A throng of PROTESTORS, noisy and blocking the sidewalk...  
POLICE struggle to keep things orderly...

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL -- CONFESSIONAL

CARDINAL THOMAS DUFFY, 40s, handsome and remote, seeks  
absolution through the Rite of Reconciliation, while, across  
the screen, FATHER ALBERS, 60s, takes his confession.

DUFFY

...What Einstein said -- Einstein --  
generally considered a bright guy --  
he said the definition of insanity  
is to do the same thing over and  
over and expect a different  
outcome. So let's imagine Einstein  
walks into a church -- it's the  
same as a thousand years ago --  
except here's what's changed.

(beat)

It's empty.

ALBERS

You want me to agree with you?

DUFFY

In Ireland Catholics don't go to  
mass anymore.

ALBERS

What you did was impulsive...

DUFFY

We have the number one product in  
the world -- you get to live  
forever -- it's better than  
pomegranate juice! -- and we can't  
sell that?

ALBERS

...And self-destructive...

DUFFY

People used to care about Jesus.

ALBERS

Like Harry Hamlin. Whatever  
happened to him?

DUFFY

Who's Harry Hamlin?

ALBERS  
Put away your Blackberry.

Trying to hide it...

DUFFY  
What?

ALBERS  
I can see it.

DUFFY  
One second.

ALBERS  
Duffy --

He puts away the Blackberry.

DUFFY  
Fine.

ALBERS  
We're not Unitarians, Duffy. We're Catholics.

DUFFY  
We don't ordain women because we don't ordain women.

ALBERS  
That's our tradition.

DUFFY  
The tyranny of the dead.

ALBERS  
Chesterton called it the "democracy of the dead." We believe as Catholics that the dead are still with us. Tradition is our way of giving them a vote.  
(beat)  
Besides, Einstein never said that. It's apocryphal.

Duffy takes a beat.

DUFFY  
Okay, it was impulsive.

ALBERS  
And now what?

A beat.

DUFFY  
 (half to himself)  
 I don't know.

A beat.

ALBERS  
 Duffy?

Duffy is back to his Blackberry...

DUFFY  
 We're a "trending topic" on  
 Twitter.

ALBERS  
 I got you something.

He hands him a MEDAL on a chain...

DUFFY  
 What's this?

ALBERS  
 Saint Christina. The patron saint  
 of lunatics.

Duffy smiles. Pockets the medal. Bows his head.

DUFFY  
 O my God, I am heartily sorry for  
 having offended you and I detest  
 all my sins, because I dread the  
 loss of heaven and the pains of  
 hell, but most of all because they  
 offend you.  
 (half to himself)  
 Just not this one.

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL -- RESIDENCE

Duffy holds a PRESS CONFERENCE before a packed house in the media capital of the world, the newly-ordained female priest, LAURA CRUZ, beatific, 30s, standing beside him...REPORTERS and CAMERA CREWS jammed into a room with Masterpiece Theater rugs and furniture and priceless antiques...

DUFFY

...Let me be clear: this was not something I did for political reasons. I have a diocese to run. We don't have enough priests. It's that simple. It doesn't make much sense to write off half of humanity.

(beat)

Jackie Robinson. Rosa Parks. These barriers come down and people think the sky is going to fall. And then the sky doesn't fall.

Suddenly a BRICK smashes the glass of the window...POLICE struggle with the protestors as other POLICE chase the BRICK-THROWER through the Madison Avenue traffic...

PANNING across the Diocesan staff, lined up on the wall, ending on CAROL CROWLEY, 40s, a thin-lipped sister of the boroughs, barely masking her disapproval...

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. DINING ROOM -- VATICAN

CARDINAL CARLO BOZZI, stout, and CARDINAL BETTINO PREZZI, lean, both in their 50s, fixers and hatchetmen, masters of the inside game, lunch in a private dining room. Malerba paces, too agitated to eat. A cigarette smolders in Prezzi's ashtray. Phong, the Vietnamese acolyte, serves Prezzi a gorgeous plate of prosciutto, the melting edge of fat glistening in the light from the tall windows, the figs pink and inviting as a vagina...

MALERBA

...He wants to do nothing. Nothing!  
Nothing at all.

PREZZI

Who is Duffy?

BOZZI

Who?

PREZZI

I thought you knew everyone.

Bozzi watches, with infinite longing, as Phong fills Prezzi's glass with garnet-colored old Barolo of impeccable provenance...

MALERBA

Why not next ordain an abortionist?

PREZZI

Scandalous.

MALERBA

A contrarian Primate and a Bavarian ape.

PREZZI

Outrageous.

MALERBA

These Americans need to be taught obedience.

PREZZI

(to Bozzi)

We never met this Duffy?

Bozzi thinks a beat. Remembers...

BOZZI

Young. Important family in New York. The father was governor. Very rich. He's new.

Bozzi reaches for a slice of prosciutto...Prezzi slaps his hand...Phong serves Bozzi his lunch...Bozzi demurs. Hands Phong a plastic box -- a sticker on the lid with the reheating instructions for the microwave -- "NUTRISYSTEM"...

MALERBA

Next Sunday in Yonkers or Staten Island or Poughkeepsie there'll be Father Mary or Father Bridget or Father Rosemary at the altar of a Roman Catholic Church celebrating a Roman Catholic mass.

PREZZI

With no authority.

MALERBA

Only God can make a priest.

PREZZI

Only God can choose a Pope.

MALERBA

Meaning hold my tongue?

PREZZI

"They also serve who only stand and wait".

(gently)

Wait your turn.

A look between them. Malerba checks his watch.

MALERBA

If there's still a Church.

Malerba exits. Bozzi blesses himself, making the sign of the cross. (Underlined dialogue is in Italian, with subtitles.)

BOZZI

He shouldn't talk like that about the Holy Father.

PREZZI

He only does it with us.

BOZZI

What would you do?

PREZZI

(shrugs)

Nothing.

BOZZI

I like to do nothing.

PREZZI

But to do nothing well?

BOZZI

I agree.

PREZZI

Of course.

BOZZI

Is an art.

Bozzi reaches for Prezzi's crusty roll. Again, Prezzi slaps his hand. Takes a beat.

PREZZI

See what you can find out about this Duffy.

A look between Bozzi and Prezzi. Prezzi returns to his lunch. Off Bozzi, as he shrugs, glances longingly at the prosciutto,

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. HALLWAY -- NEAR DINING ROOM

NATALIE CESCA, 40s, in chef's whites, peeks inside as Phong approaches her. Hands her Bozzi's Nutrisystem box.

PHONG  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
Do we have a microwave?

CESCA  
A microwave?

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. BOZZI'S APARTMENT -- VATICAN CITY

Bozzi disrobes, carefully places his vestments on a hanger in the closet...And finds there an ordinary wool suit...Reaches in the closet for a battered SUITCASE...

...Groaning, in his underwear, he gets on his hands and knees...Gropes underneath the bed...Finds a hole in the boxspring and a muslin sack hidden inside...

...Bozzi gets to his feet...Finds inside the sack bundles of HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS...He arranges the money in the suitcase, neat rows...Off Bozzi,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. ROME -- LEONARDO DA VINCI AIRPORT

CROWDS wait in long security queues...Bozzi waves his DIPLOMATIC PASSPORT and the POLICE whisk him ahead through a separate gate...As Bozzi passes, HOLD ON the battered suitcase, rolling on wheels behind him,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. CONFERENCE ROOM -- THE VATICAN

Iemma inspects an X-RAY, holds it up to the light from the tall windows...Beside him, DR. MARIANA BROTZU, 40s, a poker-faced endocrinologist...

On a long table, accordion files in deep green, the pages gathered tidily with a grosgrain ribbon. A meeting of the CONGREGATION FOR THE CAUSES OF SAINTS, the Vatican's "miracle police", a polyglot group of PRIESTS, DOCTORS and SCIENTISTS.

DR. BROTZU

...This white mass represents a stage three pancreatic tumor, which extends to the surrounding blood vessels and also to the celiac plexus, surrounding the aorta, and hence was inoperable. The woman was sent home to die.

(beat)

A friend gave her a medallion with the image of Pope John Paul. She slept with the medallion on her pillow and prayed.

(beat)

When the woman returned to the hospital for a followup visit, the tumor had disappeared.

Dr. Brotzu hands Iemma a second X-RAY IMAGE...Iemma compares the two films...Amazingly, there is no evidence whatsoever of a tumor in the second image...

IEMMA

Tumors come back.

DR. BROTZU

With this cancer -- at this stage --

IEMMA

Tumors come back, doctor.

DR. BROTZU

It's been three years.

Iemma punctuates his statement with gestures...

IEMMA

Tumors. Come. Back.

He hands her back the films. At the conference table, Father Deng reads from another file.

FATHER DENG

The woman, an American, had entered a period of financial distress. The bank took her car. Next would be her house. She prayed to the memory of John Paul.

(beat)

In the morning there appeared, unmistakably, the image of the Blessed Mary, in the surface of her toasted cheese sandwich.

(MORE)

FATHER DENG (CONT'D)

She brought the toasted cheese with her to a nearby Indian casino and by the end of the day had won seventy thousand dollars.

Father Deng removes a GRILLED CHEESE SANDWICH from a Ziploc bag...With thoughtful looks, the assembled experts examine the grilled cheese, pass it from one to the next...

Iemma moves to pour himself a coffee...Dr. Brotzu follows...

DR. BROTZU

Monsignor, I realize that to certify this miracle you need some degree of certainty, however --

IEMMA

Do you golf, Doctor?

DR. BROTZU

Why would I golf?

IEMMA

Eh. Why would you golf?

(beat)

With a saint, there is no mulligan. No "do-over". There is just one chance to get it right.

DR. BROTZU

This cancer usually kills people in months. Three years --

IEMMA

A miracle is not just good luck. It is the sun standing still and the sea divided. A miracle is God reaching down with His finger to touch someone and change the course of history.

(gestures)

With His finger.

A look between them. Off Iemma,

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. VATICAN

Bernd waits beside the Pope's black Volvo SUV, smoking a cigarette...Checks his watch...A Ford Ka pulls over, a YOUNG MAN stuffed inside with three girls, one with a map...They seem to be students on holiday, looking for directions...

...The Young Man rolls down the window, smiles helplessly and beckons to Bernd...Bernd smiles, moves toward them...

...As Bernd reaches the car, happy to help with directions or advice, the Young Man suddenly jeers at him --

YOUNG MAN  
The Pope eats shit!

Bernd turns white. The Young Man howls with laughter as the tiny car screeches away...Off Bernd,

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. LATER. VOLVO SUV -- ROME

The Pope reads his correspondence while Bernd drives.

BERND  
...He's rude.

SIXTUS  
Please, Bernd.

BERND  
Beyond rude. He's insubordinate.

SIXTUS  
I'm not concerned about Malerba.

BERND  
You're too nice.

SIXTUS  
(with invitation)  
Cardinal Minetti in Venice is  
having a birthday.

BERND  
Don't change the subject, please.

SIXTUS  
Seventy-five. He'll have to retire.

Bernd takes a beat. Decides to pursue it.

BERND  
If you said yes to Duffy -- no to  
Malerba -- it would make your place  
in history.

SIXTUS

I hope you don't think I'm that  
vain. History?

BERND

Any man wonders how he'll be  
remembered.

SIXTUS

That I served God by tending His  
flock.

BERND

Malerba is not the Pope.

SIXTUS

Neither is Duffy.

(beat)

To ordain a woman -- by whose  
authority?

BERND

You don't realize how much Malerba  
controls what comes in and out of  
the Vatican. And then that's all  
people know of you. They don't know  
you like I do.

SIXTUS

And you, Bernd, are too young to  
realize how little the Pope -- or  
the President -- or anyone --  
controls anything. "Flattering,  
kissing and kicking people to get  
them to do what they are supposed  
to do anyway," as I believe someone  
once put it. That's all power is.

(beat)

And getting out of the way of  
history.

BERND

Promise me Malerba will never be  
Pope.

A look between them. Sixtus doesn't respond. Watches out the  
window as Rome passes.

SIXTUS

I came to Rome when I was your age.

(beat)

There's no better place in all the  
world to lose your faith than in  
Rome, you know?

Off Bernd,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. CHOCOLATE FACTORY -- ROME

The Pope is presented with a gigantic nine-foot-tall CHOCOLATE JESUS.

CHOCOLATE EXECUTIVE

...Prepared in honor of the Feast of Saint Francis and scripturally correct in every detail, the sculpture weighs two hundred and fifty kilograms, is two-and-three-quarters meters tall, and was created entirely of the finest Italian chocolate.

Applause. Off Sixtus, clapping his hands with delight,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. BOZZI AND PREZZI'S OFFICE -- THE VATICAN

A PARTNERS DESK for the two Cardinals, with Bozzi's chair empty, and Prezzi at work at an outdated computer. An air of shabby gentility, like everything in the Vatican -- a threadbare carpet and a priceless Tiepolo on the wall.

Prezzi tries to print his document -- it doesn't work...He moves to the printer, pulls out the paper tray...Finds Bozzi's stash of OREOS...

Then a KNOCK at the door and his SECRETARY enters: MAUD SETTLE, 40s, a devout Englishwoman with thick wool socks.

MAUD

Where's Cardinal Bozzi?

PREZZI

Have you tried the bakery?

MAUD

There's a man here -- he appears to be a simple village priest -- emphasis on simple -- he claims to be Cardinal Bozzi's cousin.

(MORE)

MAUD (CONT'D)

When I worked for the Bishop of London there were so many "cousins" -- wanting to touch the garment, as it were -- I got quite good at getting rid of them -- nicely, of course, but firm -- you can't very well just say, "Bugger off".

(off his look)

"Bugger off." You know, "Vai via."  
"Leave me alone." "Go home."

Prezzi fixes her with a look of genuine puzzlement.

PREZZI

Why would a man want to get rid of his cousin?

He checks himself in the mirror -- adjusts his red sash -- wanting to look the part...Off Prezzi,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. HALLWAY -- OUTSIDE PREZZI'S OFFICE

Prezzi emerges, finds a PRIEST, long black cassock and a wide-brimmed hat: FATHER UGO UI, 40s, a true believer. A peasant's meekness -- and a peasant's cunning.

PREZZI

Cardinal Bozzi got called out of the country suddenly on urgent Church business. May I help you?

UGO

(yes)

No, no.

(beat)

He's an important man. I shouldn't have asked him. What a stupid I am!

(beat)

I'm his cousin from Castiglione Fiorentino -- Ugo Ui -- perhaps he has mentioned me? He was going to show me the Sistine Chapel.

PREZZI

The Sistine Chapel is closed for renovations.

UGO

It's closed?

Sensing a problem, the VILLAGERS move closer, with their cameras and tote bags. Prezzi realizes that Ugo will lose face with his flock.

PREZZI

It would be my privilege, however,  
to show you some of the special  
treasures of the Vatican.

Off Ugo, as he rallies his group,

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. GALLERY -- THE VATICAN

The SWISS GUARDS march the opposite way, in their vivid blue-and-gold striped uniforms, as Prezzi leads Father Ugo and his group into a hall lined with gorgeous FRESCOES by Raphael...

...Prezzi waves hello to doleful-eyed Iemma as he passes...The priest watches this, turns to Prezzi...

UGO

Who is that?

PREZZI

My friend Iemma.

UGO

He looks sad.

PREZZI

He investigates miracles. Most of  
them aren't.

UGO

That is a sad job.

PREZZI

Then he is the one who must call  
the monk who devoted ten years to  
his cause and tell him his cure is  
not a cure, his mysteries are  
explicable and his saint is not a  
saint.

Ugo looks up in awe at the ANGELS on the ceilings...

UGO

Look at these angels! I want to  
touch them! I want to kiss them!

The priest signals his group and they follow...Off the angels,

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. CATACOMBS -- THE VATICAN

With a lighted candle, Prezzi leads Ugo through the CATACOMBS, ancient tombs beneath the original foundation of St. Peter's Basilica...The passage is quite tight...They emerge into a small shrine or aedicula...

PREZZI

...These are the catacombs. The original foundation of the basilica was built by the Emperor Constantine on top of tombs from the second century...

(with a gesture)

...And this...This is where St. Peter is buried. Our first Pope.

Ugo reaches out to touch the plexiglas wall that shields the relics...

UGO

You can feel Him.

(beat)

You can feel God.

Prezzi smiles. Enjoying this country cousin...

PREZZI

And that is the Sistine Chapel.

...Prezzi points upwards...The priest's gaze follows the gesture...An opening that leads directly to the Sistine Chapel...You can look through it and see Michelangelo's frescoes on the ceiling...

...Then suddenly Ugo slams his fist in his hand, startling Prezzi.

UGO

To me, that is exactly the problem. Everything about the Church is no. No. No. No. No no. No no no. No.

(beat)

But to me, the Church is yes.

(beat)

Yes to everything beautiful.

Ugo looks up again. Off Prezzi, touched by the simplicity of this campagnolo,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. VATICAN -- PREZZI'S OFFICE

Prezzi enters, looks at his mail. Maud busies herself to hide her hurt feelings.

MAUD

I hope you had a nice stroll.

PREZZI

Was I short with you before?

MAUD

I've devoted my life to the Church.  
I'm here to serve.

PREZZI

You were right. A simple village priest.

MAUD

Cardinal Malerba came looking for you.

PREZZI

I will have to go for a stroll more often.

MAUD

The Americans ordained a second woman. In Cincinnati.

Prezzi considers a beat.

PREZZI

What do you think, Maud? Do you believe a woman can be a priest?

MAUD

Don't be ridiculous.

PREZZI

Why not? In many parishes already women administer the sacraments.

MAUD

Well, that's why he picked it -- isn't it? -- because it seems harmless. It's not abortion.

(MORE)

MAUD (CONT'D)

It's not icky like...

(sotto)

...condoms. But he'll get around to all of that. This Cardinal Duffy is playing a game with you.

Prezzi takes a beat.

PREZZI

Well, I'm afraid he's winning.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. ST. PETER'S SQUARE -- THE VATICAN

Microphone in his face, biretta on his head, black sizar with scarlet buttons and piping and a gold CRUCIFIX around his neck, Malerba does an INTERVIEW for Italian television.

MALERBA

...With most problems -- any problems -- all problems -- this problem -- we believe it best to allow it to mature for a few months.

REPORTER #1

Nothing? You really think it is best to do nothing?

Malerba swallows hard.

MALERBA

Six hundred thirty Catholic archdioceses around the world. Here is one archbishop. One city. One regrettable act of political theater. This is not Martin Luther nailing his ninety-five theses to the church door in Wittemberg. It is not a revolution.

(gestures)

One.

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. MALERBA'S OFFICE -- THE VATICAN

Pleased with his interview, Malerba bounces into the office. Discovers, with irritation, that Piero's chair is empty.

MALERBA

Piero?

Then he finds Piero, trembling with anxiety, watching the ancient TV with its rabbit-ears antenna...

BRITISH REPORTER (O.C.)

...And then there were two. The archbishop of Cincinnati has ordained a second female priest. Then he went even further, saying that no bishop is ever obligated to follow the Vatican when its orders are irrational and unjust...

PIERO

Where is Cincinnati?

Off Malerba, his brain whirring,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. PAPAL APARTMENTS -- THE VATICAN

The Pope's "GUARDIAN ANGELS," four lay women who, though not nuns, have taken lifetime vows of celibacy, help Bernd and two SWISS GUARDS to carry the five-hundred-pound chocolate Jesus upstairs...Then lay it out on the long marble table in the newly-renovated papal kitchen...

BERND

That's a lot of chocolate. Maybe an orphanage?

A look from the Angels...Then the creak of footsteps on the stairs and they scatter...Bernd turns as Malerba enters.

MALERBA

Monsignor, I was wondering if you'd join me for dinner tonight.

BERND

I usually have dinner with the Holy Father.

MALERBA

I'm quite sure His Holiness won't begrudge you a night off. Nothing fancy -- just some old friends I went to school with. I'll send my car for you. Seven o'clock?

Without waiting for an answer, Malerba exits. Off Bernd,

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING. VATICAN -- CONFERENCE ROOM

A MAID empties the coffee pot, lifts it onto a cart...Iemma takes the leftover cookies, carefully places them in a cardboard box. Ties the twine with a neat bow.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVENING. ROME -- NEAR VATICAN

VIOLETTA, 30s, lies homeless on the sidewalk, a once-beautiful woman, now crippled by AIDS, the only vestige of her vanity the RED SLIP that she wears...

...ROMANS on their way home hurry past her...Only Iemma stops, as he does every day...He kneels beside her...Lifts her to a more comfortable position...Fashions a pillow from a blanket...

...It is the small daily miracle of caring for another person...

A look between them. Iemma caresses her cheek, then blesses himself. He unties the twine from the box. Feeds her a cookie. Violetta smiles. The highlight of her day. Off Iemma,

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING. VATICAN -- PAPAL APARTMENTS

Strong hands fasten the buttons of a black priest's CASSOCK...Button by button...Purple silk grosgrain buttons and purple piping, and a purple faille fascia (or sash), indicate the rank of Chaplain of his Holiness...Thirty-three buttons in all, symbolic of the years of the life of Jesus...

IN MIRROR -- PAN UP TO

Bernd checks himself, smooths the front of the perfectly-pressed cassock. Off Bernd,

CUT TO:

EXT. EVENING. PALAZZO BORGHESE -- ROME -- ESTABLISHING

A massive Renaissance PALAZZO with a colonnaded facade, in the heart of the Eternal City. It might be an Embassy or a museum, but in fact it remains a private residence. A chauffeured MERCEDES pulls up and Bernd emerges, enters.

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING. PALAZZO BORGHESE -- GALLERY

Bernd gawks at the fresco on the ceiling -- a Renaissance masterpiece -- dumbstruck by the beauty around him...

Bernd turns and sees COUNTESS OLIVIA BORGHESE, 40s, with the confidence of a woman who moves fluidly in different worlds, and an aristocratic bearing bred in her bones.

OLIVIA

Guido Reni. His masterpiece.

BERND

"Apollo in his Chariot, Preceded by Aurora, Bringing Light to the World".

(beat)

I'd only seen this in books.

OLIVIA

Let me show you the gardens while it's still light.

CUT TO:

EXT. EVENING. PALAZZO -- GARDENS

In the glow of the setting sun, the Countess tours Bernd through gardens in the English style, with historic statuary and trees and plants hundreds of years old.

OLIVIA

...These were vineyards, in the Roman times. Then during the Empire, when they had more money than they knew what to do with, they made them gardens. To me -- growing up -- it was just my backyard. I thought everyone had a hundred acres of garden in the middle of Rome.

(beat)

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
But then you have beautiful gardens  
at the Vatican.

BERND  
They make me itch.

OLIVIA  
That's funny.

BERND  
And sneeze.  
(off her look)  
I grew up in the library.

She laughs. Takes his arm.

OLIVIA  
So did I.

BERND  
Of course, your gardens are  
beautiful.

OLIVIA  
I love your buttons.

BERND  
Thirty-three. One for each year of  
Jesus' life on earth.

She touches the material of his fascia...

OLIVIA  
What a lovely twill.

BERND  
Silk faille.

OLIVIA  
I want to be buried in this.

BERND  
It comes from the same mills in  
Como that Prada uses.

OLIVIA  
Cardinal Malerba speaks very highly  
of you.

BERND  
I doubt that is the case.

OLIVIA  
He says you learn quickly.

BERND

He can be very hard on people.

OLIVIA

He means you'll quickly learn  
there's no point in opposing him.

BERND

I don't oppose the Cardinal -- I  
support the Holy Father -- there's  
a difference.

OLIVIA

I kissed Cardinal Malerba right  
there -- beneath the water clock --  
I was twelve years old.

(beat)

I told myself I would never love  
anyone else.

BERND

That's the way it is when you're  
that age. You have so many silly  
ideas about life.

She doesn't answer.

OLIVIA

That really is how the years feel --  
isn't it? -- like buttons -- ? You  
line them up and push them through.  
By the end they find their row.

(beat)

Such beautiful buttons.

A faraway look in her eyes, unseen by Bernd...The Eternal  
City unfolding endlessly beyond...

BERND

Thank you for showing me your  
beautiful gardens.

OLIVIA

I'd like this to be vineyards  
again. To do something, and not  
just be pretty. But then in Rome  
there are a thousand restaurants  
all serving the same amatriciana.  
No one in Italy ever wants to  
change.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. PALAZZO BORGHESE

On the walls, masterpieces by Rubens -- portraits of the APOSTLES -- that have hung in this same place, on these same walls, for four hundred years. That seem to eavesdrop on the conversation of the "black nobility", businessmen in their 40s and 50s whose family fortunes have been interwoven with the Vatican since the Crusades.

MONTEZEMOLO

...So where are you from, Bernd?

BERND

Tübingen.

MONTEZEMOLO

I mean where are you from?

(beat)

Where are your people from?

BERND

I don't know that I have "people".

MONTEZEMOLO

You must have family.

BERND

My mother was a professor.  
Divorced. No brothers or sisters.  
It was just the two of us.

ROCCAGIOVINE

But is she a Catholic?

BERND

She is skeptical about the Church,  
but, you know, her life has been  
hard. I tell her God would give her  
comfort.

GEMELLI

I understand you are a great  
favorite of the Pope's.

OLIVIA

The Monsignor is the Papal  
Secretary.

GEMELLI

Tell us about him.

MONTEZEMOLO

It just seems like he's very  
isolated. Who does he talk to?

BERND

He is a very pious man. A very holy man. He spends much of his day in prayer.

MONTEZEMOLO

Does he think the Americans will start their own Church?

Bernd hesitates.

MALERBA

Come now, Bernd. There's no point to stepping out on the old man if you won't have a knees-up.

ROCCAGIOVINE

We made a mistake, allowing the Papacy to go to a German.

GEMELLI

German and indecisive.

ROCCAGIOVINE

It will be 1534 all over again.

GEMELLI

Americans don't like to be told what to do.

MALERBA

"Hold the pickle, hold the lettuce" is not a theology.

BERND

Perhaps the Holy Father agrees with Cardinal Duffy that the Church needs change.

MONTEZEMOLO

He wants women to be priests?

BERND

I don't feel comfortable speaking for him.

ROCCAGIOVINE

You talk to the Pope every day. He needs some guidance. Before he makes a terrible mistake.

MALERBA

He must call Duffy to Rome. Call Duffy to Rome and excommunicate him. Show some steel.

ROCCAGIOVINE

It's that or, well, he's out.

BERND

As a matter of history, I don't think a Pope has resigned in six centuries.

(off their looks)

I assume you wish the Pope no harm.

GEMELLI

(quoting the Bible)

"Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days..."

BERND

Sadly for you, the Pope is in excellent health. He's in superb hands. He has the same knee doctor as Kobe Bryant. I'm afraid you'll be disappointed on that score.

Bernd cuts his meat and chews. Looks all around.

ROCCAGIOVINE

My family paid for St. Peter's. Our name is on the door. We bought Bernini his marble and Michelangelo his paint brushes. We're not going to lose our Church just because the rock upon which He built it has turned to Bavarian cream.

(beat)

Do you follow?

Flustered, Bernd turns to the Countess...Six centuries of intrigue layered into the shellac of her smile...

OLIVIA

More wine, Monsignor?

Off the Apostles, seeming to watch from the walls,

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. PALAZZO BORGHESE -- DRESSING ROOM

The Countess looks at herself in the mirror as she removes her makeup. Malerba enters. His face beside hers in the mirror. He kisses her cheek. Sits to take off his shoes...

MALERBA

...We put a scare into him, don't you think?

OLIVIA

You can't threaten the Pope, so you threaten his secretary.

MALERBA

Gets the blood racing.

OLIVIA

A threat only works if you mean it.

MALERBA

The Pope has lunch and dinner every day with Bernd and four women who've taken a vow of silence. I've seen it with every Pope I've served, and every Papal Secretary. He relies on him for one thing, and then he relies on him for everything.

(off her look)

It's perfectly clear that Bernd is the one stirring things up. Believe me, tomorrow you'll see things change.

Olivia takes a beat.

OLIVIA

Do you?

MALERBA

What?

OLIVIA

Mean it?

Malerba doesn't answer. When he opens his cassock, the scratchy, ripping sound of a fastener concealed behind the thirty-three buttons...

MALERBA

Isn't this great? Velcro.

(beat)

Are you coming to bed?

As Malerba exits to undress, off Olivia,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. PAPAL APARTMENT -- THE VATICAN

In his nightshirt, in an easy chair, the Pope reads. Sets it down. Thinks a beat. Moves to his closet. Finds there...

THE SLIPPERS

...He fingers the satin and rubies...Tries them on...Wiggles his toes...Dances a few steps...Memories of childhood dance lessons...Then he hears a sound inside...

SIXTUS

Bernd?

...It's not Bernd, but MORITZ BUECHE, 20s, the Pope's SWISS GUARD, in his colorful motley Renaissance uniform...

MORITZ

The Monsignor is out to dinner.

SIXTUS

Yes, I know.

MORITZ

He asked me to -- .

SIXTUS

I'm fine, Moritz. I'm going to bed.

MORITZ

Good night, Holy Father.

Sixtus turns. Stops. Turns back to Moritz.

SIXTUS

How do you think I'll be remembered by history?

MORITZ

That you served God by tending his flock.

SIXTUS

(disappointed)

Yes.

MORITZ

Did I say something wrong?

SIXTUS  
 Good night, Moritz.

The Swiss Guard turns to leave. Then turns back, winks.

MORITZ  
 Nice shoes.

The Pope returns to his chair and his book. Pulls off a slipper and contemplates it. Seen behind him, on the side table, a PHOTO of the Pope and Bernd. Off the Pope, thinking,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. BASILICA OF ST. JOHN LATERAN -- ROME

The POPE celebrates the EUCHARIST...

SIXTUS  
 ...When we eat this bread and drink  
 this cup, we proclaim your death, O  
 Lord, until you come again...

The Pope prepares the host, pours wine into a silver chalice...Priests and bishops assist him, Bernd among them...

SIXTUS (CONT'D)  
 ...Grant that we who are nourished  
 by the body and the blood of Your  
 Son and filled with His Holy Spirit  
 may become one body, one spirit in  
 Christ...

...Bernd watches, among the parishioners, the nobles from the dinner...The Countess, Montezemolo, Roccagiovine, Gemelli...The Pope lifts the chalice...

SIXTUS (CONT'D)  
 ...Through him, with him, in him,  
 in the unity of the Holy Spirit,  
 all glory and honor is yours,  
 almighty Father, for ever and  
 ever...

...As the choir sings the amen, the congregation rises and lines up to receive the Eucharist...The Pope places a wafer on the tongue of each, and each sips from the chalice...

...Roccagiovine kneels, opens his mouth...As the Pope places the host on his tongue, he BITES the Pope's finger...

...The Pope howls in pain...Tries to pull his hand away but Roccagiovine grips his wrist...Bernd watches in horror as the nobleman bites down harder, BLOOD pouring down his chin...

...Then he spits the Pope's finger out on the marble floor...Off Bernd, stricken,

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING. BERND'S APARTMENT -- THE VATICAN

Bernd wakes up with a scream, in a cold sweat, in his small, tidy apartment in the Vatican. Off Bernd, his heart racing,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. VILLAGE BAKERY -- SICILY

A CLERK fills a box with a dozen CANNOLI while Bozzi scans the display case...The sfogliatelle, the pignoli cookies, the cheesecake...The Clerk ties the box with twine, hands it to Bozzi, who hands him some bills, exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. COUNTRY ROAD -- SICILY

A rented Fiat 500 bounces uncertainly over the rocks and ruts of a dirt road, Bozzi behind the wheel, the parched Sicilian landscape and the sparkling blue Mediterranean beyond...

...Arrives at a small stucco house at the end of the road, otherwise inaccessible, a BODYGUARD with a shotgun and a Di Nobili cigar outside the door...

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. GIACALONE HOUSE -- SICILY

CIRO GIACALONE, 50s, an old school Mafia boss, unpacks the pastries with great curiosity and interest. A bookend to Bozzi, leaders for two exclusively male, mostly Italian, deeply hierarchical and secretive orders...A LAPTOP on the kitchen table...CIRO JUNIOR, 20s, adjusts it...

CROWLEY (O.C.)

...Maybe times have changed.

INSERT -- ON LAPTOP SCREEN

Live via Skype, Carol Crowley, the disapproving Duffy staffer from the press conference... Alongside her, JOE DOGS, 40s, a Brooklyn Mafioso, pokes his head into the frame...

JOE DOGS (O.C.)  
Carol works for the Archbishop.

CROWLEY (O.C.)  
Leave it at that.

...Giacalone plates the cannoli...Slides it across to one of his men...Watching the cannoli pass by, Bozzi might be Doctor Zhivago saying goodbye to Lara...

GIACALONE  
She's talking about the sister?

JOE DOGS (O.C.)  
The sister.

CROWLEY (O.C.)  
She lives with him. In the residence.  
(beat)  
How can he make a woman a priest knowing firsthand the evil women are capable of?

In a reverie over the cannoli, Bozzi startles to attention... Giacalone grabs his hand...

GIACALONE  
This is the sister.

Bozzi nods sagely. Then furrows his brow.

BOZZI  
Duffy has a sister?

CROWLEY (O.C.)  
In the residence.

GIACALONE  
Maybe times have changed.

CROWLEY (O.C.)  
Leave it at that.  
(with venom)  
She carries on like a whore. A different man every night. She runs after them with a mattress on her back.

JOE DOGS (O.C.)  
This is the sister.

CROWLEY (O.C.)  
In. The. Residence.

BOZZI  
She lives with him?

CROWLEY (O.C.)  
This Duffy came from Jabib. Nobody  
knows him. He gets up at four in  
the morning to run in Central Park.  
Who does that?

Giacalone turns to Bozzi.

GIACALONE  
(Sicilian dialect)  
You want us to look into this  
sister?

Bozzi fixes Giacalone with a look. Pensive, he reaches in his pocket, takes out his Nutri-System cookie. Rips the plastic, breaks the cookie in half, bites it. Carefully hoards the other half. Off Bozzi, as he chews thoughtfully,

CUT TO:

EXT. LATER. GIACALONE HOUSE

Giacalone walks Bozzi to his Fiat. Bozzi opens the hatchback, finds the MONEY in the briefcase...Giacalone waves him off.

GIACALONE  
Do ut des.  
(off Bozzi's look)  
After all, we are not Americans.

Bozzi blesses him. They kiss and embrace. Off Giacalone, as he watches the Fiat bounce away down the rutted dirt road,

CUT TO:

EXT. MORNING. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL -- RESIDENCE

A 19th-century townhouse nestled amidst the glass and steel of Madison Avenue. A TAXI pulls up and the door opens. Great legs and torn fishnets. KAYLA DUFFY, 30s, at the end of a long night. Hurrying against the drizzle, she catches a heel in the sidewalk, nearly falls on the front stairs.

KAYLA  
Mother fucker!

She looks up. Three NUNS standing there. Off Kayla,

CUT TO:

INT. SAME TIME. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL -- RESIDENCE

Duffy meets with his staff and MINDY ROSS, late 30s, hard and chic, a high-powered New York political consultant.

ROSS  
...We get fifty-nine per cent approval from Catholics overall. Slightly higher from occasional churchgoers, lower from regular churchgoers.

DUFFY  
Regular churchgoers -- less than half?

ROSS  
That's not what's interesting.

DUFFY  
So what's interesting?

ROSS  
When we show them video, it changes everything. Especially for women. Female priests are not the message.  
(beat)  
You're the message.

DUFFY  
I'm the message.

ROSS  
You are the message.

Duffy thinks a beat.

DUFFY  
And most American Catholics under 35 want their own church?

ROSS  
They want to split from Rome. They back gay rights. They don't believe in celibacy. That's the future. It's demographics.  
(MORE)

ROSS (CONT'D)  
Generational politics. The conservatives die off and the liberals inherit the church. Right around the corner is a whole new world.

Duffy thinks a beat. Hears Kayla banging around the kitchen downstairs...

DUFFY  
Excuse me one second.

Off Ross, watching him exit,

CUT TO:

INT. SAME TIME. ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE

Reading his Blackberry as he walks, Duffy looks up and finds Kayla in the kitchen, rinsing her panties in the sink.

DUFFY  
Where I wash my vegetables. What do you call that?

KAYLA  
Probiotics?

He pours himself a cup of coffee.

DUFFY  
Coffee?

She drops two ice cubes in a glass and fills it with tequila.

KAYLA  
You gonna ask me where I was?

DUFFY  
Fishing?

KAYLA  
Sure.

DUFFY  
What'd you catch?

KAYLA  
Brendan.  
(beat)  
Brandon?

DUFFY  
What'd he catch?

KAYLA  
He looked like Jesus.

DUFFY  
Kayla, c'mon.

KAYLA  
Why is Jesus so fucking sexy?

DUFFY  
Kayla.

KAYLA  
Chiseled, tortured, long-haired,  
dying and half-naked. Just my type.

DUFFY  
Kayla.

KAYLA  
Jesus and Russell Brand.

DUFFY  
How can you be like this and be a  
Catholic?

KAYLA  
Tommy, I'm like this because I'm  
Catholic.  
(off his look)  
I mean, blame the fucking sisters.

A look between them. Duffy can't help himself. He laughs. She pours another drink. As she turns, he plops the Times in front of her. "CINCINNATI ORDAINS SECOND WOMAN PRIEST".

DUFFY  
What do you think Dad would say?

KAYLA  
Fucking up is not a hobby that you  
pick up in middle age, Tommy. Like  
a carbon-fiber racing bike. Or  
making your own wine.

DUFFY  
Experience counts?

KAYLA  
Dad thought you'd be Pope. Dad was  
hard to please.

DUFFY

I might have to leave town for a couple of days.

KAYLA

You want me to water the plants?

DUFFY

Do you think you could take it easy for a little till the attention dies down?

He looks at her. She won't look at him.

KAYLA

You don't tell me what to do. You don't check up on me.

DUFFY

Kayla, you disappeared for three days.

KAYLA

That's the deal. Remember?

Duffy turns her to him. Looks in her eyes...

DUFFY

We're in this together. You know that?

...but Kayla's eyes go dead.

KAYLA

You mind if I take the Sports?

She lifts the Sports section out of the paper. Moves to exit with the Sports Section and her drink.

DUFFY

I got called to Rome.

She stops. Turns to him. A look between them. Off Duffy,

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING. VATICAN -- KITCHEN

Prezzi rummages in the refrigerator for a snack...

PREZZI

...So the tumors went away?

WIDER

Iemma sits at a large, ancient marble table...At the other end of the table, Cesca rolls out a sheet of pasta dough...

IEMMA

Correct.

PREZZI

She prayed to John Paul and her incurable cancer was cured.

IEMMA

Correct.

Prezzi emerges with a loaf of bread and various cheeses, moves to the table with all clutched to his chest...Takes out a pocket knife, opens a bottle of wine...

PREZZI

To me, it sounds like a miracle.

IEMMA

Really.

PREZZI

To me.

IEMMA

Tumors come back.

PREZZI

I understand, there is some fear of embarrassment -- if somehow the tumor were to --

Iemma slams his palm down on the table, rattling the wine glasses but somehow not startling Prezzi...

IEMMA

One, the disease must be serious and impossible -- or at least very difficult -- to cure by human means. Two, the disease must not be in a stage at which it is liable to disappear shortly by itself. Three, either no medical treatment must have been given or it must be certain that the treatment given has no reference to the cure. Four, the cure must be instantaneous. Five, the cure must be complete. Six, the cure must be permanent.

Unflappable, Prezzi butters a piece of bread...

PREZZI

Let me ask you something, Iemma. Do you believe in miracles?

IEMMA

Of course I believe in miracles.

(beat)

But I have never seen one.

Listening to them, Cesca spoons out dollops of ricotta -- the recipiente...Makes a hollow in each...Then in each hollow she nestles an egg yolk, careful not to break it...

PREZZI

(with a sigh)

I say this as your friend, but this job they've given you -- this bureaucracy of miracles -- the world outside has moved on. You have no real power. So you hold onto the little power you have, which is the power to say no.

CESCA

Like the Church itself.

Prezzi takes a beat.

PREZZI

Like the Church itself.

The cook looks at Iemma indulgently. Off Iemma, brooding,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. BASILICA OF ST. JOHN LATERAN -- VESTRY

Bernd helps Sixtus change out of his vestments. Sixtus groans as he sits in his long silk underwear, rubs at his feet...

BERND

...Let me do that for you.

Bernd takes over. Removes the Pope's beautiful bejeweled slippers. Tenderly rubs the Pope's feet...

SIXTUS

The Mass is not getting any shorter.

BERND  
We might look at your schedule.

SIXTUS  
People expect me to celebrate Mass.

BERND  
Not every Sunday.

SIXTUS  
Tuesday is my day off.

BERND  
Yes, Holy Father.

Sixtus pauses a beat.

SIXTUS  
Did you have a nice night out?

BERND  
I prefer to have dinner with you.

SIXTUS  
I'm sure it's become quite boring.

BERND  
I had excitement in my life. You  
forget that my calling came quite  
late.

(beat)  
I feel safe with you.

A look between them.

SIXTUS  
Let's go to the Dolomites, Bernd.  
How long has it been? We'll get up  
early -- ski before the crowds come  
-- then in the evenings, after a  
nap, I'll write -- you can help me.

(beat)  
Why shouldn't I think about how  
I'll be remembered?

BERND  
Are you writing something?

SIXTUS  
Not in any organized way.  
Fragments. Jotting things down. I  
must say, I came up with some  
ringing phrases.

(beat)  
(MORE)

SIXTUS (CONT'D)

I wish sometimes I'd been a writer --  
-- often I do -- this life I've  
chosen is so full of compromise.

BERND

Is it true Cardinal Duffy has been  
called to Rome?

Sixtus looks away. Gets up.

SIXTUS

I have no choice.

BERND

The Pope of Rome is the last  
absolute ruler in Europe. Or so  
they say.

SIXTUS

I can't oppose Malerba. Probably he  
should have been Pope. I prayed --  
I begged God not to choose me. But  
the Church needed a caretaker -- a  
caretaker -- that's how history  
will remember me. A caretaker.  
Malerba was too young.

(beat)

Now I'm old. I don't have the  
energy.

Bernd stands, begins to pace...

BERND

I worry, that's all.

SIXTUS

Anyway, it's the ideas that matter.  
That's what I'm writing -- an  
encyclical on the role of women in  
the Church -- that someday might  
serve as the foundation for --

BERND

There is evil in the world -- we  
know that, yes? -- truly evil  
people. In fine clothes. From good  
families.

Bernd blunders into a table, knocks over a lamp...

SIXTUS

Bernd, are you drunk?

BERND

I had trouble sleeping as well.

SIXTUS

You came to Mass drunk?

Bernd paces, agitated...

BERND

This bubble you live in -- no one ever gives you bad news -- this forever Popemobile. I'm the one. I hear it all the time. "The Pope eats shit!" They see the collar and it sets them off. The scandals. The secrecy. On the sidewalk. "The Pope eats shit!" From a passing car, with the Doppler effect. "The Pope eats shiiiiiiiiiiiiit!"

Sixtus takes a beat.

SIXTUS

"The Pope eats shit"?

BERND

Start behaving like you have enemies, because you do. That dinner I went to -- you're right -- it wasn't boring.

SIXTUS

Bernd, what's the matter?

(beat)

Did someone threaten you?

A look between them. Off the Pope,

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. VATICAN -- ESTABLISHING

In his shirtsleeves, Duffy arrives in a taxi from the airport. Pays the driver and grabs his duffel...

CRANE UP TO REVEAL

The majestic, pillared oval of St. Peter's Square, as Duffy enters the Vatican.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. CASA SANTA MARTA

The Vatican hotel. A Babel of different languages, reflecting the universal Church. Duffy checks in.

DESK CLERK

...There is a breakfast buffet on the terrace, Your Eminence, till eleven o'clock. As well as complimentary bottled water and 24-hour fitness center.

The Desk Clerk moves to ring the bell. Duffy puts his hand over it. The Desk Clerk hits Duffy's hand and rings the bell.

DUFFY

I can take my own --

DESK CLERK

(to Bellman)

Escort His Eminence to Room 305.

DUFFY

Call me Tom.

BELLMAN

Your Eminence.

DUFFY

Tom.

DESK CLERK

His Eminence is from New York.

DUFFY

Tom.

DESK CLERK

Surely, Your Eminence.

DUFFY

Tom.

BELLMAN

Follow me, Your Eminence.

The Bellman moves for Duffy's bag...A brief struggle over the bag. Then Duffy takes it. A look between the Desk Clerk and the Bellman. With a gesture, the Bellman escorts Duffy out.

ANGLE ON -- A SECOND CLERK

Spying on Duffy...He picks up the phone and dials...

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. CASA SANTA MARTA -- HOTEL ROOM

Duffy enters. Sets down his bag...Plugs in his laptop...Then notices something on his pillow...

INSERT -- AN INVITATION

In beautiful old-style Italian calligraphy, on rich linen stock...Dinner at the palazzo of CONTESSA OLIVIA BORGHESE...Off Duffy,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. DINING ROOM

A hemstitched napkin of the finest Frette linen, as Iemma tucks it in his collar. Phong presents a single RAVIOLO bathed in butter. Produces a fist-sized black TRUFFLE, shaves it on top.

PHONG

(in perfect Italian)

There are not many truffles this year.

IEMMA

The dry weather.

PHONG

But the ones there are...

IEMMA

...are good.

Phong pours the wine. Exits. Iemma waves the truffle aroma into his nose...Looks up...Late in the day, and the room is mostly empty. Duffy reads the paper, eats alone. Duffy glances up -- eye contact...Iemma looks away. Duffy doesn't. Iemma opens his paper. But Duffy doesn't take the hint.

DUFFY

You mind if I join you?

IEMMA

Please do.

DUFFY

I have an hour to kill.

IEMMA  
You're the American.

DUFFY  
That's me.  
(off his look)  
What?

Iemma laughs conspiratorially.

IEMMA  
I didn't say anything.

DUFFY  
You didn't have to.

IEMMA  
We have a saying here in the  
Vatican. "Don't think."

DUFFY  
(sardonic)  
I would never have guessed.

IEMMA  
"And if you must think, don't  
speak. And if must speak, don't  
write."

DUFFY  
Okay, fine. I get it.

IEMMA  
"And if you must write, don't sign  
your name. And if you must sign  
your name -- "

DUFFY  
You know what? I'd do it again.

Iemma brandishes his fork with the fervor of Abdullah the  
Butcher.

IEMMA  
" -- don't be surprised."

Iemma punctures the raviolo with his fork...The bright orange  
yolk oozes out, melds with the butter and the truffles...

DUFFY  
What do you do here?

IEMMA  
Miracles.

DUFFY  
Seriously?

IEMMA  
I don't know what could be more  
serious.  
(off Duffy's look)  
What?

Duffy laughs.

DUFFY  
I didn't say anything.

IEMMA  
You didn't have to.

DUFFY  
Look, I'm from New York.

IEMMA  
Yes, I've heard of this provincial  
capital.

DUFFY  
That just seems like a dead-end  
job.

IEMMA  
I know I shouldn't say this, Your  
Eminence, but when I look at you I  
see Bambi. Needing to be rescued.

DUFFY  
These miracle stories got the  
Church started. Like any other  
religion. But there's a reason that  
since the Scientific Revolution you  
don't see them anymore.

IEMMA  
So you think there's an explanation  
for everything?

DUFFY  
I have two hundred thousand kids in  
my diocese who go to bed hungry  
every night. Explain that.

Something about Duffy touches Iemma. He softens.

IEMMA  
When do you see the Pope?

DUFFY

In an hour.

IEMMA

Whatever happens, happens. It will pass.

(beat)

And if you want to come to my house for dinner tonight, I'll give you a glass of wine and a good argument.

DUFFY

That's very nice of you, but --

IEMMA

Seven o'clock?

Duffy considers a beat. Smiles. A BUSBOY clears Iemma's plate and Phong serves the scottaditi...Off Duffy,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. MALERBA'S OFFICE -- THE VATICAN

Malerba sits at his desk, Moritz standing opposite.

MALERBA

...He said that?

MORITZ

Yes, Your Eminence.

MALERBA

His place in history?

MORITZ

"What do you think my place in history will be?"

MALERBA

And what did you say?

MORITZ

That he served God by tending his flock.

MALERBA

Oh, God, Moritz, can't you do better than that?

(off his look)

"You're the People's Pope!" "You're the fun Pope!" "You'll make them forget Pope John!" Anything.

MORITZ

I'm sorry, Your Eminence.

Malerba unlocks his drawer. Takes out a hundred-Euro note from a sheaf of cash. Hands it to Moritz.

MALERBA

(with cash)

"Thus passes the glory of the world."

As Moritz exits, Piero enters, leans to whisper to Malerba.

PIERO

The Pope wants to see you.

Off Malerba,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. PAPAL LIBRARY -- THE VATICAN

Inside the papal apartments, a vast room housing the Pope's personal collection of 20,000 books, with two large windows facing onto St. Peter's Square. Dressed again in his formal vestments, the Pope writes at his desk as Malerba enters.

MALERBA

You called for me, Holy Father?

Sixtus gets up and gestures for Malerba to take a seat.

SIXTUS

I wanted to talk to you about Cardinal Duffy.

Sixtus moves to fix a cup of coffee...

MALERBA

Without a strong response from the Vatican, it was quite predictable that a second diocese would follow suit.

SIXTUS

Where is Cincinnati?

MALERBA

On the road to heresy?

SIXTUS

I've come to realize you were right. Something must be done.

MALERBA

It's a relief to hear you say that.

SIXTUS

He's been called to Rome.

MALERBA

Finally.

SIXTUS

He's here now. By tomorrow,  
Cardinal Duffy will no longer be  
Archbishop of New York.

MALERBA

Will you excommunicate him?

SIXTUS

I'll ask him to remain here.

MALERBA

Ingenious.

SIXTUS

In Rome.

MALERBA

Remove him from his power base.

SIXTUS

Where he can be watched.

MALERBA

Seduced.

SIXTUS

Then you approve?

MALERBA

What position will you give him?

SIXTUS

Yours.

A long beat.

MALERBA

You can't seriously think Duffy can  
be Secretary of State.

SIXTUS

The Vatican needs new blood...

MALERBA

With half the calories of the old  
blood.

SIXTUS

...Fresh ideas...

MALERBA

The American Church will leave --  
is that "fresh" enough for you? --  
this will only encourage them.  
You'll pass the collection plate to  
millions of brown people without a  
penny among them.

(crosses a line)

For no reason but your own vanity  
and stupid weakness.

Sixtus reddens and trembles with rage...

SIXTUS

Am I weak?

MALERBA

To have this clueless idealistic  
American mucking about -- in the  
bank -- in everything --

SIXTUS

(quoting)

"For when I am weak, then I am  
strong."

MALERBA

Is this about Bernd?

SIXTUS

(angry)

Leave Bernd out of this.

MALERBA

Because of something stupid someone  
said at a dinner party --

SIXTUS

It's done. Finished.

(beat)

You need to get out among the  
people -- any people --

(muttering)

-- exotic, indigenous people far,  
far away.

MALERBA

It is possible, Holy Father, that right now the bruised feelings of the handsome young Monsignor may not be the foremost crisis in the Church.

SIXTUS

Would you oppose me?  
 (Malerba doesn't answer)  
Would you oppose me?

MALERBA

You are the Pope. Most Blessed Father, Vicar of Jesus Christ, Successor of the Prince of the Apostles, Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, Primate of Italy, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province, Sovereign of the State of Vatican City, Servant of the Servants of God.

(beat)

Though you should know you're declaring war on your own Church.

SIXTUS

You are allowed your opinion. But I must speak for God.

...The Pope moves toward the large windows that look upon St. Peter's Square...He throws open the French doors leading to the balcony...

...An endless CROWD of people throngs St. Peter's Square, awaiting the Pope's blessing...

...And the Pope blesses them, looking tiny on the balcony, dwarfed by the enormous pillars that flank him, by the giant red, white and gold papal banner flowing beneath him, drowned out by the shouts of the crowd...

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. LATER. MALERBA'S OFFICE -- THE VATICAN

TOP SHOT of the Vatican gardens, through a window, of Prezzi introducing Duffy to the Pope, as Malerba moves into his own POV...The Pope ushers Duffy into the gardens and Bernd closes the gate behind them...As they disappear inside the gardens, off Malerba,

CUT TO:

INT. EVENING. BOZZI AND PREZZI'S OFFICE -- THE VATICAN

Prezzi returns to his office and finds Bozzi there, recently returned from his journeys, hanging up his coat and hat...

PREZZI

...How was your trip?

(Bozzi shrugs)

It's good to get out of Rome, no?

(Bozzi shrugs)

Malerba asked after you.

Bozzi shrugs. Riffles through his mail...

BOZZI

I do these "errands" for you. Not Malerba.

PREZZI

You're not going to believe what happened while you were gone.

BOZZI

I know.

PREZZI

Duffy is here.

BOZZI

I know.

PREZZI

He was called to Rome.

BOZZI

I know.

PREZZI

He's with the Pope right now.

BOZZI

I know.

PREZZI

I wonder what will happen.

BOZZI

I know.

PREZZI

You know?

BOZZI  
The Pope is giving him Malerba's  
job.

PREZZI  
No.

BOZZI  
Yes.

PREZZI  
So you leave town for a week and I  
stay here and you know this and I  
don't?

Bozzi takes out a bottle of amaro and a glass. Sets it on the  
table for Prezzi. The wife in the relationship.

BOZZI  
Yes.

PREZZI  
How do you do that?

BOZZI  
(with rue)  
Clean living.

PREZZI  
(with a chuckle)  
"Clean living."

A look between them. Prezzi pours the amaro.

BOZZI  
He has a sister.

Suddenly, beside Prezzi's glass, a COMPUTER DISC lands,  
tossed there by Bozzi. A look between them. Off Prezzi,

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT. STREET -- NEAR VATICAN

Iemma stops on his way home to visit Violetta. Duffy holds  
the groceries while Iemma adjusts Violetta to a more  
comfortable position.

IEMMA  
This is my friend Tom. From New  
York.

VIOLETTA  
Is he a priest?

IEMMA  
He's more of a Protestant.

Iemma rummages in the grocery bag. Finds an apple for  
Violetta. Off Duffy, watching them,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. PALAZZO BORGHESE -- ROME

Elegant Romans mingle over cocktails. A BUTLER approaches the  
Countess.

OLIVIA  
Are we still expecting anyone?

BUTLER  
Just the American.

As the Butler exits, Olivia glances outside...A MERCEDES  
pulls up in front...The door opens and Malerba emerges...

...But no Duffy...

...A look between them...Malerba's not happy...

INSERT -- A PLACECARD

On linen stock, in an old-fashioned rounded Italian script,  
"Cardinale Thomas Duffy", as the Butler removes it...

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. PALAZZO BORGHESE -- LIBRARY

Malerba broods in a leather armchair as Montezemolo,  
Roccagiovine, and Gemelli pace around him, agitated.

MALERBA  
...As Secretary of State, Duffy  
will travel the world. Become a  
hero to all the osus and campesinos  
-- so Olivia says, she's smart  
about these things -- when the time  
comes, he'll have the votes.

MONTEZEMOLO  
And where will you go?

MALERBA  
The Philippines? Angola?

GEMELLI  
He doesn't know what he's doing.

MALERBA  
He knows exactly what he's doing.  
In one stroke he gets rid of an  
enemy and anoints an heir.

GEMELLI  
God chooses the Pope.

ROCCAGIOVINE  
Yes, God chooses the Pope.  
(beat)  
But he chooses through us.

Olivia enters. Closes the pocket doors behind her.

MONTEZEMOLO  
Do you really think this American  
could become Pope?

She turns to them.

OLIVIA  
He turned it down.

Looks all around. Roccagiovine smiles with appreciation.

ROCCAGIOVINE  
Now that is a dangerous man.  
(beat)  
The last thing the Church needs is  
a man of principle.

All eyes on Malerba...

MALERBA  
He chooses through us.

Off their looks,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. PAPAL APARTMENT

In his pajamas, the Pope reads in his easy chair...He yawns,  
puts his book down. Checks the clock...Then he hears someone  
moving inside his private library...He moves toward it...

SIXTUS

Bernd?

As he moves, a large RAT scurries past the closet...The Pope recoils and cries out...As he exits the bedroom, reveal several RATS running in the hallway...

FOLLOW -- INTO THE LIBRARY

As the Pope investigates...The floor full of rats, with several SWISS GUARDS, in full dress uniform, the Renaissance motley of gold, blue and red stripes, armor and plumed helmets, smashing at the rats with their HALBERDS...

...Someone offers the Pope his PAPAL CROSS and he takes a wild swing...Suddenly the rats and the Swiss Guards magically disappear...The Pope hears a voice behind him...

VOICE

Günter, dormisne?

The Pope turns to see, perched on a stool, a grey, slightly dull, enormously FAT woman in her 50s...In her pompous self-regard and Olympian misattunement, with her TV-ready suit, she might be a central banker. This is the angel, ABADDON.

SIXTUS

Why did you call me that?

ABADDON

Günter, dormisne?

SIXTUS

Of course I'm sleeping.

ABADDON

Are you sure?

SIXTUS

Who are you?

ABADDON

Don't you know?

SIXTUS

Then where are your wings?

ABADDON

There really is no substitute for good tailoring.

A beat.

SIXTUS

So this is it?

ABADDON

We are not on earth as museum keepers, but to cultivate a flourishing garden and to prepare a glorious future.

(beat)

Pope John said that.

SIXTUS

My mother called me Günter. I haven't heard that name since I became Pope.

ABADDON

Any questions?

SIXTUS

How will I be remembered by history?

ABADDON

You all ask that.

SIXTUS

The "people's Pope"? The "fun Pope"?

Abaddon takes out pad and pen...

ABADDON

(as she writes)

The truth is, in fifty years, or even twenty, you'll be completely forgotten.

SIXTUS

Well, we can't all be Pope John.

ABADDON

I like your slippers.

SIXTUS

What are you writing?

ABADDON

(still writing)

Nothing.

SIXTUS

Yes. They'll remember the slippers.

ABADDON  
 (with folder)  
 Here.

Sixtus opens the folder and takes out a letter...

SIXTUS  
 (reading)  
 "We interviewed a number of  
 candidates, and we have determined  
 that another candidate is the most  
 qualified for the requirements of  
 our opening."  
 (beat)  
 What is this?

ABADDON  
 (shrugs)  
 You know HR.

SIXTUS  
 I'm not going to heaven?

Abaddon takes off her jacket and her giant WINGS unfurl...She strips naked and moves toward him, her plentiful fat rippling, shuddering...She caresses him...

ABADDON  
 Well, what did you think death was?

As she climbs on top of him and kisses him,

CUT TO:

INT. SAME TIME. PAPAL APARTMENT -- BEDROOM

Sixtus wakes from his nightmare with a scream, bolt upright, beads of sweat on his brow...His hand shakes as he reaches for a glass of water...

...Then he glances across the room as a large RAT scurries across the floor and toward the papal library...With dawning affright the Pope follows the rat inside...

FOLLOW -- INTO THE LIBRARY

As the Pope investigates...The floor full of rats, the Swiss Guards flailing with their HALBERDS....And that same grey, slightly dull, enormously FAT woman, waiting on her stool...

ABADDON  
Günter, dormisne?

Off the Pope, in terror,

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. NIGHT. PALAZZO BORGHESE -- BEDROOM

The middle of the night. Sounds -- the rustle of a curtain, the squeak of a hinge -- awaken Olivia. She moves to find the doors to the terrace open...And Malerba outside...

OLIVIA  
It's cold out.

MALERBA  
I needed the air.

OLIVIA  
You can tell winter's coming.  
(beat)  
Come inside.

Malerba takes a beat.

MALERBA  
All my life I've searched for God --  
worshipped God -- loved God --  
regardless of risk -- regardless of  
sacrifice.  
(beat)  
Why does He turn his back to me?

OLIVIA  
Then it's done?

As he turns to her and they exchange a look, off Malerba,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. PAPAL APARTMENT -- THE VATICAN

Pope Sixtus VI lies DEAD, his mouth agape and a startled look on his face. At his bedside, candelit, the Papal CAMERLENGO and the Pope's PHYSICIAN perform the timeless rituals that surround the death of a Pope. Malerba, Bozzi, Prezzi, and other CARDINALS bear witness. Nearby, Moritz stands guard.

...The Physician confirms that the Pope has no pulse...The Camerlengo removes a SILVER MALLET engraved with the papal arms from its red leather bag...He taps the Pope's forehead with the mallet.

CAMERLENGO  
Günter, dormisne?

The Pope's given name, Günter. "Günter, are you sleeping?" A beat, as they wait to see if the Pope will respond. Then, again, the Camerlengo taps his forehead with the mallet.

CAMERLENGO (CONT'D)  
Günter, dormisne?

Again, no response. A final tap with the silver mallet...

CAMERLENGO (CONT'D)  
Günter, dormisne?

With the ritual satisfied, the Camerlengo turns to the others.

CAMERLENGO (CONT'D)  
Vere, Sixtus Sextus mortus est.

..."Truly, Sixtus the Sixth is dead"...

...The Physician draws blood from the dead man, places each VIAL inside a bejeweled RELIQUIARY...

...The "Pescatorio," or "Ring of the Fisherman", engraved "SIXTVS VI PONT. MAX.", with a bas relief of St. Peter, sits on the Pope's finger...The Camerlengo removes it...

...Then the Camerlengo destroys the ring with a set of metal shears...SMASHES it into pieces...

...As the Physician, the Camerlengo and the Cardinals exit, Moritz, standing guard at the door, watches them...He and Malerba exchange a look, as if sharing a secret...As Malerba passes, off Moritz, blessing himself,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. VATICAN HOTEL

BELLS toll across Rome. Ugo sits quietly and listens to the Vatican radio report the Pope's death...He's not upset, but strangely serene...He believes the Pope has gone to heaven...

RADIO (O.C.)  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
..."Our most beloved Holy Father has returned to the house of the Father," a senior Vatican official, told pilgrims in St. Peter's Square.

(MORE)

RADIO (O.C.) (CONT'D)

The crowd of sixty thousand stood for a moment in stunned silence, stared at the pavement and wept. Then, following a custom that signifies hope at a time of death, the mourners broke into sustained applause...

A KNOCK at the door, and Ugo moves to answer it. It's Bozzi and Prezzi. Bozzi and Ugo embrace.

UGO

A sad day.

Each blesses himself.

PREZZI

Do you know what happens now, Ugo?  
(off his look)  
All the Cardinals -- over a hundred -- from all over the world -- they come to Rome.

UGO

Yes.

BOZZI

And they vote.

UGO

Yes.

PREZZI

And the votes are counted. And once someone has two-thirds of the votes, we have a new Pope.

UGO

Yes, I understand.

A look between Bozzi and Prezzi. Bozzi turns to Ugo.

BOZZI

(in Italian, subtitled)  
Do you believe Satan exists?

UGO

Yes.

BOZZI

Do you doubt it?

UGO

Come on -- cousin -- you know I'm a true Catholic.

BOZZI

We need someone who is pure in his heart -- pure in his belief -- to help count the votes.

(beat)

Someone who we can trust.

UGO

Yes. I understand.

Another look between Prezzi and Bozzi.

PREZZI

Everything -- the earth, the heavens, all of it -- it all hangs in the balance.

Looks all around. Off Ugo,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. PAPAL APARTMENT

A SCULPTOR with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth runs a hair dryer over the Pope's plaster DEATH MASK...Satisfied that it has dried sufficiently, he pulls it off and admires the result...

WIDER

Sixtus's CORPSE lies beneath a white sheet...Iemma and Prezzi lay out the clothes for his burial...A simple white SOUTANE and a plain white ALB...A STOLE for the neck...

PREZZI

...They're undertakers. They think he should be embalmed.

IEMMA

He didn't want it.

PREZZI

Pope Pius didn't want to be embalmed.

IEMMA

Simple.

PREZZI

You know, Iemma, I was also his confessor.

IEMMA

That's what he wanted.

PREZZI

Yes, I heard this, "simple".

(beat)

Meanwhile Pope Pius turned black as a grape and blew up like a balloon.

(beat)

And if the weather turns hot...?

Bernd enters. An awkward silence. He looks at the outfit.

BERND

This is what he wanted. Something simple. And a simple pine box.

Bernd exits inside...A look between Prezzi and Iemma. Prezzi resumes assembling the burial garments...A PALLIUM of white lamb's wool and a white ZUCCHETTO...

PREZZI

It's funny, isn't it? That he chose the two of us to be his confessors?

(beat)

Me, who would tell him what he wanted to hear. And you, who would tell him the truth.

Bernd returns, holding the POPE'S SLIPPERS...

BERND

I know he wanted it to be simple. But I'd like him to wear these.

Bernd struggles to put on the slippers, the Pope's feet blue now, and stiff with rigor mortis...He starts to weep. Prezzi squeezes his shoulder to reassure him.

PREZZI

It'll be okay, Bernd. It's God's will.

Bernd turns to Prezzi, his eyes red.

BERND

This was not God's will.

Looks all around. Then a green-bottle FLY alights on Iemma's cheek...Iemma swats at it...

...Then more FLIES alight on Bernd...Prezzi looks at the Pope's corpse...More flies there, and a loud BUZZING...

...Iemma swats at another fly...Opens a window...More flies TORRENT inside...Iemma swats wildly at them, eyes closed... Then forces himself to look...

CLOSE ON -- IEMMA

What he sees stops him -- mouth agape, frozen in terror and awe...Prezzi and Bernd join him at the window...

THEIR POV

...Vast SWARMS of buzzing flies descend upon Rome...People RUN in the streets to escape them...

CLOSE ON -- DUFFY

As he emerges from the Vatican into St. Peter's Square...Sees the flies...But that's not what fills him with wonder...

CLOSE ON -- IEMMA

Looking down from the windows of the papal apartment and seeing the same thing...

ANGLE ON -- VIOLETTA

In her RED SLIP, oblivious to the swarms of flies, freed of her afflictions and her disability, as she WALKS across St. Peter's Square...

CLOSE ON -- IEMMA

As he smiles...

IEMMA

A miracle.

WIDER -- THE VATICAN

As the skies go dark with epic swarms of flies, thick enough to blot out the sun --

SMASH CUT TO  
BLACK.

END OF EPISODE ONE