

THE "KENNEDYS"

Pilot sample

(c) 2020

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**INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY**

INSERT - TV SCREEN

Static frizzles across the screen before a faded, slightly wavy logo for the U.S Department of Justice appears on screen. A generic, 1950s sounding NARRATOR greets us.

NARRATOR

Welcome to the Witness Security Program, an affiliate of the United States Department of Justice. We commend your bravery and cooperation as you embark--

The tape FREEZES. A loud offscreen SMACK is heard as the picture on screen crackles and waves. The tape JUMPS ahead.

NARRATOR

--certain death if the rules aren't followed--

The tape freezes again. Another SMACK.

BILL (O.S.)

Come on.

The tape jumps ahead and resumes. We see a quaint suburban neighborhood.

NARRATOR

--new identities within your new community. But be wary of nosy neighbors.

The tape cuts to a porch where two woman chat.

WOMAN #1

So, what do you do?

WOMAN #2

Oh, I'm a witness for the federal government.

Woman #1, shocked, burns the camera in surprise. A giant RED "X" appears across the screen, accompanied by the sound of a BUZZER. The tape freezes again. Two more SMACKS are heard.

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**INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY**

A cramped room with no windows. An old television displaying the video sits on a stand as a man in a suit, BILL, smacks the top of it. We can just make out the glint of his BADGE. Before the TV sits MARGE (late 30s, world weary yet focused) and her teenage son, PATRICK (15, confused and nervous).

PATRICK  
So...the *mob*, the mob? Like,  
Marlon Brando, the mob?

Bill smacks the TV again.

MARGE  
Not now, Patrick.

PATRICK  
Did you kill anybody?

MARGE  
What? No. I was barely...  
(admitting to herself)  
I was barely involved.

PATRICK  
Then why are we here?

Bill smacks the TV yet again.

BILL  
Ok, I guess we're doing this the  
old fashioned way.

He pulls a manilla envelope from a briefcase, opens it and peruses a few files.

BILL  
You're going to be relocated to a  
southern California suburb. Real  
quaint. You'll be assigned new  
names, personal histories and all  
the necessary documentation.

MARGE  
Yeah, I figured all that. I've  
seen the movies. Just tell me if  
you got my husband.

BILL  
My best men are on it as we speak.

MARGE  
Great.

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Marge SIGHS and looks at the frozen TV screen. The red "X" superimposed over the worried woman burns into her.

BILL  
Don't worry. They're very  
discreet.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

CRASH. The door bursts open and three AGENTS, led by TED, rush in. Their flashlights and guns search in a frenzy before landing on the bed in front of them.

TED  
U.S. Marshals! Hands where I can  
see them!

The agents close in as the flailing covers are thrown away and GUNTHER CALABREZZE (40s, clueless, straddling the line between dad bod and obese) shoots upright with a surprised jolt.

TED  
Gunther Calamari?

GUNTHER  
Calabrezze, you racist.

TED  
Sir, gather your things. You're  
being put under the protection of  
the federal witness security  
program. You and your wife need to  
come with us now.

The covers rustle again and a woman, FRANCESCA (late 20s, sugar baby candidate) shoots up.

FRANCESCA  
Wife?!

**MAIN TITLES**

**INT. PIZZA PARLOR - FLASHBACK**

A YOUNG MARGE (6) and her father, LEO (50s, expensive suit, man-about-town), sit across from each other in a small mom and pop pizza parlor. Marge struggles to handle a slice that's too big for her.

LEO  
Good pizza?

Marge nods.

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YOUNG MARGE  
Can we get ice cream after this?

LEO  
Ice cream and pizza? You're gonna  
bankrupt me, kid.

Marge giggles.

LEO  
We'll see, we got a few more  
errands to run.

Marge looks around. Several patrons whisper to each other,  
staring at her and Leo out of the corners of their eyes.

YOUNG MARGE  
Dad?

LEO  
Marge?

YOUNG MARGE  
Are you the mayor?

LEO  
What makes you ask that?

YOUNG MARGE  
Because everyone gives you money.

LEO  
Well that doesn't make you a  
mayor.

YOUNG MARGE  
What does a mayor do?

Leo thinks for a moment.

LEO  
Whatever I want him to.

He smiles and winks at her.

YOUNG MARGE  
Why is everyone afraid of you?

LEO  
Who's afraid of me?

Marge looks around. Leo scans the room as nosy patrons quickly  
look away.

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LEO  
They're not afraid of me, they  
just respect me is all. That's a  
big difference. The only people  
afraid of me are the people who  
don't respect me.

Just then a man, SAL (t-shirt, scraggly leather jacket,  
restless menace) pushes a terrified man, JIMMY, forward.

SAL  
He doesn't have it.

JIMMY  
Leo, look--

LEO  
Good pizza, Jim.

JIMMY  
Than--

SAL  
He's short. Again.

LEO  
This true?

JIMMY  
Leo, I'm giving you all I got. I'm  
begging you.

Leo looks at Marge and notices her discomfort. He gets up and  
puts both hands on Jimmy's face. Sal readies himself.

LEO  
Jimmy, you make a killer pie.  
Marge says so. One more week.

He playfully SLAPS one of Jimmy's cheeks.

LEO  
Come on, Margie.

Marge gets up and follows her dad towards to the door.

SAL  
You kidding me, Leo? Leo?!

Sal raises his arms in protest. Marge looks back and sees the  
glint of a HANDGUN in his waistband.

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**INT. CAR - SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA - EVENING - PRESENT DAY**

Close on Marge looking out the window, her new home passing her by. Patrick sits next to her, looking out his own window. Bill drives them.

PATRICK

So were people only nice to me  
because of my last name?

MARGE

People were nice to you cause  
you're a good kid.

PATRICK

(lost in thought)

Was I really not good at soccer?  
All those penalty kicks...did I  
deserve them?

MARGE

You were *pretty* good at soccer.  
But yeah, your couch knew better  
than to bench a Barbarino.

PATRICK

Was anything about my life true or  
authentic?

BILL

You guys want authentic? Italian,  
right? Look out the window. Two  
words: unlimited breadsticks.

**INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A modern home sitting in the dark. A broad shouldered African American MAN walks into frame. He surveys his surroundings as he crosses things off on a clipboard, a gun on his hip. He looks out the window onto the street before heading for the kitchen.

**EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

The car pulls into the empty driveway. Everyone gets out.

BILL

Oh man, I never beat Jerry. He's  
never gonna hear the end of this.

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**INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

BILL  
Welcome to your new casa. Or  
however you say it in Italian.

MARGE  
It's casa.

Just then, the lights TURN ON. Bill goes for his gun but bobbles and drops it on the ground. As he bends for it, the mysterious man we previously saw walks up to him. This is JERRY (no nonsense, born in a suit,). Marge facepalms.

JERRY  
Jesus Christ, Bill.

BILL  
I thought you weren't here.  
Where's your car?

JERRY  
I told you to park down the  
street.

BILL  
Oh, yeah. Should I move?

The door opens again and Ted enters.

TED  
Hey, Bill, sorry I'm blocking you  
in the driveway. Am I good to  
bring in the husband and wife,  
Jer?

MARGE  
Wife?

**INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Marge, Gunther and Francesca all stand by the door screaming at each other. Patrick sits on a couch trying to watch TV. Next to the couch, Jerry speaks with his two agents.

JERRY  
How could you think that was the  
wife?

TED  
They were in bed. Ipso facto,  
husband and wife.

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BILL

What are you a priest? Husband and wife don't mean the same thing to these people. Real dirtbags.

JERRY

You guys go back to the office and get started on the paperwork.

TED

You want us to break this up first? Getting out of hand.

PATRICK

This is normal, they'll tire themselves out soon.

Jerry nods to the door and the agents begin to file out.

FRANCESCA

(to agents)

Where are you boobs going?

BILL

Don't you worry. Johnny America's here to help.

They leave. Everyone looks to Jerry.

MARGE

(re: Gunther)

I'm not sleeping under the same roof as this piece of shit.

GUNTHER

Yeah, I think they know that, seeing as how they found me bare ass at the Motel 6.

FRANCESCA

Yeah, really swept me off my feet.

MARGE

You do NOT get to butt in.

FRANCESCA

I think we're a little past that.

Marge goes to lunge at her but Jerry holds her back.

JERRY

Everybody calm down! You want to stay alive, right? To do that, you have to listen to me.

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JERRY

No one who has ever followed our rules has been killed. You all saw the video.

GUNTHER

I didn't see any video.

PATRICK

Ours was a VHS.

JERRY

Ok, look. The only reason you're being protected is because you agreed to provide testimony against the Barbarino crime family. If you don't do as I say when I say it, I will no longer have the incentive to offer you protection.

MARGE

And who the hell are you?

JERRY

I'm WITSEC agent Jerry Caldwell. And I'm the last line of defense between you and everyone you pissed off. Specifically your Uncle Sal.

The room goes silent. Marge crosses her arms.

JERRY

That's what I thought. You've all been given new identities but you'll keep your first names to avoid confusion. From now on you're the Kennedys.

He goes into his briefcase and retrieves some manilla envelopes. He starts handing them out.

MARGE

Oh, as in the famously assassinated?

GUNTHER

Do I look like a Kennedy to you?

JERRY

No, you look like an asshole. And I don't pick the names.

Marge laughs despite herself. Jerry smirks.

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JERRY

Learn about your new selves.  
Memorize everything. My card's in  
there. Any questions?

FRANCESCA

Yeah, I got one. Why am I here?

JERRY

Unfortunately because of your  
entanglements with Mr. Kennedy, we  
can't afford to release you given  
what you know.

FRANCESCA

What the hell does that mean?

JERRY

It means until we determine it's  
safe for everyone, you will assume  
the role of Mr. and Mrs.  
Kennedy's...daughter.

MARGE

(censor bleep)  
Fuck that.

FRANCESCA

I don't think so.

GUNTHER

I don't know how comfortable I am  
calling her my daughter.

MARGE

Why? She's young enough.

JERRY

Look, this isn't an ideal  
situation for anyone. The only way  
to make this work is if we play  
nice. Follow the rules, listen to  
me, cooperate with the  
investigation and we'll try and  
get all this behind you as soon as  
we can. I'll check in tomorrow.

MARGE

That's it? We're just stuck here?

JERRY

Yes, we are. Welcome to the  
neighborhood, Mrs. Kennedy.

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