

FADE IN:

EXT. BARESI FAMILY HOME - NORTH OAKLAND, CA

It's late November, 1936. The sun's setting on this working class Italian neighborhood. The Baresi's house is a typical shingled California bungalow. The driveway is packed with several cars. One shiny red Chevy stands out.

EXT. THE BARESI FAMILY'S BACKYARD

The yard is filled with friends and family. Everyone's eating and drinking and having a good time.

FRANCIS "FRANNY" LEWIS, 34, and GEORGE BARESI, 38, are holding court (and hands) - presenting as a "couple" beneath a banner; CONGRATULATIONS, GEORGE! Dressed in a new tweed suit, George, the dutiful son, is beaming as he happily chats with his adoring parents, NICOLE and FRANK BARESI, 60s. Franny, a lanky White woman dressed in a conservative skirt and sweater, smiles and nods like she's listening. She's not.

A buffet table, filled with a shocking amount of desserts to see during the Depression, sits in the middle of the yard. GUESTS are chatting in Italian and ignoring the only Black person at the gathering, MAUREEN "MO" BARNES, 34, as she grabs up a couple delicious looking pastries. Careful not to spill anything onto her striking blue velvet dress, Mo exudes a breezy and enviable confidence that can pull you in or push you away. Her choice. A Baresi AUNTIE, around 50, sidles up to Mo.

AUNTIE

Francis must be very proud of
George's promotion.

MO

Sure, of course. We all are.

AUNTIE

He's one heck of a catch.

Mo graciously NODS and peeks over at Franny, still with George and his parents. Mo catches her eye. Franny discreetly gestures toward the backyard's gate. Mo nods in agreement.

Frank Baresi puts the record LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES by Rudy Vallee onto his portable gramophone. He TURNS the CRANK and places the needle onto the record.

FRIENDS and FAMILY begin to dance.

George dances with his mother. It's sweet.