

LOTS OF PROMISE

A scrapbook...A yearbook...A playbook...



A true story...
A love story...
A funny story...
A sports story...
A story by...



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Lots of Promise

Authored by Mark Anthony DiBello

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NOTE: Highlighted text and writing refers screenplay notes or to film and video scenes.

***NOTE: Warning: References to bad language, sex, gambling and drugs (alcohol, caffeine, nicotine, cocaine, and marijuana) have been included. Readers may choose to bypass this writing. An alternate, edited, version of **LOTS OF PROMISE** (with those references not included) is also available.**

LOTS OF PROMISE

A scrapbook...A yearbook...A playbook...

“My Brother...You are very special!”

– **Marc Trestman**

NFL Head Coach

Head Coach – Grey Cup Champions 2009, 2010

QB Coach – 1983 NCAA National Champions



“...For your good and valuable consideration...”

– **Jimmy Johnson**

Broadcaster

Head Coach – Super Bowl Champions XXVII, XXVIII

and 1983 NCAA National Champions



“Oh, yeah!”

– **Vinny Testaverde**

Former NFL Quarterback

QB – Miami Hurricanes

1986 Heisman Trophy Winner

1987 NCAA National Champions



*“It’s like “Rudy”...it was good and I liked it.
My parents didn’t want me to go to
Miami...but I had to follow my dream.”*

– **Jeremy Shockey**

Former NFL Tight End

TE – Miami Hurricanes

2001 NCAA National Champions



“Unbelievable!!! Great effort, Mark!”

– **Butch Davis**

Broadcaster

Former NFL Head Coach

Coach – 1987 National Champions



LOTS OF PROMISE

A scrapbook...A yearbook...A playbook...

"...Inspirational!"

– **Michael Barrow**

Former NFL Linebacker
LB – Miami Hurricanes
1991 NCAA National Champions



"...Those were good times and great memories."

– **Gary Stevens**

Former Miami Hurricane Coordinator
1983 NCAA National Champions



Read the true, personal, behind-the-scenes stories on NFL greats and Hurricane Alumni:

Jim Kelly – Former NFL Quarterback – NFL Hall of Fame

Michael Irvin – Broadcaster – Former NFL Wide Receiver
NFL Hall of Fame, 1987 NCAA National Champions

Bernie Kosar – Former NFL Quarterback
1983 NCAA National Champions

Earl Morrall – Former Quarterback, Baltimore Colts – Super Bowl V Champions
Former QB, Miami Dolphins – Super Bowl VII Champions

Howard Schnellenberger – Former NFL and USFL Head Coach
1983 NCAA National Champions

Brian Blades – Former NFL Wide Receiver
1987 NCAA National Champions

University of Miami – NCAA National Champions – 1983, 1987, 1989, 1991, 2001

And more...Including Hurricane opponents like:

Doug Flutie – 1984 Heisman Trophy Winner

INTRODUCTION

Lots of Promise is the true-life story of a comedic, God-gifted athlete who must keep a trio of promises to his mother...

For the first part:

Mark Anthony DiBello was born to run...now he is running the race of his life. Is he racing for his future or already fleeing his past? The loneliness and fear on his panic-stricken face increases with each step. An emotional, exuberant, and excitable child; Mark is already embroiled in his own escapade. For the first time in the boy's life, he is separated from his mother—the sole being who ushered him into this existence. However, the only sole that may keep him alive—is the one on his left foot. As he nears a disastrous drop-off and stream below...his unraveling shoelace is his only hope...

For the second part:

In grade school, a telling interest is revealed in the boy. He is caught "daydreaming" while staring out on an athletic field.

For the third part:

We have been educated and enlightened. We have really gotten a taste and a flair for the young Mark DiBello. When we see him again, he will be a new man. It will be his senior year in high school.

In this true-life story of a comedic, God-gifted athlete who must keep a trio of promises to his mother...the second semester of high school begins the latter half of Mark Anthony DiBello's story.

Later, Mark attends Hudson Valley Community College. A shockingly fearful episode, in which Mark is almost paralyzed, in a running accident, exemplifies the never-failing strength and fundamental hope he receives from his mother. On maternal direction, Mark embarks south to the University Of Miami.

A grueling football season is enough to make fervent sports fans appreciate the behind-the-scenes look at the development of the most publicized and successful collegiate team of the 1980s: the University of Miami Hurricanes.

Finally, on the campus lawn, Mark stands (on the sideline) as a parade of friends and graduates receive their degrees. Mark gracefully wishes all his friends a final fond farewell.

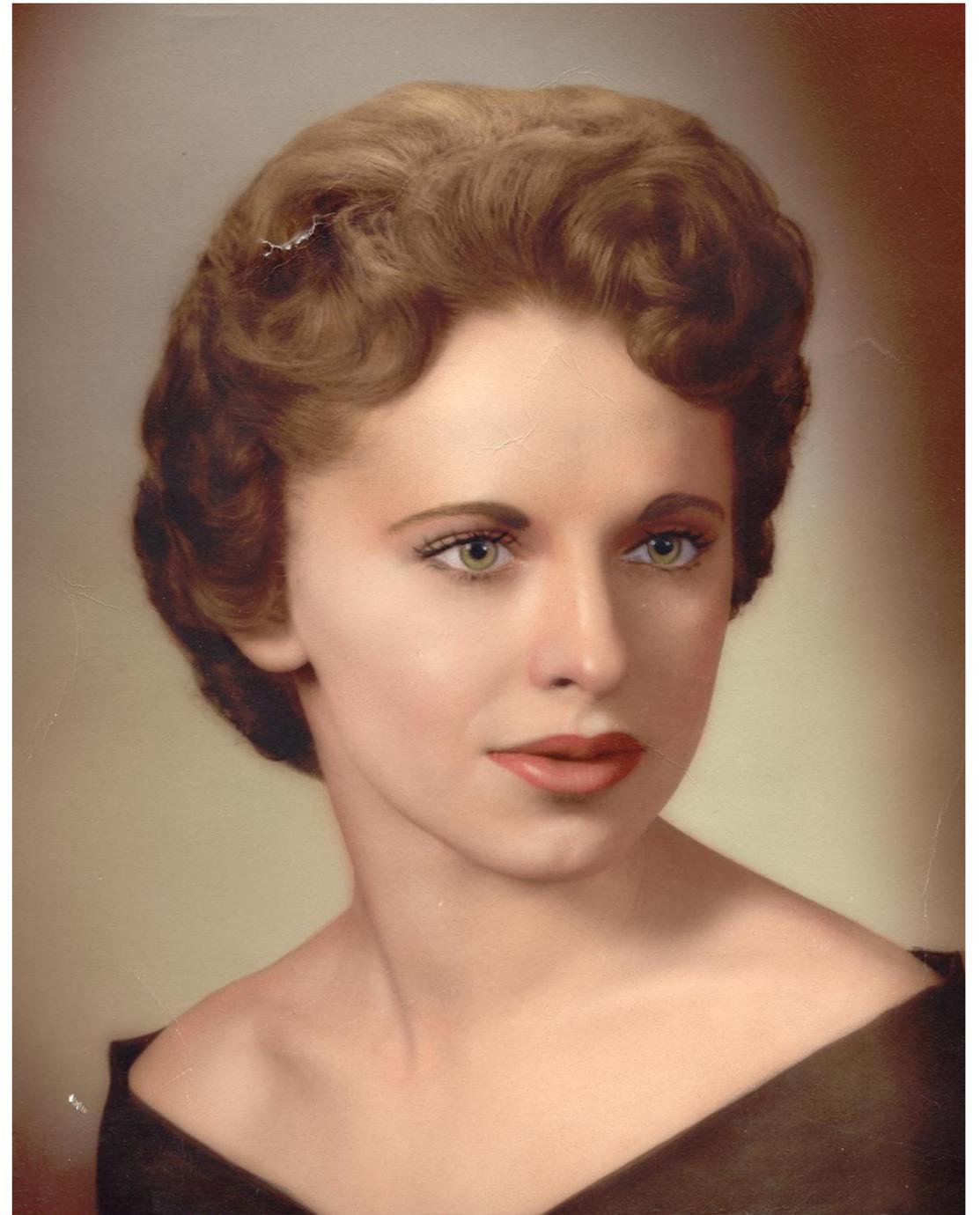
It appears Mark's story ends in an unfulfilled dream and unmet promise...that is...until....

YEAR-BY-YEAR DIRECTORY – (WHAT) CONTENTS?

TITLE PAGE
PUBLISHER'S PAGE
REVIEWS
INTRODUCTION
TABLE OF CONTENTS

- GOD CREATED...	PAGE - 2
1963 - SEPTEMBER 11TH - THIS IS A TRUE STORY	PAGE - 6
1966 - <i>BABY MINE</i>	PAGE - 9
1967 - 1ST-GRADE	PAGE - 21
1968 - 2ND-GRADE	PAGE - 22
1969 - 3RD-GRADE	PAGE - 24
1970 - 4TH-GRADE	PAGE - 26
1971 - 4TH-GRADE - REPORT CARD	PAGE - 28
1972 - 6TH-GRADE	PAGE - 48
1973 - THE GREENBUSH AREA NEWS - SPORTS DATELINE	PAGE - 51
1973-1977 - THE NEXT 4 YEARS	PAGE - 58
1977 - 11TH-GRADE - JUNIOR YEAR - SPORTS MONTAGE	PAGE - 85
1978 - 12TH-GRADE - COLUMBIA HIGH SCHOOL - GAME FILMS	PAGE - 89
1979 - 12TH-GRADE - HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUED	PAGE - 94
1980 - "HAPPY VALLEY"	PAGE - 140
1981 - "...7:03, INAUGURATION DAY."	PAGE - 149
1982 - SCHEDULE	PAGE - 157
1983 - IT'S DAYTIME	PAGE - 172
1984 - NEW YEAR'S NIGHT	PAGE - 180
1985 - GAME DAY	PAGE - 192
A MESSAGE	PAGE - 233
DEDICATION	PAGE - 234
TEAM PHOTOS	PAGE - 237

God created a perfectly cloudless sky.



In the daylight, high above, is man's creation of three, monstrous, power line utility poles. There is a large wooded area; a dirt road; more woods; a sparse, country-suburban, development; a small yard; and a modest, single-family, brick home.

WHO: A WOMAN, A FATHER, A LITTLE LAD, A BABY BOY, A BABY GIRL

WHAT: THIS IS A TRUE STORY

WHERE: INSIDE THE KITCHEN

WHEN: [SEPTEMBER 11, 1963]

WHY: "IT IS THE STORY OF A LIFE..."

The running, tap water cascades over the gentle hands of a woman washing and drying dishes. She can see her reflection in the dry, gleaming plate. She is 27 years-of-age, brunette and pretty.

Quietly, a radio station identification fades out. *"Albany, Rensselaer, Troy, New York..."*

The woman views a two-and-a-half-years-old, tall-ish, white sweatshirt-hooded, little lad. His back turned; he appears through the window, above the sink, playing in the backyard.

The radio announcer voices out, "...It's 11:18 on this beautiful Wednesday, September 11, 1963. Released last year...remember this?" The instrumental opening of *"The Wanderer,"* by Dion, softly intervenes.

The woman reaches from her task. Her neatly manicured hand turns up the volume dial a notch on the old General Electric. By the window frame, she eyeballs the little lad as he turns his face to the woman.

He is cute, with dark hair, and a long-ish face. The woman's reflection appears, again, in the plate. She peruses the well-kept kitchen. Most notable (as far as appliances go) is the unused dishwasher. (As for the little people), a nine-month-old baby girl observes contentedly from her bassinet. A pudgy, playful, baby boy of twenty-months, sporting an oversized curler cap, clowns around at the woman's feet.

Suddenly, the reflection-less plate concentrically spins in the sink's basin—faucet water drips over it. The music vocal croons a woeful, *"Oh!"*

At that very instant, the woman shrieks the music into silence: "My God! My Son!" The aluminum storm door clashes open. "Mark!"

He's off! From God's point-of-view, high above, the boy jaunts for the woods. No one knows what has made the little lad run, and whether he is running to or from—but *the little 'bugger' is bookin'!* Moments pass. The boy vanishes into the tree line.

Entering the kitchen, the mother swings open the door. Hurrying, her profile passes a crucifix on the wall. The music fades back in. The mother prays aloud, "Our Father..." The mother looks at the radio, past the window, to a rotary phone. The mother frantically picks it up and dials. She glances, wishfully, out the window. "Tony DiBello's office..."

Inside a Ford Thunderbird, the father likely hears the same song on the dashboard radio. The speedometer races; he wildly spins the steering wheel.

Inside the kitchen, the mother checks the fire emergency sticker on the phone. She has a trembling hand and teary-eyed distraught look. She, again, checks the number. Shaking, she redials.

The music vocal hits another key, *"Oh, let's go..."* Then, the music fades out.

From God's view, the spirited boy reappears from the wooded area. He crosses the dirt road and disappears again. From the omnipresent bright sun and the garden of treetops...It's fall in the woods, no sound is here. The "proverbial..." has no one there to see. Tracking the loosely tied shoes, sunrays peer down on the baby boy's feet. And this is the poetry of baby Mark's odyssey:

God sees silent birds slowly stretch gossamer wings above buttered-in-sun, broccoli trees.
He tracks the little man's Achilles heel...a boy's ground-trampling dance.
To the mad dash of little white running hood, an inch of brown grass.
A snake slithers into view; versus this life, it creates nature's race.

God sees the slow, trickling, water of a babbling brook or a small stream.
The toes of the "tike" are imprints along the path of leaves and gravel.
The child is lost; his face artist's clay, sculpted in a tormented fright.
There is the earthen debris of broken twigs...jagged and scattered.

There are the bark-covered tombstones of Adam and Eve.
His tiny shoes...the sole of life on Earth...venture beneath jail bars of light, as the telltale shoelaces methodically unravel.
This early autumn heads for a fall; so too, the boy ne'er-do-well.
The history of time has formed a cliff from the undiscovered landscape he travels.

Where is the animal that lives in the large "holy" tree?
Did its Maker summon it home in the sunbeams of life?
They come undone...these ties that bind. What will be, in time, to save this tearful child?
No man knows, until he's walked that mile.

Up the hill...evil danger looming...slanted triangles of the devil...God sees the infant boy nearing.
Behind the "holiest" reveals, a sunlit, lightning-severed, trunk of a tree.
He tracks Pegasus...the hoof of the weanling.
Would eye see the finish line...the slivered stump a buoy for the drowning...past the final mark of his last baptism?

The flowing water at nature's speed...audible birds...Earth's aqueduct...wind in the leaves...
And distant decibels of the wailing lad, lest he continue on the soiled path...
And leaves whence it came...
The siren, she was a snake.

The world of sound man lives in...with a shoe on, the devil sins.
The boy holds the sole of one...God wins.
Head down on the highest way, to hood light his life.
Directly above this allegory of good and evil...the Earth's frame frozen in time...
from the rise to the fall, to the end of it all...begins and ends, with an angel in white.

He was poetry in motion. Now, baby Mark sits on a tree stump mere paces from the cliff.
Just as the Tin-Man might hold his heart, Mark grasps the untied shoe.



October 17, 1963

Defreestville Fire Department
Defreestville,
New York

Gentlemen:

It is with deep sincerity and gratefulness that I write to you. Last month your organization aided in the search for my son Mark DiBello, who was lost in Defreestville. My wife and I cannot express our great joy and thanks for your efforts in finding Mark.

The speed, willingness, organization and co-operation of your group was indeed very impressive. It is reassuring to live in an area serviced by men of this caliber.

If you would please have someone contact me I would like to discuss your needs and how I may be of assistance. In the meantime if I can help you in any way, the full facilities of my staff and Radio WEEE are at your disposal.

Again our thanks.

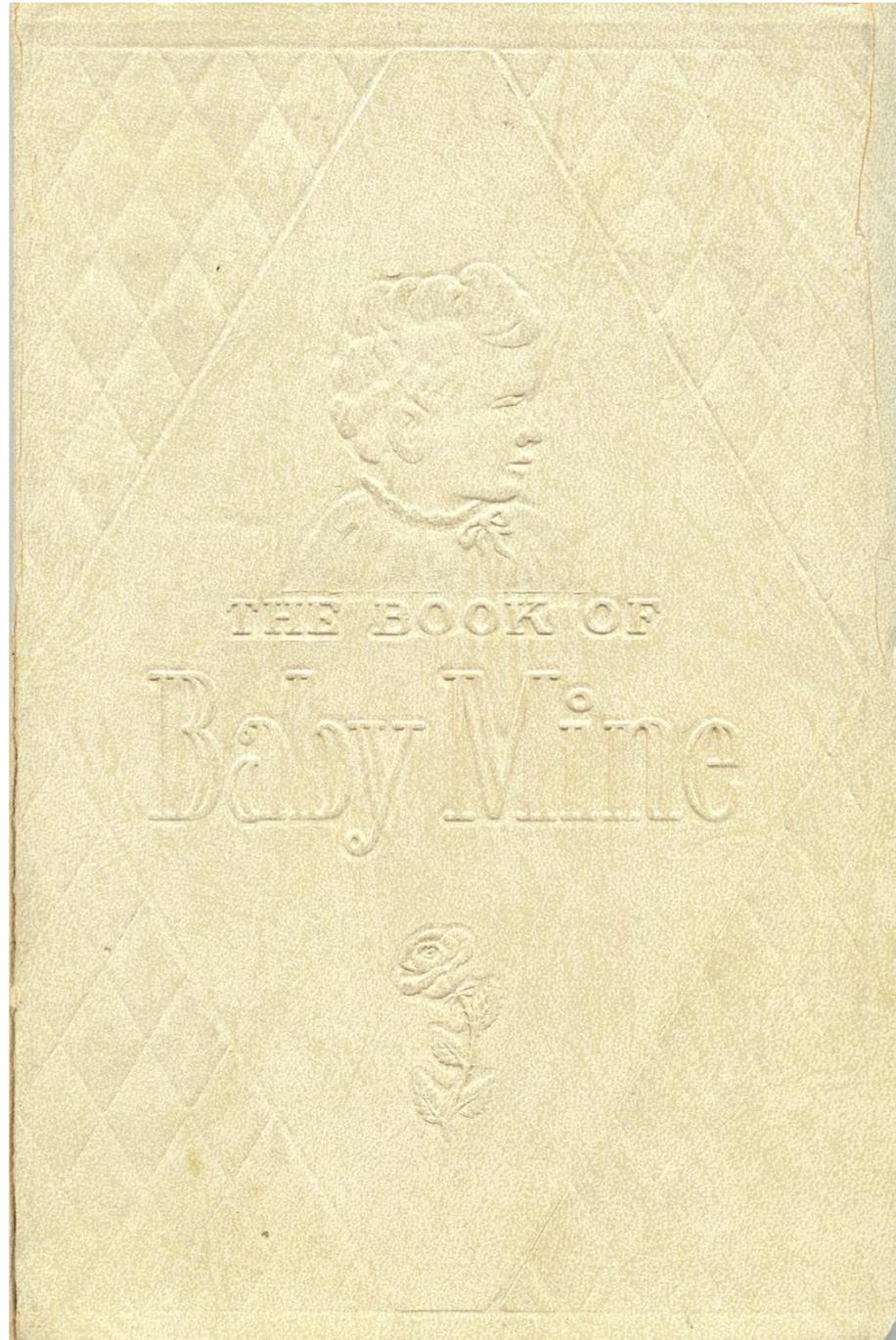
Very truly yours,

A.F.DiBello
General Manager

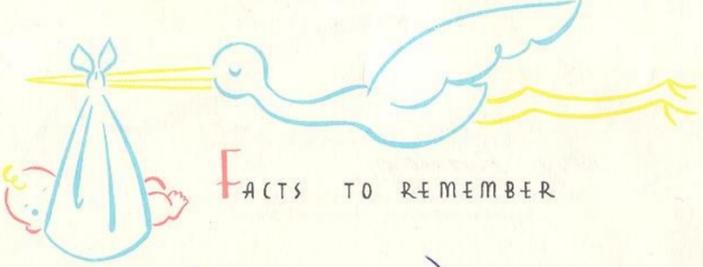
AFD/sg

Mark Anthony sat in the lonely woods and wept.
Nor did he cry for Cleopatra.
Mark Anthony cried because his shoe had come off and without it his venture into the world would bring naught but sore feet.
Mark Anthony Di Bello, 2½, was found by searchers yesterday 2½ hours after his mother, Mrs. Anthony Di Bello, discovered him missing from their Defreestville home on Zelenke Road.
50 Volunteers
Art Dell from West Sand Lake, one of about 50 volunteers from four rescue squads, three fire companies and three Rensselaer County Sheriff's vehicles, found the wailing lad sitting beneath a tree.
In his hand he held the shoe. Mr. Dell put it back on, but that was the end of Mark Anthony's adventure.
The lad had wandered a mile-and-a-half from his home, a feat which amazed his father, the general manager of Radio Station WEEE in Rensselaer.
"He never would walk a quarter of a mile before; I had to carry him," said the happy father. "He never, in fact, wandered away before. The searchers figured he walked into the woods then got lost when he tried to come back home."
Missing at 11 A. M.
Mrs. Di Bello said she missed Mark at about 11 a.m., only five minutes after she had seen him playing in the yard. He was found at about 1:20 p.m.
Mr. Di Bello was in Amsterdam on business when the lad was first reported missing. No one could get in touch with him so the station put a message on the air.
"I pulled over and called," he said. "Then I got back here as fast as I could. You can't imagine the relief we felt."
The Di Bellos have two other children—Joseph Michael, 1½ and Lisa Ann, six months.
They don't know whether they'll ever teach them to put on their own shoes.

WHO: DOTTIE, COCO, "CHIRPY," "DEE," UNCLE JOE DiBELLO
WHAT: BABY MINE
WHERE: INSIDE THE KITCHEN
WHEN: 1966
WHY: "YOU MUST'VE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL BABY"



On the tabletop, hands open the book cover to the first of four pages:

 **FACTS TO REMEMBER**

I arrived at 9:14 o'clock (A.M.) (P.M.) on DECEMBER 18, 1960
date

Born in GLENS FALLS, NEW YORK
city and state

at GLENS FALLS HOSPITAL
home address or hospital

I weighed 1 LBS 3 OZ I was _____ inches long

Complexion FAIR Color of hair DK. BROWN Amount AVERAGE

Curly Wavy Straight

Nursed: Well Eagerly Disinterested Supplemented

Went on the bottle DECEMBER 19, 1960

I remained at the hospital FIVE days

Name of physician DR. DANIEL O'KEEFE

Name of nurse _____

BIRTH CERTIFICATE

City or county where birth is registered GLENS FALLS, N.Y.

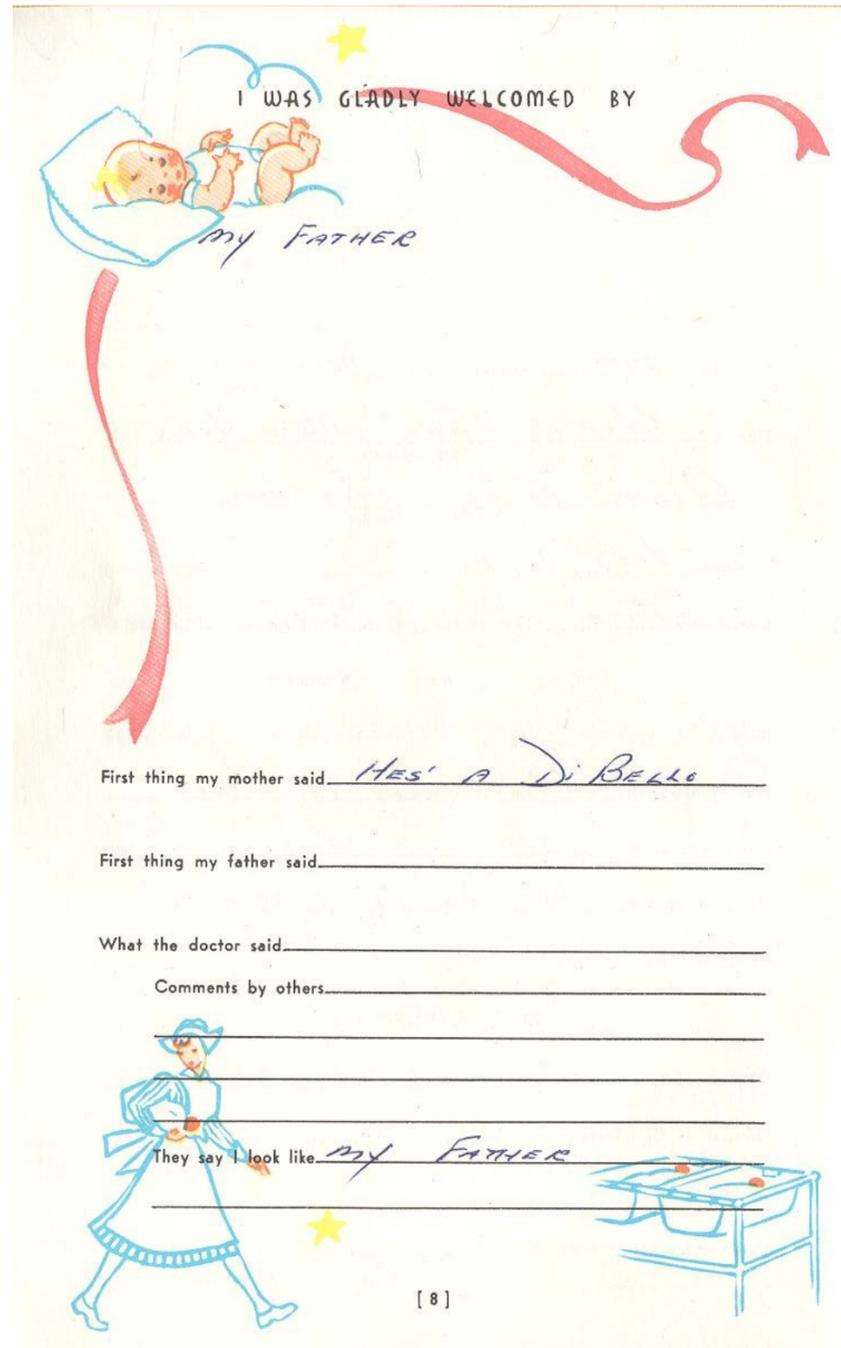
Number of Certificate _____

Certificate kept or filed at _____

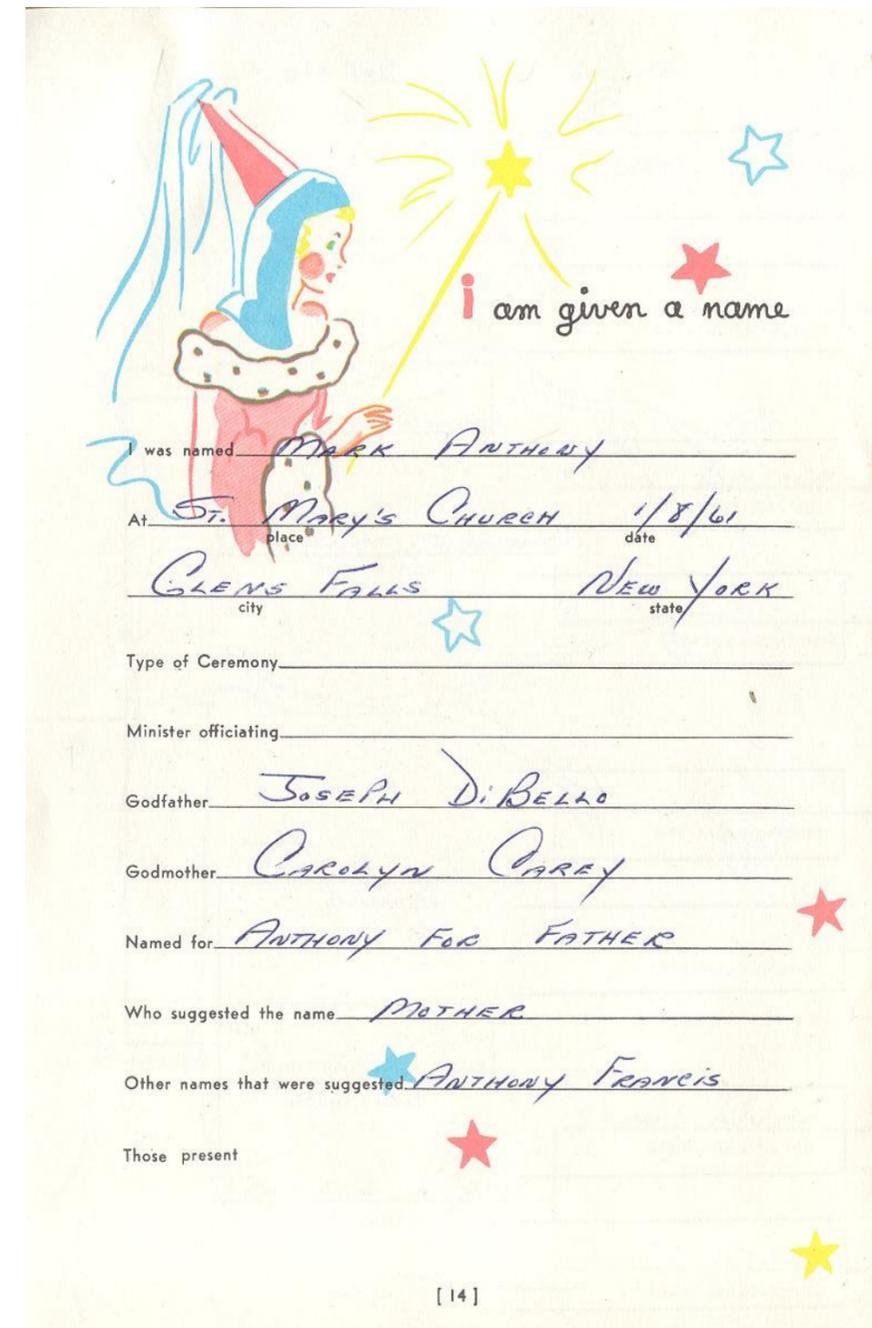
Home address at time of birth 19 WINCREST DRIVE
GLENS FALLS

[7]

His mother says, "Mark, I love'ya...always late."



Dottie recalls, "That was the first thing I said..." She says, "...He's a DiBello."

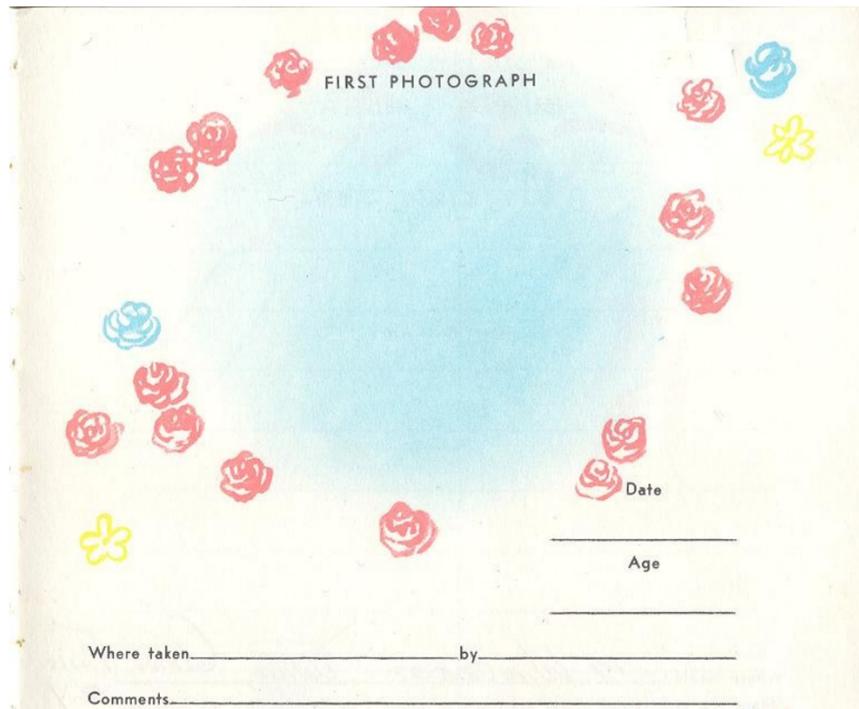


The book page is moved upward, to the bottom half: Mark's mother says, "Chirpy, thanks for standing up for him. You and Dee's brother, Joe, have been godsends."

Chirpy says, "Oh, Dottie, you know we all love Mark."

Dottie says, "I know." She calls, "Come on, Dee, sit down..."

Unbeknownst to all, Dee (Mark's father) has turned on some music. The rousing "You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby," by Bobby Darin, plays in the background.



Dottie continues, "...we're going to look through these pictures."



"Coco," the family pet - it seems a table seat has "gone to the dogs."



The black-and-white photos loosely lay, one atop the other, on a brown leather photo album; on the white, simply stated, Formica kitchen table.

Chirpy says, "Let's see."

Dottie's hands lift the photo toward Chirpy.



Dottie notes, "That was right after I brought him home."

Dee asks, "Is that the one I took with my mother?"

The three settings at the table are accompanied by the motioning gestures of the three sets of hands.

Dee's hands finger for the photograph; he gestures expressively and often—his hands speak *his* language. On his right, he picks at a piece of pie with pendulum preciseness. He sips from a glass of milk on his left.

Dottie's hands motion less frequently. They gracefully caress the photos and album.

Chirpy's hands, although they move the least, are less fidgety. On her left; is a clean, glass, ashtray.



Chirpy asks, "Remember his Christening?"

Dottie says, "Mark cries when I show him this one."

Chirpy asks, "Why?"

Dottie answers, "He tells me he doesn't want me to get hurt lifting him up."
"How cute!"



"Here you are Chirp..."

"Oh, yeah."

"You and his Uncle Joe." Dottie opens the photo album and the trio glance and reminisce.





Dee says, "You know I try to get him to pronounce..." He repetitively taps the table. "...Spa...get...tee...he'll say that perfect...spa...get...tee...but then he calls his grandmother... 'Scetti-mama'-every time!" He giggles.

Dottie says, laughing, "That Mark."

Dee says, "He loves having his picture taken." He snaps his fingers. "That reminds me—I need more film."

Chirpy, reaching for a cigarette, asks, "So how are Joey, Lisa, and the baby?"

Dottie answers, as she prays with her palms, "They're all wonderful. I love them all so much...They're so beautiful."

Dee says, reaching and turning the book to himself, "Excuse me 'Hon'...that Joey—he's a little porker." He flips the page, then returns the book to the center of the table.

Chirpy asks, "Dottie, you're really going to miss him, when he goes off to school, aren't you?"

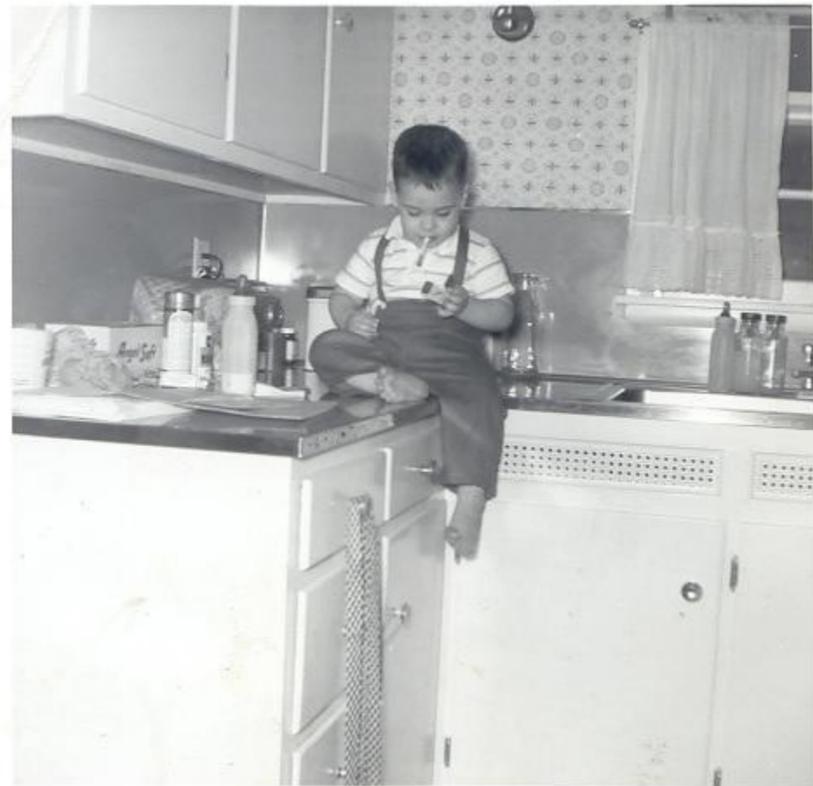
Dottie answers, "Yeah, I love him so much...I worry about him...I don't want him to go."

Chirpy says, "The first ever day of school's always the hardest. As long as he does like the others, he'll be okay."

Dottie says, "I just want him to be happy...I know how *he* feels. I don't want him to miss me too much."

Dee jokes, "Maybe he'll send you a postcard!" He says, "He'll be fine...so long as he listens to the teacher and does his best. If I know my Sparky—he'll be teaching that class in no time."

Dottie says, "That's what I'm worried about, Dee..." She remarks, "...he'll be like you—always teaching instead of learning." She laughs.



WHO: MARK'S MOTHER

WHAT: KINDERGARTEN

WHERE: RED MILL SCHOOL, ON THE BLACK SIDEWALK

WHEN: MIDDAY

WHY: "BECAUSE..."

In the young boy's hand, he uses the barrel-side of a black crayon to color a circle. The boy drops the crayon from his right hand and ambidextrously tears the construction paper from an easel pad.

At the close of school, the boy's point-of-view is of a bright yellow East Greenbush Central School bus pulling away. From the parking lot, can be seen the reflection of Mark's mother in the driver's side, rearview mirror. She waits longingly for her boy to appear from behind the bus. Mark waves enthusiastically. He runs to the end of the sidewalk where it meets the school driveway.

Inside the station wagon, in near silhouette, the sun shines brightly. Mrs. Dorothy "Dottie" DiBello reaches over and kisses Mark, as she helps put his seat belt on.

His mom says, "Hi, Honey, how was your first day?"

"Mommy I missed you! I don't like being away from you! Where's Dad?"

"Oh, Honey...I missed you, too. Daddy will be home later, he wanted to come but he had to work. So tell me what you did in school?"

"We played and I made a new friend!"

"You did! What's his name?"

"Jennifer—and she's a girl."

"Jennifer?"

"Other kids played mommy and daddy, but I was her little boy and she was my mommy and we kissed 'cause she says she loves me, like you really do Mommy."

"I do love you Mark." She pats his head. "You always remember that. It's okay, Honey, to play make believe when Mommy's not around—Mommy knows you love her. Is Jennifer a nice girl?"

"She's pretty and fun!"

"Good. What else did you do in school?"

"We took naps..." He opens and shows her the drawing. "...but I couldn't 'cause I wanted to come home and give you this! I made it just for you all on my own!"

"Oh, Honey, it's beautiful! It's our house, huh...and that's the water tower on the hill—that's great Mark." She smiles with glee. "I'm so proud of you! I'm going to keep it forever...Do you know how much I love you?!"

Mark proclaims, "As much as I love you!"

"That's right! Well, I'm glad you had such a good first day. I was so worried about you." She sighs. "Good, then everything will be okay at school tomorrow, huh?"

"Yeah, it'll be fun." He looks ahead. "I'll stay home with you!"

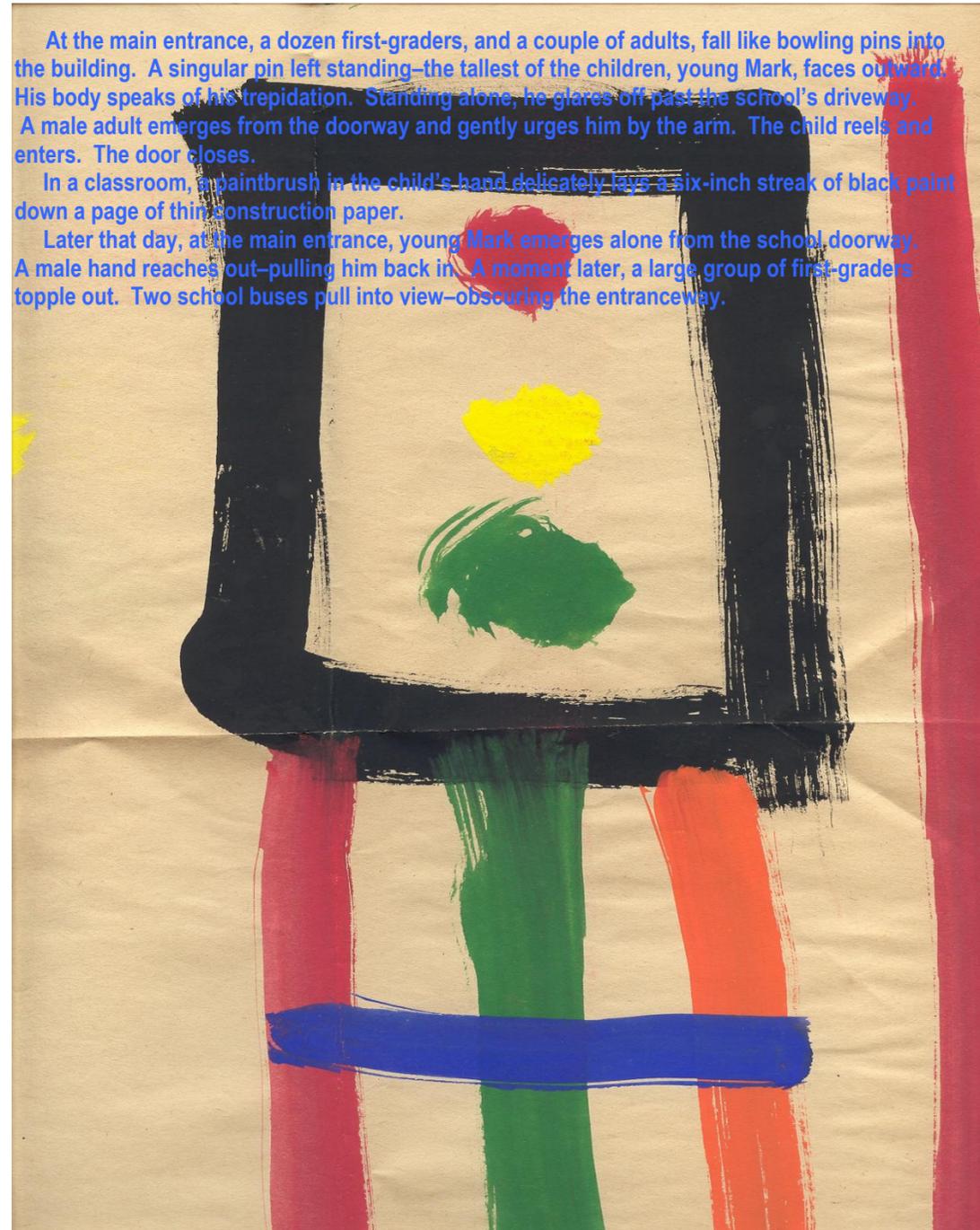
The car comes to a halt.

WHO: MARK
WHAT: 1ST-GRADE
WHERE: CLINTON HEIGHTS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
WHEN: MORNING [1967]
WHY: "JUST BECAUSE."

At the main entrance, a dozen first-graders, and a couple of adults, fall like bowling pins into the building. A singular pin left standing—the tallest of the children, young Mark, faces outward. His body speaks of his trepidation. Standing alone, he glares off past the school's driveway. A male adult emerges from the doorway and gently urges him by the arm. The child reels and enters. The door closes.

In a classroom, a paintbrush in the child's hand delicately lays a six-inch streak of black paint down a page of thin construction paper.

Later that day, at the main entrance, young Mark emerges alone from the school doorway. A male hand reaches out—pulling him back in. A moment later, a large group of first-graders topple out. Two school buses pull into view—obscuring the entranceway.



WHO: MISS KOSS, CRAIG DEJULIO, PATRICIA DELANEY, KATHERINE DELL, MARY BETH DEVANE, JAMES HICKEY
WHAT: 2ND-GRADE
WHERE: THE BELL TOP ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
WHEN: MORNING [1968]
WHY: BECAUSE THE SECOND-EVER CHANCE LEAVES A BETTER-THAN-FIRST IMPRESSION

The bell-shaped sign identifies the education edifice. A bus drives off exposing the DiBello family Ford station wagon. It departs; a caboose on the exiting bus. A gold-shirted, young Mark is barely discernible in the distance. The small group of second-graders he's among enters the school.

Inside the Bell Top School, hallway, the "golden boy" asks directions of an adult monitor stationed there. A handful of second-graders disappear into the rooms aligning the corridor. The lagging, tall, lanky, 7 or 8-year-old, walks to his classroom. He ducks into his classroom. Inside the classroom, in the presumed path of the boy—the seated majority of the children looks up and takes notice. Some speak with each other. There is an empty seat—the fifth in the final row. The boy's presence interrupts the conversation of the three girls congregated at the entrance to the aisle. The boy takes the empty seat. He is the last pupil to be seated. He rests his head on the desktop and stares.

Miss Koss says, "Welcome to Bell Top, and the second-grade, children. When I call out your name, please raise your hand..." She raises her arm, tucking a tissue beneath her armpit. "...and say present." Miss Koss asks, "Craig DeJulio?"

The brown-haired pupil raises his hand. "Present."

Miss Koss asks, "Patricia Delaney?"

The pretty, blonde, pupil raises her hand. "Present."

Miss Koss asks, "Katherine Dell?"

The pupil raises her hand. "Present. My mommy and daddy call me Kitty."

A snazzy-dressed, snotty-looking kid seated directly across from our boy in the fifth seat retorts, "Meow!"

Mark, in seat #5, shakes his lowered head, "No."

Most of the students snicker.

The snotty kid, continues, "Meow!"

Miss Koss, mildly authoritative, says, "Class, that's a lovely name..." She proceeds. "Mary Beth Devane?"

The dark-freckled girl raises her hand slowly. "Present."

Miss Koss asks, "Mark Anthony..." She tests its pronunciation. "DiBello..." She pauses.

The girl in front of Mark looks over her shoulder. The snotty kid gives Mark a *look*. The class is silent.

Miss Koss continues, "Mark?" Miss Koss walks from her desk toward the aisle.

"Mark, are you with us?"

The reflection of Mark shows in the huge window. His head is on the desk. He's dead? No...alive in his imagination; looking out over the expansive playing field.

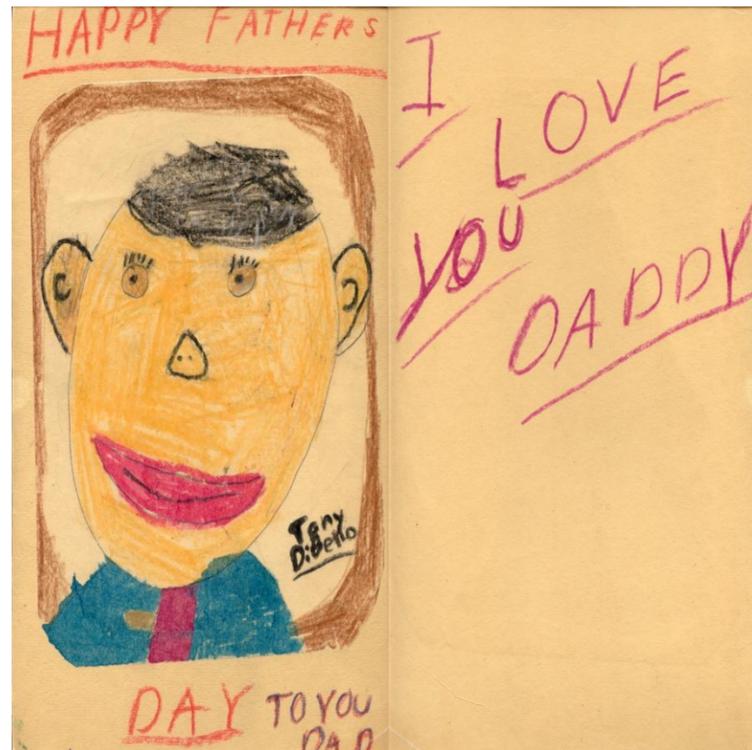
Mark answers, "Here."

A few in class giggle.

Miss Koss says, "Stop daydreaming, Mark."

Mark says, "Sorry. Yes, ma'am."

Miss Koss says, "Let's move on...James Hickey?"



WHO: MRS. THOMPSON, THE PRINCIPAL
WHAT: 3RD-GRADE
WHERE: THE BELL TOP SCHOOL
WHEN: DAYTIME [1969]
WHY: LIKE A SAILOR'S TATTOO, AN INDELIBLE IMAGE IS IN HIS MIND

From the glass-pane, open-door classroom facade, at the end of a long hall; the room's intercom phone buzzes. Mrs. Thompson, a tall, large-boned, imposing teacher answers the wall phone page. Mrs. Thompson, almost gloating, says, "Mr. DiBello, the principal would like to see you in his office."

The class jeers, voices are overheard, "Mr. Perfect! Mark! Mr. Clean! What he'd do?"

Mark exits the room. He begins a long walk down the short pier.

Mrs. Thompson rebukes, "This class does not revolve around Mark DiBello!" She shuts the door, drowning out the resounding classroom commotion.

Mark is alone in the hall; he stops halfway, takes his right knee and adjusts the sock and shoe on his left foot. He rises and sails on. An illuminating window punctuates the end of the hall. It brings Mark's image into silhouette. Advancing hesitantly, Mark turns left, then an immediate right, down the hall.

The third-grader treads upstream against a grade in the flooring. His image seems to decrease in size, until he makes a right turn into the uncharted doorway.

Inside the principal's office, the principal, his head bowed browsing a file—is anchored at his meticulously-kept desk. A "principal" placard might well read: *Captain Queeg*. The principal says, sternly, "Mr. DiBello, sit down."

The back of Mark's head is an orange in contrast to the melon-sized head of the principal. In the investigating exposition, Mark's fear is never fully captured. His hands cover and swallow his face.

The principal says, "I don't understand, we've never had a discipline problem here before. Your records indicate..." He riffles the papers. "...that you ended up last year in Miss Koss's class with perfect marks and an overall fine report card. Mrs. Thompson informs that, although you're a bit of a disruption; she reports you're doing satisfactory work this year, and to her, you seem to be well-liked by most of the others. So answer me—why the problem today?"

Mark shrugs his shoulders.



The principal continues, "Mr. DiBello, discipline is a very integral part of the elementary education experience. I do not like students shrugging their shoulders when asked to respond to an allegation—a question. I ask you, once more—why the problem?"

Mark shrugs his shoulders more emphatically.

The principal says, "Mr. DiBello, you are trying my patience. I'd like a response—I'm waiting..."

Mark cries out, "My mother went away on a cruise and she's never gone away before!" He distresses. "I'm sorry! I didn't do it on purpose! I didn't want my mother to go away!"

The principal reacts. "Mr. DiBello, Mark, compose yourself...Your mother is away on a cruise? As in vacation?"

Mark's head is still docked in his hands. Weeping, he nods a buoyant, "yes."

The principal asks, "And your father is at home?"

Mark answers, "He's at work."

The principal remarks, "Then I'm sorry, sir, but I don't find that to be an adequate explanation for your misbehavior. You shall remain after classes today and I will phone your father at work—and he can retrieve you after school. Wash yourself and clean up your act—then you may return to your studies."



WHO: MRS. DiBELLO

WHAT: 3RD-GRADE - CONTINUED (CON'T)

WHERE: THE BELL TOP SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

WHEN: ANOTHER DAY

WHY: IT'S A *PLAY ON WORDS*

The small auditorium is full of parents and young children. A school play concludes. Mrs. DiBello is seated in a back row. She is now adorned in beautiful blonde-colored hair. The lighting lends to her angelic image like homage to a scene from the movie *"The Natural."*

Mrs. DiBello searches for Mark. Once located, she sees only the sign around his neck: "tree." Her view extends, gradually, from his limb to his steadfast upper hand. When the tall-as-timber thespian's hand is seen by her—it rustles into a wave.

A young actress at center stage closes, saying, "...And so they lived happily ever after."

Mrs. DiBello is first to rise in applause. The audience follows. The curtain closes.

WHO: THE TEACHER, KEVIN BARBAGALLO, JIMMY AND PATTY DELANEY, JERELYN FIACCO

WHAT: 4TH-GRADE

WHERE: BELL TOP SCHOOL, 4TH-GRADE CLASSROOM

WHEN: MORNING [1970]

WHY: BECAUSE MARK WANTS TO BE THE TEACHER'S PET

The classroom door closes.

Mark's the last student to enter the room.

A few kids, milling about, greet Mark. "Hey, Mark...Hi...Are we going to your house after school?"

Mark answers, "Yeah, come on over."

The students disperse and seat themselves.

Mark is consciously aware most of his seated classmates' attention is directed toward him. He begins to cross the room.

The final students sit.

Mark sees the pretty, brunette, teacher, in her mid-twenties; seated at her desk. From Mark's vantage point, she draws her chair away. A short, one-piece, orange, mini-skirt; exposes her thick, brown, legs. Mark is struck in awe of his teacher. He bumps his leg against a desk. He shakes the hand of the boy seated there. Mark, genuinely apologetic, says, "Sorry." Gently, most of his pride still intact, he limps to his assigned seat at the rear of the aisle—farthest from the entrance—near to the full length window. He acknowledges a few students as he sits.

The teacher, maintaining a hold of her desk, stands aside. The teacher says, "Hi, everyone."

The class responds, "Hi!"

Kevin Barbagallo, the boy in seat #1, at the head of the window aisle, veers to look out. The seat to his right is empty. Kevin, excited, says, "Look it!"

The class, with the exception of Mark, who gazes off at the teacher, position themselves to look out the window.

Patty Delaney, the blonde girl in seat #6; leans forward and informs her brown-haired brother, "It's a dog. Look, Jimmy!" Both jump up.

The class reacts. "Wow! It's beautiful! Neat!"

The large canine ambles by.

The teacher notes, "Oh, look! Okay...Mr. and Miss Delaney...sit down, now. Sit everyone."

The class settles back into their seats.

Mark remains fixated.

The teacher continues, "Wasn't that exciting?" The teacher notices Mark staring forward. Mark reacts. He shies away and glances out the window. The dog is gone.

The teacher says, "Settle down, kids. For those of you who might have a hard time pronouncing my name—it's Miss Monsour (pronounced man'suar). Let me write it for you..."

Writing on the blackboard, her speech paces with the spelling of her name. She continues, "...Miss Monsour." Miss Monsour turns to face the class. She says, "Before I take attendance, let me ask..." She grabs a seating chart from her desk.

Mark hunches in his seat for a better view. He notices the vacant seat before her.

She asks, "Can everyone see the board alright from where they are seated? Okay, then..."

Mark slowly raises his hand.

Miss Monsour refers to her seating chart. "...Mark DiBello?"

Mark, pronouncing her name properly, says, "Miss Monsour...I can't really see from back here."

She motions him to the unoccupied desk in front of her. Miss Monsour, accommodating, says, "Okay. Why don't you come sit right here." She pats the desk. "Where you can get a better view...Okay?"

The class stirs.

Mark thinks, "*Not that it's any of their business.*" Mark takes the vacant seat in the second aisle.

Miss Monsour makes a written adjustment in her seating chart. She continues, "Mark Anthony DiBello; this, then, will be your assigned seat, next to Mr. Barbagallo—for the rest of the year—okay?"

Mark grins, but politely says, "Yes, ma'am, you're the one with the apple."

Miss Monsour walks behind her desk. The green chalkboard and the eraser holder punctuate the visual for Mark.

4TH-GRADE REPORT

In the classroom, Miss Monsour is in a mustard-yellow mini-skirt. Mark's impression has not changed. He eyes his teacher and secretly places a note he's written in the cap of a green magic-marker.

HEALTH PRACTICES

Inside Bell Top School, at the side entrance hallway, Mark holds a bandage to dam the bleeding gouge above his eye. A school nurse accompanies him. A round-faced boy follows closely, carrying a plastic mallet. Dottie DiBello barges in from the entrance. Mark resists the treatment. He wishes to dive back into the action on the playground.

A telephone rings three times.

Dottie DiBello answers the phone, "Hello..."

"Dottie? Pat Monsour, over at Bell Top."

Dottie panics. "Oh, my God! It's Mark! What's wrong?!"

"Nothing...Sorry, Dottie, I didn't mean to startle you. Everything's fine." The kids got their report cards today and I wanted to make sure Mark brought his home to you. Perhaps we could go over it briefly?

In the classroom, at his desk, in summer attire, Mark hides his report card in a stack of books. Students clamor to show Mark their scores.

"Certainly, Pat, I have it here on the freezer...go ahead."

Mark quickly deciphers the cost (including shipping and handling) of an extensive paperback book club order.

EAST GREENBUSH (CENTRAL SCHOOLS)
-- Intermediate Report Card --

Name: Mark Anthony DiBello Grade: 4 SCHOOL YEAR: 1971-72
Teacher: Pat Monsour School: Bell Top

READING LEVEL	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
BOOK LEVEL	SECOND READER 1	SECOND READER 2	THIRD READER 1	THIRD READER 2	FOURTH READER	FIFTH READER	SIXTH READER	SEVENTH READER
DATE COMPLETED								
Your child is presently working at level							10	
In terms of his progress at this level, his mark is							B-1	
Comprehension								
Word Meaning								
Uses Phonetic Skills								

MATHEMATICS

MATH LEVEL	16	17
DATE COMPLETED	3/7	4/7
Your child is presently working at level		18
In terms of his progress at this level, his mark is		A-1

ENGLISH

Oral and Written Grammar	1	2	3	4
Written Expression				A-1

SPELLING

Assigned Words	1	2	3	4
Written Work				A-1

SOCIAL STUDIES

Study Skills	1	2	3	4
Learn Facts				A-1

SCIENCE AND HEALTH

Applies Facts	1	2	3	4
Understands Concepts				A-1

MARKING KEY - A check (✓) indicates weakness in this area.

PROGRESS	EFFORT
A - Excellent	1 - Maximum
B - Good	2 - Average
C - Satisfactory	3 - Some
D - Unsatisfactory	4 - None
F - Failing	

MUSIC (Vocal) EFFORT: 1 2 3 4
1 2 3 4

ART EFFORT: 1 2 3 4
1 2 3 4

PHYSICAL EDUCATION EFFORT: 1 2 3 4
1 2 3 4

PENMANSHIP EFFORT: 1 2 3 4
1 2 3 4

WORK AND STUDY HABITS

Follows Directions	1	2	3	4
Completes Assignments on Time				S
Uses Free Time to Advantage				S
Does Work Neatly				S
Uses Reference Materials				S

ATTITUDES

Responsibility	1	2	3	4
Courtesy				S
Works and Plays Well with Others				S
Pays Attention				S
Follows Rules				S

HEALTH PRACTICES

Posture	1	2	3	4
Health Habits				S
Neatness				S

NUMBER OF DAYS ABSENT 1 2 3 4
1 2 3 4

- Marking Key -
O - Outstanding I - Improvement Shown
S - Satisfactory N - Needs to Improve

TEACHER COMMENTS (Requests for Conferences, etc. Please notify the school if you are unable to keep the appointment.)

1) _____

2) _____

3) _____

4) *Mark seems to have problems getting long term assignments on time. He needs to spend more time on his homework & assignments. I have applied on his behalf to the school.*

READING

Inside the Bell Top cafeteria, at lunchtime, Jimmy Delaney sits across from Mark. Jimmy's sister, Patty, sits by his side. On a piece of paper is scrawled "10-1." It sits beside each boy's recently read "Harlem Globetrotters" paperbacks. Jimmy has just finished eating. He takes forth a dime and awards it to his victorious friend. Then something strange...Jimmy returns his used, brown paper, lunch bag to his pocket. Mark slides back the dime.

"As you can see—Mark did consistently well in reading—all B's."

"That's good. He hit up his father for all sorts of money for the book club—I think I saw him read one book."

"Well, I guess it paid off..."

MATH

Miss Monsour continues, "...in math, he did excellent. He worked at a high level and put forth maximum effort."

"He's always liked math."

Miss Monsour notes, "Straight A's in English, Spelling, and the other core subjects..."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

At the Bell Top playground, Mark plays kickball. In the outfield, he makes a spectacular diving catch. He throws the red ball a great distance, striking and "doubling-off" a runner. His teacher watches the action.

She continues, "...He did outstanding in Phys. Ed. Both his gym teacher and I have seen he's a real leader out there.

You know yourself, Dottie, how well he did at our field days."

Dottie remarks, "Sports seem to be his life."

SPELLING

Inside the Bell Top nurse's office, the school nurse vanishes behind a partition. Jerelyn Fiacco, a round-faced, longhaired, pretty Italian classmate; sits on a bench. Upon entering, Mark sneaks-a-peek at the eye chart. He sits beside his friend.

Having completed his vision exam, Mark sends an unsuspecting Jerelyn to a position by the illuminated chart. Covering his eye, he recites the most minute letter line. Mark reads, "P...E...Z...O..." He covers both eyes! "...C...F...T...D."

Absolutely correct!

Jerelyn screams, "Wow!"

Me 'thinks' she's been had. But, she'll know now!

WORK AND STUDY HABITS

Miss Monsour notes, "Ah, his work and study habits are also excellent. Although he did have trouble getting long-term assignments in on time, his day-to-day work was always done. He tried constantly to improve. As far as attitude, I noted how very responsible and dependable he was—again, a leader—all in all, a very popular boy."

COMMENTS

At the Bell Top driveway, in the afternoon, Mark is among a group awaiting departure on the buses. He drops the green marker. Quickly, the round-faced boy confiscates it. He exposes the long-concealed, tiny scroll. A neatly-written, in green ink, note reads, "I love Miss Monsour. She is so pretty." Antagonized, Mark points an embarrassing blame toward the rear of the bus he and his friends depart on.

Miss Monsour continues, "Dottie, Mark was very cooperative and enthusiastic all year. I've commented, finally, on his interests in animals and cars. I know you're proud Mark has been promoted to the fifth-grade. Bell Top will miss him" She closes, "I hope you all have a good summer."

"Thanks, Pat, he's glad he passed. No matter how well Mark does, he's always afraid of not passing. He tells me: 'it's never over till it's over.'"



Mark Di Bello "Grand Slam" Leads Bisons Into 1st Place

The International League Bisons of the East Greenbush Little League last week defeated the Pirates 15-5. In the 4th inning, Mark DiBello slammed a drive deep over the center-field's head with the bases loaded for a coveted Grand Slam Home Run.

Anthony Grimaldi pitched his team to their seventh straight

victory as the Bisons loom as the team to beat this year. Stanley Borkowski, the versatile catcher of the Bisons, also sparked the team effort. Erich Bleezarde sent a drive to right field on his final time at bat in the East Greenbush Little League. Erich moves to Williamstown, Mass. where he will continue his baseball

Greenbush Area News - July 1, 1971



East Greenbush Little League – International League – Bisons team photo

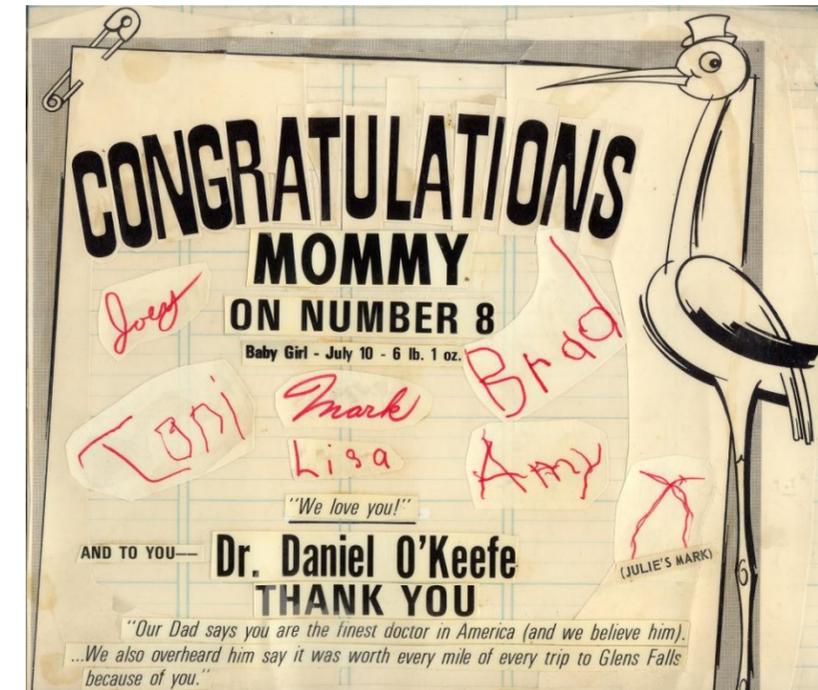
WHO: SUSAN DiBELLO, ANTHONY DiBELLO, DOTTIE DiBELLO

WHAT: THE GODFATHER

WHERE: INSIDE A MOVING CAR

WHEN: DAYS AFTER HER JULY 10, 1971 BIRTH

WHY: BECAUSE AN ANT, A DOT, AND A SUSAN HAVE MORE STRENGTH THAN A MARK



Inside the car, the view is filled with the moon, the clouds, and the stars of the nighttime sky.

The rearview mirror, from the driver's point-of-view; captures Mark's gently, green-tinted face.

Anthony DiBello's (the driver) voice is distinctly heard. Anthony, softly, says, "Son, I'm proud of you for coming with me to see Grandpa in the hospital—he loved seeing you. You know he'll be there with Scetti-mama and God."



From the passenger's point-of-view; Mark's expressionless face is in the rearview mirror.

Dottie DiBello's (the passenger) voice is distinctly heard. Dottie, softly, says, "Mark, I love you. Now, you know Susie's going to need an operation to have that tumor removed. I...I'd like to know if you would be her godfather?"

Mark looks down, his newborn sister in his lap. The sky, again, fills the view. There is a long pause. Mark, shaken, says, "I love you, Mom and Dad—but I'm sorry, Mom..." He's weeps, "...I can't...I'm not strong enough...I'm sorry, Mom."

Rain begins to sheet the windshield. From Dottie's point-of-view; the passenger-side wipers turn on. Dottie, comfortingly, says, "It's okay, son."



East Greenbush Little League – International League – All-Stars
Summer – 1971

WHO: CHAR•AC•TER(S) *n* 1 : letter or graphic mark 2 : trait or distinctive combination of traits 3 : peculiar person
WHAT: 5TH-GRADE
WHERE: THE RED MILL SCHOOL
WHEN: MORNING
WHY: Z...A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I

AVELLINO, LOUIE

Outside the Red Mill School; is the clean, bright yellow-paneled “kid-caravan.” A handful of fifth-graders loiter in the doorway. Through the open bus door; a lone boy speaks to the bus driver. The heels of the boy’s suede dogs are all that we see. He steps slowly from the bus. His Hush Puppies are the foundation for a radiant outfit, including his signature, pink shirt.

Young Mark is dark, handsome, lanky, his presence magnetic. Mark looks to his kindergarten entrance. He prevails in politeness, holding open the entrance door. He is the very last student to enter the building. He walks right into a classroom.

Mrs. Van Gelder says, “As we spoke about yesterday...I know you are all tired of sitting alphabetically—as in previous grades. I’ve given you the opportunity this year, therefore, to seat yourselves anywhere you wish. I do expect you, however, with this new found freedom—to work more productively with your fellow classmates, or friends—rather than to socialize.”

The tall, fairly attractive, statuesque, Mrs. Van Gelder continues to address the 28 fifth- graders. Mark and his two handsome friends, hold court from the classroom’s lone table. Mrs. Van Gelder says, “Before I take attendance...everything looks just fine except...I can see we’re going to have just a little problem with the *Musketeers* back there...Mr. DiBello, you made a mad dash for the table back there...you and Mr. Beals...and is that Mr. Avellino?”

The very handsome, longhaired boy, Philip Beals (a Bobby Sherman look-a-like, *if you remember him?*) is seated in the middle. Mark is to Phil’s left, and Louie Avellino is to Phil’s right. Phil raises his hand.

Mrs. Van Gelder asks, “Phil?”

The class, especially a handful of girls seated in the vicinity, focuses their attention on the young heartthrob.

Phil restates, “Mrs. Van Gelder, you did say we could sit anywhere.”

Mrs. Van Gelder replies, “Fine...as long as you boys assure me you’ll do your work, and there will be no horsing around. If any of your marks suffer...I’ll have to break you up—fair enough?”

Phil and Louie respond, “Yes, Mrs. Van Gelder.”

Mrs. Van Gelder asks, “Mr. DiBello?”

Mark replies, “Yes, ma’am. That’s fair.”

Louie Avellino, the mild mannered, soft brown-haired boy (resembling *Underdog* of cartoon fame), barks out, to Mark and Phil, “Alright!”

Mark says, to Louie, “Yeah, this is great...” He jokes, “...this way Phil won’t hurt his neck trying to cheat off of me!”

Phil nudges Mark.

All three laugh.

BILLOW, DEBBIE

A small booklet with the page heading: Write down one of your favorite things that makes you feel good is passed around class. The response written beneath is: the wind.

A very longhaired, flat-faced, girl, Debbie Billow; inquires of Mark, as Jerelyn peeks over her shoulder. Debbie asks, "Why'd you write the wind?"

Mark answers, "You don't know where it's coming from or where it's going—but when it's there, everybody knows and everybody feels it."

COACH SERBALIK, SERBALIK

The gym teacher stands inside the Red Mill gymnasium. He is a small-ish man with glasses. He presides at center court. Two teams are at his sides. He juggles an all-purpose, red ball in his hand—numerous others at his feet. "Men...I'm Coach Serbalik...and this...is dodgeball!"

He tosses and kicks the balls onto the court. The dodgeball players scramble for possession. Mark is among them. His catch, of a red projectile, sends an opposition player to the sidelines. Mark launches a red rocket himself. The action is hectic.

The dodgeball game continues...as players are disqualified. Struck by the red sphere, participants remove themselves from the contest. Mark makes a diving grab. He rushes the line. The enemy wings a ball at him. Mark uses the red orb he's caught to deflect the one thrown at him. He seeks a challenger—firing—he strikes his opponent flush. The rival exits, Mark's team is losing—a few more than a handful of players are across the divide. They're intent on eliminating Mark. Watch out! He leaps to avoid disaster.

Only Mark, and three others, remain for his forces—a handful for the counterparts. The red fireballs mushroom up from the hard court. In a flurry, Mark plucks a red rock from the floor. He flings the red pumpkin—it's misdirected. Mark gracefully maneuvers to avoid being struck. He is clearly the most gifted player. A teammate drops an attempted catch—he's out. Mark retrieves a bouncing ball. He makes a single-handed snatch. Spectacular! He flips the red grenade to assist an ally.

From the midst of the barrage, an adversary cries out, "Get DiBello!"

Mark and his cohort, outnumbered two-to-one, do not desist. Under fire, Mark's ingenious ploy to rid himself of the red globe he holds—and catch an incoming comet—works. However, his partner loses possession trying to protect himself and is DQ'd. Mark's on the defensive; he dodges and deflects.

The sidelined players cheer fervently.

Mark faces insurmountable odds versus the three players from the other side. He stands alone—the silent stare of a showdown—a ball in his hand. The opponents are poised and loaded across the way. He looks hopelessly defeated. Fearlessly, he charges the dividing line. He has no choice—he must ultimately throw. Half his peers cheer Mark; one-quarter, his aggressors; one-quarter, neutral. A challenger fires his last shot; the ball whizzes by, Mark counters and strikes him. The second ball, Mark catches over his head. Arms raised, helpless, at the mercy of his oppressors—the third ball nails him in the chest. He winces, perplexed. Mortally wounded, his desire for individuality and faithlessness in his own resurrection—the death of him.

DEE DiBELLO

Inside the hotel room, at Disney World in Florida, it's sunset. A camera and the Franciscan medal he wears; dangle and rest close to this man's heart. Anthony Francis is the saintly patron of DiBello siblings. This scenario's origin is from his storied world of the shutterbug and superfluous streams of celluloid.

He places his camera on the nightstand, between the double beds, next to the hotel phone. The headboard is brightly upholstered. The room is tinted in the orange-yellow hue of a southern sunset.

Anthony, exasperated, says, "Oh! A second to put this camera down."

The room is strewn with bathing suits, towels, beach toys, and a factory outlet supply of Disney World merchandise. It looks like the fourth hurricane of the season touched down here: Hurricane DiBello.

The crackling, zesty, voice is of a mid-fifties woman with a distinct southern accent. It's Aunt Mary West. She asks, her brother Anthony, "Dee, you left the little ones home, huh?"

Dee says, "Yeah, but they're alright. We just had a birthday party for Julie before we left—I'll have to show you the movies sometime."

Aunt Mary asks, "Who's home watching them?"

Anthony teases, "The dog. Whad'da you think, Mare—I left 'em home alone?"

"Ah! Dee, you dummy...How was Julie's party?"

"Good, everyone pitched in." He giggles with the recollection.

Aunt Mary asks, "Wha'd she get?"

Anthony is jokingly flustered. "A car, Mare...presents...how the hell do I know? Toys..."

Aunt Mary teases, "Dee, you pest!"

Anthony says, "Let me call the house now." Anthony picks up the phone. "Collect please, operator."

The phone rings. Julie answers it.

The operator says, "Collect from Florida—do you accept the charges?"

Anthony says, "Julie!" She hangs up the phone.

The operator says, "I'm sorry, sir, your party did not accept."

Anthony says, "Try again, please, operator." Julie answers again. Rushing, he says, "Dupperts—I love you...will...Dupperts...tell your Grandmother to feed Shimmy." He laughs at himself, saying, "While you're at it, remind her to feed Susie too!" The phone call ends.



**Two-year-old Julie on her birthday—March 12
She picks up her mobile phone (in those days,
mobile meant plastic wheels beneath it)**

Anthony continues, from within the hotel room at Disney World; he asks, "Mary West, do you think John and Marilyn can handle these 'mumauches' (pronounced Mu-Maw-CHEZ)? I'm not worried about the 'Bigs': Mark, Joey and Lisa. It's the 'Lits' (pronounced luts): Brad, Toni, and that black-eyed, wild-woman Amy—I'm worried about."

The connecting door between rooms swings open. They hear the perky, happy voice of Marilyn (Aunt Mary West's daughter). In her late-twenties—she too, has a charming, southern, accent. Marilyn says, excitedly, "Mother!" She exclaims, "Excuse me, Uncle Dee!" She contains her humorous amazement. "Mother! Brad just asked John if he could take home *Pluto* to play with Shimmy...so now, Amy wants to ask her mama if she can take home *Donald Duck* for her bathtub!"

All three laugh.

Anthony says, "This trip's gonna be crazier than last year—and probably not as crazy as the next...I oughta' have my head examined...but you know..." He affirms, "I wouldn't miss it for the world!"

Anthony forecasts his own prediction of the upcoming events. "Let's see if I can predict what'll happen?"

Anthony thinks, "First, we'll pick up my sister Mary in Athens. She's got the kids convinced she's a witch! Then we'll get her daughter, Marilyn, and Marilyn's husband, John; they're somewhere in the boondocks of Tallahassee..."

Then it's off to Orlando...with this bunch, the hotel bellman will need to be 'duked' and 'duked'; and then 'duked' some more...

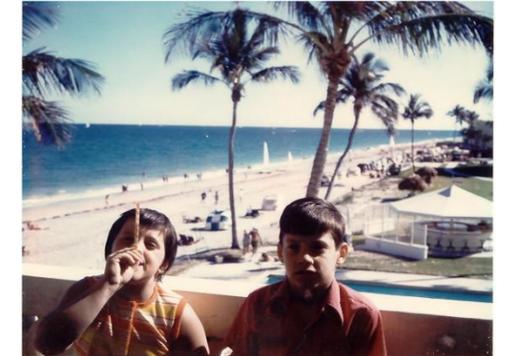
Then, the next day...off to Disney World! Traffic will be a royal pain in the ass. As soon as we get there—the gift shop. I'll get the kids some hats...then we'll be officially ready for the magic of the Magic Kingdom and the real characters of Walt Disney...us!

Bradley will sniff out Mickey Mouse...and Sparky Mark will start on all the people. We'll eat, ride rides, eat again, hit the penny arcade, watch the parade, and then eat some more...It'll be a great day...and then the nightmare of Disney World...trying to find the car in the parking lot. First, I'll send Mark for directions...after he gets lost...I'll ask everyone else. Mary won't know, she forgets who Amy and Toni are...Thankfully, I can always count on Marilyn, she's a travel agent...3 hours after she gets us lost...we send up a flare. As for me, I drove us here; you can't expect me to remember...

Morning...Dottie, Mary, and the kids will get repacked for Fort Lauderdale and everyone'll suggest I stay here. So they'll load up the bus...Joey will have to set the 'Old Man' free, and away we go! Besides, I hid the car keys. Where'd I hide the car keys?



In Fort Lauderdale...we'll all do our own thing. First, I'll check out the hotel room. Joey, the bottomless pit, will knock off the hotel's candy machine down to the last lifesaver...then Lisa will knock off Joey.



Aunt Mary will get to dance. And hopefully, only one of the kids will need to be rescued. Amy the 'scorch,' will pester her sister Bam Bam. It'll take Mark, the sun-god, the better part of three seconds to tan...and The Redhead two seconds to burn. Dottie will resume her part-time job as lifeguard. Mark'll then check out the pool and swim all night. Toni and Amy can fight some more. I'll take films and maybe splash around once or twice. Then, when Amy finally hurts Toni...our two-week trip will be complete...Bye, Florida!

The forecast ends with what looks to be a burned-down hotel...a DiBello disaster!



ELIZABETH, DiBELLO SUSAN

Inside the DiBello house, den, it's the dark of night. Only the light, invading through the door, barely ajar, lights the confined and cluttered den. Two dark and ominous figures lie within—one is knelt facing the inside of a room-width closet—the shorter, kneels by his confederate's side. They open the closet door. It creaks with an eerie, chamber-like sound. Because of their proximity to one another, they speak in hushed, secretive tones.

Anthony asks, "Are you looking in the closet? Did you know these were here?"

Mark answers, "No."

Anthony says, "In case anything ever happens..." There are regimented, clicking, locking and loading sounds. Anthony continues, "...you might have one shot left in this one. I'll load these other two. Watch where you point it—and when you shoot it. The closer the better—most people stand too far back. Take Susan first, she's the youngest. I'll get Julie, she's next... Ready?"

There's a bright flash! A startling pop!

Anthony says, loudly, "Now!"

Mark says, sharply, "Bug Eyes!"



The original Polaroid photo ejects. The processing sheet is immediately torn away...
It's Susan Elizabeth DiBello: Mark's youngest sister.

FIACCO, JERELYN

Mrs. Van Gelder addresses the class. "Your English tests have been corrected."

Jerelyn and Lisa Beach; a dark, prominently featured, long black-haired, girl play a game.

Mark says, "Hi, Lisa. Hi, Jerelyn." He imposes on the "paper-finger" game, (in which a quadratic-folded piece of paper is pinched, in a kaleidoscope fashion, in response to a participant's choice of number or letter).

Mrs. Van Gelder stands to the rear of the classroom. "I am posting the highest scores on the back wall. We had one 100..."

The students mumble, "Must be DiBello. It must be Mark."

Mrs. Van Gelder continues, "...and one 95...No, Mr. Sportswriter got the 95."

In the "paper-finger" game, the game slot labeled: red is flipped.

Jerelyn asks Mark, "What's it say?"

Mark's face is a visual self-appraisal. He remarks, "You like Mark DiBello."

GERRY HELM

In the classroom, Mrs. Van Gelder says, "Class...the results of our own TV survey are in. For a special surprise, we've had these little awards made for the winners. Miss Robin Hutchinson will help pass out the trophies."

The mature, pretty, brown-haired girl rises from her seat. In the background, Mark and his friends preside from their table. To the victors: small, round, green, clay statues of bulging eyeballs—and *that's just the boys' looking at Robin!*

Mrs. Van Gelder continues, "In third place, watching an average of 7 hours of TV a day—is Louie Avellino..." There is a smattering of applause, from the class, as Louie receives his statuette from Robin.

Mrs. Van Gelder continues, "...In second place, with an amazing 8 hours, is...Mark DiBello."

Mark is shocked. He expected to triumph, not this ignominious defeat.

Mrs. Van Gelder continues, "...And the winner is...with 8 1/2 hours...Gerry Helm."

Mark says, to Phil, "No way!"

HOLDEN, MR.

Mrs. Van Gelder announces, "You remaining children have advanced, without error, to the final round of the team spelling bee. Miss Pietrak will read the words for the final round."

Miss Pietrak is short, and pretty, with long brown hair.

Mr. Holden, glasses and a moustache, also proctors the contest.

Miss Pietrak declares, "You must spell your word correctly and then use it in a phrase or sentence. All of you participants should be proud. However...the first team to misspell a word—loses. Good luck." Miss Pietrak reads from a word list. The competition is now in its final stages. Miss Pietrak continues, "Mr. Witherall...spell: berserk?"

Mark Witherall, cautiously, says, "B-e-r...s-e-r-k...berserk. The crazy man went berserk."

Miss Pietrak, checking the list, says, "That's correct! Mrs. Van Gelder's class...Mr. DiBello...Emancipation?"

Mark says, slowly, "E-m...a-n-c-i...p-a-t-i-o-n...emancipation. The Emancipation Proclamation." The class gives their approval. Not the most brainy-looking, but Mark's the 9-5 favorite.

Miss Pietrak exclaims, "Correct! Perfect so far. Mr. Holden's class...Mr. Lansing...Gauze?"

Mark Lansing says, "G-a-u-z-e...gauze. The doctor used gauze on the cut."

Miss Pietrak says, "That is also correct. Miss Beeler...Encyclopedia?"

Anne Beeler says, "E-n...c-y-c...l-o-p-e-d-i-a...encyclopedia. She found the information in the encyclopedia."

Miss Pietrak says, as her anticipation mounts, "Correct! Mr. Holden's class...Mr. Witherall... Superlative?"

"S-u-p-e-r...l-a-t-i-v-e...superlative. He was a superlative speller."

"Correct again! Mr. DiBello...Faucet?"

"F-a-w-c-e-t-t. Fawcett. Farrah Fawcett."

The class "hisses," laughs, and buzzes. Man of War has been upset!

Miss Pietrak pronounces, "Incorrect! Mr. Holden's team wins! You're the runners up!"





**2-year-old Amy DiBello's birthday
June 24**

WHO: THE MAN...

WHAT: THE TABLOID...

WHERE: OUTSIDE THE RESIDENTIAL OFFICE BUILDING

WHEN: NIGHTTIME

WHY: THAT MAN SHOULD, COULD AND *WOULD ALWAYS CELEBRATE THE YEARS IN A LIFE*

Outside the newly constructed, single-story building; is a singular, lit, office at the heart of the structure. In the larger-than-average-sized office, a person is cloaked behind the newspaper they read. The tabloid's title: *Greenbush Area News (G.A.N.)*. An immense amount of paperwork shares space with a couple of picture frames on the desk. The person swivels in their chair.

The phone rings. The man answers it. "Tony DiBello..." The newspaper is lowered. The chair swivels to reveal the handsome face of the youthful 40-year-old; with short, black (lined with silver) hair and prominent Italian features. His square-ish face is molded around inviting eyes and an infectious smile.



Anthony continues on the phone. He is energetic and joyful. "Hey, 'Jawfskey'! What'a you say, kid? Jawfskey, your ad looks great! This week's paper. So what else do'ya know? Good... We're nursing Susan along...say a prayer, thanks...That, and just running back and forth to ball games with Dottie and the kids..."

He pauses briefly. He becomes agitated.

"Yesterday...I don't know, maybe the day before. I had some jerk parent give me shit again about the boys being in the paper...I felt like saying, 'Hey, if you don't like it--go start your own paper.' It's not like I'm printing anything that isn't true..." Calming down, he says, "Well, what'a ya' gonna do? People."

He relaxes and leans back in his chair.

"...Jawfskey, the track opens soon. Let's meet up for lunch and then head on up...any day... I'll just have to play hooky one day--I want to take my Mark to Pop Warner tryouts. Hey, maybe we'll do Punt, Pass and Kick (PP&K) up at your place this year...Hey, kid, listen, I've got to run...Oh, um, oh...thanks for Amy's present...Yeah...little Toni's having a party tonight, so I gotta go--love'ya kid, take care." He starts to hang up. "...Hey, Jack! Call me! Bye."



Toni's birthday--July 23

WHO: ANTHONY

WHAT: THE FIRST DAY OF POP WARNER (YOUTH FOOTBALL)

WHERE: A LARGE PLAYING FIELD BEHIND THE GOFF SCHOOL

WHEN: A LATE SUMMER DAY

WHY: BECAUSE FOOTBALL IS THE SPORT



Far off in the distance, deep woods line the multiple playing fields. Mark is uniformed in a simple, blue and white, football jersey #80. Nervous and fearful, he listens to his father's encouragement. Anthony says, "Mark, oftentimes it's the things we're most afraid of--that end up turning out to be best for us. Just keep giving it your all--you can do anything when you put your mind to it."

A coach's whistle blows. Together, a handful of coaches formulate the forty 12 and 13-year-olds in similar football uniforms. A small gathering of parents eagerly look on.

The Pop Warner coach shouts, "Okay, boys! Let's start out with a big lap around the field. Mark Naradacci, you take them around."

The whistle blows. Mark DiBello joins the flock. Anthony beams a proud shepherd's smile. The main group runs along the wood line. Mark, one of the tallest, is many yards behind them. A lone, rotund boy brings up the rear. Anthony's attention is on Mark. In an opening, Mark vaults for the woods. The herd of boys gallops on. The rotund boy turns his head to the woods as he lumbers on by. Mark has quit.

WHO: ANTHONY, DOROTHY DiBELLO
WHAT: RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION
WHERE: ST. JUDE'S CHURCH PARKING LOT
WHEN: DAYTIME
WHY: BECAUSE THE FATHER IS THE TEACHER

Mark is at the window of the church classroom. Standing in the rear corner, facing outward, he looks introspective and glum. Twenty or more religious education children, his age, are seated inside. Anthony instructs. The blackboard behind him reads: "1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Later, the few children and parents filter out. Anthony and Mark exit—a certain tension between them.

Dorothy DiBello enters.

They all walk, slowly, to the lot.

Dorothy, intuitively, asks, "What's the matter?" She steps between the boy and his father.

Anthony answers, "He's mad because I embarrassed him in front of the class."

Mark confesses, "I was only trying to make a joke."

Dorothy says, to Mark, "You know it's okay to have fun, but sometimes it's not appropriate."

Anthony scolds, but is almost apologetic. "Mark, I know you were only trying to be funny, but I had to punish you because most of the kids wouldn't understand the lesson I was teaching."

Mark, pouting in his mother's arm, urges and eases his mother away from her husband.

Dorothy asks, Anthony, "What did he say?"

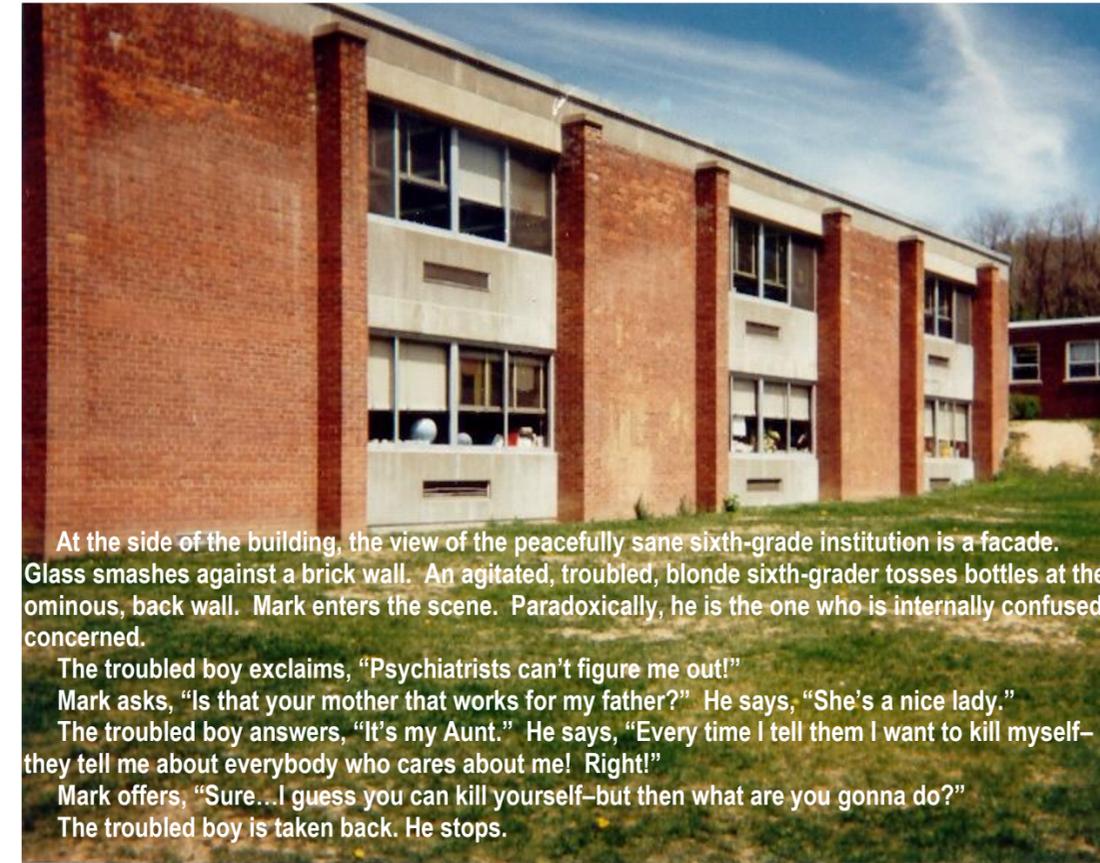
Anthony answers, "The best *hour* of church—was the *second* we got the glazed donuts."

Dorothy, retaining a slight giggle and smile, says, "Mark, listen to what your father has to say."

Anthony says, to Mark, "You'll probably forget most of what you learn here—just like you might do in school, but at least you'll know and understand about God and what His Son Jesus..." All three bow their heads. "...taught us."

Dorothy reaffirms Mark. "The things you learn about God and religion now will always be there for you—every month of this school year, each and every month, and every day, of every year. Come on—lets go get those donuts."

WHO: MARK, A SIXTH-GRADER
WHAT: 6TH-GRADE
WHERE: RED MILL SCHOOL
WHEN: [1972] DAYTIME
WHY: BECAUSE MARK WANTS TO BE THE TEACHER



At the side of the building, the view of the peacefully sane sixth-grade institution is a facade. Glass smashes against a brick wall. An agitated, troubled, blonde sixth-grader tosses bottles at the ominous, back wall. Mark enters the scene. Paradoxically, he is the one who is internally confused concerned.

The troubled boy exclaims, "Psychiatrists can't figure me out!"

Mark asks, "Is that your mother that works for my father?" He says, "She's a nice lady."

The troubled boy answers, "It's my Aunt." He says, "Every time I tell them I want to kill myself—they tell me about everybody who cares about me! Right!"

Mark offers, "Sure... I guess you can kill yourself—but then what are you gonna do?"

The troubled boy is taken back. He stops.

For the weakest link in the human pain; is not that which is truth to our souls...but that which lies in our brain.

WHO: THE MOB
 WHAT: 6TH-GRADE (CON'T)
 WHERE: RED MILL SCHOOL, CLASSROOM
 WHEN: ANOTHER DAY
 WHY: PEACE

Mrs. Spencer walks by the Halloween-decorated front of the classroom. "...Students, back to work."
 A messenger boy motions, at Mark, through the vertical, sliver window of the closed classroom door.
 Mark asks, "Mrs. Spencer, may I go to the bathroom?"
 Mrs. Spencer answers, "Yes...don't forget the key."
 Mark exits into the hallway. The messenger boy twists and bounces with excitement. He and Mark's anticipation heighten as they walk. Mark carries the oversized cutout of a key.
 The messenger boy, foreboding, says, "Today's the day, DiBello! Salisbury says he wants to see you. What are you gonna do?"
 Mark says, matter-of-factly, "See what he wants."
 The messenger boy says, "Come on!" The jogging messenger boy leaves Mark's side. Mark turns the corner and walks the shorter hall that leads to the boys' room.
 Inside the boys' room, Mark surveys the unexpected mob of boys packed into the tight quarters. Mark is made a passage to center ring.
 Salisbury says, "You know I don't like you...I'm gonna kick your butt."
 The mob of boy's screams, "Come on, Salisbury—kill'em, man. Yeah, fight! DiBello's a chicken. Wuss!"
 Mark, poised, asks, "So what'a we do now?"
 Salisbury shouts, "We fight!"
 Mark asks, "Who goes first?"
 The mob roars.
 As the two wrestle, not a punch is thrown. Salisbury, the aggressor, is shorter but stockier. Clenched, he circles and scales Mark like a buzzsaw around a tree trunk. Mark is dispassionate, uncertain and bored.
 The mobs' pitch escalates. So as not to alert any teachers, their roars are enveloped like mufflers on muscle cars.
 Salisbury, in a vain attempt at a swipe, yanks the zipper-ring to Mark's favorite Baltimore Colts sweater. Mark says, audaciously, "Hey! My mother bought me this sweater!" Mark, standing, uses his superior strength to wrestle his opponent to the ground. He hovers over Salisbury, who scrambles to pick himself up into contention.
 Salisbury braces his hand like a dog's paw on the floor. Mark inadvertently steps on the exposed mitt. Salisbury barks out, "Ugh!"
 Mark is genuine and overly apologetic. "I'm sorry—are you alright?"
 The mob engine seizes.
 Salisbury's motor stalls.
 Silence.
 Salisbury, angrily, asks, "What?"
 Mark says, "I'm sorry."
 Salisbury rises.
 The mob disperses.
 Mark zips up—a knight putting a lancer in its sheath.

WHO: THE DiBELLO CHILDREN, MARION
 WHAT: TV LISTINGS
 WHERE: THERE'S A TV
 WHEN: CHECK YOUR LOCAL LISTINGS
 WHY: TV IS OUR FRIEND

On the TV listing dated: November 24, 1972, a child's finger underscores...*The Brady Bunch*

8:00 2 6 SANFORD AND SON ©
 3 SONNY AND CHER ©
 Guests: Jim Brown and Bobby Vinton.
 10 BUDAPEST CIRCUS ©
 Bill Bixby and Brandon Cruz introduce the best of the Budapest Circus.
 13 THE BRADY BUNCH ©
 "Goodbye Alice, Hello." Alice decides to leave when the Brady kids stop trusting her.

The DiBello children sing the famous theme song, "*Here's the story, of a lovely lady...*"
 Dottie says, "That's what I need—someone like Alice." She speaks of the DiBello's housekeeper, Marion.
 Later, at 8:30, the child's finger indicates...

FRIDAY
 13 THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY ©
 "Whatever Happened To Keith Partridge?" Keith wins an important role in a gangster film and the family plans a big surprise party for him.

The notorious theme song, "*Come On Get Happy*" by the Partridge Family plays...

Anthony says, "They remind me of Joey and Lisa." He speaks of a comical, musical impersonation.



At another time, the signature title shot and theme from Neil Simon's "*The Odd Couple*" plays on the TV.

Mark, alone in the living room, calls out, "Come on, Mom, let's watch."

from Valerie, who promptly seduces him.
 9:30 13 THE ODD COUPLE ©
 "I'm Dying Of Unger." Felix and Oscar hole up in a mountain cabin so that Oscar can finish a book he's been commissioned to write and can't.

The Odd Couple episode is: "*I'm Dying of Unger.*"

In this show, Oscar (Jack Klugman) seeks the inspiration to write a novel. While he and Felix (Tony Randall) are hunting, divine inspiration besets Oscar. He "chickens-out" from shooting geese.

Felix explains the revelation to his bosom buddy, remarking, "That's great!"

To wit, Oscar exhorts, "That's it! That's the answer! Now I can write the book!"

WHO: THE DiBELLO CHILDREN

WHAT: DOROTHY'S HAND REMOVES A CALENDAR

WHERE: FROM THE REFRIGERATOR

WHEN: DECEMBER 1972 (ALL THE DAYS ARE CROSSED OFF, BUT FOR THE 31ST)

WHY: THE DiBELLO CHILDREN SING, "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU...HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU..."



The children in preparation



Lisa's first birthday cake—December 27



Brad's birthday—December 31



Joey's birthday's—January 21

6-Greenbush Area News January 18, 1973

[1973]

Mark says, to his mom, "It don't seem right—I've got better form."

His mom tells him, "But I told you—Joey throws it soft and easy."

In the background, at the bowling alley, *Mark can still hear the female announcer on the public address, "French fries, toast, pizza; up at the snack bar."*

Bowling Scores

BOWLING GREEN JUNIOR PROGRAM

EASTERN BOYS

Michael Perrotte	180-488
Joe DiBello	152-383
Mark DiBello	169

WHO: BILLY KEENAN

WHAT: 6TH-GRADE (CON'T)

WHERE: RED MILL SCHOOL - CLASSROOM

WHEN: ANOTHER DAY

WHY: AaBbCcDd

Billy Keenan, a blonde, longhaired boy; stands over Mark, who is seated at his desk. A young girl walks away from them. Another girl places a dollar bill on the desk. Mark slides her a piece of paper. It is an impeccably neat, written, alphabet signed by Mark DiBello.

Billy Keenan is shocked. "She paid you to write that!" Mark says, "She said I had nice handwriting."

WHO: SUE SCHUTZ
WHAT: 6TH-GRADE (CON'T)
WHERE: DiBELLO HOUSE, PARENTS' BEDROOM
WHEN: AFTERNOON
WHY: THE EYE'S HAVE IT

In his parents' bedroom, one afternoon, Mark's frightened face is close-up in the mirror. He's on the telephone. Mark asks, "Sue Schutz, please..."

He thinks about the day in the Red Mill School, cafeteria...from the gateway to the boisterous lunchroom, Phil Beals takes a seat at the head of the table. Sue Schutz, a pretty, very well-built, mature sixth-grader wears tight-fitting, green, hip-hugger pants and a lime green shirt. She is also at the table. A pretty, blonde girl is between her and Phil. Billy Keenan is also there.

Mark, tanned and sharply dressed, stands in the entrance staring at Sue. He purposefully enters. Sue looks up at him.

Mark, on the phone, says, awkwardly, "...I never noticed that...that's cool..." Close-up, Mark looks at himself in the mirror as he speaks on the phone, "...the way you put the light up to your eyes and the black circle gets smaller...take it away, and it gets bigger. Cool. Eyes tell everything..." He becomes disenchanted. "...Sure. Bye."

WHO: ANTHONY THE TIGER
WHAT: 6TH-GRADE (CON'T)
WHERE: DiBELLO HOUSE - KITCHEN TABLE
WHEN: MORNING
WHY: HE LIKES HIS SPACE

A fortress of cereal boxes nearly conceals Mark. He sits before a *Jethro*-sized bowl. The April *Albany Times Union* is flipped over the center box. *Skylab*...is the headline. He rips open the box of Frosted Flakes. Mark beams a look at the Kellogg's Sugar Pops. He empties the box, continues reading; and loudly, disgustingly, laps up his breakfast.

WHO: MR. TAITE, BILLY KEENAN
WHAT: 6TH-GRADE (CON'T)
WHERE: RED MILL - MR. TAITE'S CLASSROOM
WHEN: DAYTIME
WHY: MARK MUST KNOW SOMETHING

Mr. Taite, a shorthaired, square-faced, medium-built, educator; addresses Mark, who is seated parallel to Billy Keenan. The two are giggling and goofing off. They play a football game with pencils and paper.

Mr. Taite, asks, "Who knows how the astronauts' shoes work in space?"

Mark automatically fires up his hand.

Mr. Taite searches around.

Mark drifts off.

Mr. Taite continues, "...How 'bout somebody else?" No one responds. "Then let's go to our resident expert: Mark DiBello."

Mark says, to Billy, "I think Tara Barrows likes me."

Billy says, "Nooo!"

Mr. Taite, says, "Billy Keenan! Are you two paying attention?"

Mark says, aloud, laughing, "Yeah, Wilhelmina."

Mr. Taite, says, "Mark DiBello! For someone with such mental ability—you get awfully silly at times. Show some effort—stop playing games—and pay attention!"

WHO: THE "OLD MAN," MOM, THE DiBELLO CHILDREN
WHAT: THE 1973 KENTUCKY DERBY
WHERE: DiBELLO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM
WHEN: MAY 5, 1973 - AFTERNOON
WHY: THE FAMILY THAT PLAYS TOGETHER—STAYS TOGETHER

At the house, the television is on the 1973 Kentucky Derby with Secretariat.

Joey exclaims, "The Old Man's crying again!"

The TV announcer proclaims, "The horses are on the track."

The children, in disbelief, laugh at and mock their father, "Old Man!"

Mark calls out, "Come on, Mom! We're waiting for you!" He says, to those in the room, "I say 20 lengths—easy."

The children voice out, "No way!"

On TV, Big Red is galloping like "...a tremendous machine!"

Anthony calls out, "Dottie!"

The children voice out, to him, "Shhh! Quiet!"

WHO: CHRIS "GRASSO"
WHAT: 6TH-GRADE (CON'T)
WHERE: RED MILL - PLAYGROUND
WHEN: DAYTIME
WHY: "BECAUSE..."

On the playground, are the backstop and an array of orange cones and markers; a singular cone sits 96-feet from home plate.

Mark asks Chris Grasso—a thin, buck-toothed, but handsome friend. "What's this for?"

Chris answers, "The softball throw for the field days." He asks, "Did you enter this event?"

Mark answers, "No." Asking, "How far out there is it?"

"It's far—I think it's like 32 yards...Yeah, but nobody's gonna beat Jimmy Hardy's throw."

"How close?"

"Four-feet."

"I can beat it. Let me see." He motions for a softball.

Chris hands his friend the ball.

Mark pauses, focuses, and throws—striking the cone.

"Wow! You hit it! Nobody's gonna believe it! Wow! Now you gotta enter..."

Mark says, "Uh-uh. Don't need to..."

Chris, in disbelief, asks, "Why not?"

"...Because I know."

WHO: THE ENTIRE DiBELLO FAMILY...

WHAT: 6TH-GRADE (CON'T) - PREVIEWING THE SUPER 8MM HOME MOVIE...

WHERE: DiBELLO HOUSE - PLAYROOM...

WHEN: SUMMER - IN THE DARK OF NIGHT...

WHY: A SUMMER TRADITION YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO MISS...

The entire DiBello family is assembled previewing the Super 8mm home movie being projected on the screen. The scenario depicts a tankard truck releasing water into the swimming pool.

Anthony says, "There's Dave. Where's he been?"

Mark ushers himself to the projection screen. He stands beside it critiquing.

Joey screams out, "Sit down, you big jerk!"

Mrs. DiBello, reprimanding him, says, "Joey!"

Joey says, "Sorry, Mom."

Mark says, "Wait a minute...I just wanna show you something..." He points. "Check out Toni here...watch..."

Toni objects. "Mark!" She appeals, "Mom!"

Amy screams out, "Bam Bam!"

In the clip, young Toni's subconscious is immersed in the action. She grabs her crotch. The communal family claps and laughs.

Mark, himself laughing, jokes, "We don't pee in your toilet--so don't swim in our pool!"

Joey jokes, "You gotta go--you gotta go...Right, Bam Bam?"

In the clip, an inflatable Toni whispers to and casts Julie away. Julie flees. Toni remains.

Mark says, "Yeah, the best part is...she doesn't want to miss anything--so she sends Julie to go for her!"

The room overflows with uproarious laughter and applause.

Dottie DiBello's projected image floats on Mark's chest. The clip recedes.

Mark claps his hands twice--*Throw the ball!* Mark shouts, to Joey, "Joey, I'm..."

WHO: DOTTIE DiBELLO AND ANOTHER DiBELLO

WHAT: 6TH-GRADE (CON'T) - "THE STING"

WHERE: DRIVE-IN

WHEN: SUMMER - NIGHTTIME

WHY: MARK'S UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION CHANGED AFTER THIS

In the parked station wagon, Dottie DiBello's head is on the driver's-side. Mark's head is next to hers. And another DiBello head is slumped on the passenger's-side. Through the rain-beaded windshield, they see the final scene from: "The Sting."

Paul Newman approaches Robert Redford. "Well, kid, you beat him."

Redford says, "You're right, Henry, it's not enough...but it's close!" He laughs. They laugh.

Mark didn't get it. "I don't get it, Mom."

The wiper blade wipes the picture away.

WHO: A MOTHER'S SON (DOWN TO MARK'S BROWN EYE)

WHAT: 6TH-GRADE (CON'T) - THE SPINNING BASEBALL IS LAUNCHED INTO FLIGHT BY THE DISTINCTIVE "DINK" OF AN ALUMINUM BASEBALL BAT

WHERE: INSIDE MARK'S BEDROOM

WHEN: DATED IN RED WRITING 7-26-73

WHY: THE ACTUAL BALL COMES TO REST, ENCASED IN A PLASTIC DISPLAY

WHO: M-A-D

WHAT: 6TH-GRADE (CON'T)

WHERE: THE DiBELLO HOUSE

WHEN: SUMMER, 1973

WHY: BECAUSE THE THREE ARE AS ONE

Watch your profits **SOAR** as your customers discover

"Fly-N-Saucers"

The **FIRST** ride in the air that the customer controls himself.
IT IS 100% SAFE AND FUN FOR ANY OPERATOR, AGES 3 TO 103



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TWISTS - SPINS - BOBS - SCOOTs - in complete safety of 21 foot fiberglass orbit path
Maximum altitude above ramp surface — 8"

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c/o DiBello Stables
R.D. No. 1
Rensselaer, New York

A stationary record is in a stereo console.

A motionless reel is on a movie projector.

A rolling-pin is stuck in a quagmire of cookie dough.
 In the DiBello house, music room, it is late afternoon. In absolute silence, the soles of Mark's stocking feet are joined in a Siamese-like connection.
 In the playroom, near the pool table, Anthony's iridescence is magnified by the projector's pilot light. Anthony, over his shoulder, shouts, "Hey, Dottie!"
 In the kitchen, at the countertop, Dottie DiBello is in listening range. She kneads the dough.
 Dottie shouts back, "What Dee?!"
 Mark is flat on the carpeted floor, each of his fingers, including one with a green splint, are bonded, in a yoga-like position, across his chest.
 Anthony threads the film reel with an editor's ease. "...You think these kids will ever appreciate all these movies and pictures?"
 Dottie bulldozes the roller as she constructs the cookies. Dottie condescends, "Probably not, dear."
 Mark is grounded, to the console, by the coiled headphone wire. His face is a dermal voltmeter indicative of the static energy within.
 In the playroom, past the pool table, Anthony shouts out, "You're probably right!"
 Dottie is rolling along.
 The record rotates; the stereo arm is in gear.
 The playroom projection screen is a tarnished chrome.
 A cookie-cutter maps out a heart-shaped wedge of dough.
Imagine; Mark's vinyl face injected with the record needle. It recoups a smile, his kinetoscope eyes open.
 Anthony shouts out, "...But what do they know!!"

WHO: THE DISTANT FIGURE AND DISPROPORTIONATE IMAGE OF 8-YEAR-OLD, BIKER, BRAD DiBELLO ON A MIDGET MOTORCYCLE
WHAT: *SNARE DRUM! BAM!* - "BORN TO BE WILD" - THE ACTUAL HOME MOVIE AND EXPERIMENTAL ANGLES OF THE RAMP-JUMPING DAREDEVIL; CONSTITUTE MARK'S DIRECTORIAL DEBUT
WHERE: MOTORING UP THE DiBELLO DRIVEWAY
WHEN: SUMMER, 1973
WHY: MARK'S PREMIERE AWARD IS A GOLD, FOOTBALL (PP&K) STATUETTE



WHO: PEOPLE (PREDOMINATELY, A HABITUALLY-DANCING AUNT MARY)
WHAT: ANTHONY'S FACE SMILES BOLDLY OVER THE REVOLVING FILM REEL
WHERE: PLEASE SEE LIST OF PHOTOGRAPHS, SCENES, IMAGES AND NOTES
WHEN: THE NEXT 4 YEARS (1973-1977)
WHY: THE SPEEDY CHRONICLE OF THE VAST VARIETY OF VEHICLES, TRANSPORTATION MODES, SPORTS HIGHLIGHTS, LANDSCAPES, AND GAMES

LIST



Dottie and her kids



It's Mickey. Exiting the driveway, there is a verse on the property sign: "You have just left the happiest home you will ever visit—come back quick."

-Dot, in the stands, watches Mark stretch for three balls in Little League.

-The boys ride motorcycles in the yard.

-Julie rides a tricycle.

-Joey hits the brakes.

-Lisa rides a bike.

-Amy fixes hers.

-Aunt Babe waves while Mark sails on a raft.



-The electric tractor charges in the backyard.



-Traveling up the drive is the St. Francis monument.

-The kids pull one another in a wagon.

-Diane, the neighbor, shies away.

-Bikes clutter the garage.

-Mark zips his cycle by the green Cadillac.



Uncle Johnny, Joey, and Uncle Joe or "U.J."



-A locomotive chugs with Julie, "Antoinette," and Amy on board



The brown station wagon departs a dome.

In Red Mill, in an art classroom, Mark draws a picture of an Adidas athletic shoe for an admiring, young, Anne Marie.



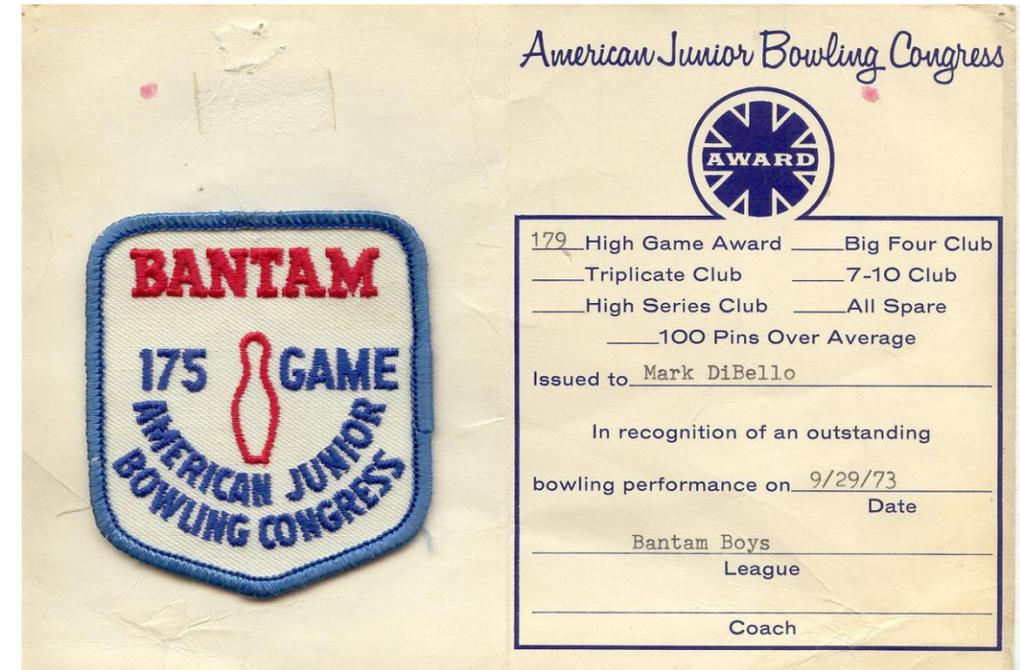
-Mark practices his punting form.

-A football lands 3 yards past a 50-yard marker.
 -There is the base of a Punt, Pass, & Kick trophy.
 -Mark drops a punt-snap playing Pop Warner.

-The team gets a picture taken...



...it appears in the G.A.N. on 9-13-73



-There is his bowling patch and trophy.

DiBello Boys Star Ponies Nipped In Tough Battle

The East Greenbush Pop Warner Junior Midgets played their best game of this season and lost a heartbreaker, 13-6. Although playing a previously undefeated Guilderland squad they looked much the better team.

The Ponies missed pass coverage once in the first quarter and again in the final. Those two plays found a receiver all alone and he went into the end zone untouched. But aside from those two big plays it was all East Greenbush.

The defense was led by Jim Miller and Andy DeFrancisco,

who continually penetrated for tackles and repeatedly got to the quarterback.

The offense was sparked by the DiBello boys with quarterback Joey hitting end Mark for several good gains. One long beautifully thrown pass by Joey DiBello to his brother Mark resulted in a 40 yard touchdown. Tom Novak, Joey DiBello and John Wilber led the ground game for the Ponies and one exciting play found Tom taking pitch out and throwing long to Mark DiBello. The ball was deflected by Guilderland but

picked off by DiBello. He was just tripped up by the only boy who could have stopped the winning touchdown.

It was a tough game for the Ponies to lose but Coach Wilber's boys played a fine game and can be very proud of their effort. They out played Guilderland 57 plays to 42 and completed 6 passes for 75 yards while going 30 yards on the ground.

-Mark and Joe play football.
 The G.A.N. on 10-11-73

-From a distance, is the homestead.
 -There is the back of Dot DiBello's bowling shirt.
 -There is a pair of "Adult-Junior" trophies, and Mark's personalized bowling bag.
 -Snow falls on the backyard.
 -Susan jumps on a sled.
 -Bernie, the St. Bernard, and Shimmy take-up the chase.

Dottie shouts, "Mark, come in—it's freezing!"
 It's daytime, in the Junior High School gymnasium. Mark makes a free throw. There is his basketball trophy.
 In the DiBello house hallway; Mark practices kissing the mirror.
 It's nighttime. In a snow bank, Mark is huddled, in the drift, with Anne Marie. The ever-present, green, splint is on his finger. He asks, "Can I kiss you?"
 She nods.
 And he does. "Can I kiss you again?"

-A toboggan races down an incline.
 -There is a snowy, yellow, station wagon.
 -Cycles ride at night.

-An Eastern Airlines plane.
 -A zebra.



-Brad and the kids catch fish.

-A rainbow in the sky, leads to the Rainbow Hill Farm property sign.

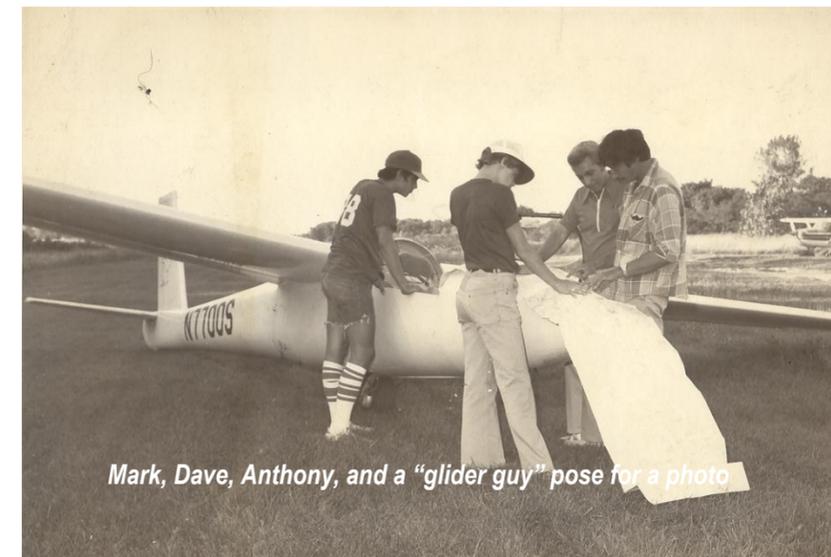
-Mark swings three bats.
 -Dottie sees her All-Star son on deck.
 -There is his All-Star trophy.

-His spikes dig in.

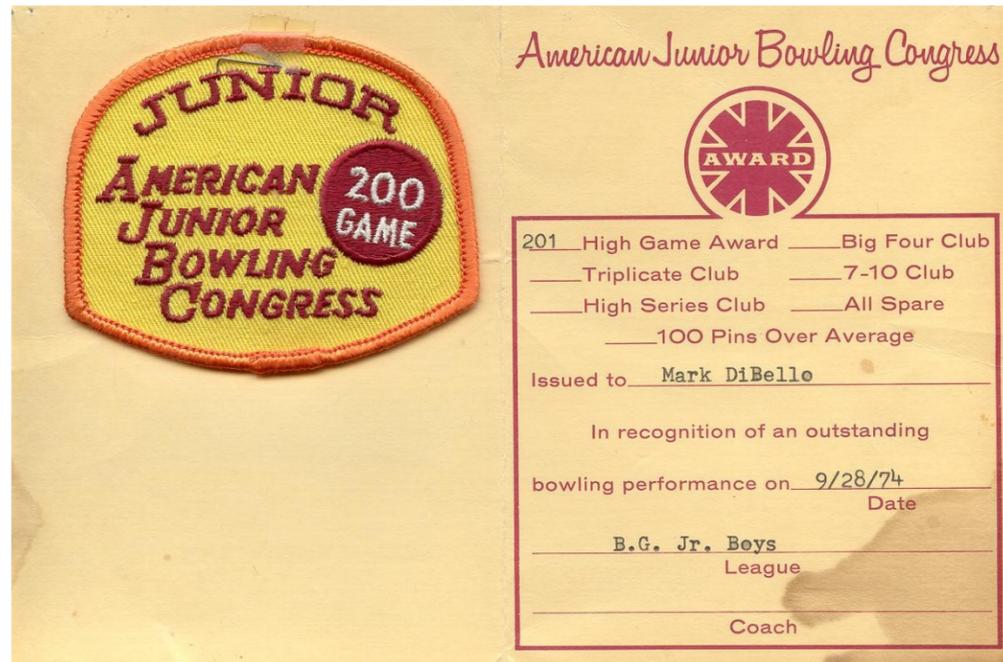


Babe Ruth League 13-year-old All Stars

-Joey pops-a-wheelie.
 -The three brothers and Dave, the friend, rev their engines.
 -Julie sits in a cart.
 -Dolphins swim as Mark runs underneath a long pass.



Mark, Dave, Anthony, and a "glider guy" pose for a photo



-A dolphin bowls, scoring a 201-game patch on 9-28-74.



-Mark catches a ball in a crowd.
 -There is a portrait of Jesus.

-A "Monopoly" game square is inhabited by the shoe and a red hotel.



The TV sports announcer, says, "The Saints have the ball..."
 Mark screams, "There's smoke!"
 Anthony screams, "Everybody out!"



The Kitchen



The Play Room

The Dining Room



The Music Room



The Upstairs Hallway



The Boys' Bedroom



The Parents' Bedroom

That night, in the station wagon, back seat, in army jackets, Dottie and Mark are bunkered, together, in the glare of fire and sirens.
Dottie cries, "Oh, God!"



Dot weeps in Mark's arms before they go to Aunt Helen Krill and Uncle Steve's home.



-A dolphin jumps.

- Mark takes a jump shot.
- Playing CYO basketball for St. Mary's, he scores.
- There is his team trophy.
- The team positions for a photo.

St. Mary's Ends 2-Year Drought

The Columbia High Blue Devils was not the only local basketball team to break a long losing streak.

Two weeks ago the St. Mary's quintet ended a two-year drought by beating St. Thomas of Delmar 26-23 in local CYO competition.

And four of Columbia's current starters can probably share the thrill of that victory. Ted Minissale and Michael Russo played for St. Mary's when they were in 7th and 8th grades and Jim Bennett and Tim McManus also are products of the CYO loop.

"It's a tough league," said Al Van Derzee, coach of the St. Mary's squad. "The teams, especially those from Rensselaer, are particularly strong."

He was speaking of St. John's, St. Joseph's Holy Spirit and Our Lady Help of Christians, the other members of the league.

Mr. Van Derzee, the only coach St. Mary's has had, formerly coached in the collegiate ranks at Junior College of Albany. He now works for the State Department of Education but has managed to find time to devote Saturday mornings and weekday nights to his players.

"There was a CYO league in Rensselaer but St. Mary's did not have a team," he said of his arrival to younger level of basketball. "We put together a team during the season and proceeded to lose a lot of games."

But in time the glory years came. St. Mary's bolstered by the talents of Minissale and Russo, became the team to beat.

The recent drought started when Mr. Van Derzee had only six or seven 8th grade boys to choose from at St. Mary's. But neither he nor his players gave up.

"It's a mark of dedication these kids have," he said. "They kept coming out at the odd hours and they never lost their composure. They are a fine group of boys."

When victory finally came "it was like winning the NIT" according to Mr. Van Derzee. When victory finally arrived, the reaction among the players and fans was overwhelming, according to Mr. Van Derzee. "You would have thought we won the NIT."

Mr. Van Derzee says he enjoys the many hours of volunteer work CYO basketball demands. He likes the sport, enjoys teaching and thinks his players have benefitted, on and off the court, from the league.

"It's kind of a classroom situation and the emphasis is on learning the fundamentals."

Games are played every Saturday morning at St. John's School in Rensselaer.

CYO basketball is kind of a family affair for the Van Derzee household. Mr. Van Derzee's son Greg is the assistant coach and his daughter Amy has been the team score keeper for the past three years.

"She's the best scorekeeper in the league," said the proud father.

Mr. Van Derzee is optimistic about his future teams. Next year the 7th and 8th grades at St. Mary's will have more boys. "We'll have 14 boys coming out next year," he said.

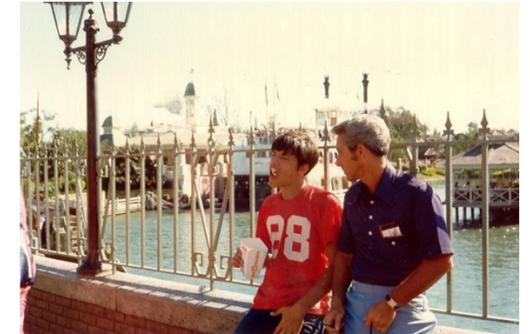


ADVICE FROM THE BENCH - St. Mary's coach Al Van Derzee shouts encouragement to his CYO team during a recent game. With him are his son Greg, the assistant coach, and player Ed Dorsey.



Mark and Mom accept MVP

- Ponies run in winter.
- A toy car races and a billiard ball rolls.
- A toy car jumps.
- There is a boot in the snow.

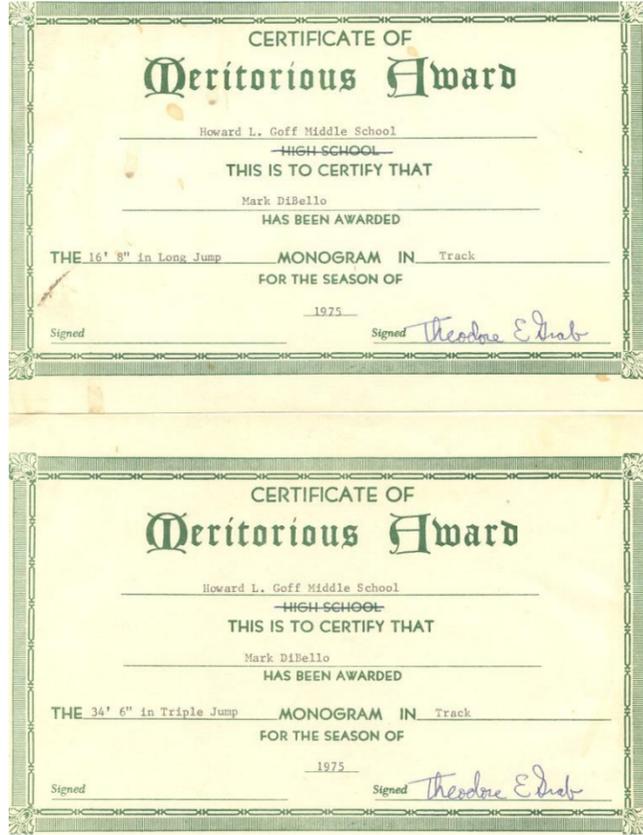


-Mark and father battle like chess pieces.

- Feet everywhere.
- The Disney Monorail.



-The Disney sub submerges underwater.



It's daytime, outside Columbia High School (C.H.S.). On the track, Mark long jumps. There is a certificate of his reward. He triple jumps...a similar reward.

A massage vibrator is against an Olivia Newton-John, album cover; and a Farrah Fawcett, poster.



-Following Mark's religious confirmation



-Mark surfs a Cape Cod wave.



-A stunt show car bursts through a ring of fire before Anthony watches the racers at the Pocono 500.

-Toni and Amy race down an Alpine-slide.

-Mark out-finishes his dad.

-There is a prison.



The family plays "whiffle" at the Alpine Slide

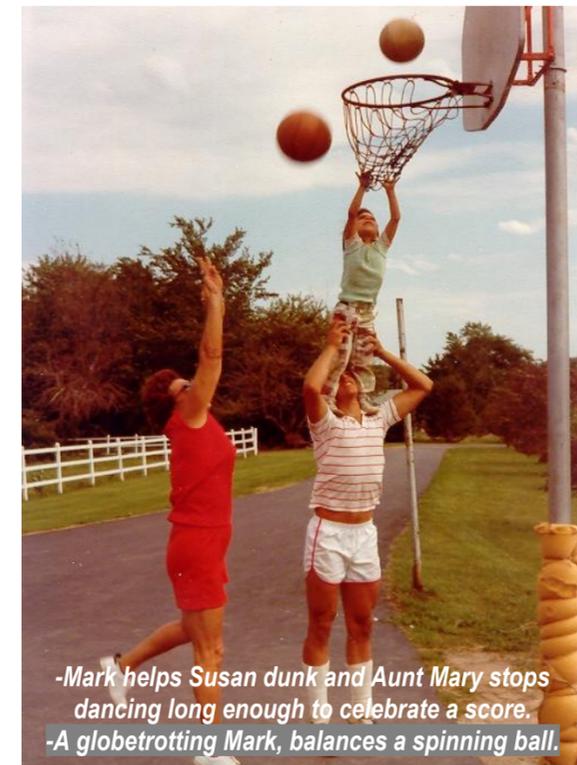


-"Susanna", Amy, Toni and "Spider" with Dad on Lake George.

-Uncle Joe drives a dune buggy.

-Lisa DiBello's awed by a hot-air balloon, landing, in the yard.

-Joey "Okays" a go-cart ride.



-Mark helps Susan dunk and Aunt Mary stops dancing long enough to celebrate a score.

-A globetrotting Mark, balances a spinning ball.



-Brad drives Susan, Amy and Toni on the "Mobile."

-Toy cars play football.



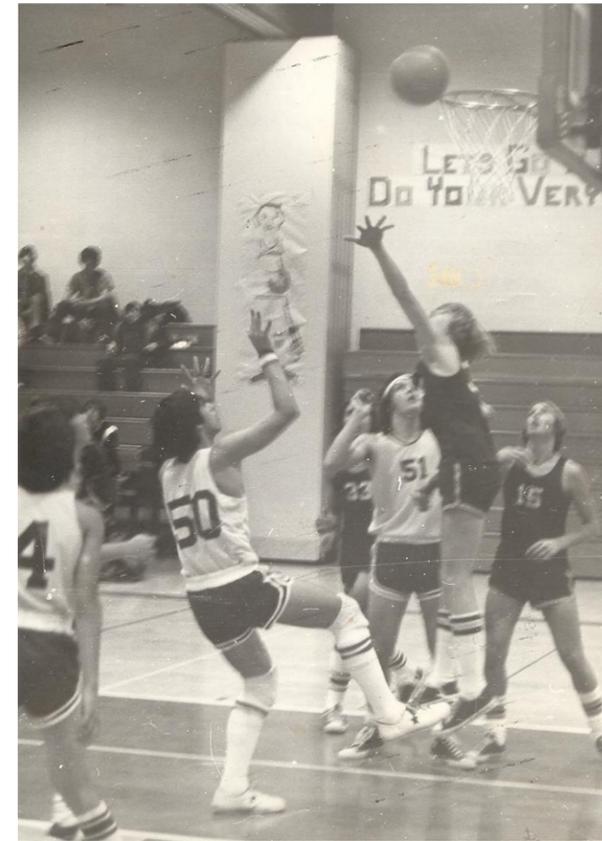
-Susan skis with her sisters.

-Mark's magical trick slaps away all cards but the ten-of-hearts.

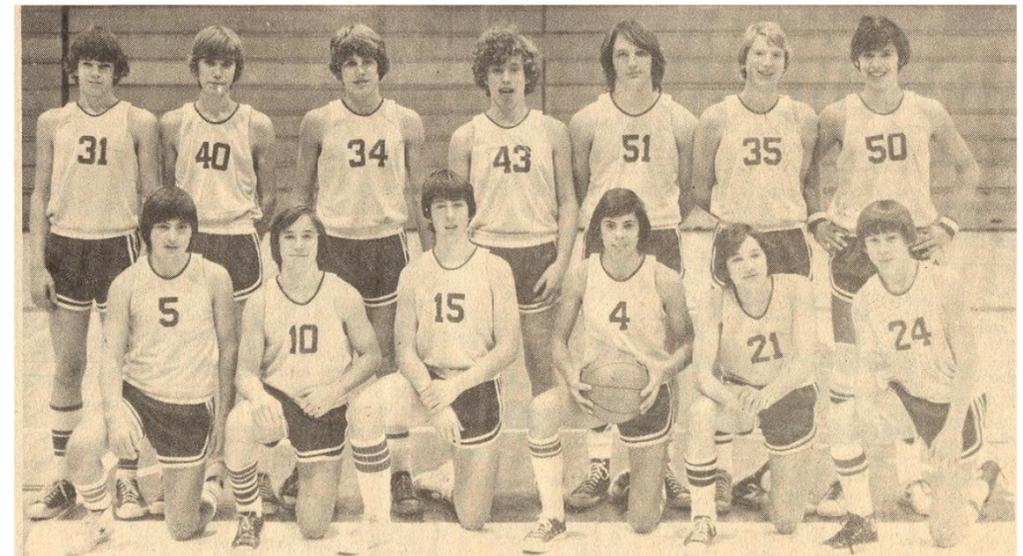
-Also, he and Mom play backgammon.

-A Godzilla sneaker endangers the model rocket launching pad...Lift Off!

-Julie skateboards an obstacle course.



In freshman basketball, Mark takes a fall-away jumper

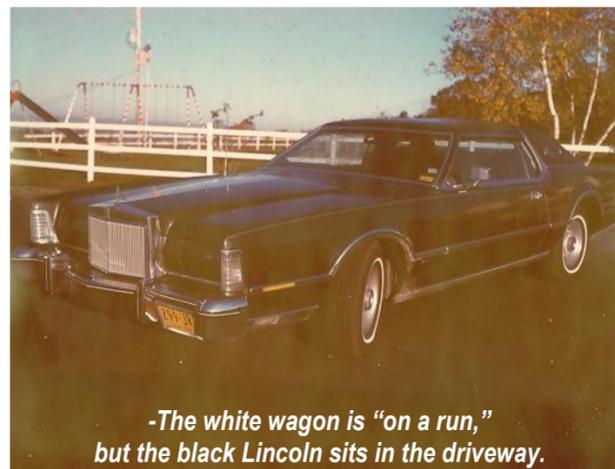


#50 on his freshman basketball team

*In Babe Ruth, Mark dives headlong into second base.
 -Mark slides again...
 -Mark scoops a throw at first base.
 -Mark fields a ball and throws.*



Knights of Columbus team photo



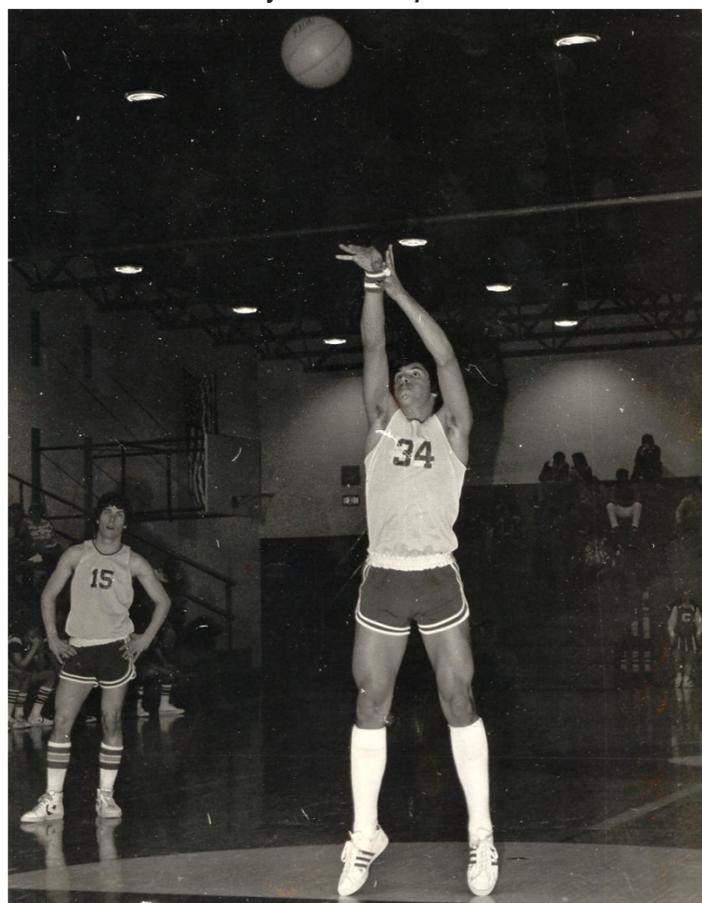
*-The white wagon is "on a run,"
 but the black Lincoln sits in the driveway.*



*The Junior Varsity
 -The sophomore punt returner sets-up for a return.*



That year's JV hoop team



JV Baseball Team

Devils 4-1 after diamond debut

The Columbia Blue Devil varsity dropped a 5-2 decision to Pittsfield High after leading in the game 2-0, for 4½ innings.

Wayne Trembley opened as pitcher for the Devils and hurled three scoreless innings, giving up only one hit.

All five runs for Pittsfield High came in the fifth inning off Dan Williams. Jim Shortley finished the game for Columbia. Williams was charged with the loss.

In the losing game, that Coach Stu Pitcher commented as being lost by wildness, the Devils walked 11 batters and committed six errors.

The Devils then won what proved to be the first game of a four game winning streak, demolishing Ichabod Crane 14-2.

Rich Broughton led the Devil attack with a triple, double, five RBI's, two stolen bases and scored three runs.

Joey Taylor and Paul Heintz had two singles apiece.

Pitcher Dan Williams was credited with the win.

Columbia opened Suburban Council play with a 5-3 win over Bethlehem.

Wayne Trembley was credited with the win after coming on in the third inning in relief of Wayne Jenkins.

John Pfeffer had two doubles, Wayne VanDeusen a double and a single and Chuck Briggs two singles and two RBI's to lead Columbia.

Their next victory was a come-from-behind 4-3 win over Mohonasen at home.

Columbia was scoreless going into the fifth inning trailing by three runs. With two

outs, the Devils loaded the bases and Mark Gustafson hit a two run double.

In the sixth the Devils tied up the game when the ball got by the Mohonasen first baseman and the Columbia runner scored from third base.

The fourth and winning run came in the same inning when Dan Williams scored from third.

Mark Gustafson had a double and two RBI's, and Chuck Briggs and RBI single.

Jim Shortley went the distance for the Devils, striking out seven.

The fourth win of the week for Columbia was a 6-4 victory over Ichabod Crane at home.

Dan Williams was the offensive leader with a double and a single. Joey Taylor collected two singles.

Wayne Jenkins pitched four innings to get the win, with Dan Williams coming on in relief to complete the game.

The JV opened its baseball season recently with a bang.

The Devil JV romped over Pittsfield High School, 10-2. Most of the action came in the first inning when Columbia crossed the plate six times.

Mark DiBello was the offensive punch for the team, hitting a towering three run homer in the big first inning. DiBello had the only extra base hit, as the JV banged out four singles, stole ten bases, collected seven walks and had two hit batsmen.

Paul Meisel went the distance for the Junior Devils, striking out 14 batters.

The Columbia JV didn't let up in their next game, romping over Ichabod Crane,

16-5.

Mark DiBello again led the team with a two-run homer, double and single. Bill Goodermote banged out two doubles, "Snake" Walsh had a double and single, with Scott Bradwell collecting two singles.

Tom Cramer, Dwight Jenkins, and Greg Engle combined to pitch a two hitter. Jenkins was credited with the win.

In the league opener for the JV, they won over Bethlehem, 7-2.

Bill Goodermote was the offensive leader with a single and triple, Mark DiBello collected a double and single, Jeff Markell had two singles and three stolen bases, with Joe Trudeau banging out two singles.

Paul Meisel pitched a three hitter, striking out ten, enroute to his second pitching victory of the young season.

Mohonasen dealt Columbia's JV their first loss of the season, 10-7.

John Patterson had two singles, Mike Chiffolo one double and Mark DiBello one double to pace the seven hit attack for the Devils.

Dwight Jenkins went the route for the JV, allowing only two earned runs in the losing effort.

Columbia bounced back from the loss to Mohonasen and posted a 10-3 victory over Ichabod Crane on the Devils home field.

"Snake" Walsh took the batting spotlight when he hit a double and single, each time with the bases loaded, collecting 5 RBI's. Joe Trudeau collected three singles in the fourth win for the JV.



Aunt Mary has resigned from being a show girl and is now a dealer
 Joey, my "Q-B"...Dottie..."Babe" ("Bibbers")..."Dippers"...
 "Number-One-Son, Number-Eighty"...Mary West...Lisa..."Doo-pee"

WHO: THE ACTORS: Joey, my "Q-B"... "Number-One-Son, Number-Eighty"...Dottie..."Doo-pee"...Lisa...
 Joycie ("Black Farrah")..."Babe" ("Bibbers")...Dottie, again...Mary West..."Dippers" and Susie...Bradley...
 Anthony and "Missy"...

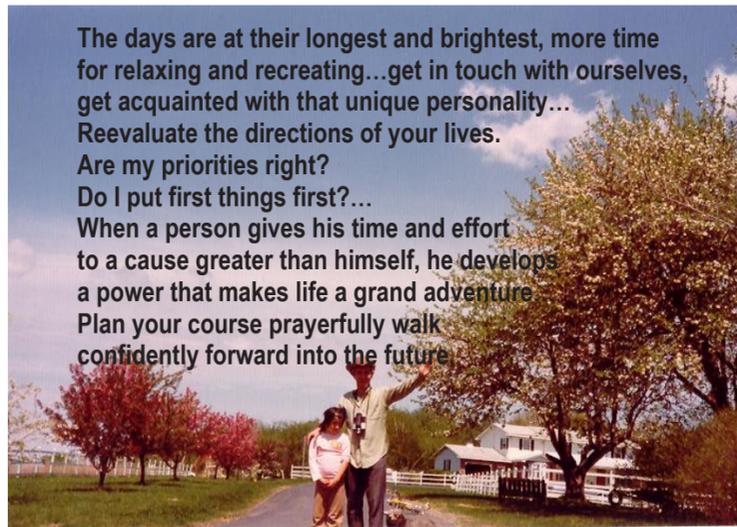
WHAT: A PHILOSOPHICAL FATHER'S PUBLISHED PHRASES

WHERE: IN THE GREENBUSH AREA NEWS

WHEN: JUNE 29, 1977

WHY: ANTHONY PRAISES THANKS AND SMACKS HIS LIPS: "GOD, WHY ME?!"

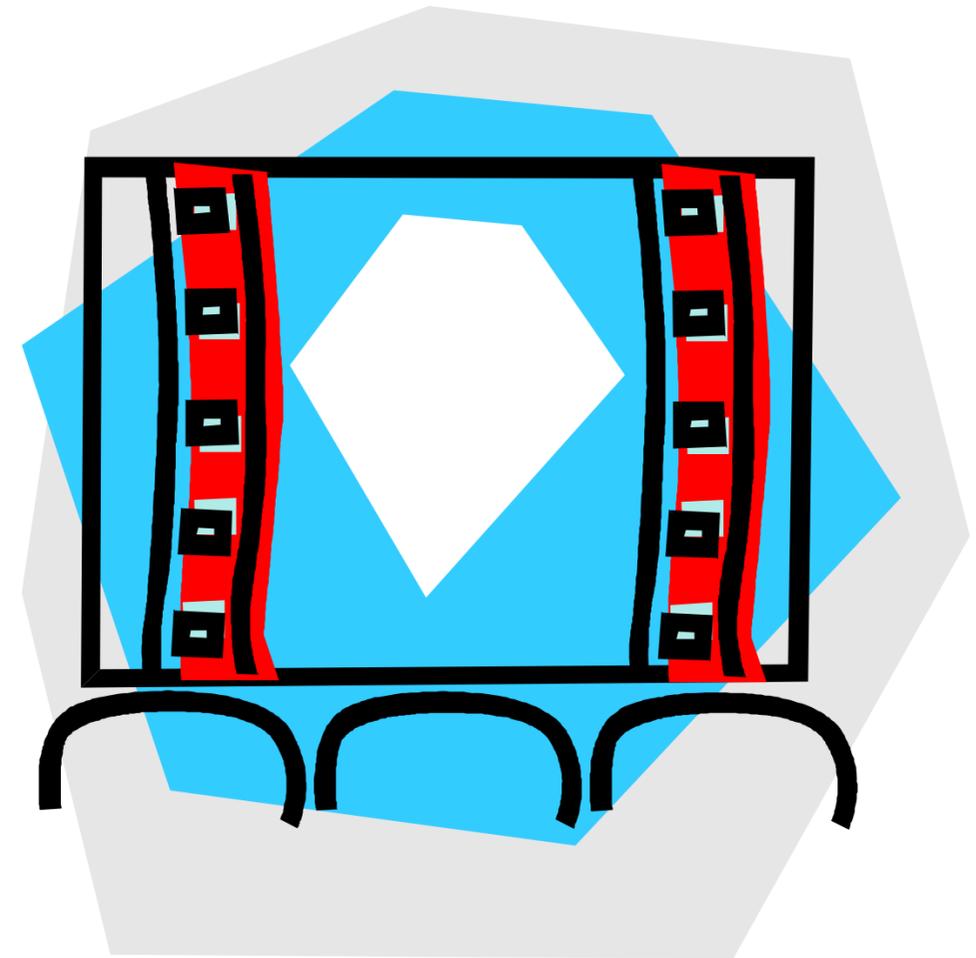
Owner's Report: Summer Pauses



The days are at their longest and brightest, more time
 for relaxing and recreating...get in touch with ourselves,
 get acquainted with that unique personality...
 Reevaluate the directions of your lives.
 Are my priorities right?
 Do I put first things first?...
 When a person gives his time and effort
 to a cause greater than himself, he develops
 a power that makes life a grand adventure
 Plan your course prayerfully walk
 confidently forward into the future

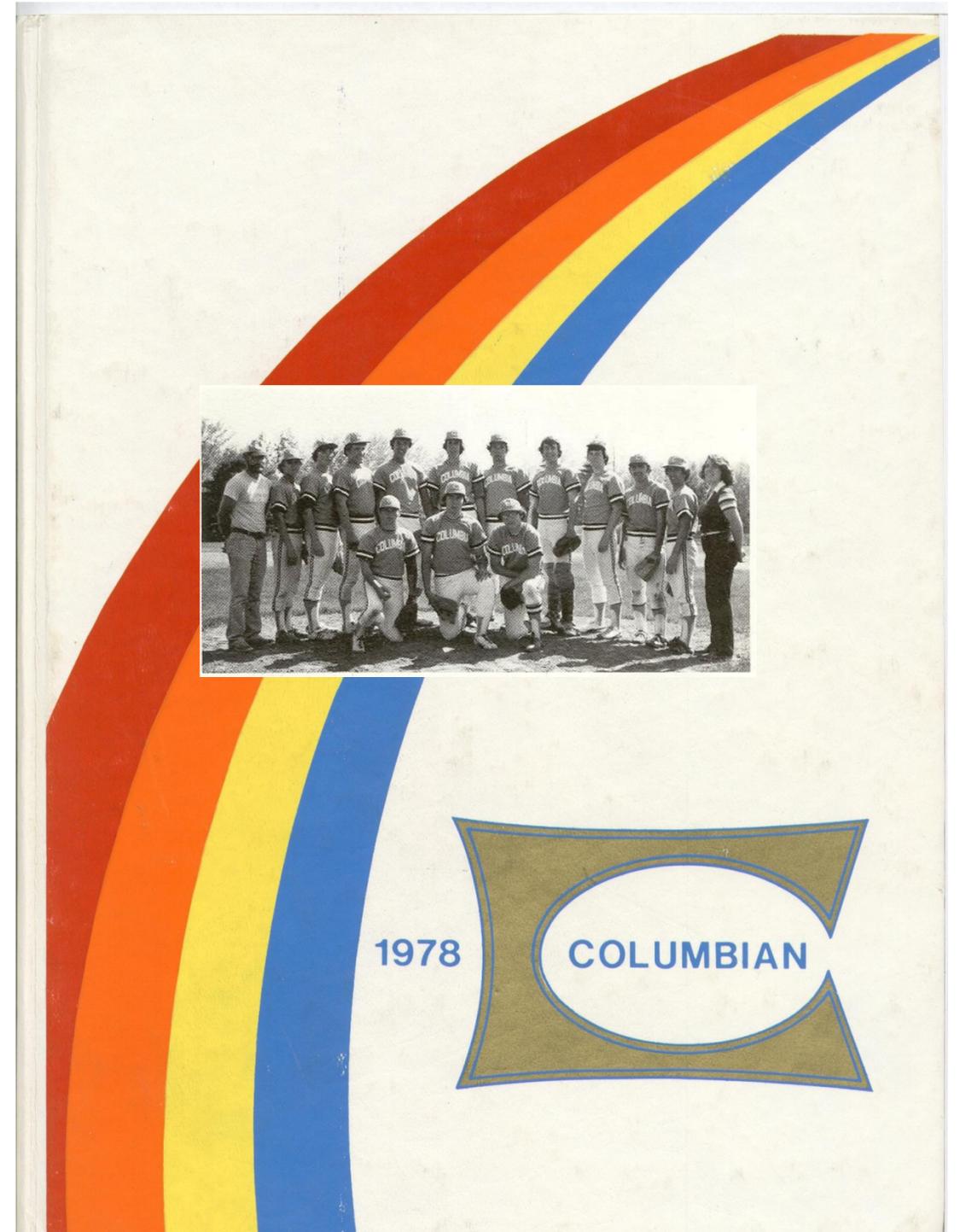
WHO: ...THE ENTIRE DiBELLO FAMILY
WHAT: ...THE SUPER 8MM HOME MOVIE
WHERE: ...DiBELLO HOUSE - PLAYROOM
WHEN: ...THAT SUMMER - IN THE DARK OF NIGHT
WHY: ...THAT SUMMER TRADITION YOU JUST DIDN'T WANT TO MISS

That home movie, being projected on the screen, is over. The white, celluloid, film trailer rolls.
 Mark, in a red hat, drowns in the flood of light. Mark continues, to shout, to Joey, "...open!"
 He catches the football, "drop-spikes" it, and gestures *we're number one*. The red, indicia marking streams down the
 screen. Mark swims into its current.



WHO: SENIORS
WHAT: THE START OF SECOND BEST
WHERE: C.H.S.
WHEN: 11TH GRADE [1977]
WHY: BECAUSE IT'S MARK'S JUNIOR YEAR







Columbia High School

WHO: #80 - MARK DiBELLO
WHAT: GAME FILMS
WHERE: COLUMBIA HIGH SCHOOL (C.H.S.) - AUDITORIUM
WHEN: SEPTEMBER [1978] - MIDDAY
WHY: BECAUSE MARK LOVES TO WATCH HIMSELF ON FILM

The color, 16mm, football game films highlight Mark DiBello #80. The free-safety tackles a ball carrier for a loss. The defensive demon drags a runner out of bounds.

Offensively, the tight end flags down an aerial.

The film on the large projection screen plays on.

Back on the defensive, #80 stops an enemy player for no gain. From his defensive back position, he makes a thrilling interception.

By only the light of the projection, the stairs climb up between the vacant plastic molded seats. A semi-silhouetted image lopes down the stairs. From the heels of his impeccable white sneakers, his tight albino jeans, and lastly, his DiBello-80 Columbia blue jersey; is the image of the lean, 6'2", 190-lb., handsome, short black-haired, pencil-thin mustached, with more teeth than a chain saw, self-confident athlete.

The final two highlights roll of a tough "catch-in-traffic," by the rangy receiver, and a timely touchdown. Standing against the projection, a three-dimensional Mark Anthony DiBello appears to *come to life*. He positions himself behind a podium placed there.

Mark addresses the empty room, "Thank you."

At the main door, a teacher flicks on the lights. Mark reacts to that intrusion. He looks away and shouts, "Oh!" Mark sprints up the steps. He plugs the projector while a celluloid stream of film gushes onto the floor.

DiBello brothers lead Columbia win

Brothers Mark and Joe DiBello combined to put on an awesome offensive show as they led the Columbia Blue Devils to an impressive 27-14 win over Troy High in the season opener for both teams September 16.

Joe, a junior quarterback in his first varsity start, showed the poise of a veteran passing for two touchdowns, leading the team in rushing with 57 yards in 10 carries and completing six passes out of 10 attempts for 73 yards and no interceptions.

Mark, a senior letterman, caught three of this brother's aerials for 35 yards, including a six-yard tally and scampered 75 yards on a punt return to add six more to the Columbia score.

On defense, Mark was credited with one of four Devil interceptions.

Supporting the DiBello's was a fantastic cast consisting of Jed Bradley, who returned an interception 25 yards to paydirt to open the scoring for Columbia in the first quarter.

Also, John Wilber who tallied on a three-yard pass from DiBello and Jeff Bender who rushed for 55 yards in 16 carries.

The Columbia offense, tabbed by head coach Jim Berrier as a conceivable explosive unit, didn't disappoint their coach, leading Troy in total yardage 156-128.

Tom Miller and Kip Sheldon added to the super Devil effort, kicking two and one PAT's respectively.

An excellent effort by Columbia's defensive backs accounted for four interceptions including, Bradley's opening score, DiBello's grab and one each by Dough Sheldon and George Barna.

Neil Breedlove broke through the Troy offensive line to sack the Trojan quarterback four times. Breedlove's effort was indicative of the outstanding attitude on this 1978 Columbia Football team.

Jim Miller, Kip Sheldon, Paul VanZandt, Bill Rapp, Ed Miano and Riek Piel, along with those defensive players already mentioned, did a fabulous job of holding Troy to 86 yards rushing.

Improvement in this team will take place every week. This is a very young group and to win over Troy in our first

game, makes the staff very pleased," head coach Jim Berrier said.

"We did have many breakdowns on the line but needless to say, experience is the best teacher. The boys did an adequate job and will have their work cut out for them Saturday when we open Suburban Council play, home against a tough Guilderland team."

Scoring for Troy High were, Leonard Davis on a four-yard run and Zeke Mauzone, on a seven-yard pass from Mark Julian. Mike Peterson led the Trojans with a total of 71 yards gained.

Co-captains for this year were named just prior to this game and they are Jed Bradley and Kip Sheldon, both seniors.

Columbia Blue Devils vs. Troy Trojans - Troy High, Troy, NY. - September 16, 1978

First quarter

Columbia: Bradley 25 interception return (Miller kick), XX:XX. Drive: N/A. **Columbia 7-0.**

Second quarter

Troy: Davis 4 run (two-point run failed), XX:XX. Drive: N/A. Key Plays: N/A. **Columbia 7-6.**

Columbia: Wilbur 3 pass from J. DiBello (kick failed), XX:XX. Drive: 11 plays, 68 yards. Key Plays: Bender 17-yard reception from J. DiBello on 2nd-and-6 to Troy 35; J. DiBello 12-yard on 3rd-and-4 to Troy 6. **Columbia 13-6.**

Third quarter

Columbia: Mark DiBello 75 punt return (Miller kick), 12:00. **Columbia 20-6.**

Columbia: Mark DiBello 6 pass from J. DiBello (K. Sheldon kick), XX:XX. Drive: N/A. Key Plays: N/A **Columbia 27-6.**

Fourth quarter

Troy: Mauzone 7 pass from Julian (Davis run), XX:XX. Drive: N/A. Key Plays: N/A **Columbia 27-14.**

Columbia 27, Troy 14

Columbia	7	6	14	0 - 27
Troy	0	6	0	8 - 14

Team statistics

	COL	TROY
First Downs	10	11
Total net yards	156	128
Total plays	39	44
Average gain	4.0	2.9
Net yards rushing	83	86
Rushes	29	28
Average per rush	2.9	3.0
Net yards passing	71	75
Completed-attempted	6-11	9-15
Yards per pass	11.8	8.3
Had intercepted	0	4
Punts-average	3-40.0	4-35.0
Return yardage	194	80
Punts-returns	3-94	3-X
Kickoffs-returns	3-68	5-X
Interceptions-returns	4-32	0
Penalties-yards	9-89	10-114
Fumbles-lost	X-2	X-1
Time of possession	N/A	N/A

Player statistics

Missed field goals: None.

Columbia rushing: J. DiBello 10-57, Bender 16-55, Bradley, 2-minus 3, Czerno 1-minus 2.

Troy rushing: Peterson 12-72, Davis X-X (TD)

Columbia passing: J. DiBello 6-11 for 71 yards, 0 INT, 2 TD.

Troy passing: Julian 9-15 for 75 yards, 4 INT, 1 TD.

Columbia receiving: Mark DiBello 3-38 (TD), Wilbur 2-16 (TD), Bender 1-17

Troy receiving: Not Available

Columbia tackles-assists-sacks (unofficial): Breedlove X-X-4, Mark DiBello 6-2-0

Troy tackles-assists-sacks (unofficial): Glover X-15-X

Turnovers - Interceptions: Columbia (Bradley 1 for 25 yards (TD), D. Sheldon 1 for 0 yards, Mark DiBello 1 for 12 yards, Barna 1 for -5 yards); Troy, none. **Fumbles:** Columbia (J. DiBello, N/A); Troy (Julian). **Opponent's fumbles recovered:** Columbia (Bellinger); Troy, (N/A, N/A).

A: N/A **T:** 1:00.

WHO: FRIENDS, SCOTT REYNOLDS, TOMMY, "COOKIE," "THE GENERAL," MIKE "CHIFF," CHRIS GRASSO, ANNE MARIE GREGOLI, ROBIN HUTCHINSON, ANNIE, HELENE

WHAT: FRIENDS?

WHERE: C.H.S. - HALLWAY

WHEN: SAME DAY

WHY: FRIENDS!

The self-humored, image-conscious, fun-loving Mark exits the auditorium. A buzzer sounds, releasing his schoolmates from their rooms. Mark hugs, kisses, gags, waves, shakes hands, pops in doors, and disciples friends along his way. He zigzags, toting the canister of film as if it were a football or book. A pretty high schooler travels past—he pays no attention, but the kid beside him double takes. The equal in proportion, blonde, All-American kid coupled with him, is his best friend: Scott Reynolds. Scott asks, "What's your project on?"

Mark asks, "When's it due?"

Scott, checking his watch, says, "A long time from now...5 minutes."

"Uh-oh!"

They reach the lobby. Against the wall, stands the lineup of Mark's closest male friends:

Tommy is cool; he's attractive, with a medium build and brown hair. Cookie (Paul) is smart; he is Irish in appearance. Scott takes his place as Mark's right-hand man.

Mark stands center stage.

To Mark's left: The General is a comedic, transplanted Brooklynite; who, although pleasing in appearance, is shaped like a bowling pin. Mike Chiff is a shy, handsome, short, Italian boy. And Chris Grasso has grown into a dark, handsome fellow.

A railing, overlooking ground level, connects the wall with the staircase. Against it are: Anne Marie and Robin Hutchinson, the similar in appearance, brown-haired, buxom friends.

Mark jokes, to Anne Marie and Robin, "Hey, men..." Saying to his pals, "...and you guys too!" He points at the two girls; the brunt of his ridicule. He then jests, to his gang, "What... they move detention to the hallway?" He says, to Chris, "Chris—don't jump!" With goading emphasis, he says, "...Chiff!" Mark flags to The General and commissions Scott to also salute. "Scotty..."

Scott, with respect, acknowledges, "General." Scott intentionally beans Mark with his salute's follow-through.

Annie, a cute, brown-haired girl; escorts a shy, "sweet-as-apple-pie," blonde, over to identify the lineup. Annie says, "Hi, Tommy...Hi, Paul...Scott."

Mark says, "Annie!"

"Hi, Mark...Hi, guys...Hi, Mike."

Mark says, "Annie, you look cute today—you're the second prettiest girl standing there."

Annie asks, "Do all you guys remember Helene?"

Helene says, "Hi, Mark."

"What's up, Helen?" He throws his arm around her and pretends to take off (*like high school guys do*). "I'll see you guys later." He resets. "Here...I'll tell you who everybody is..." Each friend seems to draw closer to Mark. "...That's Tommy 'Jordache.' Cookie, next to him...Cookie's our social director. Down there's Chris Grasso...he plays music, but we like him anyway. That shy guy is Mike Chiff...now ya gotta watch out for him."

Scott and Chris jibe, "Chiff!"

Mark says, "You know my right-hand man, Scotty Reynolds. Don't forget...in case you ever need somewhere to hang—Scotty's mom is the nurse..."

Mike, identifiably intrusive, says, "Mrs. Reynolds."

Having *made the break (like high school guys do)*, Mike suffers the consequences. Scott says, "That's good, Mike."

Cookie jokes, to Scott, "If he talks baseball with her—we're all in trouble! He strikes out more than Nolan Ryan."

Mark says, "...And this is: The General."

Mark and Scott respectfully salute once more.

Scott says, "The commander and leader of the troops!"

The General, in his thick accent, circumvents cultural boundaries between Brooklyn and "Miss Americana." He properly introduces himself, by diplomatically extending his hand. "Paul..."

Mark breaks the accord when his eyes are misdirected downward. "General...your toes point up!" Granted diplomatic immunity, Mark steps on The General's toes. "General—keep your toes down!"

Tommy, Cookie, Scott and Chris tease, "General!"

Scott says, "Oh, yeah!"

As the laughing ceases, Cookie and Tommy flee the great wall. Cookie says, to Tommy, "I've never seen that before...I wonder why that is?"

Tommy jokes, "I think it means he likes her."

The school buzzer sounds. The stragglers head for class. Mark stands alone. He bolts down the stairs.

Scott asks, "Where are you going?"

Mark says, "I'll meet you in class." In approximately 4 steps—Mark covers 20 hurtling down the stairs. At the base of the stairwell, lies the reception area adjoined to the principal's office.

Mark politely barges past the secretary. "Hi. I just need to leave this on Mr. Patricia's desk."

He courteously knocks on the half-open door before entering.

WHO: PRINCIPAL CHARLIE PATRICIA

WHAT: MARK'S BACK ON THE DEFENSE

WHERE: C.H.S. - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

WHEN: SAME DAY

WHY: IT'S THE PRINCIPLE



Principal Charlie Patricia is an appealing forty-year-old with a dark tan. A respected leader, but a friend also—he speaks on the phone. "Hold on..." He says, to Mark, "...great game Saturday—offense and defense."

"Thanks, Mr. Patricia."

"Let me call you back..." He hangs up, saying to Mark, "Oh, by the way—your homeroom teacher's been complaining you haven't been showing up for attendance. She said..." He relays her disbelief. "...Last year, you were tardy 56 times?"

Mark shrugs. "My classes were in the afternoon."

"What should I tell her? How's the school gonna know when you're here?"

"I don't know...when you see me—you know I'm here...I gotta go."

"You report to me from now on—that's what I'll tell her."

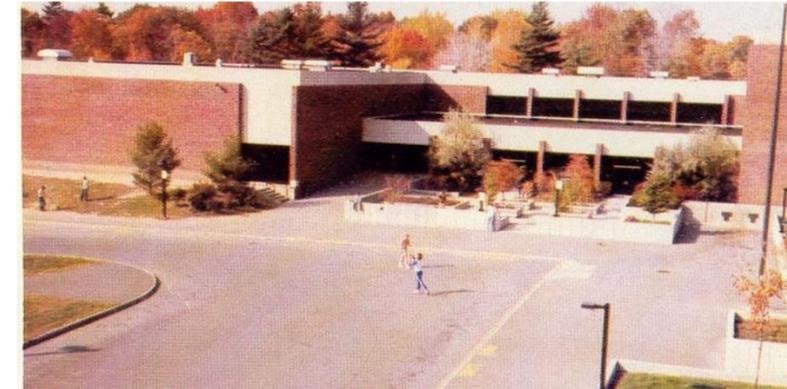
WHO: MARK

WHAT: APPEARING THROUGH THE LARGE WINDOW IN THE OFFICE, MARK RUNS FROM ENTRANCE TO ENTRANCE

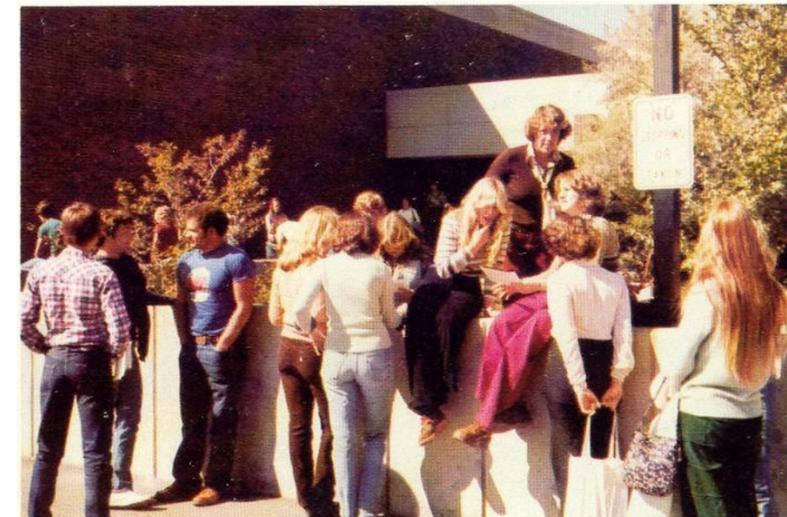
WHERE: OUTSIDE C.H.S. - BYPASSING THE SMOKING LOUNGE

WHEN: CONTINUING

WHY: "ARE YOU..."



A burly, curly-haired vandal heaves an orange at our hero. Other smokers "Boo," fling cigarette butts, and heckle. Mark approaches the bay of entrance doors. An admiring blonde exits an adjoining door as Mark crashes head first into the sturdy glass. He stumbles backward in a daze, clutching his forehead. "Oh!" She responds to his injury—he's pulled a prank. She asks, "Are you..." He snickers at his staged, *Stooges-like*, stunt.



WHO: THE STARTING LINEUP - THE PLAYERS TO BE NAMED LATER

WHAT: "ARE YOU..."

WHERE: INSIDE THE DiBELLO HOUSE - KITCHEN

WHEN: MORNING

WHY: "...ALRIGHT..."

Mother DiBello stands behind a countertop. Eight lunch bags are aligned in succession. Folded clothing is stacked nearby. Each DiBello child is presented their daily offering.

SUSAN - 7-years-old - is very short. She has brown hair and walks with a limp. Mom, reaching low, says, "...alright, Susie...don't forget we've got a doctor's appointment after school."

JULIE - 8 - is tall. She has light, short-brown hair and long legs. Mom says, "Spider...keep an eye on Susie."

AMY - 10 - is athletic. She has short-black hair. She grabs her own bag and is gone. Mom cautions, "Amy, slow down!"

TONI - 11 - is petite. She has auburn, shoulder-length hair. Mom says, "Hey, Red...thanks for your help."

BRAD - 12 - is short. He has short-brown hair. Mom hands him his books. Mom says, "Bladley...don't forget your homework."

LISA - 15 - is solid. She has short-brown hair. Mom asks, "Leese...can I do something for you, Honey?"

JOEY - 16 - is very athletic. He is medium height with short-brown hair. Mom tosses a pitchout. Mom says, "Number-12...Get out of bounds!"

Mom, loudly calls, "Stretch! You're gonna be..."

WHO: "STRETCH," SCOTT REYNOLDS, NANCY, MISS CORRIGAN

WHAT: "...YOU'RE GONNA BE..."

WHERE: INSIDE A C.H.S. - CLASSROOM

WHEN: DAYTIME

WHY: "...LATE AS USUAL."

Through a small, rectangular-windowed door, Mark drifts by the classroom—then relocates it—and skulks in. Scott Reynolds gives a presentation at the podium. Mark carries something. He crouches, along the wall, next to Nancy; a pretty, brown-haired girl.

Nancy whispers, "...late as usual."

"Dramatic, Nance."

Scott finishes his public speaking presentation. "...And that's how you clean soccer shoes."

Scott heads back to his seat near Nancy.

Miss Corrigan, a Lucille Ball resemblance, is as carefree as a student herself. She rises from her desk. "Thanks, Scott."

Mark says, to Scott, in passing, "Nice concept."

A satiated Scott winks at his pal.

From the lectern, Miss Corrigan propositions Mark, "What do you say, Mark? After that dramatic entrance—you're up."

Mark procrastinating, says, "Um...Miss Corrigan...I'm not really ready...um...you see...my dog ate my notes."

Miss Corrigan, playing along, says, "That's original, Mark...but I don't think so."

"You're right, Miss Corrigan, that's not true...I'm sorry...I lied. I'm sorry, class..." He's overtaken. "Scotty's dog ate my notes!"

Miss Corrigan says, "Very funny..."

Mark hauls his football equipment to the platform.

She continues, "...you're on, hot shot!"

WHO: COLUMBIA BLUE DEVILS

WHAT: "...YOU'RE ON, HOT SHOT!" - THE GENUINE ARTICLE AND A BOX SCORE

WHERE: COLUMBIA HIGH SCHOOL

WHEN: 22-October 24, 1978 GAN Press

WHY:

Senior Mark credited with finest career game

DiBello boys help sting Shaker 23-22



22-October 24, 1978 GAN Press

Senior Mark credited with finest career game

DiBello boys help sting Shaker 23-22

Columbia receiver Mark DiBello capped a flawless pass catching performance with a great reception near midfield with less than five minutes to play and Columbia trailing 22-17. The rangy receiver weaved, shook off tacklers, and juiced his way completely across the field and then downfield to just short of the goal line, leaving behind a wake of would be tacklers. With one defender remaining and the talented receiver running out of gas the play ended. That set up Columbia's winning score, a power run up the middle by Jim Miller.

The next series of downs was the Shaker last real chance for victory and they were up to the task as they moved into Columbia territory. Enter pass defender Mark DiBello. Leaping high and falling hard backward, the versatile youngster thwarted the comeback as he held onto the ball for an outstanding interception.

Except for a hard hit while in mid-air that knocked the wind out and kept DiBello out for one play, the sturdy youngster contributed on every play, offense, defense and special teams.

Brother Joey showed yet another talent as the gifted quarterback stifled Shaker all afternoon with sensational long

and high picture perfect spiral punts. He also fielded a sharp grounder on an errant snap as holder for the one field goal attempt. That superb ball handling and Tom Miller's excellent line drive field goal actually proved the margin difference in the score.

The Columbian victory was sparked by the play of the DiBello brothers, Joe and Mark, Jeff Bender, Jed Bradley and Jim Miller.

Bradley, who has put in some fine performances this season on defense, stepped into the halfback spot when starter Jeff Bender left the game in the second quarter with an ankle injury and did more than an adequate job for the Devils. Bender was on his way to super game and his presence was sorely missed.

On defense, Bradley had one interception, assisted on another, made a bone-crushing tackle on a Shaker runner attempting a PAT after their first score and added nine other tackles in the game from his corner-back spot.

The passing game for Columbia was magnificent with Joe DiBello exhibiting pinpoint control making good on 10 of 12 attempts for 97 yards.

On the receiving end of eight of those pass completions was Mark DiBello, Columbia's big tight end, who demonstrated the uncanny ability to gather in the ball while always in a crowd.

DiBello's leaping and fantastic footwork after the receptions brought the spectators to their feet. He accounted for 88 of the 103 yards in passing for Columbia.

Bender, before leaving the game, left his mark with 99 yards in eight carries including a 66-yard touchdown run to put the Devils in front early in the game.

Ted Bielawa scored on a five-yard run giving the Devils a 12-0 lead, then the DiBello brothers combined for the PAT score making it Columbia 14-0 in the first quarter.

Shaker got on the board before the half when Chris Terzian picked up a pitchout that bounced to him and ran up the sideline outrunning the Columbia secondary for a 53-yard TD score. The PAT failed.

The Blue Bison stunned the spectators and Columbia players alike when quarterback Jim Kehrer spotted Gary Nugent in the end zone all alone and lofted the ball to him for a 42-yard score. Nugent also made good on the PAT, tying the game at 14-14 in the third period.

A fourth period Tom Miller 24-yard field goal put the Devils on top 17-14 but that lead was short lived, as Kehrer found Nugent on the very next series, scoring on a five-yard pass play. Terzian got the PAT for Shaker for a 22-17 edge.

Columbia went to work with Joe DiBello running for a much-needed first down and then, on a third and 12 play, set up the final Columbia score when Mark DiBello hauled in his brother's pass, ending up inside the Shaker ten for a 37-yard gain.

Jim Miller got the call and ran up the middle for a nine-yard tally behind the front line blocking of Rick Scheuffer, Dett Otterbeck and Gerry Helms. Tom Miller's PAT kick was blocked, making the score Columbia 23-Shaker 22.

George Barna who had 12 tackles in the game, made a big play knocking down a Shaker pass with nine seconds left in the game. Jim Miller making the final saving tackle on a sideline run, to choke off any hopes of a Shaker score. Miller had 13 tackles.

Offensively, Columbia amassed 259 yards, while Shaker had 226. Penalties played a big part in this contest, with the Devils being called for seven mistakes and 95 yards and Shaker six for 69 yards.

Coach Jim Berrier summed up the win this way, "We were lucky to come out on top in this one. I think the boys became too complacent after going up 14-0 early in the game."

"Our secondary coverage broke down and we gave the ball too many times on fumbles. Those mistakes will have to be eliminated if we want to win over 3-1-1 Amsterdam this week. Our specialty teams held us in this game," Berrier said.

The Junior Varsity downed Shaker 10-7 and the Frosh trounced Colonie 26-6.

Statistics

	Shak.	Col.
First Downs	8	14
Rushes-Yards	26-135	46-166
Passing Yards	91	103
Return Yards	78	62
Passes	8-17-3	10-12-0
Punts	4-33-7	2-31-5
Fumbles Lost	0	2
Penalties-Yards	9-95	6-80

Shaker Blue Bison vs. Columbia Blue Devils - Columbia High School, East Greenbush, NY.

First quarter

Columbia: Bender 66 run (kick failed), 12:39. Drive: N/A. **Columbia 6-0.**

Columbia: Bielawa 5 run (J. DiBello pass to Mark DiBello), XX:XX. Drive: N/A. Key Plays: Bender 14-yard run to Shaker 17. **Columbia 14-0.**

Second quarter

Shaker: Terzian 53 run (kick failed), 6:40. Drive: N/A. Key Plays: N/A. **Columbia 14-6.**

Third quarter

Shaker: Nugent 42 pass from Kehrer (Kehrer pass to Nugent), 6:46. Drive: N/A. Key Plays: N/A. **Score tied 14-14.**

Fourth quarter

Columbia: FG T. Miller 24, 11:26. Drive: N/A. Key Plays: Mark DiBello 5-yard reception from J. DiBello on 1st-and-10 to Shaker 49; Teal 13-yard reception from J. DiBello on 2nd-and-5 to Shaker 36; Mark DiBello 8-yard reception from J. DiBello on 2nd-and-7 to Shaker 13. **Columbia 17-14.**

Shaker: Nugent 5 pass from Kehrer (Terzian run), 2:38. Drive: N/A. Key Plays: Nazarian 31-yard run.

Shaker 22-17.

Columbia: J. Miller 9 run (kick failed), 5:27. Drive: N/A. Key Plays: Mark DiBello 5-yard reception from J. DiBello on 2nd-and-9 to Columbia 36; J. DiBello 9-yard run on 3rd-and-4 to Columbia 45; Mark DiBello 49-yard reception from J. DiBello to Shaker 9. **Columbia 23-22.**

Columbia 23, Shaker 22

Shaker	0	6	8	8 - 22
Columbia	14	0	0	9 - 23



Team statistics

	SHA	COL
First Downs	8	14
Total net yards	226	281
Total plays	43	58
Average gain	5.3	4.8
Net yards rushing	135	166
Rushes	26	46
Average per rush	5.2	3.6
Net yards passing	91	118
Completed-attempted	8-17	10-12
Yards per pass	11.3	11.8
Had intercepted	3	0
Punts-average	4-33.7	2-31.5
Return yardage	78	62
Punts-returns	N/A	N/A
Kickoffs-returns	N/A	N/A
Interceptions-returns	0-0	3-X
Penalties-yards	9-95	6-80
Fumbles-lost	X-0	X-2
Time of possession	N/A	N/A

Player statistics

Missed field goals: None.

Shaker rushing: Terzian 14-83 (TD).

Columbia rushing: Bender 8-99 (TD), J. DiBello XX-XX, Bradley XX-XX, J. Miller 1-9 (TD), Bielawa 1-5 (TD).

Shaker passing: Kehrer 8-17 for 91 yards, 3 INT, 2 TD.

Columbia passing: J. DiBello 10-12 for 118 yards, 0 INT, 0 TD.

Shaker receiving: Nugent 2-47 (2TD), Terzian XX-XX

Columbia receiving: Mark DiBello 8-100, Teal 1-13, Wilbur 1-7

Shaker tackles-assists-sacks (unofficial): N/A

Columbia tackles-assists-sacks (unofficial): Miller 13-X-X, Mark DiBello X-X-X

Turnovers - Interceptions: Shaker, none; Columbia (Mark DiBello 1 for 0 yards, Bradley 1 for X yards, Barna 1 for X yards). **Fumbles:** Shaker, none; Columbia (3 players). **Opponent's fumbles recovered:** Shaker (2 players); Columbia, none.

A: N/A **T:** 1:00.

WHO: TONY DiBELLO

WHAT: "...YOU'RE ON, HOT SHOT!"

WHERE: INSIDE COLUMBIA HIGH SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM

WHEN: GAME DAY

WHY: PRE-GAME WARM-UPS - COLONIE VS. COLUMBIA

Mark's white grin shines against the "eye-black" ointment underlining his eyes. The sounds of football reverberate throughout the locker room. At the foot of his locker, he makes the sign of the cross and bows his head in preparation. Slowly, lifting his head, the warrior capsulizes his skull in the molded, plastic shell. This gladiator's volcanic intensity erupts.

At the field, one of the fans, in the stands, is Tony DiBello. He shoots color, Super 8mm, home movies of Mark and Joey in pre-game warm-ups. Mark fields a punt; then catches a bomb from Joe.

Over the public address system, the announcer says, "Colonie versus Columbia."

At the pre-game introductions, the announcer introduces, "...Number-80, Mark DiBello..." Mark gallops past a gauntlet of cheerleaders.

The announcer continues, "...and number-75, Bill Rapp."

Mark slows his gait.



WHO: MR. PATRICIA AND...

WHAT: THE GREENBUSH AREA NEWS & THE FILM

WHERE: C.H.S. - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE **'Cardiac' Columbia**

WHEN: DAYTIME

WHY: MARK - ANTHONY DiBELLO IS A WRITER/DIRECTOR

Principal Patricia is seated at his desk.

Mark walks in. He hand-delivers a copy of the *Greenbush Area News*. He plops himself down in a chair and says, "Hot off the presses!"

Mr. Patricia cuts the tabloid, like a deck of cards, exacting the sports page. The principal begins to read aloud. His impromptu impersonation of a sports broadcaster vicariously replays and highlights the play-by-play recap of the game.

Mr. Patricia reads: "Columbia fans feel the experience. For the third time this season, the game ended with identical situations for the Devils..."

Anthony DiBello films: The fans in the stands. Among them: young Amy DiBello, and a fan wearing an Ithaca College sweatshirt.

Mr. Patricia continues: "...Before a homecoming crowd..."

Anthony DiBello films: an incomplete reception to number-80. While fans express their reactions, one fan decrees: "...Guy got in front of him..."

"The offense began to bring the crowd to its feet on key plays."

Number-12, Joe DiBello, throws an interception in the vicinity of #80, Mark DiBello.

Mr. Patricia reports: "Colonie had six points after intercepting a Columbia pass...First quarter: Garnet Raiders commanding 18-0."

Anthony DiBello films: a game-saving tackle by #80 on a long opposition pass.

Mr. Patricia reads: "On Colonie's pass...defender DiBello accounted for Columbia."

Later in the series, the scoreboard reads 24-8. And there is a successful Colonie extra-point.

"Colonie scored for their 25-8 bulge."

Anthony DiBello films: the hard to detect scramble for a loose ball.

Mr. Patricia reads: "Mark DiBello falling on a Colonie fumble in its own territory...set up the second Columbia TD...closing the score at half." He pauses. Mr. Patricia continues: "The Columbia stiff defense led by..."

Number-80 is in pursuit.

The announcer notes: "Knocked out of bounds by DiBello, number-80."

"...and Ed Miano got the ball back." The principal reads: "The Devils went to work. Highlighted by..."

Anthony DiBello films: Number-80's sideline catch.

Announced as: "DiBello's pass is complete to DiBello, and DiBello takes..."

Later, in the same series: a sprawling #80 seeks reversal on an impromptu interference call.

Mr. Patricia reads: "...and a play from Joe DiBello, on a pitchout to Mark—who then..."

Anthony DiBello films: the razzle-dazzle, fake run by Mark—who... "...passed back to Joe."

Later, in the same series, Anthony DiBello films: Joe's touchdown dive to the vocal delight of the cheerleaders.

"With a TD run—the Devils within three, 25-22..."

Anthony DiBello films: the ambushed extra-point...and #80's calm command standing alone on the defensive.

"The P.A.T. was blocked." Mr. Patricia draws the newspaper nearer to himself. "...with 3:36 in the game..."

Mr. Patricia reads: "On their own six-yard line...running led Columbia down the field..."

Anthony DiBello films: Blue Devil player #41, breaking past the scrimmage line. The crowd roars. "

...where tight end Mark DiBello..."

Anthony DiBello films: the clock-stopping sideline snag is by "who else": number-80.

The crowds roar builds. The bassoon blows.

The announcer vigorously keeps speed: "DiBello's pass is complete to DiBello and he's out..."



The equally excited principal reads: "1:20 left!"
The Columbia offense is unleashed at the line and ready to explode. Joe rolls out; he's rushed, a fervent fan warns, "Behind'ya!" Joe fires long. The play, in mid-flight...captures the God-gifted grace of #80 as he glides over the enemy snaring the "bomb." The play, consummating "the catch," catapults the allied cohorts from their seat cushions.

It's not over yet!
*Near the goal line, two uneventful plays lead to...
 "A Columbia..."
 The "zebra's" yellow "hankie" flies in the breeze, on an attempted play "up-the-gut."
 The P.A. announcer reports: "Penalty..."
 "It moved the ball back to the six...time ticking away...seconds left!"
 Mark is emotionally in kilter. He notes: "Berrier wanted to kick for the tie...So I told Joe..."
 Mr. Patricia reads: "The junior quarterback, behind Gerry Helm..."
 Joe launches himself, skyward, toward the team's goal, in a mid-air somersault. He's up!
 He's in!*

The frantic fans declare victory. It's DiBello Day! Mark medics to his stunned brother. The scoreboard, dotted with lights, tallies 29-25 with 25 seconds remaining. The big bass resounds. The band plays on.

The announcer reminds, "Don't forget the reception after the game in the cafeteria for the players."

Mr. Patricia reads, to Mark: "The game ended when safety Mark DiBello went high in the air to grab a pass attempt with 10 seconds left."

Both storyteller and listener are exasperated. They wallow in the victorious afterglow of the historic battle sequence.

In the end, Anthony DiBello films the team's celebration in the school cafeteria.

The cheerleaders sing out: "We are proud of you...say we are proud of you."

Mark is seen sipping from his overflowing cup. Lots is also there. The unseen cord, between Mark and his mother, keeps her close-by.

**'Cardiac' Columbia DiBello, Columbia
 does it again Rally Past Colonie
 Columbia edges Colonie**



WHO: SCOTT

WHAT: AFTER THE HOMECOMING GAME

WHERE: OUTSIDE C.H.S. - NEAR THE GROUND LEVEL LOADING DOCK

WHEN: THAT EVENING - FALL, 1978

WHY: LIKE A FOREIGNER...

Scott and Mark bond and walk side-by-side. Mark's nervous energy forces him to reposition himself to a point, backpedaling, in his buddy's path. The trek gets tougher, especially for Mark—who hiking in reverse—must force his way up the elevated bank to the property's main level.

Mark says, "Ren, listen...I'd like to try it with Sandy."

Scott, shocked into complacency, says, "Go for it."

"I mean...you sure you don't mind—if you're still with her, I won't."

"Nope."

"Cool!"

Mark braces himself against the mountainous red masonry that rises up the embankment. The two images darken, exiting the brick edifice and a non-burning, heap of bonfire limbs and branches.

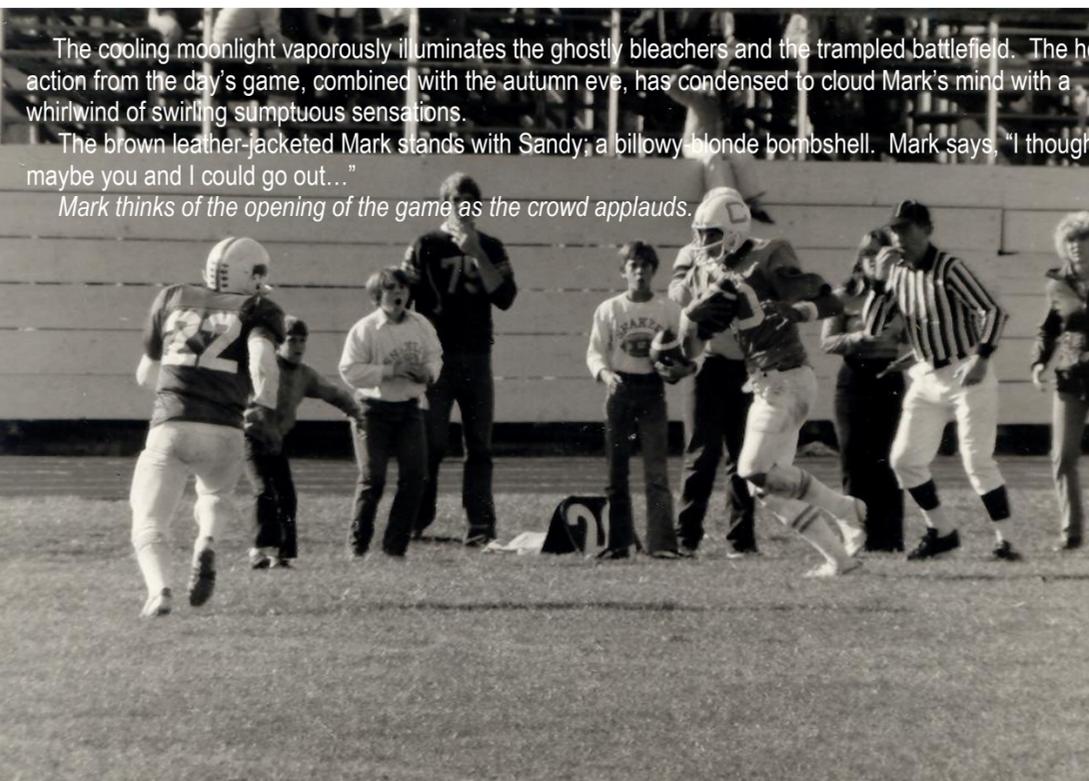
WHO: SANDY

WHAT: ...IT FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME

WHERE: OUTSIDE C.H.S. - THE FOOTBALL FIELD PERIMETER

WHEN: LATER THAT NIGHT - FALL, 1978

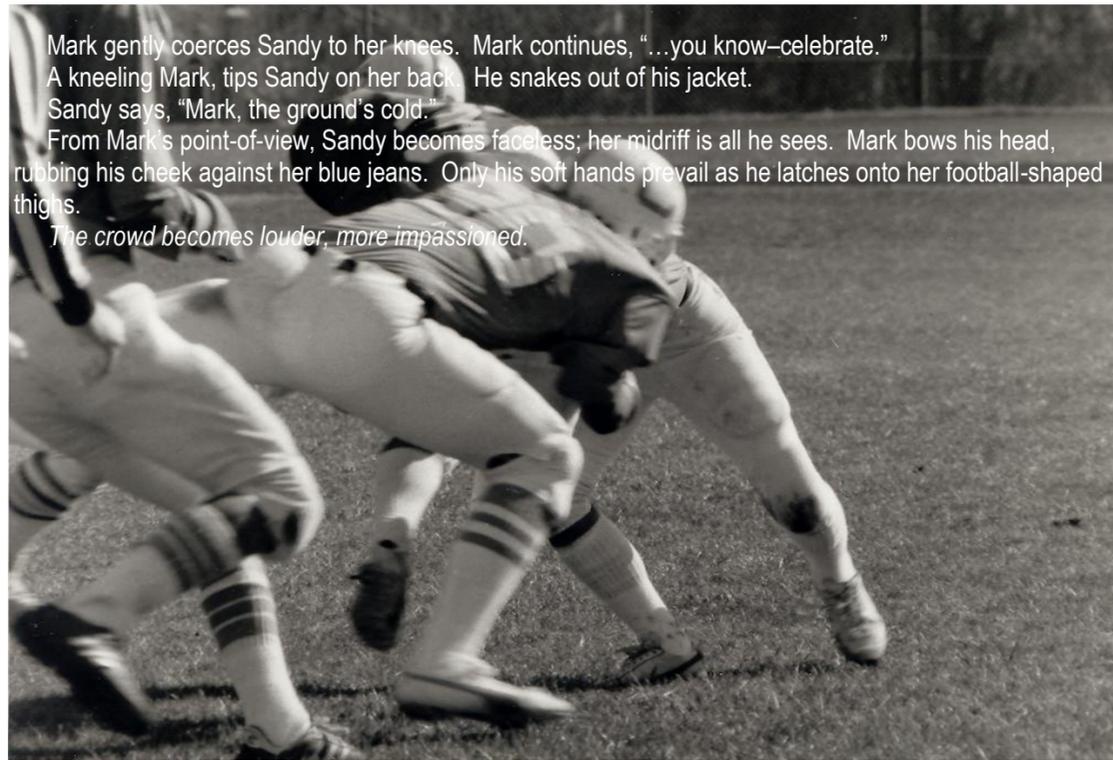
WHY: "...DON'T TAKE IT..."



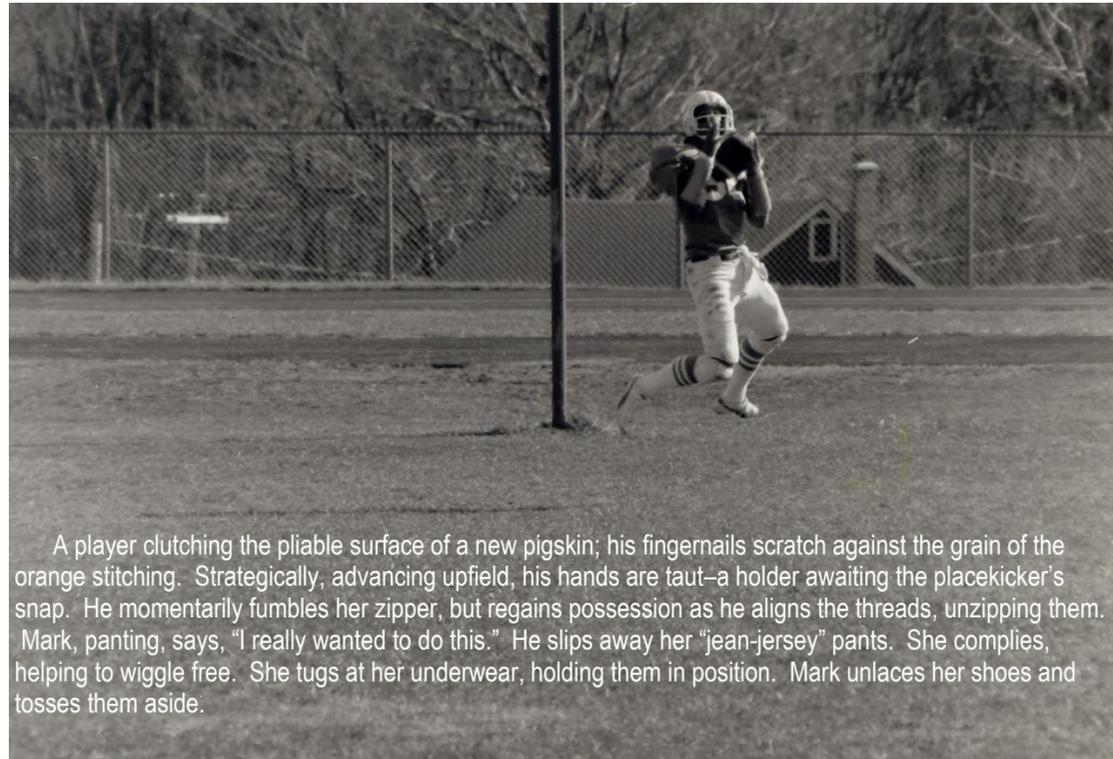
The cooling moonlight vaporously illuminates the ghostly bleachers and the trampled battlefield. The hot action from the day's game, combined with the autumn eve, has condensed to cloud Mark's mind with a whirlwind of swirling sumptuous sensations.

The brown leather-jacketed Mark stands with Sandy, a billowy blonde bombshell. Mark says, "I thought maybe you and I could go out..."

Mark thinks of the opening of the game as the crowd applauds.



Mark gently coerces Sandy to her knees. Mark continues, "...you know—celebrate."
A kneeling Mark, tips Sandy on her back. He snakes out of his jacket.
Sandy says, "Mark, the ground's cold."
From Mark's point-of-view, Sandy becomes faceless; her midriff is all he sees. Mark bows his head, rubbing his cheek against her blue jeans. Only his soft hands prevail as he latches onto her football-shaped thighs.
The crowd becomes louder, more impassioned.

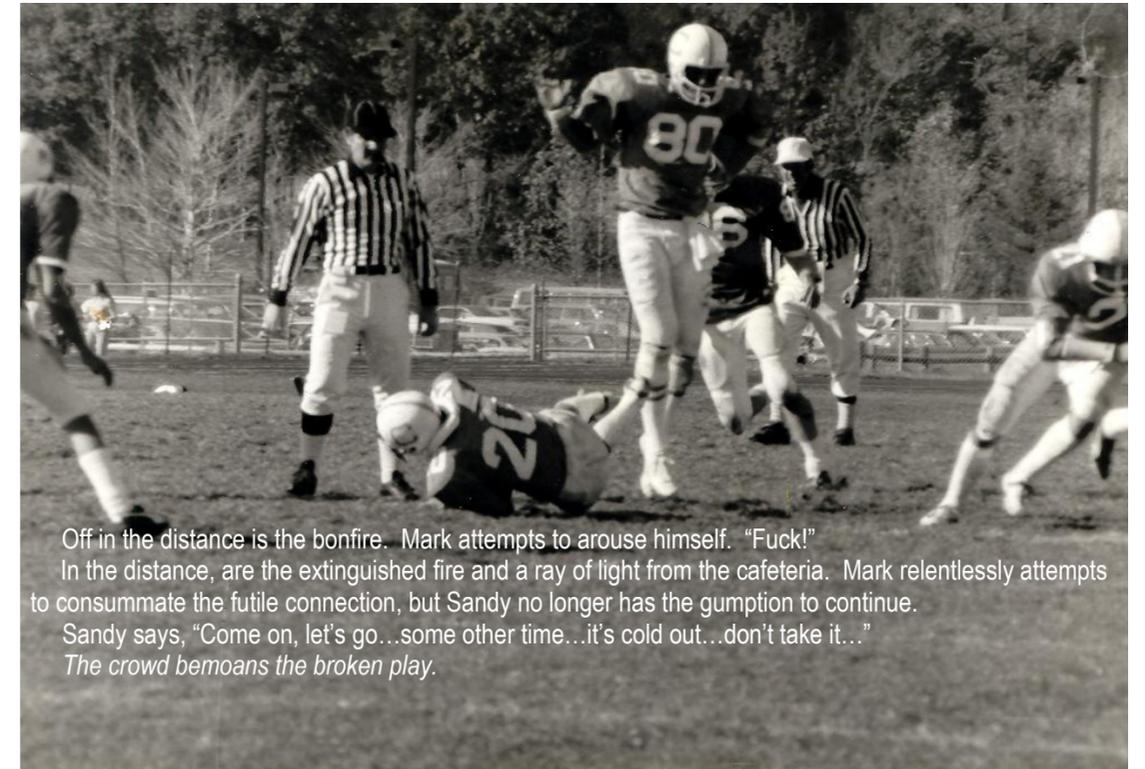


A player clutching the pliable surface of a new pigskin; his fingernails scratch against the grain of the orange stitching. Strategically, advancing upfield, his hands are taut—a holder awaiting the placekicker's snap. He momentarily fumbles her zipper, but regains possession as he aligns the threads, unzipping them. Mark, panting, says, "I really wanted to do this." He slips away her "jean-jersey" pants. She complies, helping to wiggle free. She tugs at her underwear, holding them in position. Mark unlaces her shoes and tosses them aside.



Senior Mark credited with finest career game

Mark caresses the cotton undies, gently pressing the cloth against her voluptuous figure. In a fluid motion—his hands strip away her panties. He quickly zooms in on her crotch. It feels like the exploding bonfire and the accompanying *whoosh!* Mark mutters, "Ummm!"
A butt-naked Mark writhes and thumps atop the mildly aggressive cheerleader. In the distance, the bonfire blazes. The far off sounds of clapping and celebration are drown out by the frustratingly passionate moans and groans.
The crowd is in amazement.



Off in the distance is the bonfire. Mark attempts to arouse himself. "Fuck!"
In the distance, are the extinguished fire and a ray of light from the cafeteria. Mark relentlessly attempts to consummate the futile connection, but Sandy no longer has the gumption to continue.
Sandy says, "Come on, let's go...some other time...it's cold out...don't take it..."
The crowd bemoans the broken play.

WHO: MRS. DiBELLO
WHAT: "...PERSONAL, STRETCH?"
WHERE: INSIDE THE DiBELLO HOUSE - KITCHEN TABLE
WHEN: DAYTIME
WHY: "STRETCH...DID YOUR FATHER EVER TALK TO YOU AND JOEY ABOUT..."

Mrs. DiBello says, to her son, "...personal, Stretch?"
 Mark is seated behind a huge prepared breakfast. He and his mom have a heart-to-heart. Mark says, to his mother, "Sure, Lots."
 The question seems to paint Lots in a corner of the kitchen. Lots asks, "Stretch...did your father ever talk to you and Joey about..."

WHO: SCOTT
WHAT: "...SEX..."
WHERE: INSIDE C.H.S. - THE LOCKER ROOM
WHEN: DAYTIME
WHY: "SEE WHAT..."

The two buddies are seated, having a chat of their own. They've each just returned from practice—Scott, soccer, and Mark, football.

Scott asks, "You seem tense Dibs. What's up, big guy?"
 Mark answers, "I'm pissed at that asshole driver-ed teacher."

"Which one?"
 "You know...not the football guy...the other one..."

"I don't know?"
 "Yes, you do...the goofy one...you know..."

"No. So why are you pissed?"
 "The idiot gave me an F."

Scott sneers. "He gave you and F! Why?"
 "I don't know...the jerk said I was never there...Idiot!"

Scott laughs freely. "You flunked driver-ed."
 Scott continues, by asking Mark, "You wanna practice some more?"

Mark retorts, "The funny thing is...I didn't have to help the kid up."
 Scott, laughing, asks, "Is Lots picking us up?"

Mark answers, "Yeah."
 Scott, changing pace, says, "Don't forget your project tomorrow."

A red-bannered *Daily Racing Form* is propped, comfortably, in Mark's diagonally-grid locker.
 Mark exclaims, "Forget! I can barely remember today's Tuesday."

"It's Wednesday."
 "See what..."



WHO: MR. PATRICIA
"SEE WHAT..." - "...I MEAN..."
WHERE: INSIDE C.H.S. - THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE
WHEN: THE DAYTIME
WHY: "THAT ONE TIME, THOUGH..."

Mr. Patricia asks, "...I mean...Do your parents think you can be anything?"

Charles Patricia
 To MARK:
 I HAVE ENJOYED YOU
 FOR YOUR 4 YEARS here - born
 probably as a student or friend
 I Wishes Always -
 Charles Patricia

KN Thursday, November 9, 1978 2D

Sports

Rankings on the line

Bishop Maginn and Ballston Spa, for weeks the leaders in *The Knickerbocker News* weekly large school and small school football rankings, respectively, can wrap up regular-season honors this weekend. Maginn (8-0) can wrap up the Big 10 and large school rankings title by beating Catholic High Friday night at Bleecker Stadium. Ballston (8-0) can sew up the Colonial Council and small school title Saturday by beating Mechaniville.

K-N rankings

LARGE SCHOOLS

1. Bishop Maginn (8-0)
2. Bethlehem (8-0)
3. CBA (6-2)
4. Albany (6-1)
5. Amsterdam (5-1-1)

SMALL SCHOOLS

1. Ballston Spa (8-0)
2. Albany Academy (7-1)
3. Averill Park (7-0-1)
4. Voorheesville (5-2-1)
5. Watervliet (6-2)

School standings

Team	League			Overall		
	W	L	T	W	L	T
Maginn	7	0	0	8	0	0

DiBello brothers make for a merrier Berrier

COLUMBIA STARS—Columbia High football coach Jim Berrier talks with his offensive aces, quarterback Joe DiBello (right) and end Mark DiBello, during preparations for Saturday's finale against Suburban Council champion Bethlehem.

Mr. Patricia sets the newspaper he reads aside.

Mark and his respected friend have an enlightening conversation. The question asked; travels to the deep recesses of Mark's mind. The answer arrives from his core; delivered behind a quiet smile. "That's funny you should ask me that here...it's weird."

There is a mutual pause. A gust of wind seemingly whistles through the room, derailing the original train of thought.

Mr. Patricia asks, "What's your dad think?"

Mark answers, "I guess he thinks like a typical father."

"What about your mom?"

"You know, the usual...do well in school...make sure you graduate." Mark cannot depart from a recurring image in his mind. "That one time, though...she did say...she thought I'd be a good...um...ah, forget it."

WHO: ANTHONY, JOE

WHAT: MARK IS REMINDED OF A SCENE FROM "SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER." JOHN TRAVOLTA AND HIS CRONIES SITUATE THEMSELVES AT THEIR TABLE. ONCE PLACED, A WAITRESS ASKS, "HI, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE?" JOHN TRAVOLTA RESPONDS...

WHERE: INSIDE AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT

WHEN: A WINTER NIGHT

The red-clad waitress leaves with the order.

Anthony, disillusioned, says, to Mark, "I didn't know...You shouldn't..."

The red ambiance of the establishment glows.



Mark and Joe eating together

Anthony wears a business suit and tie. He continues, "I want to talk to you boys about your future..." Almost sarcastically, he says, "...so take a second and think..."

Number-80 thinks of a pair of adept defensive "pick-offs."

Anthony asks, "What do you think you'd like to do?"

Mark says, "Easy. Get a scholarship, then maybe play pro football."

Anthony says, "You think it's that easy?"

Number-80 thinks of handling a lateral; then the ballistic aerial he unloads, in spiraling perfection, to an allied player. The instrumental refrain from the archaic, infamous, "NFL Films" highlight reels; gloriously blast from within Mark's brain.

Anthony remarks, "You know, sometimes it pays to have something more sound to fall back on." The waitress delivers a drink to Mark, a soda to Joey, and a pitcher of ice water to Anthony.

Mark says, "Thanks."

Best ends he's seen

To the editor:

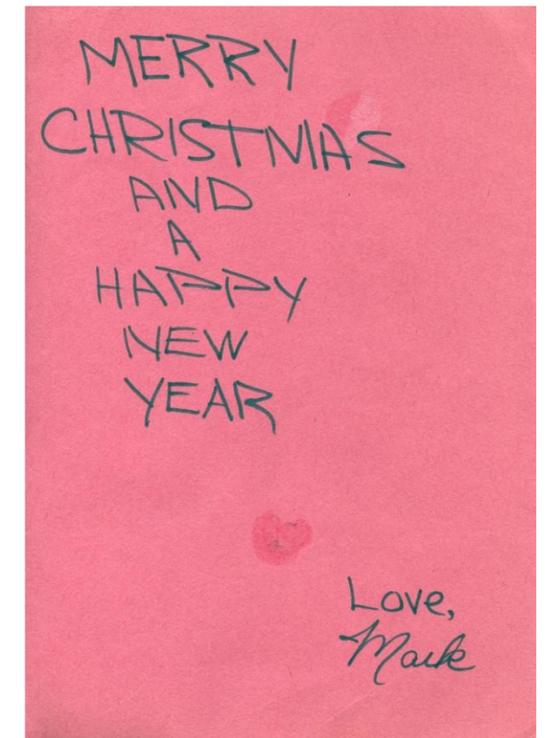
I have been following high school football since 1958. Believe it or not I always said that Robert Smith, now the basketball coach at Columbia High School, was the best offensive end that I ever saw in this area.

But after seeing Mark DiBello play offensive end, I would have to rank him right up there with Coach Smith. Both have good speed, great hands and great balance. It took me 20 years to come up with my two favorite offensive ends.

I would be very surprised if Mark doesn't make the first All-Metroland team.

Burke Adams

Mark thinks about a triple-combination of highlights of three identical football plays; from his angle; each scintillating, sensational, and stupendous. Together, they exemplify the profundity of the paraphrase.



Mark's childhood Christmas card

WHO: GRANDMOTHER BUREK

WHAT: IS IN THE HOUSE

WHERE: C.H.S. GYM

WHEN: [1979]

WHY: MARK AND JOEY ARE PRACTICING BEFORE A BASKETBALL GAME



WHO: THE GENERAL, SCOTT
WHAT: BASKETBALL 0-4-18
WHERE: INSIDE THE PIZZA HUT, PIZZA RESTAURANT
WHEN: NIGHTTIME
WHY: "WE SUCK"



Mark is seated at a large, round, table flanked by The General and Scott. Dressed in dapper winter clothing, the trio indulges in pizza and pitchers of soda. A few high school patrons are scattered about. As he chomps down on a slice of pie, Mark says, "I'm still...I missed that free throw last night. I could've won it for us."

The General, pragmatically, says, "That would've only tied it...we probably still would've lost." Scott says, "Tonight, we played good enough to win."

Mark says, to them, "All I know is—I stuffed Perkins clean and those refs!"

The General tells Mark, "It's Sam Perkins, they have to protect him."

Mark says, to him, "What about us?!"

Scott tells Mark, "I had you covered, big guy."

The General says, "Yeah, you both got thrown out."

Scott, rallying, says, to Mark, "Dibs...0 and 19...What do you say...last game..."

Mark reminds him, "You know me."

WHO: THE GENERAL, SCOTT, COOKIE, HELENE, KIM AND PATTY
WHAT: BASKETBALL 1-4-19
WHERE: INSIDE THE PIZZA HUT, PIZZA RESTAURANT
WHEN: THE NEXT GAME NIGHT
WHY: "BECAUSE OF SCOTT"

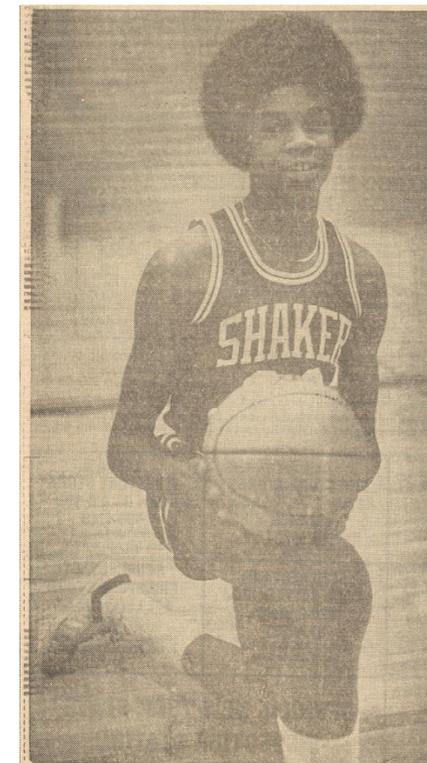
Columbia wins finale for 1-19 season

At a lively, festive, sold-out table, Cookie, Helene, and two attractive brunettes join the trio. The *joint is jumping* with high school patrons, many of whom swirl around Mark. Some cling to his wit; others, his radiant joy; and a few, because he's picking up their tabs.

Mark, collecting checks, says, "Gimme those, I got'em."

Scott says, to him, "You're not gonna pay for them anyway."

Mark says, "They don't know that."



SHAKER'S TALL AND TALENTED SAM PERKINS

FOR the season, the Brooklyn transfer, who because of truancy problems played only one semester of junior varsity ball while at Tilden High, averaged 24.2 points, 16 rebounds and eight blocked shots per game, shooting at a 62 per cent clip from the field and 82 per cent from the free-throw line.

Clarke averaged 21.8 points and 14.6 rebounds per game, scoring 15 or more points in every contest with a high of 32 against Notre Dame of Utica. He grabbed a season-high 25 rebounds against Section 2 Class A champ Queensbury.

1st, 2nd, 3rd teams

Name, School	Ht.	Yr.	Avg.
FIRST TEAM			
Sam Perkins, Shaker	6-9	Jr.	24.2
Tony Traver, Greenwich	6-2	Jr.	25.5
Jim Carona, Colonie	6-0	Sr.	22.9
Dwayne Caldwell, Maginn	6-3	Sr.	22.7
Buddy Clarke, Saratoga	6-1	Sr.	21.8
SECOND TEAM			
Tom Roginski, Scully	5-8	Sr.	22.8
Tyrone Woodard, Linton	6-3	Sr.	22.6
Mike Danish, CCHS	6-4	Sr.	18.4
Dennis Fagan, CCHS	6-5	Sr.	16.9
Jim Cholakis, Albany	6-4	Jr.	14.6
THIRD TEAM			
Mark Roberts, Cohoes	6-4	Sr.	25.0
Marty Robertson, Taconic Hills	6-3	Sr.	23.2
Ron Boya, Waterford	6-3	Sr.	22.4
John Krong, Amsterdam	6-1	Jr.	20.7
Mark Sheehan, Queensbury	5-9	Sr.	18.0

Honorable mentions

Big 10 Conference — Dennis Horne, Donald Smith and Nick Chiniund, Albany; Lou Fedullo, Amsterdam; Rich Foglia, Catholic Central; Sergio Garuffi and Geoff Wolfgang, CBA; Paul Fitzmaurice, Bishop Gibbons; Joe Burke and John Sportman, Bishop Maginn; George Harlow, LaSalle; John Lea and Tom Latsyk, Linton; Brendan Mitchell, Mont Pleasant; Larry Keenan and Gary Nicoli, Troy.

Suburban Council — John Sica, Joe Rutnik and Tom Fiato, Bethlehem; John Grmabee and Jeff Walker, Burnt Hills; Brian White, Colonie; Terry Jones and Mark DiBello, Columbia; Jeff Stracher and Scott Leonard, Guilderland; Gary Jurczynski and John Thotte, Mohonasen; Doug Bonaquist and Paul Massaroni, Niskayuna; Chuck Wayand, Scotia; Mike Budka, Mike Sally and Chuck Meehan, Shaker; Dave McClure, Shenendoway.

Colonial Council — Dave Reed and Dave Steck, Albany Academy; Bill Frederick, Ballston Spa; Joe Bivinsky, Coles; Dave Richburg and Gary Berthiaume, Lansingburgh; Frank Polinello, Mechanicville; Brent Hotelling and Jon Hughes, Ravens; Jim Corcoran, Schalmont; Pete Torncello and Rich Tetrault, Waterford.

OTHERS — Sam Austin and Ned Kirsch, Ichabod Crane; Bill Moylan, Keeney; Charles Coleman and Alvin Morrison, Hudson; Jim Stark, Rensselaer; Mark Speyer, Averill Park; Jim Ohle, Cairo; Bernie Cody, Catskill; John Longhton, Coxsack; Dave Proser and Mandy Fuchs, Germantown; Rich Bamberger, Maple Hill; Kipper Pesce, New Lebanon; Ray Hillibrand, St. Patrick's; Craig Gleason and Tim Lewis, Voorheesville; Jeff Reed and Dan Cronin, Hudson Falls; Everett Shaw, Glens Falls; Steve Brown, Gloversville; Bob Varney, Queensbury; Mike Beach and Nate Lewis, Saratoga; Mark Flanagan, Broadalbin; Jim Winsman, Fonda; Gary Smith, Fort Plain; Bill LeRoux, Saratoga Central Catholic; Todd Montavne, Mayfield; Lee Saunders, Greenwich; Tom Luke, Cambridge; Scott Andersen, Salem; Mike Thorpe, Hoosick Falls; Tim Marbet, Hoosick Valley; John Alston, Stillwater; Shane Quackenbush, Tamara; Jim Brown, Tim Byrnes and Ken Byrnes, Berne-Knox; Frank Meres, Duaneburg; Clem McTavish, Greenville; John Downie, Richmondville; Dean Galluo, Schoharie; John Cocco, Lake George; Pete Braminski and Mike Milliman, St. Mary's of Hoosick Falls; Scott Woodward, Argyle; Chip Samperi and Jay Clepy, Johnstown.

3-18-79 Sam Perkins and Suburban Council Honorable Mention- Mark DiBello

North Rallies to Capture Suburban All-Star Event

North	G	F	T	South	G	F	T
Bonaquist	5	12	23	Sica	8	0	16
Walker	6	3	15	Almshead	5	1	11
Wayand	6	3	15	Budka	4	1	9
Ormsbee	3	0	6	Sally	3	0	6
Rumney	3	0	6	Carona	2	0	4
Baker	1	3	5	Rutnik	4	2	10
Daubschmidt	2	2	6	Leonard	4	1	9
Falvey	0	2	2	Fiato	2	1	5
Petta	0	0	0	DiBello	2	2	6
				Catalano	0	0	0
Totals	26	26	78	Totals	34	8	76

South - DiBello - 6 pts.

WHO: COACH BERRIER
WHAT: POST FOOTBALL
WHERE: INSIDE A C.H.S. MATH CLASSROOM
WHEN: DAYTIME
WHY: "BECAUSE BERRIER'S AN IDIOT"

Mark enters wearing a plain, short-sleeved, gray sweatshirt and jeans. Like a prisoner before the parole board, he sits isolated at a desk. He looks eye-to-eye with the warden: Coach Berrier, who stands distanced before him.

Coach Berrier is a balding, squatty, math teacher with pens and a ruler protruding from his plastic, pocket protector. Coach Berrier systematically addresses the star athlete. "The question is...Do you want to be a big fish in a little sea, or a little fish in a big sea?"

Mark says, "I've already been the big fish. I don't mind struggling and starting from scratch. I know I can play in the big time."

Mark recalls an anomalous formation and his awesome play.

Berrier, dimwitted, asks, "Then what plans have you made?"

Mark recalls a pair of exciting and brilliant touchdowns. The thoughts are devoid of sound—only the hollow emptiness of the room.

Mark says, "You're my coach, you're supposed to take care of those things—hasn't anyone else contacted you?"

Mark recalls the scoreboard reading, 8-34, with 1:24 to play.

Berrier tells him, "Well, it's a little late now, Mark. Besides, I felt I needed to tell a lot of schools about your grades."

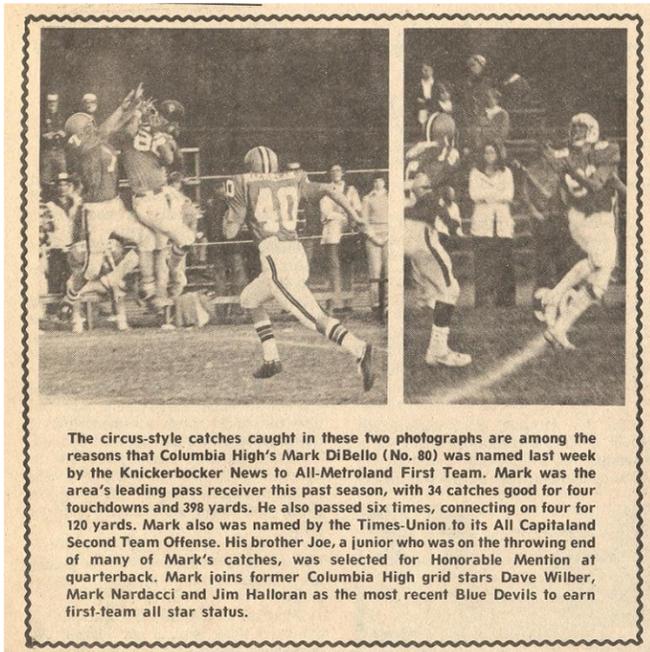
Mark vaults from his seat. "Who cares about that?! Colgate came here to practice just to see me...They're a smart school and they said I could get in!"

Berrier responds, "Nonetheless, I feel your stretching, Mark. I think you're only Division III or maybe Division II material."

"I was the leading receiver in the area! That's 63 schools...and we didn't throw enough!"

Mark continues, "I made all the teams—I know I can play!"

Mark recalls a "pitch-and-pass" aggrandized by #80 and augmented with the...



The circus-style catches caught in these two photographs are among the reasons that Columbia High's Mark DiBello (No. 80) was named last week by the Knickerbocker News to All-Metroland First Team. Mark was the area's leading pass receiver this past season, with 34 catches good for four touchdowns and 398 yards. He also passed six times, connecting on four for 120 yards. Mark also was named by the Times-Union to its All Capitaland Second Team Offense. His brother Joe, a junior who was on the throwing end of many of Mark's catches, was selected for Honorable Mention at quarterback. Mark joins former Columbia High grid stars Dave Wilber, Mark Nardacci and Jim Halloran as the most recent Blue Devils to earn first-team all star status.

The Knickerbocker News
 KN Tuesday, November 21, 1978 5B

Our 'nifty fifty' stars shine bright

All-Metro

For those who are proponents of a passing offense, we give you Metroland's top combination — Bethlehem teammates Steve Nowak and Jim Giacone — along with Columbia's Mark DiBello, a 6-3, 187-pounder who led Metroland schoolboy receivers with 34 catches.

FIRST TEAM					
Offense					
Pos.	Name	School	Yr.	Ht.	Wt.
QB	Steve Nowak	Bethlehem	Sr.	6-0	170
RB	Tim Linehan	Bishop Maginn	Sr.	5-9	170
RB	Jim Rumney	Scotia	Sr.	6-1	175
RB	Mike DeAngelis	Bethlehem	Sr.	6-0	215
E	Jim Giacone	Bethlehem	Sr.	6-1½	185
E	Mark DiBello	Columbia	Sr.	6-3	187
T	Chick Pritchard	Bishop Maginn	Sr.	6-2	210
T	Bill Gray	CBA	Sr.	6-1	215
G	Brian McGrath	Mont Pleasant	Sr.	6-0	200
G	Jim Monaco	CBA	Sr.	6-1½	225
C	Jerry Benoit	Ballston Spa	Sr.	6-3	215
P	John Borsh	Chatham	Sr.	6-1	195
PK	Rick Boni	Mont Pleasant	Sr.	6-1	205

C-8 — The Sunday Record, November 19, 1978

The Record's '78 All-Area

SECOND TEAMS					
Offense					
Pos.	Player, School	Ht.	Wt.	Class	
QB	Frank Polsinello, Mechanicville	6-0	180	Sr.	
RB	Jim Rumney, Scotia	6-1	175	Sr.	
RB	Vince Monaco, Ballston Spa	5-10	190	Sr.	
RB	Paul Cisek, Amsterdam	5-11	175	Sr.	
E	Mark DiBello, Columbia	6-3	185	Sr.	
E	Tim Rack, Amsterdam	6-0	175	Sr.	
C	Brian Bourque, Bethlehem	6-0	180	Sr.	
T	Tim Slivka, Scotia	6-1	210	Sr.	
T	David Hicks, Shenendehowa	6-3	210	Sr.	
G	Gary Galuski, CCHS	5-11	200	Sr.	
G	Brian McGrath, Mont Pleasant	6-0	205	Sr.	
PK	Tony Polsinello, CBA	5-8	150	Fr.	

Section 3—The Times-Union, Thursday, Nov. 23, 1978 *** Page 10

'78 All-Capitaland SECOND TEAM

OFFENSE					
Pos.	Name	School	Yr.	Ht.	Wt.
QB	John Cocca	Lake George	Sr.	6-0	175
RB	Kevin Buczkowski	Bishop Scully	Sr.	6-0	165
RB	Jim Rumney	Scotia	Sr.	6-1	175
RB	Mike DeAngelis	Bethlehem	Sr.	6-0	215
E	Mark DiBello	Columbia	Sr.	6-3	187

N.Y. All-State Football

SEVENTH TEAM					
Offense					
E	DiBello (Columbia-2) & *Chalk (Elmira FA-4); T — Connor (Hilton-5) & Taggerty (Auburn-3); G — Lifka (Rochester McQuaid-5) & Verel (Amherst-6); C — Grisko (Williamsville East-6); QB — Harris (Vestal-4), Locey (Corning West-5) & Linehan (Clarkston South-9); RB — Magratten (Ste-pinac-1).				
EIGHTH TEAM					

Others named on large school teams were CBA's Jim Monaco, Maginn's Joe Burke and Amsterdam's Sal Sollecto, second team; Catholic Central's Rich Foglia, third team; Bethlehem's Brian Bourque and Mike DeAngelis, Shenendehowa's Steve Fahey and Colonie's Tony Catalano, fourth team; CBA's Bill Gray, Albany's Chris Branche and Mont Pleasant's Rick Boni, fifth team; Mont Pleasant's Brian McGrath, Bethlehem's Joe Giacone and Adam Herman, Albany High's Harold Chaney, Guilderland's Kevin Honnick, Maginn's Kevin McCoy and Amsterdam's Jeff Francisco, sixth team; Columbia's Mark DiBello, seventh team, and Shenendehowa's Dave Hicks, eighth team.

Mark recalls the game clock running-out...:24, :23, :22.

Berrier says, "Regardless, what I can offer you is this: Juniata College. It's in Pennsylvania. It's a small school, but I know you don't want to stay in the east. I think you'll fit in there." Pathetically prideful, he says, "My twin brother's the head coach!"

Mark recalls the scoreboard clock with :06 seconds remaining.

Mark departs and tells him, "Forget it—thanks for your help."

Berrier asks, "Where will you go?"

Mark recalls being spilled and knocked unconscious after a reception.



*The silence of Mark's unconsciousness is pierced by...
Lots crying out, "Oh, my God, he's hurt! Get up, Stretch!"
Mark recalls rising unharmed from the play (as if he heard her plea).*

WHO: COOKIE, LOTS, MR. PATRICIA, COACH CZERNO, JED

WHAT: BASEBALL

WHERE: THE C.H.S. BASEBALL FIELD

WHEN: A SPRING DAY

WHY: "IT'S 'THE NATURAL' THING TO DO AFTER HOOP SEASON"

Earlier, at a doctor's office visit, Mark is impervious to the pain of a long needle injected into his fluid-sac, right elbow. It drains the blood mixture.

At the first base position, the versatile performer plays defense.

Cookie and another "baseball'er" throw in foul territory.

A uniformed coach mans the coach's box.

From his first base position, Mark breaks for the pop-up. Leaping above the fence, he snags the foul ball. Nice! The opposition coach pats Mark; who gracefully returns the gesture.

Lots is also in position, seated in a lawn chair, near the dugout, just outside the fence. She screams out, "Way to go, Stretch!"

On offense, Mark lumbers three bats into the on deck circle. He grabs his favorite and moves to Lots' position along the fence.

Mr. Patricia arrives. He says, to Lots, "Hi, Dottie—you don't miss too many of these, huh?"

Lots answers, "Hi, Charlie, not a one...neither do you."

Mark says, to Mr. Patricia, "Hey, buddy!"

A female Columbia fan departs the bleachers and walks past. She says, "Hi, Lots. Hi, Mr. Patricia."

Lots and Mr. Patricia respond, "Hi, Honey."

Back on defense...



Back on offense...near Lots' position, is the uniformed, mustached, mod, thirty-ish Coach Czerno. He posts himself against the fence. He says, "Hello, Mrs. DiBello."

"Hi, Coach."

Coach Czerno asks, Lots, "What'd you do to him? He's finally ripping the ball after that 2-for-20-something start."

Lots tells him, "It's about time! I made him change his stance back."

Mark, grabbing his coach, jokes, "Come'ere—put the jersey on Lots!"

Later, on the defensive, from his coiled defensive crouch, Mark springs—lashing a grounder backhanded. A good distance from the base, he takes two steps and lunges headfirst. He slaps his mitt against the bag—just pegging the runner.

On the offensive, from Lots' position, Jed, a dark-complexioned player, emerges from the dugout. He says, "Hi, Mrs. D."

Lots says, "Hi, Jed." She calls out, "Come on Stretch—poke one out there!"

Mark takes a couple of torrid swipes, then heads for the plate. There is a hush in the air—then the crack of a wooden bat.



WHO: MR. ORR, NIKKI
WHAT: MARK LOVES CHALLENGES: GAMES, GIRLS, AND GRADES
WHERE: INSIDE A C.H.S. PSYCHOLOGY CLASSROOM
WHEN: A SPRING DAY
WHY: ONLY MARK CAN “PSYCH HIMSELF OUT”

Habitually late, Mark tiptoes across the classroom. Students are already diligently working at their desks. The large, genteel, Mr. Orr; whispers to the tardy one, “Look who decided to show up.” Mark, brashly loud, says, “Hey, Mr. Orr...Hey, kids!” Mr. Orr gestures for quiet. Mark, mocking, jokes, “Shhh! People are getting ready for a psychology final...” He reels back for the door. “...Ooh! I’m one of’em,” Reeling back, the teacher hands him a test. Mark takes his seat next to Nikki, a shorthaired brunette, who works feverishly. Mark hovers satirically over his test (*like high school kids do*) to prevent...“Nick—no cheating.” A few quiet moments pass while the class concentrates on their final task at hand. Outside the window, it’s a beautiful late spring day. Mark furiously jots away. Nikki can’t resist glancing at Mark’s paper. She is puzzled. Nikki, whispering, asks, “What are you *calculating*?” Mark pauses, then answers, “My batting average: .362. I won it on the last game of the season. We were down 9-0, in the fourth inning, and we pulled it out. I had a monster triple and a ‘two-bagger’...God, I amaze myself!” Nikki digests the response. She asks, “Now, what are you figuring?” Mark answers, “I’m figuring what I need to pass for the year.” Pausing, he says, “A thirty... this is a forty...close enough. Don’t forget my graduation party, Saturday, at the house. See’ya!” He bounces up and presents his exam to Mr. Orr, firmly shaking his hand. “Hey, Mr. Orr...thanks, I really appreciate it. You’re alright...” Looking to Nikki, Mark jokes, regardless of what Nikki says. See’ya.” He zips out the door.

Coach Czerno's 1979 Columbia Baseball Yearbook

-8-

COLUMBIA BASEBALL
1979

Coach Czerno

1979 - LEADING HITTER AWARDS

	<u>Player</u>	<u>Average</u>
Varsity	Mark DiBello	.362
J.V.	Jim Biernik	.427
Frosh		
Eighth	John Kakely	.451

1979 - FIREMAN OF THE YEAR AWARDS

	<u>Player</u>	<u>ERA</u>	<u>W</u>	<u>L</u>
Varsity	Gary Tremblay	2.72	2	3
J.V.	Frank Austin	1.53	4	1
Frosh				
Eighth	Mike Judd	3.08	2	2

1979 - GOLDEN GLOVE AWARDS (INFELDERS)

	<u>Player</u>	<u>Position</u>	<u>Fielding Pct.</u>
Varsity	Mark DiBello	1B	
J.V.	Paul Devine	SS	
Frosh			
Eighth			

1979 - GOLDEN GLOVE AWARDS (OUTFIELDERS)

	<u>Player</u>	<u>Position</u>	<u>Fielding Pct.</u>
Varsity	Dan Thompson	CF	
J.V.	Nick Aurelia	CF	
Frosh			
Eighth			

1979 - MOST IMPROVED PLAYER AWARD

<u>Player</u>	<u>Position</u>	<u>Average</u>
Dan Thompson	CF	.328

1979 - MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AWARD

<u>Player</u>	<u>Position</u>	<u>Average</u>
John Patterson	RF	.338

Comments: John was the lead-off hitter and lead the team with 68 at bats, 23 hits, and 15 walks. He had the game winning RBI in three of our eight victories.



WHO: HELENE
WHAT: COMES AROUND GOES AROUND
WHERE: THE C.H.S. DRIVEWAY, AT THE SCHOOL ENTRANCE
WHEN: A SPRING DAY
WHY: BECAUSE HELEN DRIVES MARK CRAZY



A procession of school buses jockeys for position; splitting out from between them, a cranberry-red, Ford, station wagon wheels up to the entrance. Mark hops out and chivalrously opens the passenger door. Helene, the pageant princess, parades down the walkway waving to some friends who watch curiously from the doorway.

Inside the car, Helene is tucked tight to her smiling boyfriend. Mark drives comfortably. His speed graduates into the sharp, exit turn. The momentum crams Helene against his elbow, rendering his steering hand immovable.

Further down the driveway, unable to turn, the car plummets down the grassy embankment into the lower parking lot. Apparently escaping unscathed, they proceed onward.

From the crippled car, at the end of the driveway, Mark cracks open the door. He rants. The injured vehicle, parked on the roadside lip, careens to one side. Mark frantically engages the jack and spare tire. Helene looks to assist. Mark tells her, "Don't say anything, Helen!" To himself, he raves.

The cavalcade of buses howls by. The bus riders catcall, jaw and jeer the lame couple...not Helene, but Mark.

A first bus rider catcalls, "Ah! DiBello, you moron!"

A second bus rider jaws, "Way to go, Mark!"

A third bus rider jeers, "Ah! You dumb jock!"

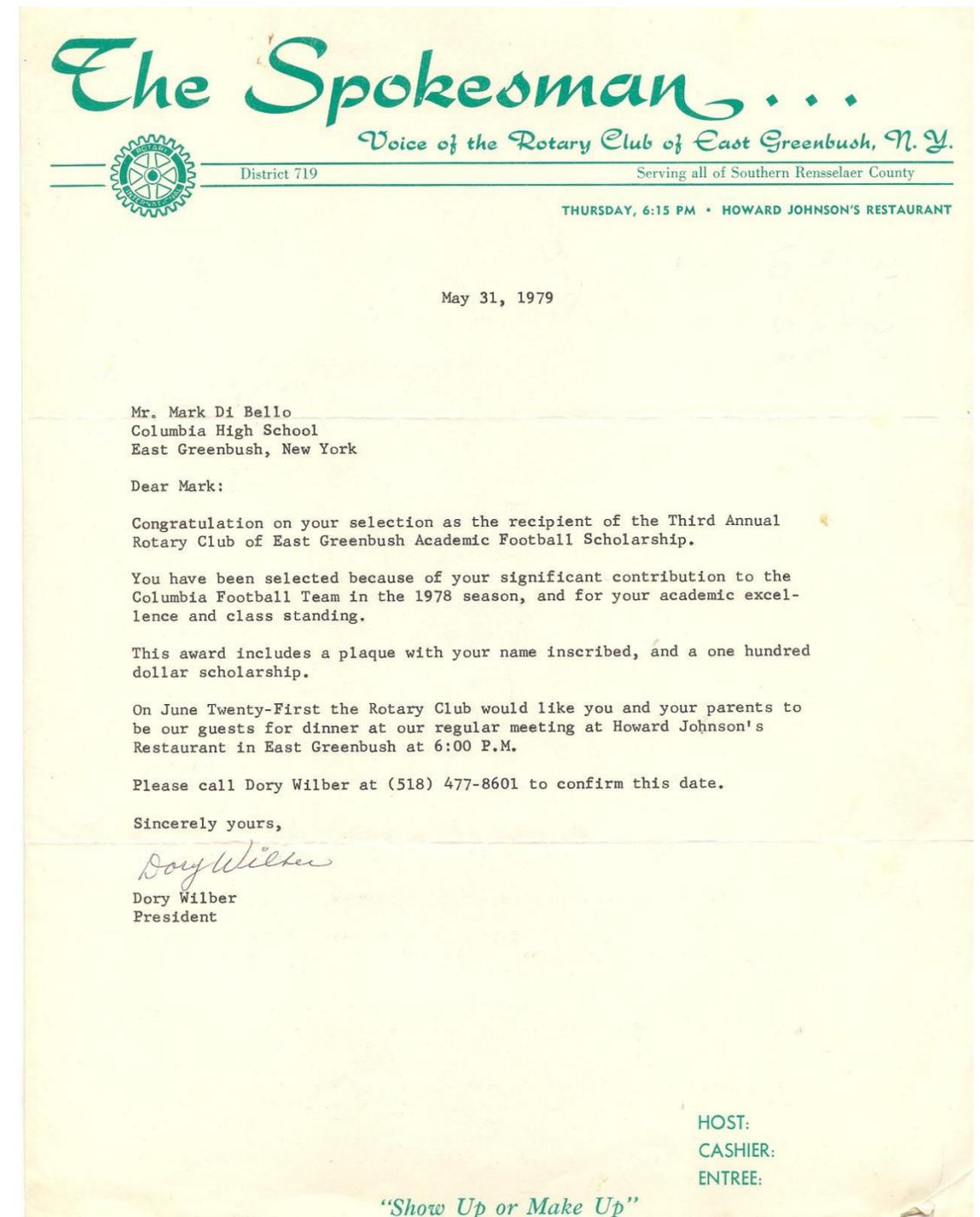
Mark says, to Helene, "Jerks." He slings the tire-jack into the wagon's rear—a job well done.

The car drives off. The still-attached, deflated tire flops like a fish out of water. The brakes squeal.

Inside the car, Mark slams the steering wheel. "Helene!"

Helene's tone is innocent, beautiful, sweet; Helene tells him, "You said not to say anything."

Mark could've killed her!



May 31, 1979

Mr. Mark Di Bello
Columbia High School
East Greenbush, New York

Dear Mark:

Congratulation on your selection as the recipient of the Third Annual Rotary Club of East Greenbush Academic Football Scholarship.

You have been selected because of your significant contribution to the Columbia Football Team in the 1978 season, and for your academic excellence and class standing.

This award includes a plaque with your name inscribed, and a one hundred dollar scholarship.

On June Twenty-First the Rotary Club would like you and your parents to be our guests for dinner at our regular meeting at Howard Johnson's Restaurant in East Greenbush at 6:00 P.M.

Please call Dory Wilber at (518) 477-8601 to confirm this date.

Sincerely yours,

Dory Wilber
Dory Wilber
President

HOST:
CASHIER:
ENTREE:

"Show Up or Make Up"

WHO: MR. AND MRS. DiBELLO, DORY WILBER
WHAT: THE ROTARY CLUB AWARDS CEREMONY
WHERE: THE EAST GREENBUSH, HOWARD JOHNSONS - A SMALL MEETING ROOM
WHEN: JUNE 21 - NIGHTTIME
WHY: BECAUSE SOME AWARDS YOU SHOULDN'T BLOW AT THE TRACK



Twenty to Thirty members of the Rotary Club (a group similar to the American Legion or the Elks Club) gather for a special awards presentation. At the head of the table are a handful of executive members, Mr. and Mrs. DiBello, and Mark, the recipient.

Speaking at the dais is a mild-mannered forty-five-year-old named Dory Wilber. "May I present the winner of this year's \$100 Rotary Club Scholarship Award..."



A smattering of applause welcomes the honoree to the podium.
 Mark, at the podium, speaks: "I would like to thank the academy...Oh, I'm sorry. I'm a little nervous. This is my first real speech. I'd like to thank Mr. Wilber, and I apologize for my late arrival at the sports banquet. I'd like to thank my mom for accepting the award, and especially for letting me and my brother use the football we get her for Christmas every year..."

Mark's reminded of the image of QB Joe's bullet pass to his brother.

He continues, "I'd like to thank my dad for lending me the money for the football—I guess I can pay you back now, Dad?" Mr. DiBello, joking, says, "You better."

Mark goes on. "I'd like to thank my brother, Joe, who's not here..."

Mark's reminded of the image of natty he and Joe loosening up together.

He continues, "...because if he were any good...I wouldn't have been able to make all those diving catches—I'm only kidding."

Mark's reminded of the image of a nimble snag by #80 before the watchful eye of a "chapeau'ed" spectator.

Both members and Mark gain confidence in the humor. Always his number-one supporter, his mom, enjoys the light-hearted acceptance.

Mark continues, "I'd like to thank all of you for the \$1000 check." Obviously joking, he says, "Oh...I'm sorry, \$100 check. Gotcha! I'll put it toward tuition at the University of Saratoga Harness. No. I'll be going to Hudson Valley Community College—so thank you all.

Sincerely, I'd just like to say that the...ah...K of C is the best club in town." Some members moan. "I'm sorry, Rotary Club—thank you."

Mark's reminded of the image of a quartet of bleacher bystanders, followed by #80's tremendous runback of a punt. Fans scream, "Go, Mark! Go, Mark!"; and a disbelieving, "Jesus!" A spirited Aunt Mary dances with delight.

Mark retakes his seat next to his proud, tearful mother and applauding father.

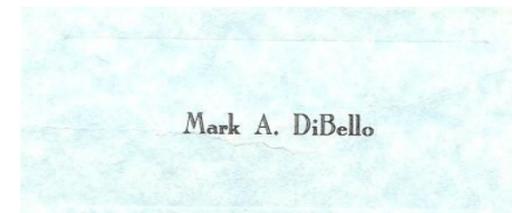
Mark's reminded of the image of another terrific punt return and the resulting handshake from a fellow player.

EAST GREENBUSH CENTRAL SCHOOL DIST				COLUMBIA SENIOR HIGH				TELEPHONE 477-8711			
NAME	NUMBER	YR	HOME	COUNSELOR				PERIOD	ENDING		
DIBELLO MARK	243840	12	3049	MCCABE JANICE				06/22/79			
COURSE	TEACHER	*1ST *2ND *3RD *4TH *-----	*ACAD *ACAD *ACAD *ACAD *FINAL	*MARK *MARK *MARK *MARK *EXAM	AVG	VALUE	* ** * CURRENT	* ** *	COMMENT		
TRIGONOMETRY	MCKEON	65	55	75	65	0.50	EARNED			MTRIG 01S0	
PUB SPKNG	CORRIGA	80	87		85	0.50	EARNED			E1302 02S0	
RESEARCH II	MUHLICH		86			0.25	EARNED			E1214 05S0	
PSYCHOLOGY	ORR JOR		90	72	40	0.50	EARNED	FREQUENTLY TARDY/ABSENT		S1037 04S1	
PE 11-12 B/G	PHY ED	81	90	92	95	0.25	EARNED			PE112 01S1	
DRIVER ED	DORGAN	F	F		79	P	0.50	EARNED	MAKES MINIMAL EFFORT	DE120 01S0	
HEALTH	MATHEKE		90	87	86	0.50	EARNED			HLTH1 18S1	
PE 9-10 B	PHY ED		90			0.06	EARNED			PEBOY 07S1	
***** L E G E N D *****											
YEAR TO DATE											
ATTENDANCE		ABSENT		TARDY				90-100 = EXCELLENT		EX = EXEMPTED	
THRU 06/22/79		20.0		17				80-89 = GOOD		AB = ABSENT	
								70-79 = AVERAGE		I = INCOMPLETE	
								65-69 = POOR		P = PASSED	
DIBELLO MARK		ANTHON		BELOW 65 OR F = FAILURE		W = WITHDRAWN					
0284BEST RD				F = BELOW 50		X = NO CREDIT					
RENS,NY		12144		(NM = NO MARK, ME = MEDICAL EXCUSE)							
***** IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS,PLEASE CONTACT YOUR CHILD'S GUIDANCE COUNSELOR *****											

Mark's High School Report Card



WHO:



WHAT: HIS HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION PARTY - INCLUDING PARACHUTISTS SKYDIVING INTO A RED VEIL OF SMOKE!

WHERE: THE DIBELLO HOUSE

WHEN: DAYTIME AND NIGHTTIME

WHY: BECAUSE MARK'S FATHER IS A SHOWMAN



WHO: THE BROTHERS DiBELLO

WHAT: JOEY'S SONG

WHERE: THE DiBELLO HOUSE - MARK'S BEDROOM

WHEN: DAYTIME

WHY: BECAUSE MARK LOVES FOOTBALL AND HIS BROTHER JOE

On the athlete's "wall of fame" are a myriad of photos, certificates, and trophies.

In his mind, Mark can hear the closing refrain of "Nobody Does It Better." From the aforementioned Rotary Club plaque—the gold laminae inscription evokes images of football players: There is Mark's superlative catch and run, culminating in a celebrated embrace between the brothers DiBello.

In his mind, the music fades.



LEGION BASEBALL													
GAME-GAME													
G	AB	H	BB	K	HP	SAC	SB	R	ZB	3B	HR	RBI	AVG.
Nassau	3	3	0	0	0	0	2	2	1	0	0	2	1.000
Skully	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	.333
Zaloga	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
N. Albany	3	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.333
Hoosac	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Coxsackie	3	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
F. Orange	3	2	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	.667
Blanchard	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	.333
Castleton	4	2	0	1	0	0	3	2	0	1	0	2	.500
Vorheesville	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	.000
Hudson	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Ravena	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	.250
Nassau	3	0	2	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	.000
O'Neil	1	1	3	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	1.000
N. Greenbush	2	2	1	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	1.000
Skully	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Zaloga	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
N. Albany	3	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Hoosac	3	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	1	.667
Coxsackie	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	.500
Kingston	3	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	.333
F. Orange	2	1	1	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	1	.500
Castleton	3	3	1	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	3	1.000
Blanchard	3	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	.667
Vorheesville	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	.000
Ravena	4	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	1	2	.500
N. Greenbush	3	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.333
O'Neil	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000

End of season

Mark's Melvin Roads – American Legion personal stats notebook

WHO: THE DiBELLO BOYS AND BRAD; LOTS, SHIMMY AND COCO
WHAT: LOTS LOVES...
WHERE: DiBELLO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM
WHEN: EARLY EVENING
WHY: BECAUSE LOTS MADE LIVING IN A HOUSE—A HOME WORTH LIVING IN



The image of the DiBello boys is etched and burned in the clan's consciousness. It is here, in the family room; that actual action paintings, of each of the two progeny, hang independently above the fireplace. The dynamic duo is to disband after the seniors' graduation.

In the room, you better appreciate the class and decorative taste of Lots' choice for a colonial and homey landscape. *Playing on the TV could be the silent home movie of a charming encounter between young Brad DiBello and his mom. At a N.Y. Mets game, they exchange fledgling attempts at the first high five.*



Literally on the TV, is a framed photograph of young Brad fishing in the Florida sunset; as sounds of a Mets game are overheard.

Mark imagines the home movie showing Shimmy, the dog, walking toward the lens. A TV commercial tire screech, times the canine's dissolve into an authentic, wall-framed, pastel drawing. An identical drawing of Coco, the dog, rests beside it.

Lots' house slippers root the mother, of eight, to the L-shaped sofa. She munches on nuts and wearily peeks past her reading classes at a paperback of Joseph Wambaugh's "The Onion Fields." Sporadically, she checks-out the contest with her number-one son.

Mark rests his white, sport socks on the coffee table. Atop the coffee table are: a backgammon game, scorecard, and deck of cards. He pulls closer to his *reason for living*.

Lots says, "It's been a long summer, Stretch..."

Local family on the go with games and games

By PAT FARRELL

Take a moment to figure out just how much running you do getting one member of your family to practices and games for either softball or baseball, multiply that times seven, and you have an idea of the hectic schedule which confronts the Tony DiBello family each week.

The DiBello's—Mark, Joey, Brad, Lisa, Toni, Amy and Julie—represent participation in three leagues and five different age groups in the East Greenbush area. "Believe it or not, things have improved a lot since the kids were smaller. Now each one knows his or her own schedule, before we had to keep a close check on each and every schedule to line up the car trips," Dottie, their mother said.

"Now each afternoon I just ask, who has a ball game tonight? We go to as many as 10 games a week."

The oldest boys, Mark and Joey, play for Larry Taylor's Melvin Rogas American Legion team and, according to Mr. Taylor, the two young men are tremendous assets to his squad.

"Mark is our first baseman and a very coachable team player. He's a gifted athlete and probably his prime asset is the way he gets along with other members of the team," Mr. Taylor said.

"As for Joey, he's just now coming around getting his timing down pat. He didn't play school ball this year and it's taking him a little longer to hit his stride."

"Joe's defense in the outfield is excellent and he too is a pleasure to coach," Mr. Taylor said.

As is the case with so many other families who have children involved in softball and baseball, supper at the DiBello household is limited to hot dogs, hamburgers, a stop at McDonald's or simply waiting until after the game to eat.

Brad, the youngest boy in the family and in his first year of Babe Ruth ball, has impressed his coach Mike Mahar so much that the 13-year-old has become a full-time player at second base for the Teacher's team.

"Brad came to us with not much Little League experience and we didn't expect that much from him, however, he is out-performing many of the older boys and is batting second in the lineup," Mr. Mahar said.

Fielding, a tremendous sense of the game and consistency at the plate, are Brad's forte, according to his coach.

With participation in baseball left up to the male members of the DeBello family, Lisa, the oldest daughter of Tony and Dottie DiBello, has made her mark in the world of girls' softball.

After putting in a fine year on the Columbia varsity softball team, Lisa just continued doing her thing with the Harry Bridge & Son Mobil team in the major division of the East Greenbush Girls' Softball League.

"Lisa is one of the smartest softball players on our team. She plays heads up ball and is in perfect position on every play," Coach Debbie Taglietto said.

"She is a super all around athlete and on defense makes few errors, while on offense bats clean up."



Lisa DiBello



Toni DiBello



Amy DiBello

Gan Sports



Mark DiBello



Joe DiBello

McCauley records second shut out in soccer league

Kevin McCauley, a goalie for the Rensselaer County Adult Soccer team, was credited with his second shutout in three games when he blanked the Troy Pioneers 1-0 and Averill Park 2-0 in last week's league action.

McCauley, a graduate of Columbia High School, allowed only one goal in his team's 3-1 win over Cohoes.

Rensselaer County is now in top spot in league play with a 3-0 mark and six points. St. Gregory's is in second with a 2-0-1 record and five points.

In the 1-0 shutout over the Pioneers, Ed

Santos was credited with a goal on an assist from Mike Sedgwick.

Tim Seeberger, the leading scorer on the Rensselaer County team with three goals, got two of those in the 3-1 win over Cohoes. George Dudas added one more breaking the 1-1 tie which existed going into the second half of play.

Jeff Dann stunned spectators, as well as his teammates, when he scored a goal on the 40-yard boot that sailed over the goalie's head in the 2-0 win over Averill Park. Tim Seeberger got the final tally for the winners on a penalty kick.



Julie DiBello



Brad DiBello

Lots continues, "...seven trips, a day, to the ball park is enough for anybody."
 Mark says, "We appreciate it, Lots."
 "I know you do. What'a ya' say...you and I go to 'A.C.' for a couple of days?" Stopping herself, she says, "Oh...I forgot, you've got to start practice."
 "I'll drive."
 Lots remembers Mark handing over his New York State driver's license.
 Lots points out, "You can't."
 Mark submits, "You drive."

WHO: LOTS

WHAT: LOTS KNOWS THE DEAL

WHERE: BALLY'S CASINO - ATLANTIC CITY - BLACKJACK TABLE

WHEN: WHO KNOWS?

WHY: BECAUSE LOTS IS *THE REAL DEAL*



The lovely dealer, Brittany Michelle, finishes shuffling the last of eight decks. She passes the yellow cut-card to Mark; who is seated at "center field" (the middle seat). He passes the card to his right, past an oaf-ish guy, to a woman gambler.

Mark reads the dealer's nameplate to the dealer. "Brittany Michelle Bally's...I just played with your sister Jessica Bally's...over there..." At an adjacent blackjack table, a pretty dealer (her name tag reads: Jessica) stares a smile over at Mark. Mark addresses the oaf, in reference to their dealer, "We used to date before she married the owner."

Brittany deals the hand.

A cocktail girl cruises by, asking, "Cocktails?" To Mark, she asks, "Sir, would you like another milk?"

Mark answers, "Yes, please, ma'am."

She swivels her hips away. Mark enjoys the view.

He looks back to the action in the "felt jungle"; the dealer has dealt herself a 5. Mark has bet \$10. Two green chips (\$25 each) and 10 reds (\$5 each) constitute his remaining bankroll. Mark says, "This isn't a hand—it's a foot!" He fingers the felt and receives two hits, then signals to "stand."

A Jersey woman is next to play. She's been dealt two face cards. The Jersey woman is unsure. She says, to the dealer, "Split'em."

The dealer says, loudly, "Splitting Tens."

Mark, smiling friendly to the woman, says, "Hi...what's your favorite color?"

The woman, again unsure, says, "Blue?"

Mark says, "That's pretty."

"Why?"

"No reason...I'd just like to know how this place would look in blue...because if you keep splitting Tens—they'll let you pick the color."

The Jersey woman balks at the foolish maneuver. She "stands pat," as do the two "BJ" players that follow her.

The dealer flips over a face card, saying, "Dealer has fifteen...Dealer hits..." The dealer draws a Seven. "Dealer breaks."

Lots approaches the table, but cannot find an available seat. She checks on her son, asking, "Hi, Honey...how are you doing?"

Mark answers, "About even; she just broke."

The lighting, behind Lots, lends a divine effect to her standing by her son. Mark is dealt an 8, followed by a 2. The dealer's "up-card" is a 10. When play reaches Mark, he again taps the tabletop, saying, "Hit." He receives an ace-of-diamonds.

The dealer says, to Mark, "Twenty-one."

Mark turns to Lots. "You're good luck, Lots."

The dealer flips over a 10, her total is..."Twenty."

She pays Mark his \$20. He starts to stash his eight red chips.

Lots says, "Stretch, let it ride."

Mark is content with consecutive wins. He questions his mentor's strategy.

Lots says, "If you don't take a chance, you'll never win. You'll just keep going back and forth..." Closely, she tells him, "...things always happen in three's."

Mark faithfully lets the stack of red chips play. The dealer has dealt Mark a 3 and an 8.

She posts herself an 8. She calls out Mark's hand, "Eleven."

Mark is hesitant about his next move. He again looks to his tutor.

Lots says, "Go ahead; Stretch... 'double-down'...don't be afraid. I'll back you if you lose... three's...trust me."

Mark assuredly wagers another \$40.

The dealer announces, "Doubling eleven..." She drops Mark a deuce (two-of-hearts). He looks panicked. Lots reaffirms him. The dealer unveils her cards. She turns over a 2. She says, "The dealer has ten..." She hits. "Twelve..." She hits. "Thirteen..." She hits. "Sixteen..." She hints frustration, then hits. "Dealer breaks."

Mark screams out, "Alright, Lots!"

Lots stands triumphant.

WHO: LOTS

WHAT: THE CORRESPONDING "MONOPOLY" GAME BOARD SQUARE

WHERE: THE STREETS OF ATLANTIC CITY

WHEN: DEAD OF NIGHT

WHY: PIER PRESSURE

Lots vanishes in the smoke and steam rising from a sewer grate.

From Mark's predatory viewpoint, the streets are gritty, dark, and ominous. Never focusing on one image too long—he mentally takes snapshots of various nocturnal stimuli: a woman, an adult bookstore, a cop car, a street slug, and another woman. A midnight shopper pushes a cart—collecting cans. Mark recognizes a street sign from his mental picture of the board game "Monopoly." This will be his last vestige of innocent youth.

The glaring, red, taillights of a black van turn the corner. Thirty yards away, it stops.

A lady, wearing red and black, hustles out the panel door. The van speeds off. Mark moves closer. As she turns the next corner, she looks back. Mark pursues. He vanishes around the same corner.

A fleeting moment evaporates.

Mark is bridged up against a brick building. In a professionally timed motion, the lady, in red, squats down and slips a Twenty in her boot. She unzips Mark's pants, yanking them to his knees. Mark appears to be holding up the building. His buttocks are exposed for the world to see. He says, "It's big and hard, isn't it?"

The lady, in red, mumbles, "Uh-huh."

Mark sings out a pent-up virgin release. His dim face is bowed downward. He says, "Go ahead; you put it back in my pants."

WHO: LOTS

WHAT: "WHERE THERE'S SMOKE..."

WHERE: BALLY'S HOTEL - COFFEE SHOP

WHEN: MORNING

WHY: BECAUSE LOTS IS MARK'S FRIEND

Mark sips on orange juice. The pair awaits their breakfast.

The waiter serves Lots' Belgian waffle and Mark's scrambled eggs and bacon.

Lots says, "Thank you," to the waiter.

"Thank you." Mark says, to the waiter. Mark asks Lots, "Hey, Lots...that thing last night about things happening in three's...do you really believe that?"

Lots answers, "Yes, I do."

"Did you ever think that maybe that's because you're looking for that to happen? Or it's just coincidence?"

"I suppose it may be those things...but I believe things happen in three's...so that's what I have to go with. It's like me believing in God...Even though some people try to tell you they don't believe in God... you've got to do what *you* believe..." Changing face, she says, "It's funny...those who say they don't believe... *Who's* the first person they call on when they're hurt or something goes wrong? God." She pauses. "Now go on, eat your food. I've got to get you back."

Her son's reaction is blatant un-enthusiasm at the mention of their return.

Lots deals with incongruent emotions—a mother hen casting her chick out of the nest. Lots says, "Honey, I don't want you to get down about college...I know because it's just down the road—it may seem like it's an extra year of high school without the fun. I'll love having you around, but eventually, I want you to go away to a college so you can really enjoy the experience...something your father and I never had...Okay?"

Mark nods a loving, respectful, almost teary-eyed "okay."



WHO: LOTS
WHAT: THIS WOMAN BELIEVES IN MIRACLES
WHERE: ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH - RENSSELAER, N.Y.
WHEN: SUNDAY MORNING
WHY: BECAUSE HER CHILDREN NEED MIRACLES

Mark and Lots stand, worshipping together, in the outside aisle of the pew. The tall, stained-glass windows tattoo them in a spectrum of light.

The priest says, "The mass has ended—go in peace."

The congregation says, "Thanks be to God."

A few parishioners flee prematurely.

Mark senses his mother is emotionally amiss. She is reflective, mildly distraught. Mark says, "Lots, you're thinking..."

"Oh, Stretch, I wish I could get Susan back to Father DiOrio."

"Lots...who's Father DiOrio?"

"He's the priest in Massachusetts I used to take Susan to. Last time, I saw this woman's crippled leg straighten out and grow right in front of me." She pauses. "To see her face—it was beautiful."

"You're kidding. The leg grew in front of you?"

Lots is affirmative in her own defense. "Have you ever known me to lie to you?"

Enough said.

WHO: COACH ROSE
WHAT: DOES COACH ROSE KNOW?
WHERE: "HAPPY VALLEY"
WHEN: WINTER [1980]
WHY: COACH ROSE KNOWS SOMETHING

After football season, Mark slumps like a bad hitting streak; and so do his grades. It is pointless, after football, he thinks, to keep his grades up. If he can't perform on the field, why bother going to class and working on good grades?

One day, while eating breakfast in the kitchen; Mark reads, in the local paper, that the Hudson Valley or "Happy Valley" baseball team is in need of a first baseman. Having played the position his entire competitive life; Mark knows no one can play that position like him. Mark knows Lots doesn't call him "Stretch" for nothing!

Although his hope and confidence are dashed, and he sits by as the first day or two of practices begin—he always believes in the potential he had, and the encouraging words of, among others, Coach Serbalik, who once told him, "If I could've only coached you in baseball...with your hitting ability...there's no telling..."

As well, Mark always recalls his impressive homerun hitting performances, in Junior Varsity baseball, and the belief that he may have been better than his coach: Coach Gregory, who was one of Columbia's greatest hitters.

Mark especially remembers the Ichabod Crane baseball coach, who, after Mark connected on a high pitch and slammed a homer to the deepest part of the Ichabod Crane High School—the coach verbally demanded, in Mark's next at-bat, that the pitcher throw one low; and that there was "no way," "he," was a low-ball hitter. Mark could hardly remember a verbal challenge "to him" so distinctly. And when that pitcher threw the perfect pitch: low and inside—so low, that it was below the knees; and so inside, that Mark had to swing the bat downward more than across—Mark could never forget the connection of bat to ball (that would eventually boost his confidence) than when that ball cleared the playing field and landed in a graveyard, past the outfield, and caromed off the stones for back-to-back homeruns.

In this moment, along with the prospect he briefly had (before turning his focus to football) to play in the minors...it is these recollections that are the only shred of positive confidence he has left to attempt this endeavor.

Having made the decision to give it a try; the final jolt of confidence Mark receives, is when the baseball coach, Coach Rose, takes it upon himself to call Mark's high school coach, Coach Czerno, asking for a reference or report on Mark. Apparently, the glowing recommendation from Coach Czerno is enough; because after a couple of lame practices by Mark, in the cement field house, Mark is invited to play on the HVCC team.

Soon thereafter, the baseball squad is riding a cramped bus to Sanford, Florida, near Deland, for a winter baseball tournament. Spending much of the trip lying and sleeping in the cargo hold above the seats, Mark's thoughts of the trip are two: The first, is a chainsaw impression done by the two "cool" guys on the team: Galuski and Gannon. The second: is the "talk" his coach has, when the trip starts, by telling Mark he will start at "first" and bat clean-up. Mark is flabbergasted! "What? Is this guy for real?" Mark wonders. "Clean-up," he thinks. Well, Mark can't say "no." Maybe this guy knows something Mark doesn't know? Or, maybe, he's making a mistake?

It's hot in Florida this day. There are many fields at the Sanford baseball school complex. In his first-ever, college at-bat—Mark is nervous as he stands from the bench and approaches the on deck circle. The Bucks County, Pennsylvania pitcher is a black lefty. Mark's never faced an African-American lefty before—and a hard-throwing one at that. As Mark digs in the box, moving the gravel beneath his feet in a "tippy'-tap" motion; he sees the pitcher bearing down. His foremost thought is: "I wish Lots were here." No sooner does the thought cross his mind, than does his late swing drive the ball deep to the opposite field (more like deep, right center) and into the woods for a two-run homer. Apparently, they measure such pokes. This one is estimated to have landed some 15 feet, or so, into the woods; that's anywhere between 400-415 feet! Coach Rose...what does he know?

HUDSON VALLEY BASEBALL STATS

FLORIDA TRIP

AB	H	SAC	HP	BB	K	R	RBI	2B	3B	HR	STB	AVG
8	4	1	0	5	2	3	2	1	0	1	2	.500

WHO: KNOWS?

WHAT: MARK'S DOWN FALL

WHERE: INSIDE THE HUDSON VALLEY C.C. - GYMNASIUM - AN EMPTY STAGE

WHEN: SPRING - DAYTIME

WHY: BECAUSE JUNIOR COLLEGE WAS JUST A BLUR

For Mark, the entire sequence is abstract and unclear—henceforth, the location seems irrelevant. A gently soothing, humming, sound is heard seemingly from the green curtain of the stage. Mark is lulled; by the slow roll of a pale-green ceiling with large illuminated lights. The humming softens. It dissolves to a cloudy, light-blue sky; then the soft glare of red, spiraling lights that appear as a sunset; before dissolving to the light-blue sky again. Mark fades-out to a soft, white light as the humming sound subsides into total silence.

WHO: LOTS, ANTHONY

WHAT: MARK'S FALL DOWN

WHERE: ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL - TROY, N.Y. - EMERGENCY ROOM

WHEN: A JARRING MOMENT LATER

WHY: BECAUSE JUNIOR COLLEGE WAS AN ACCIDENT WAITING TO HAPPEN—THAT DID

Lots shrieks, "Oh, God, my son's been in an accident!"

Anthony says, "Let me find his doctor." Anthony searches out the physician.

Lots sits, frantically, in an interview cubicle.

The emergency room nurse, upon entering, says, "Mrs. DiBello..." The ER nurse melodramatically closes one file folder. Lots is panic-stricken. The nurse places that file out of view, then opens another.

Inside the hospital hallway, Mark's lifeless feet extend from beneath the white sheet on the gurney. A bony bump extends from his big toe.

Inside the emergency room, at the interview cubicle, the nurse asks, "Is your son allergic to any medication?"

Lots, sobbing, but more composed, answers, "No."

As the nurse reports to Mrs. DiBello, a wheelchair patient inconspicuously rolls by. "His baseball coach, Coach Rose...told us they were in the gymnasium back-pedaling during a drill... when your son collided with, another boy, an Andy Buchanan. Mark was knocked immediately unconscious—and fell backwards becoming immobilized."

Lots moans.

The nurse continues, "When the ambulance arrived, he was stabilized and transported..."

"Oh, God—please let him be okay."

"...and is now in shock."

Inside the hallway, is the immovable, restrained body of the fallen athlete.

Inside the interview cubicle, the nurse continues, "We're awaiting X-ray results." She glimpses a chart. "Can you tell me the nature of his injury last October?"

Lots answers, "He hurt his toe and tore ligaments in his ankle playing football..." Her tears well-up. "...it was Stretch's first game he got to play." She breaks down.

An X-ray technician appears over Lots' shoulder. The X-ray tech informs, "Mrs. DiBello... the X-rays are negative."

Lots cries out, "Thank you, dear Jesus!"

The X-ray tech informs, Lots, "He'll be numb for a long while, but he'll be okay...he's being sedated."

Inside the hallway, on the inverted gurney, is the strap-restrained, highly agitated, patient.

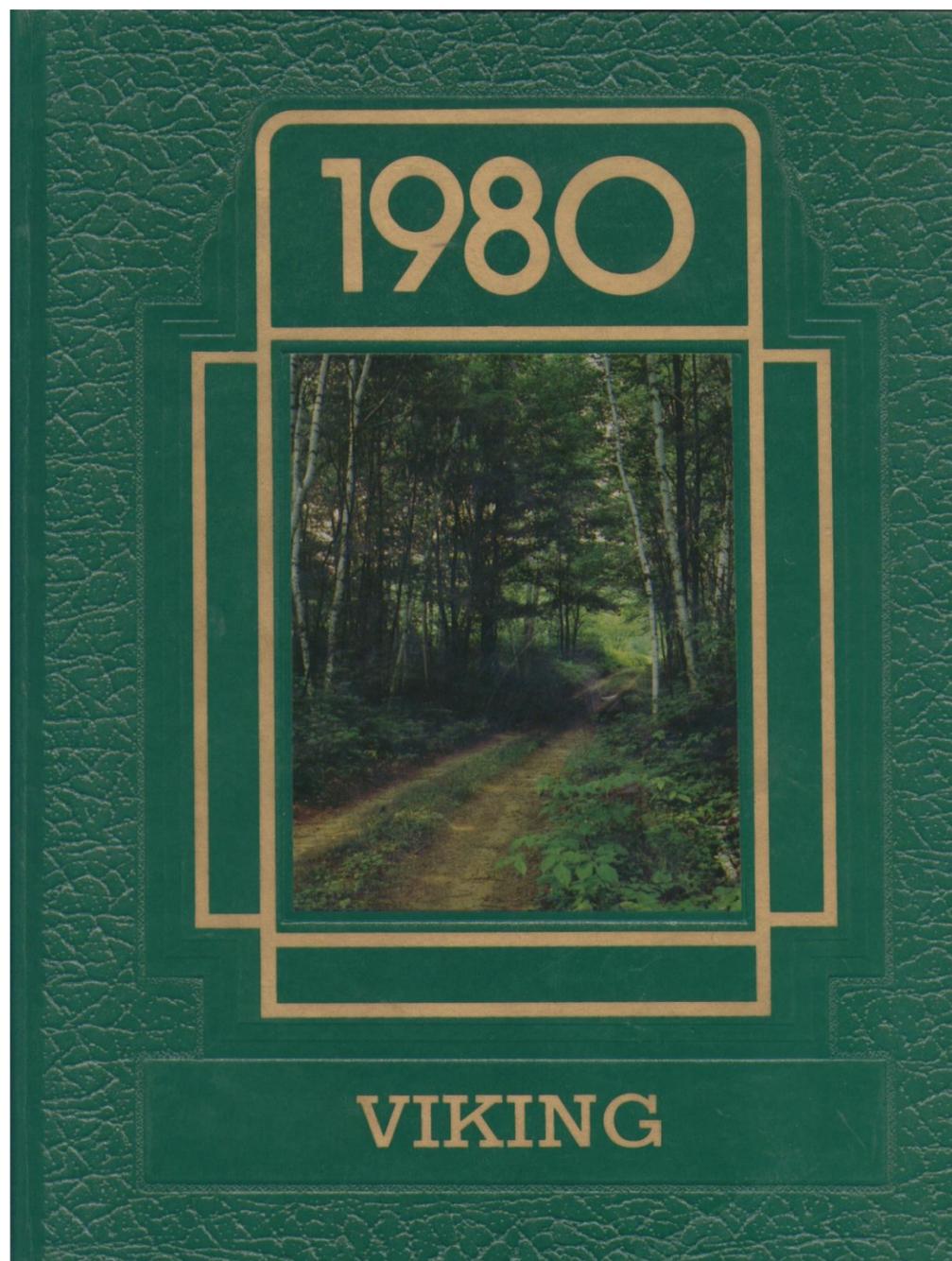
Mark "mouths" the almost identical words his mother speaks. In mutual distress—they are one.

Lots asks, "Where is he?"

"Where is she?"

"...Please, please—let me be with my baby boy."

"...Please, please—let me be with my mommy."



WHO: MARK
WHAT: THE JOURNEY
WHERE: UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI, FLORIDA - EATON HALL - PARKING LOT
WHEN: FALL, 1980 - DAYTIME
WHY: "THE WHEEL IN THE SKY KEEPS ON TURNING..."



A Spanish cab driver drops off Mark, the newly transplanted college student. "Universidad de Miami."
 With suitcases in tow, Mark feels isolated, frightened and confused. In the distance, he locates the landmark, four, dormitory towers. The flashing red, air-traffic lights are his foreboding beacon.

WHO: CHARLIE "UNIT," JOHNNY "WAD," UNGER, SCOT L., ROGER, "SHITFACE," MIKEY Z., ALEX, "DEVO" DAVIES
WHAT: WHAT? WHAT? WHAT?
WHERE: UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI - FRESHMAN DORMITORY - 1968 COMPLEX
WHEN: EVENING
WHY: "...I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'LL BE TOMORROW."



Mark treks the hallway; exposing the discoveries contained within each open-door room.
 In the first room—a pyramid of Budweiser beer cans curtain the window. Four, overweight, bikers wearing black T-shirts; drink "Bud," eat hallucinogenic mushrooms, and smoke cigarettes.
 In the second room—the blinds are being drawn. A boyfriend and girlfriend passionately kiss and fondle one another; before he slams the door shut.
 In the third room, like city kids around a hydrant, a decent bunch of boys crowd around a large, red, bong (a tubular device for smoking marijuana); they smoke weed from the contraption and laugh insanely. Mark seems taken with the activity in this room.
 Charlie Unit; a fair-haired, short, heavily-accented Bostonian heckles the bunch. "Come on, Wad...Come on, Unger, you pussy...Come on, Scot..."
 Scot L., the leader, has a blonde Afro and wears a red T-shirt. He shouts, "Shut up, already, you little unit!"
 Charlie says, "...Come on, Roger...Come on, Benji...Come on, Unger, you pussy..."
 In the fourth and final room—a dark and mysterious student with a syringe in one hand, and an alcohol flask, that he removes from his back pocket, in the other; offers Mark a shot of booze.
 He mumbles, "Hey, Stranger."
 Inside the third room—are the nine sets of feet comprised of: a pair of army boots, Docksidiers, punk-rock shoes, expensive shoes, 2 pairs of sandals, rock-and-roll boots; new sneaks and finally, a set of worn sneaks.
 Charlie continues, "...Come on, Shitface...Come on, Mikey Z...Come on..."
 From above; Mark sees his virgin-white, athletic shoes take a step into the room. He enters in with the bunch of boys getting high.
 Charlie says, "...Come on, Alex...Come on, Devo Davies...Come on, Unger, you pussy."
 A Hulk-like, buzz-cut, nose-picking Unger, in army fatigues; playfully tackles Charlie—putting them all out of misery.
 Mark ceremoniously sits cross-legged at the mouth of the big, red, device—a peace pipe for the powwow. Mark declares: "I might as well get this over with...let me say it..." Shamefully, he says, "...If my parents could see me now."

WHO: MARK?

WHAT: AN ADDICTIVE FANTASY SEQUENCE

WHERE: A CHORUS OF RAUCOUS LAUGHTER IS RESONANT

WHEN: THE INTOXICATING, NEXT, 40 SECONDS OF HIS LIFE

WHY: MARK INHALES DEEPLY. DEEP IN HIS MIND, THE FLAMING RED CHAMBER FILLS HIS BODY WITH SMOKE. HE CONTINUES INHALING AND IS INSTANTANEOUSLY STONED FROM THE "RUSH." HIS MIND PROFILES AN NFL COLTS' HELMET ON HIS TOY-LIKE "PEZ," RED BODY, AS SMOKE BILLOWS FROM THE EAR HOLE.



Mark flashes back to a day outside Columbia High. Against a tall, brick wall; Scott Reynolds, Tommy Jordache, and Mark pass a joint.

WHO: Mark's
WHAT: subconscious mind
WHERE: behind his breath-holding face
WHEN: in the sun
WHY: a twirling carnival ride of sexy, lingerie-clad, women's bottoms. And this detailed products list:

KELLOGGS' Frosted Flakes, Sugar Pops, and Pop Tarts -
 GENERAL MILLS' Wheaties and Cheerios - POST Alpha-Bits -
 HOSTESS Cup Cakes and Fruit Pies -
 DRAKES Coffee Cakes and Fruit Pies - NABISCO Double Stuffs -
 M & M MARS' Milky Way -
 HERSHEY'S Chocolate Kisses and Twizzlers Strawberry Licorice -
 TOOTSIE ROLL CO. Tootsie Rolls -
 BORDEN Cracker Jacks and milk - GENESSEE Beer and Ale -
 FRIENDLYS' Fribble - PEPSICO'S Pepsi and 7-Up -
 KRAFT/GENERAL FOODS Kool Aid -
 SMUCKER'S Strawberry Jelly - SKIPPY Peanut Butter -
 WISE Potato Chips - FLA-VOR-ICE Freeze Pops -
 and lastly, CHARMS' Sugar Daddy.

Now that we're horny, hot and hungry...

There are past performance entries from "The Daily Racing Form"; miniature NFL team logo helmets; and the television programs: "The Odd Couple," "The Andy Griffith Show," "M*A*S*H," "Hawaii Five-O," "The Partridge Family," and "The Brady Bunch."

...Let's gamble, "veg-out," and sleep.

At the bridge of the "Addictive Fantasy Sequence" are: a plastic Richard Petty model driving across Mark's desk; a scrambled "soft-porn" TV channel; and Mark exhaling, choking and laughing uncontrollably. There is also the hospital gurney and a deck of playing cards. The entire montage concludes as Mark reflectively stares into a powerless, green, TV screen. Smoke streams outward from the ear hole in the Miami Hurricane helmet he wears.

Inside the freshman dorm room, Scot L. flashes his hand in front of Mark's face (like stoned guys do). Laughing into oblivion, Mark falls.

In the hallway, outside the dorm room, the bunch watches attentively out the doorway. Mark is out of the doorframe. He says, "Okay...Imagine you're home watching TV and Superman comes on." From outside the frame, Mark leans his torso into the doorway, using this visual illusion to horizontally fly across their view. The boys go wild.

WHO: LOTS, LO ____ , "THE OLD MAN"

WHAT: HE'S HOMESICK

WHERE: U.M - FRESHMAN DORM - MARK'S ROOM

WHEN: OCTOBER 1, 1980 - DAYTIME

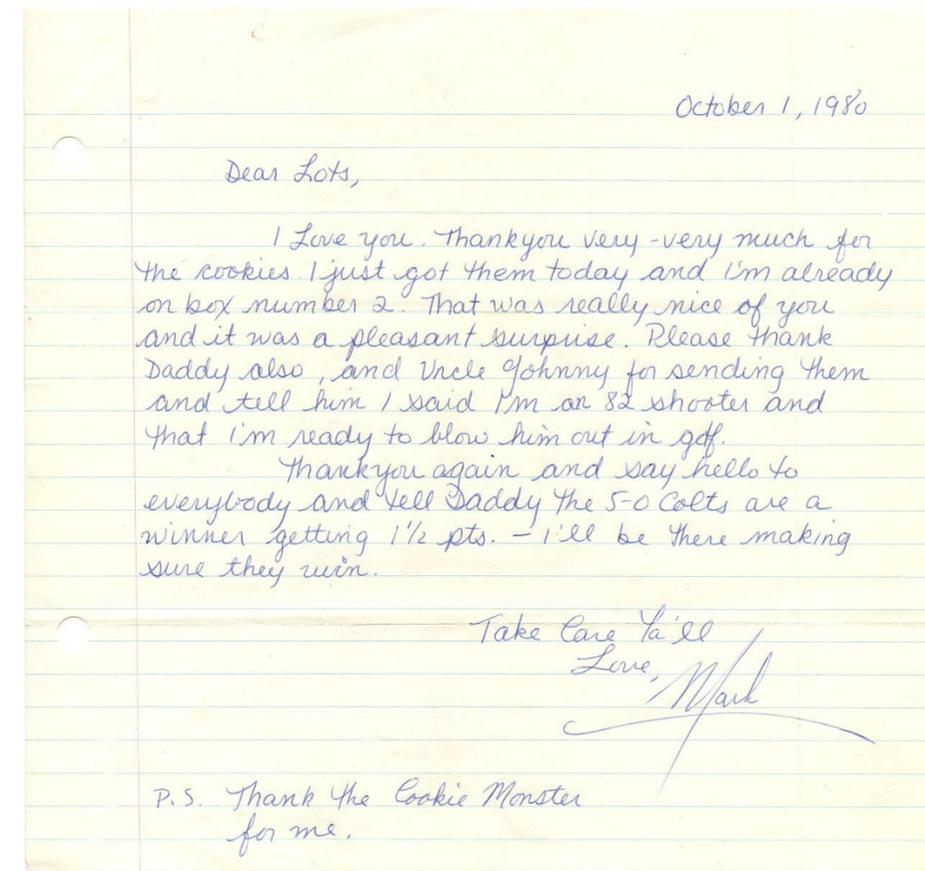
WHY: BECAUSE HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS



Rainbow Hill Farm
RD #1 • Rensselaer, New York 12144

Mark extends his hands across a countertop. He retrieves the brown-paper package addressed to: Mark DiBello, 1968 Complex. Tearing through the pack, he unearths two boxes of Frihofer's chocolate chip cookies.

Later, Mark is at his desk. His gargantuan mouth ravishes the cookies and milk. He signs a loving, "Thank you," letter dated: October 1, 1980.



He encloses it in a Rainbow Hill Farm envelope addressed to: Dorothy "Lots" DiBello. His lizard-like tongue seals it.

Mark speaks on his dormitory room telephone. Excited, he says, "...Thanks, Lots, you're the best!" He pauses. "Yeah...mostly B's...broadcasting...um, theater and film...philosophy, psychology, and uh..." Louise, a pretty Spanish girl, sits on the bed. "...Spanish." He continues, "Uh-huh...okay. Love'ya." He pauses. "Tell the Old Man I said thanks." He pauses. "Okay, bye." Bursting at the seams, Mark unleashes this surprise—"Louise, guess where I'll be on my birthday?"

WHO: ELSE?
WHAT: ...THERE'S FIRE
WHERE: INSIDE HIS DORM ROOM
WHEN: NOVEMBER 21, 1980 - DAYTIME
WHY: "OF ALL THE LUCK"



Standing on crutches, a cast on his left ankle, Mark holds the phone receiver to his ear. Speechless, he watches the TV report of the network newscast footage of the November 21, 1980 fire at the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas. The structure is in flames.

WHO: DiBELLO FAMILY
WHAT: MARK'S BIRTHDAY
WHERE: DiBELLO HOUSE - KITCHEN TABLE
WHEN: DECEMBER 18, 1980 - NIGHTTIME
WHY: "TIS BETTER TO GIVE..." - "IT'S THE THOUGHT..." - GIVE THE GIFT THAT KEEPS ON..." ECETERA, ECETERA, ECETERA - YOU NAME IT, LOTS GAVE IT.

The candle flickers. Nineteen others also burn on the cake. The candlelight and Anthony standing at his flank shadow Mark. In the family tradition, he sits and enjoys his siblings' chorus.

The children sing, "...Happy Birthday, dear Mark..."; as Anthony bellows, "Happy Birthday, dear Marcus Aurelias..."; while Lots sings, "...Happy Birthday, dear Stretch...Happy Birthday to you."

Mark blows out the 20 candles. Having opened a clothing box, he opens a cash card containing a concealed "C-Note." Anthony kisses his son's cheek, saying, "I love you, Birthday Boy."

Mark replies, "Me too."

Lots says, "I know you were disappointed...I hope you like it." A child's hand slides the tiny, gift-wrapped box into Mark's reach. Lots says, "I didn't know what else on Earth to get you. Then I remembered...you once said..."

Mark says, "Lots...I love you, but you didn't have to get me anything."

WHO: A ROMAN CATHOLIC FAMILY OF 10...STARS IN...
WHAT: AN ANTHONY FRANCIS DiBELLO PRODUCTION
OF A NORMAN ROCKWELL PICTURE
IN ASSOCIATION WITH A JOHN HUGHES FILM

WHERE: AVAILABLE ON HOME VIDEO

WHEN: COMING THIS CHRISTMAS

WHY: IF NORMAN ROCKWELL COULD PAINT A PICTURE, OF CHRISTMAS, WITH A ROMAN CATHOLIC FAMILY OF 10; AND COMBINE IT WITH THE DYSFUNCTIONAL CHILDLIKE ANTICS OF A JOHN HUGHES FILM; THIS SEASONAL MONTAGE WOULD BRING THAT PICTURE TO LIFE.

Inside the DiBello family room, there is a well-lit tree, stockings from the chimney with care, and a roaring fire.

Sister Toni jokingly insists, "Dad, if we didn't get a stereo, I'm going back to bed."

Mark sits, in his familiar easy-chair, near the warm fire. "You're welcome...You're all welcome...You're welcome, Brad."

Christmas music begins to play.

Julie hollers out, "Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma, Ma, Mom."

The children take *press conference* photos of their mother.

The cat shreds open a present in the blue-ish light.

Lisa, sarcastically, submits, "What am I gonna do with a TV? My room's smaller than the TV."

Mark drapes a 'Canes T-shirt over Amy. From the kitchen, he tosses a football to Joe; who must tussle with Julie for possession.

Susan skates on by.

Lots admiringly wears a simple, gold, "I Love U" charm around her neck.

Outside of the DiBello home, Anthony F. DiBello recites an impromptu, comedic, monologue as he takes out the trash. "It's cold...it's Christmas day, and I'm filming the horses because they'll be leaving us soon...and it's about twenty-below-zero, and the water pipes are frozen and we've all had a beautiful Christmas...and now I'm cleaning up." He pauses. "Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!" He looks to the ground. "Oh! Looks like a dead fish. Oh, boy! Hold everything! Hold everything!" He turns his attention for but a second, the winter wind gusts. "Oh...Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oooh! Crap." *Chaplin couldn't have staged it any better!* "See what I've done now! Now, I've got to chase papers all over! Crap!"

In the frozen tundra of the yard, Mark, Joey, "Houseboat" (a family friend), and Scott Reynolds play football. Mark pitches to Scott...sweeping right...into the pool fence... "kaplunk!"

In the driveway, Uncle John DiBello (the John Wayne of "Wayne's World") bends over to center-snap the ball to his nephew, Joe. He asks, Joe, "How do you center it?" He pauses to look under his straddle. He shouts, "Where the hell are you?!"

Joe has lined up away from center.

Uncle John DiBello says, "You gotta get close."

Joe says, "No, shotgun."

Uncle John says, "Oh, okay." He snaps the ball. "Right in the bread basket, boy!"

Joe shoots a long pass to an outstretched Mark.



In the corral, the four DiBello horses graze. A snowy blanket covers the picturesque landscape. Anthony speaks, to the two ponies, "Come on, boys! Come on!" The ponies obey his call. He tells them, "You guys mind. You mind better than the kids! Right, Podgie?" The pony nods in agreement!

The photogenic barn and home exudes warmth enough to melt the icicles. The moon can be seen on this chillingly beautiful early morning. The cameraman chronicles the day. "...7:03, Inauguration Day [1981]."

WHO: A ROMAN CATHOLIC FAMILY OF 10...STARS IN...

WHAT: AN ANTHONY FRANCIS DiBELLO PRODUCTION
OF A NORMAN ROCKWELL PICTURE
IN ASSOCIATION WITH A JOHN HUGHES FILM

WHERE: AVAILABLE ON HOME VIDEO

WHEN: COMING THIS SUMMER

WHY: THE SEQUEL

There is a shimmering, summer sun in the yard. The DiBello family plays whiffle ball. Dorothy "Lots" DiBello hams-it-up before a base hit.

Later, Anthony is at bat. He swings...

Joey *whoops-it-up*. "The Old Man grounded into a triple-play!"

Anthony, prideful of his misfortune, says, "I just grounded into a triple-play!"

Joey speaks for his fanatic family, shouting, "*Whooh!*"

At the town ballpark, three sisters (from the "short," to the "pitch," and to the "catch") patrol the field.

Traipsing by, Brad has a mitt in his hand...

Lisa has raffle tickets in hers. She asks, "Would you like to do 50-50? Or are you a tightwad?!"

Later, Julie, the shortstop, is injured. Mother DiBello rushes to her fallen daughter.

Later, yet, Mark arrives at the park, greeted by apparent shrieks from young fans.

He's directed, by his father, "Mark, kiss your mother." Mark obliges.

Over the speaker, it's announced, "Now batting...Susan DiBello."

Big brother roots for baby sister, "Come on, Sue! Good eye, Sue!"

Finally, Lots vanishes in a streak of sunlight.



We're introduced to a cocker spaniel. He greets the lens with a kiss. He wags a welcome tail at an approaching Mark. Later, eldest son plays with mother and quips, "No, don't take no pictures." He acquiesces. "I'm only taking pictures of me and Lots together. Come on, Lots...Me and Lots...Me and Lots." Finally, Mark high-fives the puppy.

Back in the yard, Thaddeus (a mystical family philosopher) states, "There's no Polack in you...I guarantee you that...You're not smart enough to have any Polack in ya!" *Certainly an outspoken commentary from one of the guests at the family gathering.*

Later, a handsome, white-haired, Mafiosi-type waves the "Code-of-Silence."

A good-looking, "Good'fella" does the same.

A third is asked, "Whad'da you think, 'Fonz'?"

The man mumbles a mouthful.

Anthony interrogates a youthful, boy-ish, blonde intruder. He says, "Hi. What's your name?"

The "Boy Wonder" responds, "Jeffrey James."

A party of detectives query, "How old are you?" No answer. *He takes the Fifth.*

Anthony asks, "You don't know how old you are? How old's your father?"

The "Boy Wonder" answers, "Five."

Anthony asks, "Your father's five...or you're five?"

The boy sticks to his story. "My father's five."

Anthony cracks, "Your father's five...alright!"

The boy confides, "I'm maybe three or two-years-old." The youngster leaves the scene, making a face only a camera could love.

Finally, a thematic irony visualizes as Mark dashes by in a hillbilly hat.

WHO: LOTS

WHAT: A SIGN FROM ABOVE

WHERE: INSIDE A YELLOW FORD STATION WAGON - THIRD AVENUE EXTENSION, RENSSELAER, N.Y.

WHEN: DAYTIME

WHY: BECAUSE LOTS AND MARK SOMETIMES LIVE IN THEIR OWN WORLD

Lots drives. Mark rides shotgun. He and his mom often have kooky, intimate, diverse conversations during these quiet moments. This time is no different.

"Stretch..."

"Yeah, Lots."

"Do you believe in UFO's?"

Mark, mystified, says, "UFO's...I don't know...but I wish I'd see one. That would be really exciting. Why, do you?"

"Could be...All I know is..." Lots doesn't often *lay it on the line*, but when she does have a strong opinion, she'll *give it to you straight*. "...Who are we to think we're the only creatures in this universe that God created?"

"That's a good point...I never thought of it that way."

A roadside sign reads, Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. The landscape is open and familiar. Across the road, in the distance, tombstones grow like moss at the trunks of trees.

Lots says, "I ever tell'ya the story about the bird I saw on this road once?"

"No. The bird?"

"Ah-uh." Unloading this long lost baggage, she says, "I was alone, it was when I was a teenager. I'll never forget it...I think of it every time I'm on this road...It was huge...It came from right over there..." She points.

Mark looks to the open field, just above the tree line. "I mean—how big was it?"

"It was gigantic."

"I mean how big? Was it like a condor?"

"No, I don't think so—bigger than that. I'd have to say each wing was *at least* the length of this car."

"You're kidding."

"Uh-uh."

"Did you ever tell anybody?"

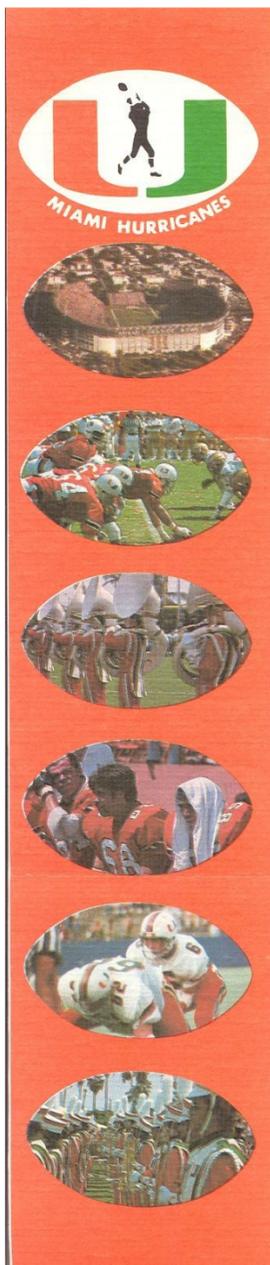
"Nope."

"Why not?"

"I knew nobody would believe me."

"Wow! That's incredible!"

They drive in silence for a moment. The long road unwinds behind them.



UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI HURRICANES

Howard Schnellenberger
Head Football Coach
(305) 284-3822

P.O. Box 248167
Coral Gables, Florida 33124

August 5, 1981

Mr. Mark DiBello
Best Road
R.D. #1
Rensselaer, NY 12144

Dear Mark:

Thank you for your recent letter regarding walking on to our football team. I'm certainly pleased to learn of your decision to choose the University of Miami and will look forward to seeing you when you come down.

The University of Miami Hurricanes had a great '80 season. Not only did we have an outstanding group of scholarship athletes, but also received the support of some 22 walk-on athletes, who were with us all the way on our quest for an after-season bowl game.

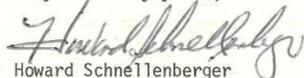
One of these walk-on athletes, Leonard Moore has been awarded a scholarship for the '81 season. He not only demonstrated outstanding athletic ability, but also had the determination to put in the hard work and discipline necessary to become a winner. The same opportunity is offered to you.

As follows is a list of the requirements to become a walk-on athlete:

- 1) Must be full-time student at the University of Miami.
- 2) Must be eligible under NCAA rules.
- 3) Must pass a physical examination performed by team physician at a cost of \$25.00.

Practice for walk-ons starts on Aug. 12. All applicants must be here by 12 noon on that date. Since the dorms do not open officially until Aug. 15, if you are planning to come on the 12th, you must make your own housing arrangements. For more information, call Mr. George Shoffner, Director of Housing at 284-4505.

Very sincerely yours,


Howard Schnellenberger
Head Football Coach

HS:SW

A private, independent, international university
An equal opportunity/affirmative action employer

A response letter informing about the football program at the University of Miami

WHO: ?

WHAT: MARK'S COLLEGIATE CLASSROOM EXPERIENCE IN A NUTSHELL

WHERE: UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI (U.M.) - AUDITORIUM CLASSROOM

WHEN: DAYTIME

WHY: BECAUSE MARK'S GOT A MIND OF HIS OWN



The entire philosophy class is seated listening attentively to the professor. From the top door of the room, Mark enters. He wears sandals, shorts, and a muscle shirt. He is very tan, his hair is wet, and his skin glints with suntan oil. He carries a gym bag and an attitude. As the professor speaks, Mark makes his way to a deep, center seat next to a pretty coed.

The professor says, "There are those existential philosophers who might say...for example...to you, young man..." He addresses Mark. "...That although this is your first day in class—you might not actually be present as a human being, but only be some imaginary fragment of space...therefore...you may not even be here."

Mark, in utter disbelief, says, "You got that right." Rising and exiting, he comments to the pretty coed, "Nice seeing you."

WHO: FRATERNITY BROTHERS AND SISTERS

WHAT: ANOTHER SCENE FROM A MOVIE

WHERE: BEAUMONT CINEMA AUDITORIUM - UNIV. OF MIAMI

WHEN: DAYTIME

WHY: BECAUSE MARK HAS SEEN THIS PLAY BEFORE



The stage is set. The auditorium is at maximum capacity—a sold-out show. The row's filled with geeks and Greeks. Mark's fraternity brothers and sisters waylay in the wings. The fraternal gods and goddesses, Freud might say, are psyched. The initiation, of the pagan celebration known as *Greek Week*, is about to commence. If imitation is: *the sincerest form of flattery*; then upon completion of this complimentary performance, John Travolta's portrayal of the *Tony Manero* character, from "*Saturday Night Fever*"; might well, blushing bronze in immortality the demigod of disco dancing.

The student organizer introduces, "From Sigma Pi—Mark DiBello!"

The music, "*You Should Be Dancing*," by the Bee Gees, fades in.

Mark *struts his stuff* from out behind the curtain—look out! The audience is astonished into a slight submission; his predecessors were comics and mimes. The denizens are unprepared for him, but our protagonist *is* ready for them.

Back turned, he runs his fingers through his locks. Revealing himself slowly, he gyrates to the beat of the seventies generation. His peers begin to "get down." The communicable kinetics heightens. In unison, the clamoring crowd claps. Mark Anthony dances to a high-energy series of splits, spins and shakes.

A brother, bystander, calls out, "He's into it now!" A precise prognostication.

The pirouetting protégé corkscrews with a discus thrower's momentum. Improvising, he hurls his body from the stage. A comet; he lands in a hurdler's split beneath the worshipping feet of the fanatic, female, front row.

The performance climaxes in a crescendo of mythical proportions.

The music fades out.



***Hair: jet-black-gold chains-black, rayon, shirt-white, skin-tight, polyester pants-black shoes-
Look out!***



Mark leads the fraternal charge in a tug-of-war battle



The frat at the Rat

WHO: LOTS, "JULES," HEIDI, GINA, LIZ
WHAT: A SNOWBIRD LEAVES THE NEST AND FLIES SOUTH
WHERE: THE SIGMA PI FRATERNITY HOUSE
WHEN: DAYTIME
WHY: A MOTHER KNOWS



Lots walks up the sidewalk that leads to the dilapidated structure. Across the street are the Hecht Athletic Building, the running track, and the practice football field. Lots' tan, longhaired, grossly overweight son emerges, surprised, from the frat house.

Mark wonders, "Lots, what are you doing here?" They exchange warm hugs and kisses.

Lots' look reveals a concerned, appalled mother. "I was worried about you..." She surveys the building. "This is the place you want to live?"

"Yeah, all the guys are here. After we got kicked out of the dorms, this is the frat they started."

Untimely whisking by are: Jules, a wholesome blonde; Heidi, a Farrah Fawcett look-a-like; also, Gina, a pleasant brunette; and Liz, a brown-eyed girl. Each wears a purple and gold shirt emblazoned with the Greek letters Sigma Pi. Liz asks, "Mark, you going to the big game tonight?"

Mark says, to Liz, "I doubt it."

Lots looks toward the passing female foursome.

A passing car sounds its horn and cheers squeal out, rooting, "Go, 'Canes!"

Mark explains, to Lots, "Friends."

Lots tells him, "Stretch-I wanted you to come down here to get a good education and to do what you really came to do. If I know you-you'll make a dance hall out of this place." She checks the house. "I can only imagine what goes on here."

Mark implies, to his mother, "Just college stuff, Lots..."

She looks weary and anxious.

Mark continues, "...You're really worried, aren't ya'? Don't be."

"I can't keep coming down here worrying about you, Stretch. I want you to be happy-not just have fun."

"I'm sorry, Lots. I don't want you to worry."

"Then do whatever would truly make you happy-then I won't worry..." Lots and Mark focus on the football complex.

Lots tells him, "...You know I love you, Stretch." She tightly, meaningfully, embraces him.

"I love you, too, Lots."

WHO: MARK...
WHERE: HERE
WHEN: BEFORE
WHY: IT'S NOW



From its origin in Mark's mind, the "Theme from Rocky," or "Gonna Fly Now," by the Rocky Orchestra; and the film's title crawl "Rocky," inspire and motivate the athlete for his training schedule.

TRAINING SCHEDULE

UNIV. OF MIAMI - PRACTICE FIELD - ON A RAINING, MOONLIT, STARRY NIGHT

I am drenched. I flounder from running sprints and patterns. I slip and slide—falling into push-up position.

U.M. - EATON HALL - INSIDE A VACANT DORMITORY STUDY ROOM - BEFORE DAWN

From the standard push-up position—I struggle to complete but a few. I flop over and sluggishly manage a couple of sit-ups.

U.M. - FOOTBALL COMPLEX - RUNNING TRACK - DAWN

From my lying position—I loaf some stretches. I rise and slowly jog from the starting line.

INSIDE THE U.M. CAFETERIA - IN THE MORNING

Along the railed supports of the buffet—I guide an empty serving tray. I forge past the colorfully puzzling array of sugared cereals— among them, Kelloggs' Frosted Flakes and Sugar Pops.

PONCE de LEON BLVD. - MIAMI, FLA. - AFTERNOON

I jog idly along the sidewalk, which serves as the campus frontage. A bicyclist handily glides past me. At the route's intersection—I slow past a Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant. I continue until I reach the access road. I walk along the "auto alley," where mostly Hispanic mechanics service and repair automobiles. A tire change from a rim symbolizes the physical state of this rotund ex-jock.

INSIDE A HEALTH CLUB - LATE AFTERNOON

The motionless cam and the minuscule amount of weight, on the Nautilus hip and back machine, corroborate my lack of strength. I simply lie on the apparatus; eyes closed. It exemplifies my lack of fortitude and conditioning.

WHO: ANTHONY, JOEY
WHAT: ANTHONY SAYS, "WE'RE MAKING SOME TESTS ON THE SCREEN."
WHERE: THE DiBELLO HOME - PLAYROOM
WHEN: ANTHONY DiBELLO SAYS, "THIS IS CHRISTMAS, 1981..."
WHY: IT CREATES A MEMORABLE EFFECT FOR THE DiBELLO BOYS

The 8mm color clip is of a superlative catch and run. The home movie image shakes and jukes. The crowd cheers. The clip culminates in a celebrated embrace.

Anthony says, breaking up, "Let's hear applause again...let's hear applause again...alright."
 Joey says, cynically, "Aw...Lots is crying..." He pauses. "You're all crying."



A father's #2 son, and #1 son...8-year-old Mark's premiere victory in Punt, Pass & Kick

WHO: AND ROCKY
WHAT... A MAN'S GOT TO DO.
WHERE: ...AND THERE
WHEN: ...AFTER [1982]
WHY: ...OR NEVER



TRAINING SCHEDULE

U.M. - PRACTICE FIELD - NIGHTTIME	From the black sky above, shooting down like a comet—the music rocks on for the finely tuned, splendidly lean and solid athlete. Against the not-so-scenic, rudimentary, landscape of hedges and his fraternity house, Mark effortlessly runs precise patterns and a speedy sprint.
STUDY ROOM - BEFORE DAWN	Mark's upper body ripples as he counts off a series of fingertip push-ups. He transfers his efforts to his checkerboard stomach. He completes pike-position sit-ups and leg-lifts.
RUNNING TRACK - DAWN	Mark closes strong at the finish line. The sweat pours from his brow. He glimpses the sky for a divine light.
INSIDE THE CAFETERIA - MORNING	Mark has ashes on his forehead, a Roman Catholic tradition that symbolizes the onset of Lent. The end of the buffet line displays a tray stocked with bananas, apples, and oranges. He waits for dry toast to eject from the toaster.
INSIDE THE HEALTH CLUB - AFTERNOON	The weight machine's cam is in motion. The weight-stack is measurably heavier. Mark is formful and fierce as he functions to fortify his hip and back strength.
ACCESS ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON	A mechanic jacks up an auto. He pauses to wave. Most of the row of the workers wave encouragement to Mark. He runs at a quick clip down the alley. He raises his hand to reciprocate the graciousness.
AT THE INTERSECTION - PONCE de LEON BLVD.	Mark picks up the pace, passing the KFC. He darts past traffic as he approaches— Mark turns on the jets. He passes a car turning from a side street. Mark is at full speed. As he nears the signpost that marks his finish, he seems to take-off like an airplane. Mark expires with exhaustion. The lyrics, "...gonna fly now" ironically synchronize in his mind. The music ends.

WHO: MARK'S FATHER AND LOTS
WHAT: A HUMMEL FIGURINE ENTITLED: "PHONE BOY."
WHERE: DiBELLO HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY
WHEN: DAYTIME
WHY: BECAUSE WHEN YOU GIVE GIFTS TO PEOPLE...

Mark breaks the gentle bond his father has with their arms slung around one another. Mark playfully ridicules him. "...Quarantined! Yeah, to keep her away from you."
Upon entering Mark's bedroom, Lots lies jaundice in Mark's bed. Mark kisses her. He says, "Lots...you're all yellow." Lots, apologetically, says, "Hi, Stretch...Some way to spend your spring break...Huh?" She hugs and kisses him. Mark jokes with her, "Lots, stop holding it in—if you gotta go that bad...the bathroom's right there." He points. She laughs. Anthony snickers.
Anthony says, "We think it's hepatitis. That's what makes her all yellow like that."
Mark says, to him, "Thanks, *Doctor Doolittle*." He says, to Lots, "He's just jealous. He wishes he had it."
Anthony, wishfully psychosomatic, jokes, "Who knows, I might!" Self-sympathetically, he says, "At the dentist's office, I felt a fever coming on, but I was in such pain from leaning on my injured arm...I couldn't tell how bad it was." Happily informative, he says, "He was giving me a root canal, ya' know!"
Mark, giggling to himself, says, "He should've given you a lobotomy."
Anthony tells him, "Stifle it!"
Mark asks, "Lots, how'd ya' get hepatitis?"
Anthony answers, "Probably from some bad seafood she ate."
Lots vows, to Mark, "I'll be fine in a few weeks. You get back to school and get ready for practice...I've got plans for you...Go."
Anthony says, "She just needs to rest and stay quarantined."
Lots, jokingly, says, "Quarantine—and he puts me in this room—no wonder I'm sick!"
Father and son worship in laughter.

PRE-SPRING PRACTICE CONDITIONING DRILLS

I

STATIONS :

* EACH STATION 5 min. tot. time 40 min.

1. FIELD : 20 yds.



- DRILLS: A) High Steppin' { 2 sets }
 B) Hopping (left, right, both, alternate) { 2 sets each }
 C) Striding { 2 sets }

2. FIELD : 15 yds.

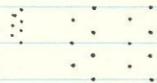


- DRILLS: A) Shuffle { 10 yds. 10 reps }
 B) Suicides { 3 sets }
 C) Sprint/Back Pedal (15 yds, 10 yds) { 3 sets each }

3. FIELD : Track

- DRILLS: A) 440 { 75 sec. }
 B) Jump Rope (left, right, both) (30 sec.)
 (10 yd. run) { 2 sets }
 BB) Speed Rope (left, right, both) (15 sec.)
 { 2 sets }

4. FIELD : 30 yds. , 10 yds.



- DRILLS: A) Cutting
 B) sprint, back pedal, crab, shuffle (2), sprint
 C) REPEAT
 { (A,B,C) total circuit 4 sets }

* EACH STATION 5 min.

II

5. FIELD : 10 yds.



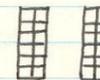
- DRILLS: A) Butt Rolls { 2 sets }
 B) Crab { 2 sets }
 C) 3-man rollovers { 2 sets }
 D) Set-Hut ground drill { 2 sets }
 E) Grass (Shuffle: FBRL) { 2 sets }

6. FIELD : 40 yds.



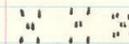
- DRILLS: A) Striding { 2 sets } (20 yds.)
 B) Sprint/Stride (5-15) { 2 sets }
 C) Harry-Oka (20 yds.) { 2 sets }
 D) Sprint (20 yds.) { 2 sets }
 E) Sprint/Stride (10-20) { 2 sets }
 F) Back Pedal (30 yds.) { 2 sets }
 G) Sprint/Stride (10-30) { 2 sets }
 H) Spint (40) { 2 sets }

7. FIELD : Ropes



- DRILLS: A) Everyone
 B) Every-Other-One
 C) Jumping (everyone), (every-other-one)
 D) Side-Stepping (everyone)
 E) Outside-Ins.

8. FIELD : Dots



- DRILLS: A) ↑ ↓ spread-tight-spread { 2 sets }
 B) ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ spread-tight-spread-tweak { 2 sets }
 C) ✕ dots { 2 sets }

WHO: COACH STEVENS, COACH ALEXANDER, COACH TRESTMAN
WHAT: SPRING PRACTICE
WHERE: UNIV. OF MIAMI - PRACTICE FIELD
WHEN: A HOT, STICKY AFTERNOON
WHY: BECAUSE FOOTBALL IS MORE THAN JUST A GAME



The athletic department film crew shoots its footage from a crane, above, to allow coaches a better perspective; and realistically capture the overview of this preliminary conditioning practice or tryout.

A swarm of athletes, in gray shorts and T-shirts, buzz from the hive of the locker room; Ninety-six in number, Mark emerges primed from the rear of the pack—he is one of them. Newly issued white and orange-trimmed Nike turf shoes, inscribed with “Canes” on the heel—embody the quality of the scholarship players paid to perform in them. The mass of players congregates around a score of coaches. At the core are: Head Coach Howard Schnellenberger, a dignified, thick-mustached, pipe-smoking fifty-year-old; Coach Trestman, a mustached, curly-topped, young man; a laid-back, black Coach Alexander or Coach “Axe”; and instructing, is a handsome, forty-ish Coach Stevens. Coach Stevens calls out, “Eight stations—5 minutes each...”

The coaches scout the players from head to toe. Coach Stevens dispenses the coaching personnel to each STATION. A station is a codified matrix of orange road cones which dot the trim, green grass. Coach Stevens directs, “Coaches...” Coach Stevens looks down on the used, dirtied cleats of the eight “walk-on’s” (non-scholarship players) including Mark. However, exclusive is Mark’s identifiable, proudly prepared, pair of blazing white Nikes. Coach Stevens says, “You walk-on’s won’t make it—so one at each station.”

A coach grabs a Spanish walk-on and places him at the proximate STATION #8. In an uproar, all the remaining players disperse in groups of twelve according to their relative physical size. Mark, who is rabid with enthusiasm, bolts to the first station.

The team manager stands beneath a goalpost. From it, a placard hangs, posted with the numeral 8. He sounds a canister horn.

At STATION #1: Mark and the other eleven players, high-step and stride their way through the drill. A handsome, tall player “legs-it-out.” Coach Stevens instructs, “Stride it out, Tom Deming!”

At STATION #2: A thin, young trainer tends to an injured small, white walk-on.

The team manager flips the placard, with a long stick, to the numeral 7. He blows the horn. The players advance stations.

At STATION #2: Mark sprints from line-to-line in an exercise often called “suicides”. The latter part of the drill involves sprinting, and then back-pedaling, at 5, 10, and 15-yard intervals.

At STATION #3: Another trainer administers oxygen to an exhausted walk-on.

The placard’s numeral reads 6. The horn sounds.

At STATION #3: Coach Axe times the 440-yard lap. A fit, black player crosses the finish line, on the running track, seconds ahead of Mark. Coach Axe announces, “...73...74...75.” As the other players gradually finish, immediately, they begin rapidly jump-roping.

At STATION #4: A quitting walk-on—walks off.

The team manager changes the card to the numeral 5. There is the horn.

At STATION #4: In a zigzag, cone alignment; Mark and company, sprint...back pedal...crab...shuffle...shuffle and sprint. Mark easily handles the course. The other players begin to fade.

At STATION #5: A fifty-year-old, crew-cut Coach Morrall coaxes his player group. The group high-steps in place. When “hut,” is called; they dive, face-first, to the ground. A “farm boy,” white player leads. Coach Morrall calls out, “Lead’em, Kelly...Set...Hut!” He pauses. “Set...Hut!” A sick walk-on throws-up after landing on the earth’s surface.

The placard flashes the numeral 4. The team manager holds the horn.

At STATION #5: Mark and two other players perform an acrobatic, barrel-rolling, three-man weave. At Coach Morrall’s whistle, that drill ceases. They commence forth doing the “set-hut!” phase.

Players are fatigued and receive medical attention.

At STATION #6: A thirsty walk-on requires water from a manager.

The placard is flipped to the numeral 3.

At STATION #6: Mark crosses his legs, over one another, in a sidestepping movement or carioca. The ballet of players proceeds to sprint 10 yards and stride 30 more.

At STATION #7: In the grid of ropes, players step in each quadrangle. A clumsy walk-on stumbles. Coach Trestman physically untangles and ejects him.

The team manager fumbles with the stick, but advances to the numeral 2 on the card. He again displays the horn.

At STATION #7: Mark remains strong as he hops between alternating rope squares. His corps weakens and “banjo-picks” the ropes. Mark manages to diagonally high-step the twined maze as the drill concludes. Coach Trestman bellows, “Stay off the ropes!” He encourages Mark, “Nice work, son.”

At STATION #8: Most of the final group is hunched over grasping for air. The placard turns, at last, to the numeral 1. The horn is held high.

At STATION #8: Mark maintains the quickest feet as he rapidly hops an imaginary “X” from point-to-point. He is amazingly physically fresh. His are the jitteriest feet as he hopscotches this final portion of the drill.

The team manager holds that annoying horn while it blasts for the long overdue final time.

The entire squad floats in the end zone. The coaches’ whistles blow as the first wave of lineman sprint, jog or walk the 100-yard homestretch. Coaches scream and holler from start to finish. The second wave of backs and receivers thunder home as Mark rolls through the tide and emerges with a narrow lead. Sweating mildly, he finishes in front. Coach Schnellenberger whispers to Coach Stevens; who, in turn, stands beside Coach Trestman. Coach Stevens says, to Coach Trestman, “Who was that?”

Coach Trestman says, to Mark, “We’ll see *you* in the fall.”

ORANGE ROSTER	
3 Davis, K	41 D. Brown, LB
4 Bellinger, DB	44 K. Griffin, RB
5 LaBelle, P	45 Sammons, FB
8 Foss, P	48 Kohlbrand, DE
9 Richt, QB	50 Moore, OL
13 Vanderwende, QB	51 Fernandez, LB
15 Ditthardt, DB	52 Heffernan, OL
16 Blanco, K	53 Moyer, LB
17 Rosier, DB	56 Schnellenberger, OL
18 Hester, WR	62 Fitzpatrick, DL
20 Belk, WR	63 Stephens, OL
21 Austin, RB	67 Larkin, OL
22 Josephik, DB	70 Hudak, DL
23 Cabrer, WR	72 Ward, OL
25 Deakins, WR	75 Postell, OL
26 T. Griffin, DB	80 Broughton, DL
27 G. Jones, DB	82 Perez, WR
29 Williams, DB	84 Baratta, TE
30 Fanelli, QB-RB	85 G. Brown, LB
34 Moore, DE	86 Dennison, TE
35 Gyché, RB	87 DiBello, WR
36 Sisk, LB	95 Fagan, DL
38 Neal, FB	96 Deming, TE
40 Foster, DB	98 Cortez, LB
	99 James, DE

87-DiBello, WR



The University of Miami concludes spring practice with an intrasquad game at 7:30 tonight at Lockhart Stadium in Fort Lauderdale. An autograph session with the players and coaching staff is scheduled to start at 6:30.

Quarterbacks Jim Kelly and Mark Richt drafted teams for tonight's game earlier this week. Kelly is the captain of the White squad while Richt will be running the Orange.

Spring ends for U-M tonight

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The teams worked at opposite ends of the Greentree practice field this week and U-M coach Howard Schnellenberger split up his coaching staff, making defensive coordinator Tom Olivadotti head coach of the White and offensive coordinator Kim Helton head coach of the Orange.

Freshman quarterback Kyle Vanderwende, who was redshirted last year, will play for both teams in relief of the starting quarterbacks. Kickers Jeff Davis and Jorge Blanco and punters Greg LaBelle and Eric Foss also will play for both teams.

Richt's offense will feature halfbacks Keith Griffin and Jimmy Austin, fullback Speedy Neal, split end Rocky Belk and tight end Glenn Dennison. The defense is led by defensive back Rod Bellinger and middle guard Tony Fitzpatrick.

Kelly's offense includes halfback Albert Bentley, fullback Gary Breckner and receivers Keith Cleveland and Lawrence Thompson and Stanley Shakespeare. The White defense is led by tackle Tony Chickillo. Halfback Mark Rush who was chosen to the White team, is not expected to play due to an ankle injury suffered two weeks ago.

ORANGE ROSTER

3 Davis, K	41 D. Brown, LB
4 Bellinger, DB	44 K. Griffin, RB
5 LaBelle, P	45 Sammons, FB
6 Foss, P	48 Kohlbrand, DE
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15 Dithardt, DB	52 Heffernan, OL
16 Blanco, K	53 Meyer, LB
17 Rosier, DB	54 Schnellenberger, OL
18 Hester, WR	62 Fitzpatrick, DL
20 Belk, WR	63 Stephens, OL
21 Austin, RB	67 Larkin, OL
22 Josephik, DB	70 Hudak, OL
23 Cabrer, WR	72 Ward, OL
25 Deakins, WR	75 Postell, OL
26 T. Griffin, DB	80 Broughton, DL
27 G. Jones, DB	82 Perez, WR
29 Williams, DB	84 Baratta, TE
30 Fanello, QB-RB	85 G. Brown, LB
34 Moore, DE	86 Dennison, TE
35 Quye, RB	87 DiBello, WR
36 Sisk, LB	95 Fagan, DL
38 Neal, FB	96 Deming, TE
40 Foster, DB	98 Cortez, LB
	99 James, DE

WHITE ROSTER

1 Civetta, WR	53 Canei, OL
2 Calhoun, DB	54 Brophy, LB
3 Davis, K	55 West, DE
5 LaBelle, P	59 Jaramilla, DL
6 Shakespeare, WR	60 Bass, LB
7 Smatana, DB	61 Bailey, C
8 Foss, P	63 Welch, OL
12 Kelly, QB	64 Cameron, DL
13 Vanderwende, QB	66 McMurray, LB
14 Boone, DB	68 Dickerson, OL
16 Bentley, RB	69 Comendiro, OL
17 Lippert, DB	71 Chickillo, DT
19 Cleveland, WR	74 Graham, OL
22 Thompson, WR	76 Sinclair, OL
24 Oliver, WR	77 Zappala, LB
28 Martinez, DB	78 Cooper, OL
30 Anthony, RB	81 J. Jones, TE
31 Bellamy, DB	83 Knichel, DL
32 Gaskins, RB	88 Hembrough, TE
39 Walker, DB	92 Cochran, DE
43 Breckner, FB	94 Morgan, DE
49 Rush, RB	97 Robinson, DT
51 Harris, LB	98 Butler, DE



The Miami News - MAGGIE MCGINLE
Jim Kelly will be the starting quarterback and captain of the White team at Lockhart Stadium

- Hall-of-Fame Quarterback, Jim Kelly -

WHO: LOTS

In Miami, Mark listens to Lots tearfully, grudgingly, but affirmatively, say, to the *Phone Boy*: "...Go."

WHAT: A PHONE BOOTH

In the hospital corridor, this day, Mark is on the phone. He repeatedly shakes his head "No" during the conversation. He exits the booth pondering an apparent agonizing decision he has made. He walks the pristine, hospital-white corridor. A sign indicates the locale: Massachusetts General Hospital. Mark's defeated look is indicative of trouble.

Anthony, almost nonchalant, asks, "Does anybody not have something to wear? Mark, what about you, do you have a dark suit?"

WHERE: INSIDE THE DiBELLO HOUSE - MUSIC ROOM

In the early evening, Mark is kneeling. His head rests at the bedside of the emaciated body of his mother. Dorothy (which means "Gift of God") has lost most of her hair. Her face is extremely drawn. Her eyes bulge open, but are virtually lifeless.

Mark says, "Lots, forget about everybody else. You and I believe in miracles...no one on Earth understands what we have together. I know you'd never leave me. I know you love me. We'll show'em all, Lots. You and me together—a miracle."

Time has passed. Adjacent to the bed, on the windowpane, a digital clock reads 12:34 a.m. on a red, quartz display. Outside the window, darkness has fallen over the front yard. Anthony and Trish, the nurse, enter the room. Trish checks Lots' pulse.

Anthony says, "Mark, why don't you get some sleep? Tonight's the night."

Trish says, "She's still sleeping."

Mark, indignant, says, "Why don't you two stay away from her. Don't you get tired of saying that? What if she heard you? She doesn't need that negative talk. Don't either of you have faith?" He says, to Anthony, "You're her husband and you act like you want her to go."

Anthony, inhibited, yet irate, says, "Listen, you little...who do you think you are talking to me like that?!"

Mark tells him, "Go to bed and leave us alone."

Seething, Anthony departs. Trish also exits.

Mark continues, "It's okay, Lots, don't listen to them." Walking to the opposite end of the room, Mark sits at the organ. He begins to amateurishly play, "Release Me." After a few, perhaps indiscernible bars; he starts the stereo and the Englebert Humperdinck album recording now plays. Gratified, he sits next to his mother's bed. He kisses and caresses her face and hands. Mark whispers, "Lots, it's your favorite—Englebert." The music plays. Mark prays over his mother's body.

Lots, awakening, says coarsely, "Stretch..."

Mark says, "Yeah, Lots."

"Would you get me some ice cream?"

"Sure, Lots, stay here, don't move...I'll be right back..." Mark quickly exits.

Lots anguishes a smile.

Out the window, a car's taillights depart in the distance.



Mark re-enters; ice cream in hand. He props his helpless mother up and lovingly feeds her. She revels in every spoonful. She speaks, but her underlying tone is about much more than just ice cream. "Thank you, Honey."

"It's okay, Lots."

"Stretch, find yourself a nice girl."

"I've got one." He feeds her a scoop.

"It's good. I've been wanting to see my father."

"Don't give up, Lots. I have faith."

The music eventually fades out.

The dawn sunlight careens off the white birch tree in the yard. The birds are chirping. Dorothy's eyes are closed. Mark is awake in the chair. Trish enters, she checks for a pulse.

Trish says, "Cancer's so unpredictable. I know you don't want to hear this, but today's the day."

Mark says, "You just don't know my mother like I do. I'm sorry, Trish, but I can't make you breakfast this morning—I've got to stay here."

"I understand. Do you want to lift her up? I'll change the sheets."

"Sure." Mark cradles his frail mother.

Lots, feeble and incoherent, asks, "Who is that?"

Mark answers, "It's me, Lottie."

"Where's Coco?"

Mark answers, "You mean Nugget, Lots. He's in the other room."

Lots asks, "Who's there?"

"It's Stretch, Mom."

"Stretch, I'm sorry you have to see me like this."

"It's okay, Lots, your just a little 'sicky'—don't give up. I have faith."

Lots says, to her son, "I love you, Honey."

Mark says, to his mother, "Lots..." He pauses. "I'll never leave you. I love you."

He sets her back in the bed.



Later, the room is full of brothers and sisters: Mark's, Anthony's, and Dorothy's. Trish checks Lots' pulse and flips up Lots' eyelid.

The clock reads 5:39 p.m.

Trish says, "She's in a coma."

A few cries bellow out.

Mark kneels by his mother's side. He holds her ring-less right hand. He whispers in her ear, resisting to cry. "I love you, Mom...it's Mark, Lots. I love you...remember the miracle...have faith in God. I love you, Mom."

WHEN: MARK LOOKS ENDEARINGLY OVER THE BED. THE CLOCK READS, PRECISELY, 6:59 P.M.

Mark rises from his seat, and releases his mother's hand. He walks quickly through the more upbeat tempo of the room and exits.

A moment later, the distant final gurgle of a toilet flush is heard as Mark hastily re-enters the room. The white bed linen is tucked under his mother's chin. Her hands are crossed on her chest. Her pain is gone.

The clock reads, exactly, 7:00 p.m. Weeping and hugging are abound; Mark crumbles to his knees. He lays his horseshoe-ringed hand over her identically-ringed left hand—the two are as one. He rests his wilted head on his mother's ever-loving heart and cries.

Anthony, and Dottie's eldest sister, Helen; huddle around Mark.

Helen says, "He hasn't cried yet—let him cry."

Anthony grapples Mark, who cries more passionately. Anthony says, "He's gonna...Mark... Son...you're gonna crush her. Take it easy."



WHY: THE SUN SETS

Outside the DiBello house, at the side yard, amid the many garbage carts and cans, Mark cries madly. He thrashes around the dirt floor, clutching the earth's ashes of soil. Anthony and a concerned doctor hover close-by. Mark cries out, "That's it. Now, I have nobody—nobody."

WHO: MARK

WHAT: BENEATH THE COLLECTION OF SPORTS TROPHIES, PICTURES AND MEMENTOS; MARK LIES AWAKE IN HIS BED.

WHERE: INSIDE THE DiBELLO HOUSE - MARK AND JOE'S BEDROOM

WHEN: MONDAY NIGHT - OCTOBER 18, 1982

WHY: DISCONSOLATE, MARK STARES POINTLESSLY AT THE CEILING. THE RADIO, ON THE DRESSER, IS TUNED TO AN OLDIE'S STATION. SMOKEY ROBINSON AND THE MIRACLES' CLASSIC, "THE TEARS OF A CLOWN," BREATHES A SENSE OF IRONY INTO MARK'S DEADEN SOUL.

WHO: A FEW MOURNERS

WHAT: LOTS' WAKE

WHERE: OUTSIDE LYONS FUNERAL HOME

WHEN: TUESDAY AFTERNOON - OCTOBER 19, 1982



WHY: GOD ONLY KNOWS

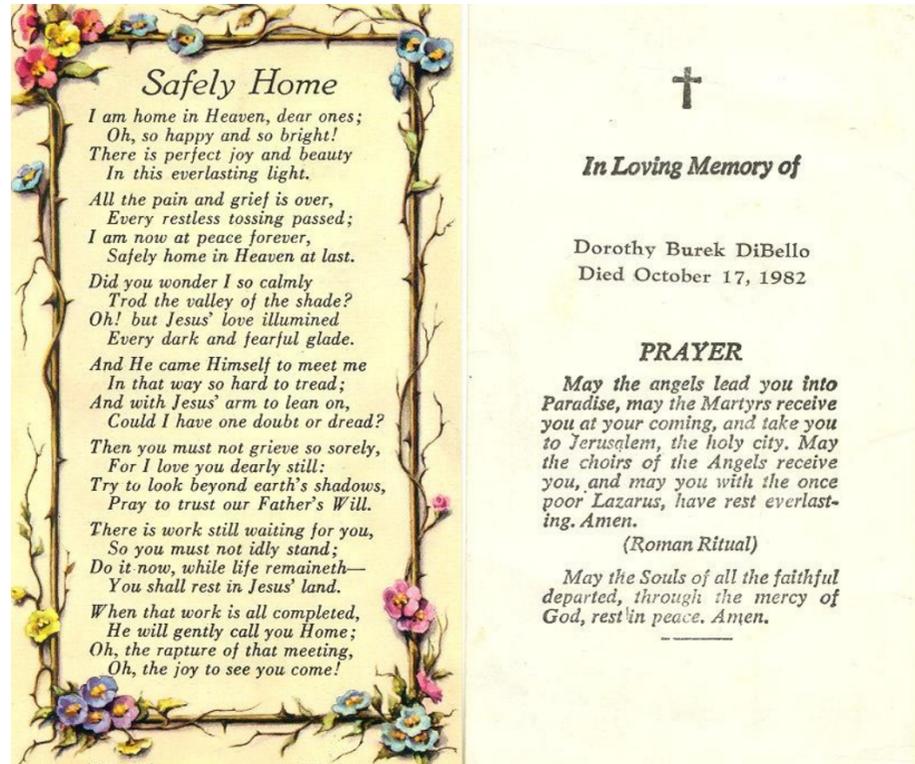
A pair of cops directs the snarl of autos from the corner traffic light into the overflowed parking lot.

A female, disappointingly, says, to a joking Mark, "You'll never change."

Mark says, with prideful exhilaration, "Thank God for that!"

A few mourners languish toward the parlor. In Mark's mind, the song's instrumental moans as the double doors burst open. "Now, if there's a smile on my face, it's only there trying to fool the public." Against the flow, Mark emerges in a dark suit and turtleneck sweater. His physical comedy and vivacity belie the sympathetic looks of a group of friends; especially, the pathetic look of a lovely, dark, Italian girl he escorts out. Only because of his proximity to an usher does he hear...the usher say, to a mourner, "In all my years, I haven't even seen a politician with this many mourners. She must've been some lady."

WHO:
WHAT:
WHERE:



WHEN:
WHY:

At St. Joseph's Church, in Rensselaer, New York, it is morning. The large, gothic doors open slowly. A somber Mark is preceded by the pallbearers; who depart to an awaiting hearse, two limousines, and a trio of flower cars.

At the Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, on the Third Avenue Extension, in Rensselaer, a long procession of modest automobiles crawls along the tall tree-lined route. It visually forces the caravan to hurdle long cast shadows. The autos incline to a halt, at the rural cemetery's peak, overlooking the city of Albany, at the perpetual gravesite.

Like falling dominoes, the parade of car doors open. Before the final, murky shoe touches the earth—at a black, unopened, limo door Mark sits, fetal-like, against the window. He is alone and despondent.

Later, the footwear of the melancholy enters into their autos, doors closing behind them. A very tall, weathered, mourner in her late-thirties; reaches into the door of Mark's limo and extricates him by hand. She puts her wedding-ringed hand around the helpless, wailing lad's shoulders and escorts him to her green Volvo. She says, "Come with me."

Mark pastes his hopeless brow against the glass. The starting of her engine ignites the taillight.

WHO: ANTHONY
WHAT: A CHESS MATCH PLAYS ITSELF OUT
WHERE: DiBELLO HOUSE - MULTIPLE ROOMS
WHEN: WASN'T IT?
WHY: ANTHONY AND MARK REFLECT AND ANTAGONIZE ONE ANOTHER FROM SQUARE-TO-SQUARE

Starting symbolically simplistic, Anthony places a new swatch of distasteful wallpaper over the existing colonial-motif wall. It is in accordance with Anthony's growing agitation and Mark's overflowing frustration.

Back-dropped, by the dining room's winter window, Anthony removes a framed picture of Lots from the large window seat—Mark replaces it.

Amid the Christmas decor, at the kitchen entrance, Anthony pries off an inscribed, "Mother" plaque from the wall—Mark reaffixes it.

The video Yule log plays on the living room TV screen. From the midst of the manger display, Anthony absconds with another framed picture—Mark retrieves it.



WHO:

It's daytime [1983], inside the Rathskeller (Rat), at the University of Miami. At a round table, by a window, Mark reaches past a glass and shakes the hand of a natural, athletic, Canadian beauty wearing a gray sweatshirt and blue jeans.



In the DiBello house den, by day, from the closet, Anthony gathers his wife's coats and dresses—Mark returns them. Mark sits near a cabinet housing his father's extensive album collection, introspectively holding Orson Welles', "War of the Worlds" album cover.

In the dining room, by day, from the warm-weathered window, Anthony's *at it* again—so is Mark.

The music room is the room where Dorothy passed. By day, from the sun-shaded window-seat, near to her deathbed, Anthony seizes the family picture. Mark stands frozen in the doorway—he cannot enter.

WHAT:

In the DiBello home, living room, the Canadian beauty relinquishes her seat, next to Mark, on the couch. He kisses her hand goodnight. Wearing a skin-tight, lime-green, tank top and nylon shorts; she stands wantonly sexy in the doorway. Mark looks at the barren TV top—then a narrow crevice—to get a peek at the northern wonder scaling the bedroom staircase. The vacated couch spells “trouble.”
In the upstairs bathroom, the Beauty sheds a white, terry-cloth robe and unveils a perfect bare chest.
In brother Brad's bedroom, darkness creeps through the window. The headboard rattles and slams the wall.
The Canadian beauty says, to Mark, “You're a perfect fit!”

In Anthony's bedroom, by day, from his dresser drawer, Anthony removes select pieces of Lots' jewelry.

In Mark and Joe's bedroom, by day, Mark places the jewelry in his dresser.

From the armoire, in the dining room, Anthony extracts, at random, one of the many Hummel figurines. He then, by happenstance, grabs the “*Phone Boy*” Hummel.

Mark displays it on the blue desk in his bedroom.

WHERE:

In Mark and Joe's bedroom, it's early evening. Mark pounces up from his bed. A sixth sense has alerted him. In a moment, an Interstate-90 West sign is followed by a Syracuse-Buffalo designation.

WHEN:

Later that night, in a split-level house, the Canadian beauty's nude silhouette glides from an adjacent bathroom to a bed. A John Doe lies in wait. He props himself up.
That same night, from just inside the sliding-glass door, the Canadian beauty is shocked to see Mark standing outside. She knots the red and white, “Canadian Olympic Team,” terry-clothed, robe she sports; and opens the door. A disillusioned and distraught Mark watches her brazenly mime pleasure at seeing her beau. She follows with a reprehensible, foolhardy, exhibit of innocence. A disconcerted Mark departs.

WHY: WHY? WHY?

In the dining room daylight, Anthony checkmates Mark. He removes the photograph of Lots, but leaves behind the empty picture frame. Mark's only recourse is to surrender. He picks up a heavy brass crucifix. In Mark's mind, the song “*Tears of a Clown*” ceases abruptly.

Inside the DiBello house, kitchen, in late afternoon, Mark strategically moves the (now) pawn-like pictures to a favored cabinet of Anthony's near the kitchen table. The heavy brass crucifix sits atop the window seat. Anthony arrives home from his day at the office; his natty attire his armor, a briefcase his battle shield, a pound of mail his proclamation. Now, *he's beginning to see the pictures.*

Anthony shouts, “That's it! All summer you've been torturing me—it's gonna stop here and now! I loved your mother and I gave your mother everything.”

Mark retaliates, “You know Lots didn't care about money—she just wanted *us* to have everything. She hated all that ...Put her on the couch, with her nuts and her book, and she was fine. You act like she was never here!”

“Listen, you...” Anthony regroups. “This is *my* house; I'll live in it as I please!”

“It's our house—and it's supposed to mean something.”

“Wrong! It's my house. I'm the one who busts my ass and pays the bills around here—and now, I'll be if I'm gonna put up with you anymore!” His jousting continues. “...You wanna talk about bills? You know how much it cost for your school last semester alone? So you could do what—lay around in the sun? At least your brother Joey comes to help me. What do you do to pay me back? You treat me like a piece of dirt! Well, no more! You want to do your mother's memory some good—then get on with your life. But for now—leave mine alone!”

Mark mutters, under his breath. *Fuck you.*

Anthony, brooding violently, says, “What did you say?”

Mark, defiant, says, “You heard me.”

“How dare you! How dare you speak to me like that—you pimply-faced little punk! Get out of my sight—now!”

“Fine!” Mark lunges for the crucifix. He takes aim at the blank windowpane. His bottled anguish breaks. He slings the cross, shattering the glass.

WHO: MARK'S BEST FRIEND

WHAT: GOD'S ON IT

WHERE: DiBELLO HOUSE - SIDE YARD

WHEN: LATE AFTERNOON - CONTINUED

WHY: “ROD” ONLY KNOWS

Mark meanders along the outer extreme of the property line, against the backdrop of the deep woods. The words he seemingly speaks to himself, act to calm and reassure. He lovingly shares his innermost thoughts with his littlest brother. “Do you know you're the best little brother I ever had? You know Lots loved you very much. You wanna know something I've never told anybody? The thing I'm most happy about...is that she left before me...because she would've been so sad to see me go first. Plus, I know with Lots in Heaven, we can do anything.”

He looks skyward. “Huh, Lots? So who cares if people think I'm crazy—I know I'm not.”

He redirects his message to his brother, telling him, “I know you love me...just know how much I miss you when I'm gone. Come'ere and gimme a big kiss.” Mark lifts the blonde Cocker Spaniel and gives him a full kiss. “I love you so much Nuggie Buggie...umm ah! I love you.”



WHO: "CRAZY" BILL, JIMMY "SLICK" FRANKLIN, "WOODY," "SKIPPER," RICH B., SCOTT OR "ZEKE"
WHAT: FRIENDS AND...?
WHERE: UNIV. OF MIAMI - MAHONEY HALL
WHEN: 6:58 PM
WHY: FRIENDS AND...!



A four-door, black, Ford Escort is parked at the main entrance. Its windows are wide open— the keys presumably in it. A barely-noticeable, yellow, parking ticket is nestled in the wiper-blade. *Is there any question who this vehicle belongs to?*

Inside Mahoney Hall, at the 5th-floor dorm room, at the intersection of the T-shaped residence hall, are the two elevators, the drinking fountain, and the ever-open door to room #501. The triad is an oasis for thirsty, wayward, fun-seekers.

Mark stands stooped over his desk. Amid the discernible, typical, college landscape of empty Domino's pizza boxes and sports magazines, is a picture of his mom. A clock reads 7:00 p.m. The TV is on—the volume is off. Mark makes a quick sign of the cross and looks skyward. "I miss you, Lots."

Mark sees, in the doorway, Crazy Bill; a dark, lumpy, genuine-in-appearance-type of guy. With book and briefcase, Crazy Bill is out of place in his "weekend-warrior," accountant, dress shirt and tie. Crazy Bill, interrupts, "Hey, Rosie." He steps in from the entrance.

Mark lunges to place an arm over Crazy's shoulder. Mark dons a white *fedora* (hat). "Crazy, what'a you say, babe? Nice outfit—you're the only guy I know who came to college to go to work."

"I don't want to be an accountant all my life, ya' know!"

"Yeah, but that's what you're taking."

"Then who else do you know is dumb enough to make a measly five dollars an hour doing something they don't enjoy, and then be willing to commit their lives to it?"

Mark, chortles, "Only you, Crazy Bill."

Bill pulls the plug on his clip-on tie. "I quit! Maybe they'll let me major in tennis...or repressed hostility, or something."

Mark chortling, again, says, "You're one of a kind, Crazy."

"Oh good, being alone with my own stupidity is not much of a consolation. When do you wanna play tennis?"

Mark answers, "Anytime."

Bill asks, "Where are you off to?"

"Roma's to catch the game."

"I wish I had your life. Who'ya going with?"

"Slick and them. You wanna come?"

Bill gives it some thought. "Nah."

Mark supernaturally draws-out the underlying reason for his friend's denial—*beyond that of the aforementioned company*. "I'll spring for'ya."

Bill reconsiders, and grinning, shows his appreciation—not so much for the offer, but for the perception shown by Mark. "No, thanks. I've got some studying to do." He notices Mark's upturned bed.

Jimmy "Slick" Franklin, Mark's roommate enters. He looks athletic in appearance and sports a Miami Lacrosse T-shirt, shorts, and flip-flops. He is very laid-back, so much so, he saunters his speech. He says, to Bill, "What's happen'n, Bill?"

Crazy Bill, warmly, says, "Hey, Jimmy."

Jimmy and Bill, in ecstatic unison, cheer, "Way to go O's!" They bond by performing a spastic, doggy-paddle, celebratory handshake—just as *Cliff and Norm* might do—more accurately: "Norm and Abnormal."

Mark says, to Jimmy, "We gotta go."

Jimmy grabs his trademark U of M baseball cap, and the three embark into the hallway. Jimmy presses for the elevator as Bill departs down one end of the hall.

Bill says, "See you guys later."

Mark says, "Crazy, see'ya pal."

Jimmy says, "So long, Bill."

From the opposite end of the hall, two voices, each with distinctive, Boston, accents call out. It is Woody, a muscular, attractive student; and Skipper, a tall, gangly student.

Woody calls out, gladly, to Mark, "Hey, S.S.!"

Skipper calls out, "Hi, Mark!"

Mark calls out, "Hey, Woody!" He calls out, joyfully mocking, "Hey, what's up *Skippa!*"

Skipper yells, "Who do you like tonight, Mark?"

Mark says, loudly, "I don't know, Skipper—I haven't met her yet."

Woody yells, "He means the game you moron!"

Mark says, "So do I!"

Woody asks, "Did you study?"

Mark answers, "I'm a guinea..." He's cut off.

Heading for the elevator is: Rich B. a strong-looking, curly-haired, college man. And Scott or "Zeke," a strong-featured, well-built, college friend.

Zeke hijacks the hat from his "goomba" Mark's head.

Rich, referring to "guinea," says to Mark, "You can say that again."

Jimmy, Rich and Zeke, the three stooges; have been frolicking around awaiting the *Otis*. Jimmy hurriedly shuffles to shut the dorm room door that Mark left open.

The close friends pile into the arriving elevator.

Jimmy asks, Mark, referring to *Buona Fortuna*, "What's that mean?"

Zeke jokes, "It's Yiddish for: 'Good luck—I hope you lose and I win.'"

Mark says, to Zeke, "Who are you? Alfredo Caponē!"

Rich says, to Zeke, as the door closes, "Don't even think about it!"

Inside the Mahoney Hall lobby, three of the quartet exits the elevator like terrorist victims from tear gas. They mask their faces, laugh and grin.

Zeke is the last to emerge. He says, "That wasn't that bad."

His comrades disagree. Jimmy says, "Shove a cork in Zeke."

Mark says, "Zeke, you got more gas than Exxon."

Rich says, "I told him the best time to do that is when you're both hitting on the same girl—do it, and then hurry up and look at the other guy." They laugh.

A thin, male, East Indian student with headdress and white gown; fast approaches the still-open door. He glances above the four cars at the light boards. Rich quickly directs the unknowing traveler to the vacated chamber. Mark rushes to misdirect the poor soul. His three tyrannical pals successfully form a wall deterring Mark's rescue. The lamb has succumbed to the odoriferous slaughter.

Mark says, "Rich, that's mean."

Rich jokes, "He smells worse than that." The three are hysterical. Mark can't help grinning and half-heartedly giggles.

The quartet is back on their maneuvers. They pass a bay of vending machines.

Jimmy asks, "Anybody got change? I want a soda..."

Rich and Scott miserly pat themselves down.

Mark says, to Jimmy, "I don't, it wrinkles my pants. Go look under the machines, there's always enough change under there."

Jimmy purchases a Pepsi with the change he's discovered as Mark predicted.

The three *amigos* continue toward the dormitory's main entrance.

With the peripheral vision of a rabbit, Mark is the lone combatant to spot a college girl parading down the long set of open stairs leading from the second floor. Mesmerized, he instinctively picks-it-up, a step, in the hope of a rendezvous at the base of the stairwell. Suddenly, she stops him in his tracks. *She* being—the gigantic cement column that lands him squarely on the nose. *And he means flush—head on—witnesses were there.*

Mark is rocked backward. Almost knocked unconscious, stars blur his vision. He clutches his swelling nose; it begins to trickle blood. His friends, and a few bystanders, are on the floor in tears. Like a champion, Mark regains his composure, takes a big snuffle, and goes on the offensive. He approaches the girl. Mark, zestfully prideful, says, "What a compliment! Did you see that?!"

The girl is unimpressed. "See what?"

"I just walked into that column because you're so beautiful—see everyone laughing. I'll bet you never got a compliment like that before. You have to go out with me now."

The girl, coolly, says, "What? And be seen with such a klutz. No, thanks." *The knockout punch.*

It's early evening, as the gang exits the residence hall. Outside, at the black, Ford Escort, in the Mahoney Hall driveway, they gather themselves a moment. Mark wobbles and drifts toward his car. This *Rocky* has a few more rounds left in him.

Jimmy, Rich, and Zeke, collectively, say, "Oh, no! Come on!"

Mark says, "Hush-pot'...get in."

Zeke says, to Mark, "Look, you gotta ticket."

Mark says, "I put it there—gimme."

Zeke gives the ticket to Mark, who cleans his nose with it.

Jimmy enters the passenger-side. Zeke and Rich, entering the rear, spout their repartee... Zeke says, "Richie, it was nice knowing you."

Mark hands the crumpled ticket to Jimmy. Mark says, to Jimmy, "Here..."

Jimmy, un-thrilled, asks, "What do I do with this?"

Mark says, "Swanie puts'em in there." He points at the glove box.

Jimmy says, "T.J. ain't here."

Mark says, "Good observation—just do it."

Jimmy pops open the glove box and dozens of identical, yellow tickets spew out. In fact, the entire car is mired in garbage and clutter: the dorm room disposables in addition to newspapers; a partially-empty donut box; KFC packaging; a basketball; a beach towel and suntan lotion; a Haagen-Dazs milkshake cup; and a girl's earring.

Rich holds-up an empty Wendy's box and an alienated French-fry he flings out the window. He gestures. "...Mark!" He's overwhelmed momentarily. "It's drive thru...drive thru—not camp-out and unload." Laughter again abounds.

Mark drives the 50-feet to the driveway's bend. He slight-of-hand gags as if the steering column won't respond.

Jimmy, alarmed, yanks the emergency brake—which yields no resistance. "Mark!"

Rich and Zeke take alert. Mark tightens his grip and steers easily—the gag has worked. The perpetrator and victims laugh.

Zeke questions the self-absorbed, rearview mirror that faces Mark. Zeke, leaning over Mark's shoulder, says, "No wonder! How can you see where you're going with the mirror like that?"

Mark answers, "Hey, it's more important that I look good where I'm going, than where I've been—'cause if I don't look good when I get there—I ain't goin' in!"

In the parking lot, the car speeds off through the lot lined with new and high-priced autos. It hesitates, a sheer instant, at the stop sign before faithfully entering traffic.

That evening, outside Tony Roma's "rib-joint" restaurant, in the entranceway, the arrival of the foursome gains stares and creates quite a stir with the trio of uniformed managers at the door. The male, management staff seats a large number of waiting patrons. The boys stampede by the corralled clientele.

The first manager says, "Hello guys. My most rewarding customers...your regular table?"

Mark answers, "Yes, please." Asking, "How are you tonight?"

The second manager, insidiously, says, "Wait a minute—not tonight. This one..." He singles- out Mark; "...was throwing glasses last week—he's out for good this time."

Mark rebels.

His three friends are aghast.

Mark says, "That's a lie—don't be like that."

The second manager says, "Well, then it was somebody who looked like you—but that's..." He punctuates, tauntingly, "...close e-nough!"

Mark tells him, "How 'bout you go find your boss and tell'em how much money you're about to cost this place because you've had it out for me for weeks. Tell'em. Tell'em, say: 'all the friends and people this guy brings in here have to go somewhere else because I've got a grudge on some guy I don't even know.'"

The third manager, happening on the scene, says, "Hi. Mark, right? How's it going?" He shakes Mark's hand.

Mark says, "Hi, buddy." Not knowing his name, he replies, "Alright."

The second manager says, to that manager, "He's not getting in here tonight."

The third manager says, to Mark, "Who are you here with?"

Mark answers, "These bums..."

That manager grabs four menus and motions them to move ahead.

Mark says, to him, "Thanks, I appreciate it."

Later, inside Roma's, at a table near the television, initially, a pretty, young, water girl {clearly resembling a celebrity} pours from a pitcher.

Zeke and Rich joke with themselves and confer with one another over the menu.

Mark asks Jimmy, "So, where's Ric tonight?"

Jimmy answers, "The big woman's probably with Gina and the girls."

Mark says, to the water girl, "Anyone ever tell you, you look like _____? {Whomever she resembles.}

The girl answers, "Yeah, a couple of times."

Mark says, "That's too bad—you're prettier."

She cracks a smile before departing.

Jimmy, in disbelief, asks, "You're hitting on her?"

Mark answers, "No—just giving her something to talk about."

The waitress steps forward for the order.

Mark says, to the waitress, "Hi, what's your name?"

She answers, "Edie."

Mark says, "Edie...that's a beautiful name. Did you parents wait till you were like 18, when they knew you were good-looking, before they gave you such a pretty name; or was it just luck from birth? Because you don't look like a Betty or a Bertha..."

Edie, the waitress, is pleased. But answers, dimly, "No—I've had it all my life. What would you like?"

Mark answers, "Miss Edie, may I have the ribs—not the *Fred Flintstone*, brontosaurus-type, but the baby-backs, please?"

She writes down his order.

Jimmy is still undecided, as are Rich and Scott. Jimmy asks Mark, "Don't you ever give up?" Mark replies, "What? Being nice..."

Deep into the night, outside Roma's, at the entrance, a rickety bike lies on the ground. His friends commandeer Mark's car.

Mark hollers, "The keys are in it!"

~~He turns back on his charming trait.~~ Sorry. He turns—his back a Charmin train—as toilet paper hangs out the butt of his pants.

The doors shut behind.

Later, the outdoor service lights go down. The doors open again. This time, Mark is fully toasted. He and another sexy waitress, in her mid-thirties, passionately kiss and embrace. Mark's eyes sluggishly, but lasciviously, scale her from head to toe.

She asks, "So, what's the longest relationship you've ever been in?"

Mark answers, "Breakfast. If we're together at lunch—then it's like we're engaged."

They neck some more.

She says, "You are one of a kind."

"You're a good judge of people. Besides, I was born me—why fight it?"

She says, "As tempting as you are...and *ooh*...that soft skin, let me have you when you're sober and you can really take care of me."

Mark says, "Fuck. My room would look cool with that outfit as a lamp shade."

She, definitively, says, "Bye."

Mark gives a last chance glance for any "leftovers," before donning a *win some-lose some* look. He commandeers the shaky two-wheeler, refuting the cliché: "*Once you learn to ride a bike...*" He wobbles off, not unlike the eerie, old man from the *Friday the 13th* movies or *Butch Cassidy* in the "*Raindrops...*" sequence. He disappears around the corner.

WHO: MARK

WHAT: THE SUN...

WHERE: U.S. HIGHWAY #1 - MIAMI, FLORIDA

WHEN: THE NEXT MORNING

WHY: ...THE SUN RISES

Rush hour traffic steadily speeds by the abandoned bike lying next to a paved path. It's just two-feet from Mark's two feet. The rest of him lies in the busy commuter's roadway. A shiny, black shoe prods him to waken. From ground level, he focuses on a pair of Metro Dade cruisers. The sirens are just a "snooze button." The wake-up call is the voice commanding from above. The highway patrolman tells Mark, "Pick yourself up."

WHO: MARK

WHAT: THE SUN...

WHERE: MARK'S DORM ROOM - #501

WHEN: NEW YEAR'S NIGHT [1984]

WHY: ...THE SUN SETS

Through the open door, Mark sits, alone, glued to the TV. A Domino's pizza is on his side.

The television tells the story of the final, exciting play of the 1983 Orange Bowl between Miami and Nebraska.

From the large, lavalier windows; faint cheers are heard from the adjoining dormitory wing. When Miami's Kenny Calhoun bats down the final, opposition, pass attempt—assuring the University of Miami, the "National Championship"—a distant roar thunders. Applause resonates within the hall. It howls, like a hurricane, hurling toward an open vacuum. Mark, quickly alerted, rises; his expression is remorseful. He tilts his head skyward, for a split-second, and then barricades himself by shutting the door.

WHO: MARK

WHAT: THE SUN...

WHERE: MARK'S DORM ROOM - #501

WHEN: ANOTHER MORNING

WHY: ...THE SUN RISES AGAIN

Mark awakens. His eyes labor to open. Molson Export, red, beer bottles astoundingly jut their necks upward, staring at the fallen soldier. They were no match for him. He gargles with a splash of the warm wash. He rolls over, and draws back the covers. He rediscovers the plump, underwear-ed, "behind" of a more interesting, rather than attractive, girl passed-out

beside him. He fetishes with and pats her panties, before passionately pressing his lips to her backside and plunging in on her "plushness." As she stirs and sighs, he shimmies up to her original-looking face.

Raspy and coughing, she asks, "Didn't you get enough last night?"

Mark, overly affectionate, says, "Morning."

She checks her watch and reaches for a red pack of Marlboro's from her purse. She says, "Fuck—you mean afternoon."

Mark responds, "Shit! I wanna lay out." He fidgets and fondles himself into position and starts grinding against her.

Resisting, she asks, "Don't you have a final exam or something you need to study for?"

Mark answers, "Uh-uh. Not right now."

She grabs a lighter, from her purse on Mark's desk, and lights a cigarette. He relents. Ultimately, he plasters her posterior as she smokes.

She asks, "Can I have a towel or something?"

Mark reaches in the nearby bath. Quickly, he begins to clothe himself for sunning and tosses her a towel, quipping, "What am I doing?" He pauses. "Throwing in the towel." He appreciates the remark.

She hardly grimaces and wipes herself off. "You wanna do something tonight?"

Mark responds, "I can't. I gotta hoop game tonight."

"What are you—an athlete or something?"

Mark, forcefully, tells her, "Come on—I gotta go."

WHO: "CUBBY," PHIL, NEIL

WHAT: INTRAMURAL HOOP

WHERE: UNIV. OF MIAMI - INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL COURTS

WHEN: EVENING

WHY: BECAUSE THIS IS THE SCORE:



The scorekeeper is seated at the scoring table.

THE SCORE IS KNOTTED:

WHITE - ORANGE

38 38

Mark's intramural, four-on-four team (*White*) contests a team (*Orange*) comprised of three, large, football players; and a lean, competent, six-footer named Phil ("Philistine").

The scorekeeper shouts out, "*Five...Four...*"

Cubby, an everyman; is a gentle-faced, comedic lug... "*And incidentally, one hell of a guy.*" He sinks a lay-up; but plows over Andy, a blonde, "foot-brawler." The referee (ref) signals: *no hoop—offensive foul.*

Mark consoles a weary, yet angry, Cubby. Mark escorts him off with a restraining arm and a pat on the rump. Mark says, "It's okay—you were awesome, Cubby."

At Mark's team's bench, is the receptive greeting for Cubby. The referee addresses Mark, the captain; and Neil, a 5'10", dark-haired, average-looking, average-at-best, "hoop'er." Neil wears number-33 (a meaningful number to him).

The ref says, to Mark, "Captain, you've only got two players left...you want to forfeit? In 4-on-4, you can finish with two."

The ref and Neil contemplate.

Mark looks to the opposing sideline and the opposing team.

Neil gives a defeatist look. Number-33 says, "Mark...it's Phil and the football players."

Mark says, to the ref, "No way!"

On the inbounds pass, the scorekeeper shouts out, "*Three...Two...One....*" *The canister horn blows.* The scorekeeper announces, "*Overtime!*"

The jump ball initiates the overtime period. Mark outleaps Andy for the tap; Neil makes a minimal effort to recover the ball. The result is a bucket by Phil, relentlessly pursued by Mark. Neil is motionless. Mark stands at center-court.

THE SCORE IS:

WHITE - ORANGE

38 40

At Mark's bench, Mark says, "Time-out, ref."

The ref whistles. "Time-out: White."

The scorekeeper tells Mark, "That's your last time-out."

The move is for a sideline pep talk. Mark says, "Don't quit on me, Neil—we've got one chance."

Neil asks, "What?"

Mark answers, "They expect to win...Now, let's do it!"

On the next series, Mark drives and makes a great hoop.

The crowd gets a few people larger.

SCOREBOARD:

WHITE - ORANGE

40 40

Neil, out front, plays tough defense. Mark, down low, rejects back-to-back shots from Andy; and a big, black guy. However, they 2-on-1 Mark for an easy "lay-in."

Mark dribbles up-court, but gets the ball stolen from behind. The ball winds-up in the net as Andy waves his fist.

Mark tosses a "no-look," over-the-head, full-court, pass, in stride, to Neil; who makes the easy hoop.

THE SCOREKEEPER FLIPS THE SCORECARD:

WHITE - ORANGE

42 44

Mark rebounds their miss...passes to Neil...Neil passes back to Mark...who makes a great trick hoop.

The opposition, Orange team, sinks a shot.

Mark throws the ball, off the backboard...catches it...and taps it in—an amazing trick shot!

Neil falls...the challengers whisk by for a basket. Neil is exhausted. Mark, then the ref, approach. Neil says, to Mark, "I'm too tired, Mark—call time-out!"

Mark says, to the ref, "I think he's hurt."

The ref asks Neil, "You alright?"

Mark helps up his partner. Mark tells him, "We're only down by two!"

On the continuing series, Mark whips a behind-the-back pass to Neil—open in the corner. Neil "knocks-down" the long range "J."

AT THE SCOREKEEPER'S TABLE - THE SCORE IS:

WHITE - ORANGE

48 48

The crowd is larger.

The opponents make two; long, inbound passes to Phil, who signals time-out.

THE SCOREKEEPER HAS THE SCORE LOCKED AT:
WHITE - ORANGE
48 48

The scorekeeper announces, "*Tie score...Eight seconds!*"
At the Orange goal, Phil prepares to restart play. Mark decoys as if he is walking away. His eyes focus...he times his break...and deceptively steals the attempted, inbound, pass for the corner.
The scorekeeper shouts out, "*Seven...Six...*"
Mark dribbles down-court. He dodges and dribbles his way to mid-court.
The scorekeeper shouts out, "*Five...Four...*"
Neil is covered in the corner...
Andy charges at Mark...
The scorekeeper shouts out, "*Three...Two...*"
Mark "fires-up" a desperation, distant, jumper in Andy's face...
"*One.*" *The horn blows.*
Andy flattens Mark; then Andy stumbles to the ground...they look to the goal...it's good!

THE SCOREKEEPER ADJUSTS THE SCOREBOARD:
WHITE - ORANGE
50 48

Andy rises. He reaches his hand to help up Mark, the presumed winner. Close-up, Mark sees the "National Championship" ring that glorifies *his, Andy's*, finger.

WHO: THE GENERAL
WHAT: "TEN...HUT!"
WHERE: YMCA - WEIGHT-LIFTING GYM - ALBANY, N.Y.
WHEN: DAYTIME
WHY: THAT'S TEN POUNDS OF MUSCLE A MONTH

In the basement gym, Mark's ring-less hand clutches a barbell. The large, weighted plate is slid on the barbell sleeve. Mark's reflection is exposed in the wall mirror. The General "spots" and encourages his protégé, who squats under the heavy poundage. "Come on, Dibs, you gotta get big if you wanna play tight end with the National Champions!"
Later, the General boosts Mark up and over a chin bar. Mark resists. He lowers himself, slowly, in a negative repetition. In the mirrored reflection, they repeat the grueling exercise. Grunts and groans replace the verbiage.
Later, in the YMCA upstairs gym, Mark sits at the Nautilus leg-press machine. The turkey sandwich he devours, in three bites, has little chance; just as the massive amount of weight he proceeds to lift. The General counts off his "reps."
"One...Two...Three...come on...30 pounds in 3 months."
Later, Mark lies on a bench. The General throws his friend's legs in various directions. The arcs create the pendulum-effect of a swaying Mark. The pushing-off strains the abdominal muscles.
Later, the Nautilus leg-machine is adjusted to offer the maximum weight. Mark's thighs quiver and bulge. The General adds to the resistance by imposing his bodyweight. The negative lifting has Mark's "quads" heaving. The pain is etched in his vascular neck and flushed face. He unleashes an orgasmic groan. Mark says, "Thanks, General—you know I hate lifting."
In the last exercise, The General exhorts his friend, who stands tall pressing the barbell above his head. The General tells Mark, "August 3rd...Take no prisoners!" Mark clean and jerks the weight over his head. Once doing so, he triumphantly discards the heavy bar.

WHO: HEAD COACH JIMMY JOHNSON

WHAT: MARK'S RECOLLECTION IS FROM QUITTING POP WARNER TRYOUTS

WHERE: UNIV. OF MIAMI - FOOTBALL COMPLEX

WHEN: AUGUST 3, 1983 - MORNING

WHY: *THE FIRST STEP ON THE TIGHTROPE IS THE MOST FEARFUL*



Mark claws the chain-link fence that separates him from the practice field. He starts to sob. From Mark's vantage point, the fence barricades his view of the managers prepping the field. The players, uniformed in orange and white jerseys, helmets, shoulder pads and shorts; take to the field. Mark continues to weep. Head Coach Jimmy Johnson, a wax-haired, jolly juggernaut; "seal-claps" among the players stretching out.

Mark's recollection is from quitting Pop Warner tryouts.

From the fence, Mark exits. He tilts his head down to see his cold feet. From a distance, the practice drills commence. A disparaged Mark plunges into his car and faces the rearview mirror away from his own image.



Miami - 1965

WHO: SCOT L.

WHAT: MARK AGAIN RECALLS HIS CHILDHOOD WITHDRAWAL FROM POP WARNER

WHERE: UNIV. OF MIAMI - FOOTBALL COMPLEX

WHEN: AUGUST 4, 1983 - THE NEXT MORNING

WHY: THE FENCE IMPRISONS HIM



The managers prepare for practice and the players to enter. Mark stands behind the fence. His expression is withdrawn, defeated and loathsome. He watches the players limber up. Coach Johnson again hops about.

Mark, again, recalls his childhood withdrawal from Pop Warner.

Again, departing, he skulks off. His sneakers shuffle drearily along.

Later, that afternoon, in a nicely decorated, contemporary, living room; Mark kicks off his sneakers. His white athletic-socked feet rest on the ottoman. He is entranced on the couch.

Scot L. relaxes in a dress shirt and tie. He holds the TV remote control in his hand. Scot asks, "How was practice today?"

Mark is absolutely speechless.

WHO: MARK
WHAT: SPRING PRACTICE
WHERE: FOOTBALL COMPLEX - PRACTICE FIELD
WHEN: AUGUST 5, 1983 - A HUMID, SWELTERING MORNING
WHY ME, GOD?



The position, at the fence, where Mark has stood—is faceless. Because...he kneels, concluding a prayer. "...Lots, give me strength."

The first of the managers ready the gridiron.

Mark is at the fence. He moves to his right. He stands, determined, upon reaching its end post. The adjacent baseball field, running track, and ex-frat house flash by Mark's eyes.

Later, the players are planted on the ground. Their colorful white, green, and orange jerseys and helmets resemble the finest crop of tractor-seeded pumpkins. Stretching their spines, the players swivel in unison. There, a close eye plucks out the anxious, excited, and bewildered visage of Mark. As a score of coaches and support staff graze the formation. Coach Stevens rhetorically questions Mark, he says, "You were here in the spring."

Mark responds, "Yes, sir."

Coach Stevens says, "You've put on some size...gonna go for tight end?"

"Yes, sir."

Coach Stevens asks, "Are you in shape?"

Mark responds, "Yes, sir. My pulse rate is 42."

Coach Stevens is amazed and impressed.

Coach Alexander is close-by.

Coach Stevens calls, "Coach Alexander..."

"Yes, Coach Stevens."

Coach Stevens asks, "Remember DiBello?"

Coach Axe merely nods positively.

Coach Stevens assuredly pats Mark and moves on.



Miami - 1965

Later, at the goalpost area; a single line of 6 tight ends, each heavier than Mark, receives passes from Coach Axe and Assistant Coach Baratta. The coaches exhort each player as they cross, in turn, in front of the netted goalpost. The drill is designed to test and enhance each receiver's ability to catch passes thrown high, ahead of, low, and behind them. Mark successfully catches his couple of attempts. One of his large, but agile, black predecessors (#84) drops a ball.

Coach Axe tells him, "You're a two-time All-American and you drop that pass."

Mark makes a nice catch of a high thrown ball.



WHO: COACH MADDOX, VINNY TESTAVERDE

WHAT: SPRING PRACTICE

WHERE: PRACTICE FIELD - IN A DIFFERENT AREA ON THE FIELD

WHEN: ANOTHER PRACTICE DAY

WHY: THE PADS HAVE GONE ON



Mark is fully uniformed. He is poised, standing at the end of the huddle's first tier. From behind the huddle, is a tall, balding, mustache-grinned Coach Maddox. Coach Maddox's alignment, along with the huddle; faces the orange-colored defense. He holds, high, above his head; a simple diagram of "O's." The drawn arrows designate each scout team player's blocking assignment. A Quarterback (QB-#13) stands beside him. Coach Maddox asks, "Can everybody see it?"

Directing his head toward Mark's line of sight; Coach Maddox fingers Mark's "O" on the schematic. Coach Maddox continues, "Mark, you and Patchan double-team down."

Patchan looms large over Mark, who has his hands on his knees.

QB-#13 says, "On 'One.' Ready..."

The huddle responds, "Break!"

From the standard formation: offense versus defense—a surly, goateed, (6'3", 260 lb.) Kevin Fagan (#95), lines-up on Mark. For an unnoticed instant, Mark spies his intended victim. Both players intently look forward.

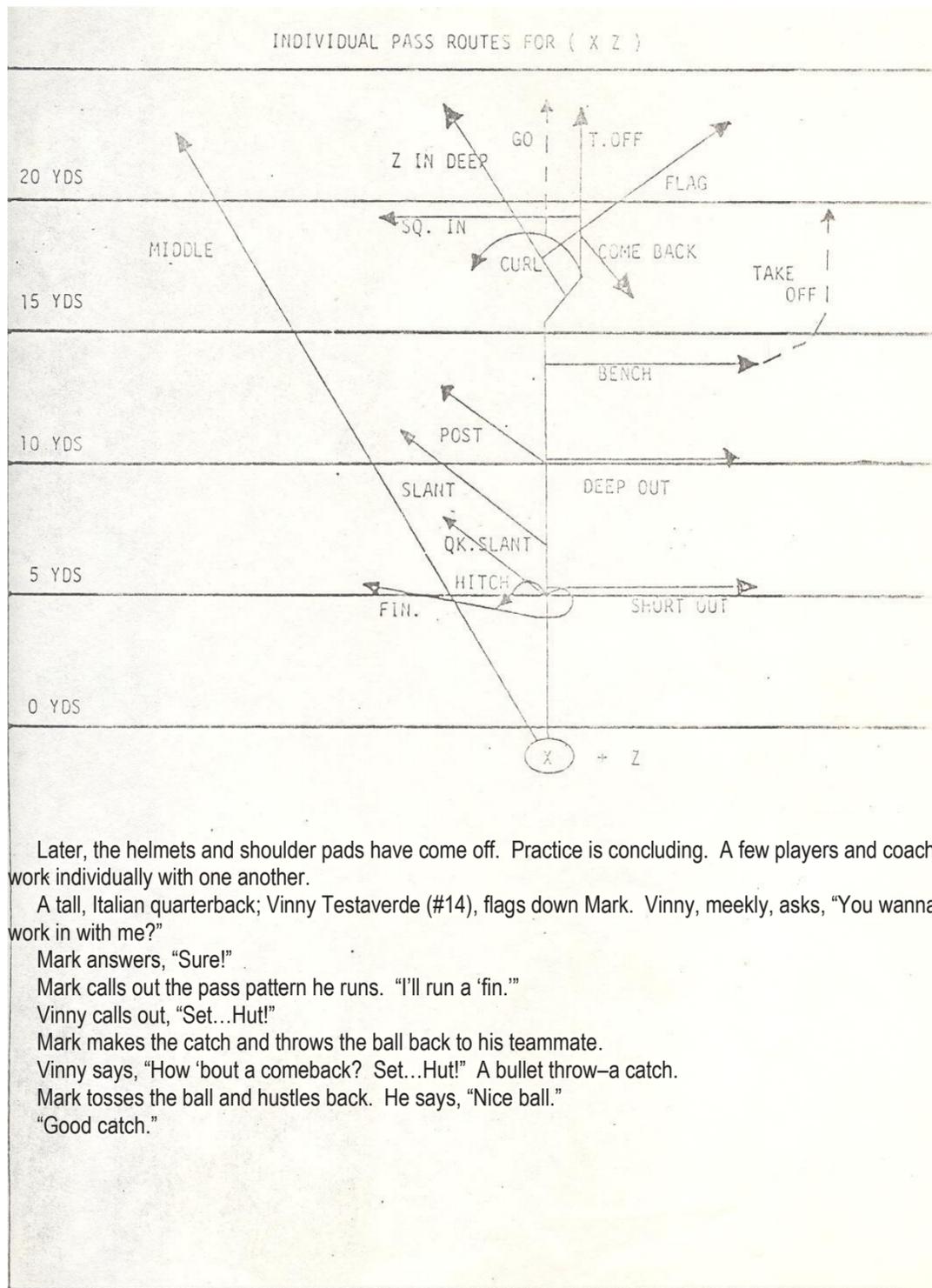
QB-#13 calls out, "Set...Green 34...Green 34...Hut!"

Patchan engages Fagan, as Mark slants down on Fagan's hip with full force. He knocks the Goliath to a knee—then down. The action sweeps wide, as it does; Fagan springs-up and pounces on Mark. He body slams Mark to the turf, pinning him by the force of his hand clutching Mark's facemask. Without retaliation, Fagan persists. Mark, undaunted, returns to the huddle.

Coach Maddox asks him, "You okay?"

Mark responds, "He said, I shouldn't try and hit'em so hard. It's just practice."

Coach Maddox responds, "Practice my ass! Hit'em harder next time!"



Later, inside the U.M. football complex, in the locker room annex, Mark is shirtless in his football pants, unwinding with a drink at his locker. John Adams, a very handsome, similarly-proportioned, brunette in street clothes, introduces himself. "How'ya doin'? I'm walking-on at wide-out..." He extends his hand. "...John Adams."

Mark shakes his hand. "There's a unique name...I'm Mark DiBello."

John grins. "Some of those guys are players, huh?"

Mark concurs. "Those quarterbacks are something...geez, when Vinny throws it the thing whistles—and I think Bernie could hit a dime at fifty yards."

WHO: JOHN ADAMS, BERNIE KOSAR, THE MIAMI HURRICANE FOOTBALL TEAM
WHAT: SCHOLAR+SHIP=
WHERE: THE LOCKER ROOM CORRIDOR
WHEN: ANOTHER DAY
WHY: CHOICE...



The team is in full practice gear. They exit for the field. Traditionally, they slap the Miami Hurricane logo painted above the exit.

Later, at the practice field; Bernie Kosar (#20), a tall and rangy QB; along with Vinny—spearhead a drill called: "pat and go." (With respective lines of balls and receivers to work with, each QB, literally, pats the football, cueing the receiver to streak down the field and run under the long-range pass).

John Adams (#46) precedes Mark in the post-parade that Bernie Kosar throws magical, high-arching spirals to. John's turn arrives. Mark whispers an encouragement, then taps the helmet of his newfound friend. Downfield, the perfectly thrown ball lands gently in John's palms.

Mark steps up. An always-assessing coaching staff stands watchfully by. Head Coach Johnson inquires, of Bernie, "What about this kid?"

Bernie, assuredly, says, "Best hands on the team." Bernie pats the pigskin and Mark takes flight. Downfield, Mark snares the pass with a made-to-look-easy, one-handed grab.

Later, at a different area on the field, the small-ish placekicker (#3) takes his calculated paces backward. The holder (QB-#13) marks a spot on the bladed, green carpet. He moistens his fingers. The center (#74) fondles the football latching onto its laces. The defensive line is on its haunches; at its extreme, Mark is coiled in his stance. A presence—a beam—links his eyes to the ball. As if witness to a champion...poised to putt on the 18th green at Pebble Beach...placidness prevails...Mark unleashes microseconds ahead of the snap. Diving, he blocks the kick. Out of nowhere, coaches swarm; they sting the offense and sanctify the "D."

Coach Butch Davis, a fire-headed Oklahoman is irate. "... All you scholarship guys and that fucking walk-on is in there, again..."

Coach Maddox exuberantly whacks Mark's helmet. He horse-collars Mark. Coach Maddox beckons to another kick-blocker, saying to him, "Now, let's see you get in there, Bubba!"

Later, at a different area on the field, the players run "Redskin drills." Mark's foot touches the sideline as he sprints, helmet-less, to the other sideline and an awaiting Coach Baratta and Coach Axe (stopwatch in hand). The remaining, five, tight ends run against the grain—each "fudges" touching the stripe. They move toward an un-winded Mark, already standing beside his coaches.

Coach Axe says, to Mark, "Good work, Mark." He tells them all, "Take it in."

Mark takes off his shoulder pads and is greeted by John Adams and a duo of black wide receivers who've completed the same drill nearby. Most of the team returns to the locker room, a few stay for extra work.

John says, to Mark, "Let's give these two cocky stiffs a run for their money."

The challenge is on in an old-fashioned, backyard game of two-on-two. The action begins with Mark gunning and completing consecutive aerials to John. John is being covered by #9, while #47 pursues Mark. The relatively unassuming matchup, between John and his counterpart, is a victory for the allies. Brian Blades' (#9) defensive is suspect.

With John at the helm and #9 rushing, the matchup becomes more focused between Mark and the glib, demonstrative #47. Mark hauls in John's initial pass; but on the second, John throws errantly to a slightly open Mark. This bout is a draw.

The final confrontation has Mark defending against #47. The catch by #47, the youthful, grinning, fast and rangy, 6'3", 200-pounder; is a beauty made in tight coverage.

Mark says, to John, "...This kid looks like a pro."

John says, "He's tough."

The second pattern has #47 loping ten yards and curling in front of Mark; who, again, is close in coverage. It's a fake! Number-47's off upfield, easily outclassing a jock-holding Mark. He high-strides his way to a hand-jiving celebration with his accessory. Defiantly, he jests to his beaten foes. Number-47 says, "You're not bad for a couple of white boys."

Mark says, to #47, "You're not bad for a tan guy either."

That's Mike Irvin for ya'.

WHO: MARK AND...

WHAT: MARK PLAYS RECEIVER, AND...

WHERE: UNIV. OF MIAMI - INSIDE THE RATHSKELLER (RAT)

WHEN: DINNER TIME

WHY: CHOICE IS FOR TIGHT ENDS



Mark crawls, head-on, up the rear stairwell. He glances to his left—where two duds are upstairs. He looks to his right—and the vacant deejay booth. Never one to follow a straight course; he's steadied by the firm, small-ish shape of the 18-year-old, brunette, standing, with her back to him, looking over the tier. Transcendental in anticipation; he stands near to her, hopeful her face conforms. She acknowledges his visual advance with an alluring gaze. She is confident in her appeal to him. She taunts with her eyes. He too, is overly confident and certain he appeals to her. His eyes overrule their connection. He feels, she knows, he knows, she wants to meet him.

Mark, jokingly, says, "Hi, I'm Mark DiBello. How do you like me so far?"

She says, "Hi, I'm Joanie."

"Joanie, I think I love you." Mark takes her hand, from the rail, and gallantly kisses it.

WHO: "...THE DEFENDING NATIONAL CHAMPION, MIAMI HURRICANES..."

WHAT: THE HURRICANE SEASON

WHERE: MIAMI, FLORIDA - TEMPE, ARIZONA - LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

WHEN: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1984 → JANUARY 3, 1985

WHY: "SOMEBODY UP THERE..."



GAME DAY

At the University of Miami, Mahoney Hall, in Mark's single, dorm room #517; a Panasonic videocassette recorder LCD display indicates the date: Saturday, September 22. The VCR automatically records. A small, color television airs the confrontation from the sold-out Orange Bowl in Miami, Florida.

Announcer Spencer Ross says, "...We'll see what happens...as the Florida State Seminoles and the University of Miami Hurricanes are getting set for the kickoff—back right after this..."

In the Orange Bowl locker room, orange number-86 is centered between gladiators. He preps for battle and engulfs the ambiance. The thin trainer applies a clashing "eye-black" beneath Mark's smoldering eyes.

Coach Axe leans on Mark, thus transforming Mark's countenance to a fiery "game face."

Coach Axe says, "I want you to be ready when we go short yardage—I might need you for the third tight end."

Mark says, "Yes, sir."

Back in Mark's dorm room, the carpeted room is neatly and lavishly appointed for a capsuled dormitory—from the leopard-spotted double bed, to the mini-refrigerator, and the TV-VCR.

From the Orange Bowl, locker room; the team voice is raised: "For thine is the kingdom...the power...and the glory...Amen." They roar!

On the TV, the video recording continues. The Hurricanes triumphantly emerge through a clouded tunnel of heavenly smoke onto the battlefield.

Announcer Ross says, "...they are up against the defending National Champion, Miami Hurricanes...who are hitting the field right now!"

Later, the video captures a shot of #86, on the sideline, in the foreground; #14, Testaverde, in the middle ground; and closes on #20, taking the snap from center.

That night, in his room, Mark lies in bed watching the 11:00 p.m. local sports. Milk and cookies are his bedmates.

The male sports anchor, on TV, reports, "The 'Canes got buried 38-3 today. It seems they were in long yardage situations all day...For Miami—it just wasn't meant to be."

PRACTICE DAY

At the U.M. practice field, in the afternoon, another grueling practice has concluded. Vinny Testaverde practices his drop back steps under the tutelage of Coach Trestman. Mark wanders by. Coach Trestman says, to Vinny, "Go ahead, throw some with Mark."

Coach Trestman departs. Mark sets down his helmet and pads. He doesn't run a defined pattern, but improvises his way about the field for a few moments flagging down the rocket throws.

Vinny gestures to stop; "That's good."

Later, in Mark's dorm room, the bedside clock reads 7:00 p.m. Mark kneels at the front of his bed. He quickly crosses himself, and looks skyward. "I miss you, Lots."

GAME DAY

From a television studio, a female sports anchor gives the evening sports report. "In the greatest comeback in NCAA history...Maryland down 31-0 at the half, miraculously defeated Miami 42-40."

PRACTICE DAY

It's another afternoon at the practice field. In the sinking sun, Vinny gathers his strewn change of equipment as does Mark, who mildly-cautious, prophesies, "Hey, Vinny...you want to know something?"

Vinny asks, "What?"

Mark says, "Something tells me that if you stick with it, you'll win the Heisman Trophy. And if you don't win it 'cause of your talent—you'll win it 'cause you're a nice guy."

Vinny is astonished, yet somehow hopeful. "That would be a dream come true..." He realizes, "But I won't ever start—Kosar does."

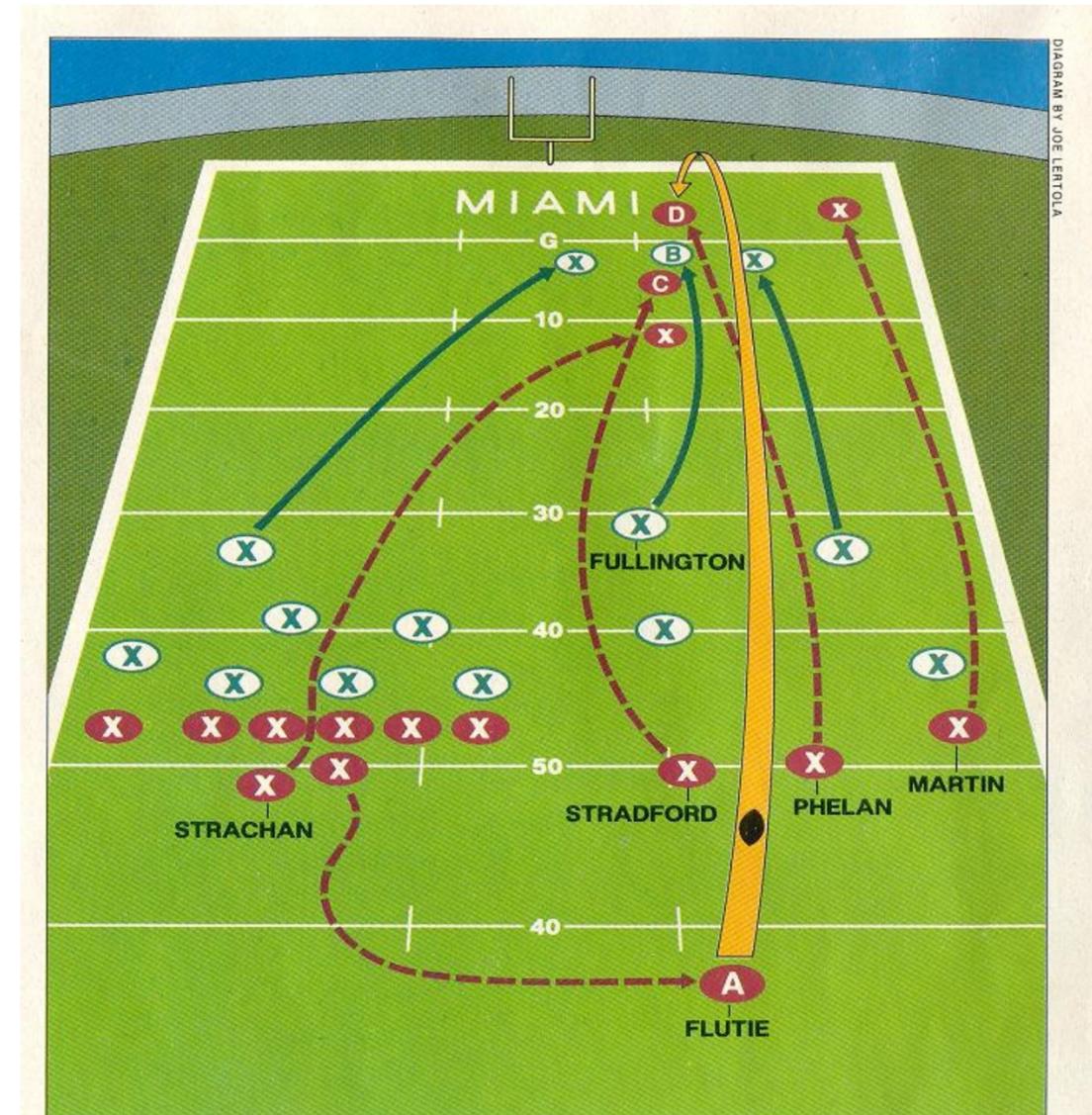
Mark says, "I don't know—trust me—something tells me."

GAME DAY

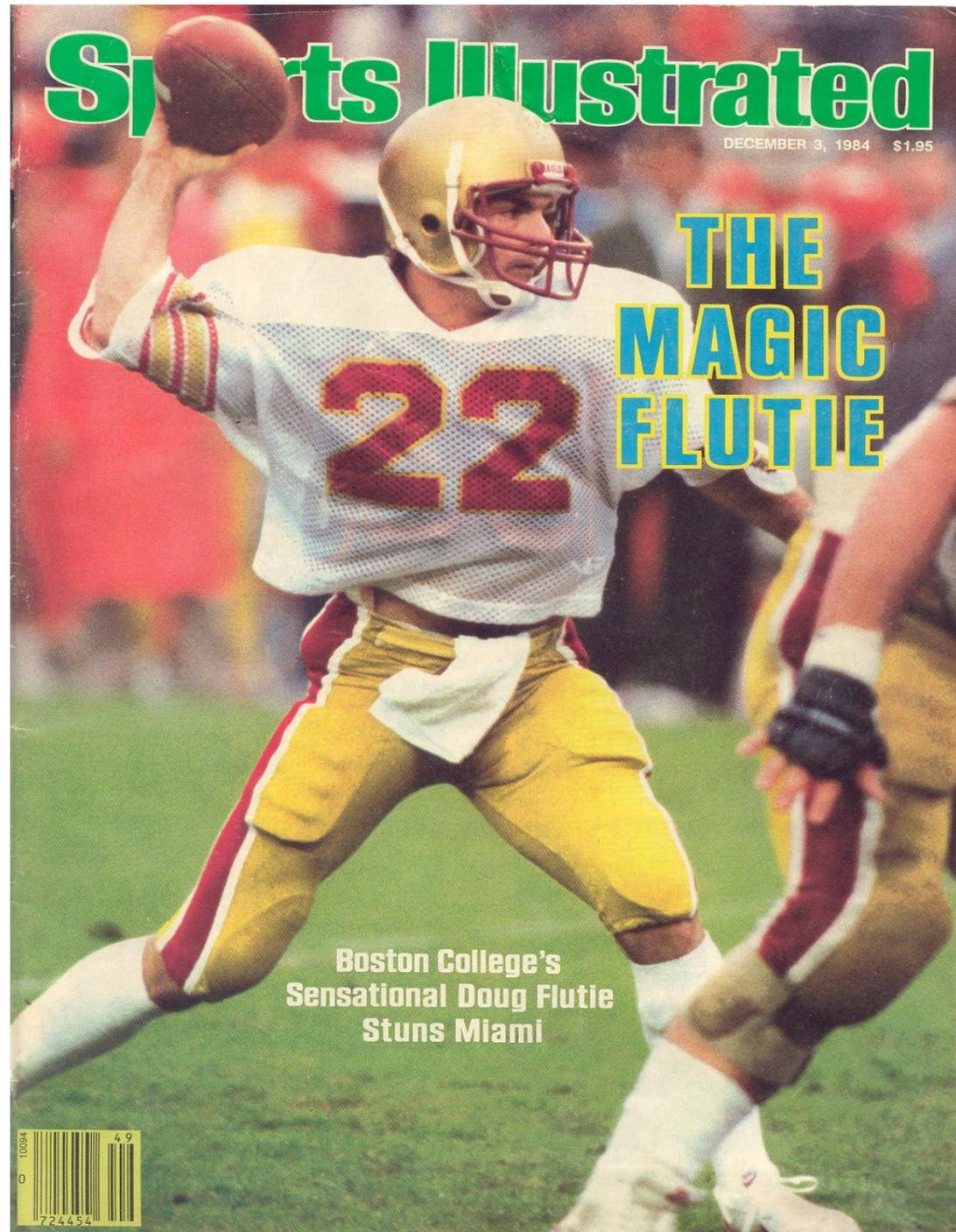
At the DiBello house, in Anthony's bedroom, in the daylight, Anthony fidgets with his remote-controlled, highly-technical, television. Outside, is the satellite dish that causes the interference on the TV screen.

Later, the video recording captures an actual fantastic finish.

Announcer Brent Musburger says, "Flutie flushed...throws it down...caught by Boston College, I don't believe it! It's a touchdown! The Eagles win it! Unbelievable...I don't believe it!"



At 0:06, Flood Tip began with a Flutie (A) scramble. As he heaved the ball, four receivers zeroed in on the target point; Phelan (D) made the catch behind Fullington (B).



HOW TO BE COOL

- ★ Know the latest dances and don't look like a fool doing them.
- ★ Go to restaurants where the waiters know your name.
- ★ Drive a car that has personality and zip.
- ★ Spend money freely and be mysterious about where it comes from.

Hi Babe -

Been meaning to drop you a line, but haven't gotten around to it. But after seeing that game you guys played against B.C. yesterday, I just had to write. What a game! I'll never see another one like that!! You guys played great, but who could predict that outcome. Well, here's to the Fiesta Bowl knock 'em dead!

Hope everything else is good in Miami! By the way, we saw you on national T.V. in the B.C. game! You looked great! Can't wait to see you at Christmas! Miss you!
November 24, 1984

* Be a member of the Miami Hurricanes!

★ Be seen around town with me.
or you!!

Love you -
Margaret

Margaret Krill's traditional birthday card to her cousin Mark

PRACTICE DAY

At the practice field, this day, the entire, helmet-free, team is huddled around Coach Johnson. Coach Johnson says, "Men...and you are men—not boys. There are two ways to get things around here—just like out there. You can take...which is childlike in nature...or, you can ask. We give you fellas' everything you need—you only have to ask—and not to take."

Homegrown Gridder Fiesta Bowl Bound

Mark DiBello, son of Greenbush Area News publisher Anthony DiBello, will be embarking this week on a unique journey.

The University of Miami footballer will be making his first trip to a bowl game; in this case the Fiesta Bowl in Tempe, Arizona.

Is the former Columbia High star excited about the trip?

"I'm ecstatic about going to the Fiesta Bowl!" beamed a tanned and trim DiBello, home with his family for Christmas.

DiBello, playing his first full year on the Hurricane varsity squad will be playing on the "special teams" for the contest, which will take place on national television, on New Year's Day.

Although Miami, which is the defending National Champion, has no chance to repeat that performance, DiBello stated that it has been extremely exciting being part of the experience this year.

"It's great playing for a National Championship team. Everybody wants to know you!" declared DiBello.

DiBello is one of six tight ends on the Miami team, and is listed as third on the "depth chart".

It hasn't amounted to much playing time for DiBello, however, he says that everyone is treated the same, and of course he has the best spot in the stadium to see the games.

The gridder also remarked that despite 4 losses this season, the coaches were not as tough as fans might expect.

"They know how important each game is, and that there is not enough time to be sorry about it," said DiBello.



Except, perhaps for about 20 minutes or so in the lockerroom after the game.

For the most part, he says, the time is spent preparing for the next battle.

Miami was involved this season in what is considered to be one of the most exciting games in collegiate history. For those who did not witness the contest between Miami and Boston College, it's hard to describe the war that was waged between the two college football powers.

DiBello related the experience as a "four hour ulcer."

"We experienced the full range of emotions," recalls DiBello. "We were upset when they scored first, and when they made it 17-0, we became embarrassed."

But when the Hurricanes took the lead with just seconds to play, there were "tears of excitement" according to the tight end. Those were changed to tears of frustration, when with no time remaining on the clock, Boston College's award winning Doug Flutie fired a touchdown pass to win the game.

As the ball was thrown, DiBello and others on the team had the feeling that something could happen.

"It was just that kind of game," he quipped. "Nothing is sure," he added.

Miami will be facing UCLA in the Fiesta Bowl. It is a game which will have nothing on the line, except the pride of both squads.

However, DiBello gave this guarantee, "We'll bury UCLA!"

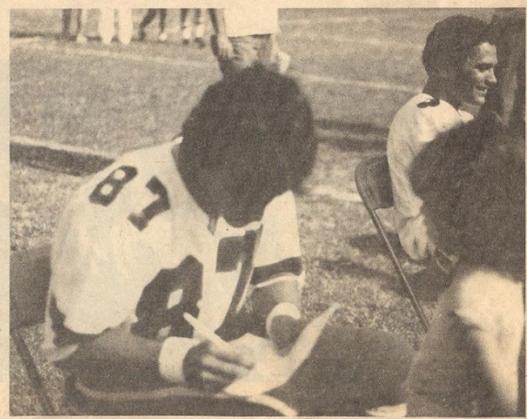
He also promised that he would play "like an animal" on the special teams unit.

While the team expects to win, they will also have fun, remarked DiBello.

"There are parades, parties, tours and lots of other things planned," he stated. "The goal of the coaches and the team is first, to win, and also to have as much fun as possible."

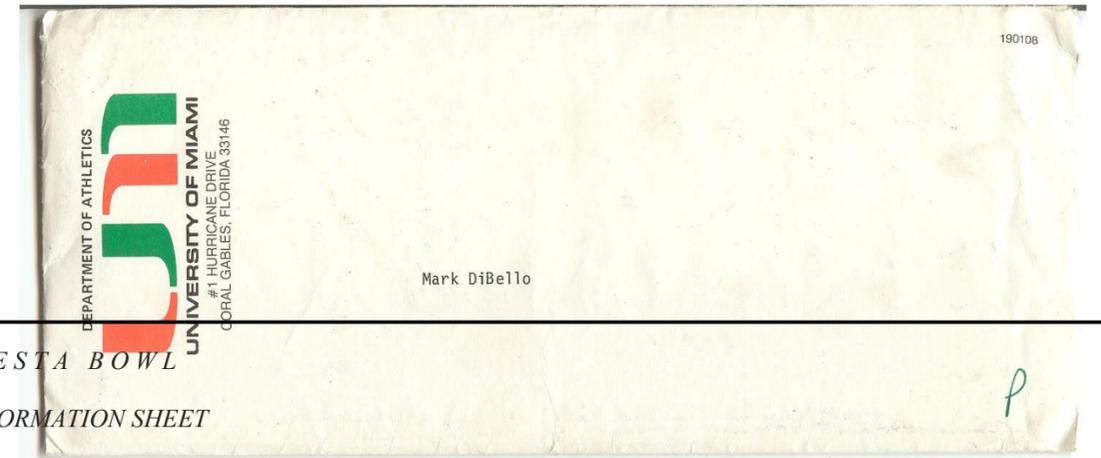
And what does the future hold for this battler?

"I plan to play alot next year!" predicts Mark DiBello.



Coach Johnson addresses the team on another occasion.

"A few of you walk-ons will be going to Arizona as a reward...and you seniors will play."



FIESTA BOWL INFORMATION SHEET

1. THE POINTE RESORT
7677 North 16 th Street
Phoenix, AZ 85020
2. DEPARTURE TIME December 25, 1984 (First Wave)

2:15 p.m.	Depart Hecht
3:30 p.m.	Depart Miami for Phoenix Eastern Flight #8300
- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------|
| <u>DEPARTURE TIME</u> | December 27, 1984 (Second Wave) |
| 6:45 p.m. | Depart from Hecht |
| 8:00 p.m. | Depart Miami for Phoenix |
3. COMMERCIAL PICKS at Phoenix will be done by organization called The Tempe Diablos
 - a) They will wear dark hats and vests
4. TEAM MEETING at 9:00 p.m. in South Court Room on the 3rd Level
5. All FRESHMAN SCHOLARSHIP meet Monday, January 7, at 9:00 a.m.

TRAVEL DAY

In a shopping mall, in Tempe, Arizona, this day, an assemblage of orange-jersey and green- sweat suited athletes create a slight commotion near a kiosk. John Adams stands close-by as a duet of female fans, petitioning Mark, stirs a small frenzy.

A female fan says, "Hi, can we have a picture of you and your autograph?"

Mark charismatically obliges. The flash illuminates his already-glowing, tan, face. His horseshoe-ringed hand pens his name and jersey number: 86. Mark says, "My pleasure...what's your name?"
From the sun insignia on his watch...



Fiesta Bowl Official Program - January 1, [1985.]

GAME DAY



...The sun-crest of the playing surface is from the coverage of the 1985 Fiesta Bowl. Broadcaster Charlie Jones' voice fades in, "...he's gonna keep it...and is run out of bounds at the 39-yard line...so he'll pick-up a couple."

Number-86 jumps in from the sideline.

The action graphic reads: U.C.L.A. 36 - MIAMI 37. Charlie Jones continues, "...Miami 37...UCLA 36..."



Later, the coverage captures the U.C.L.A. kicker celebrating his victorious boot.

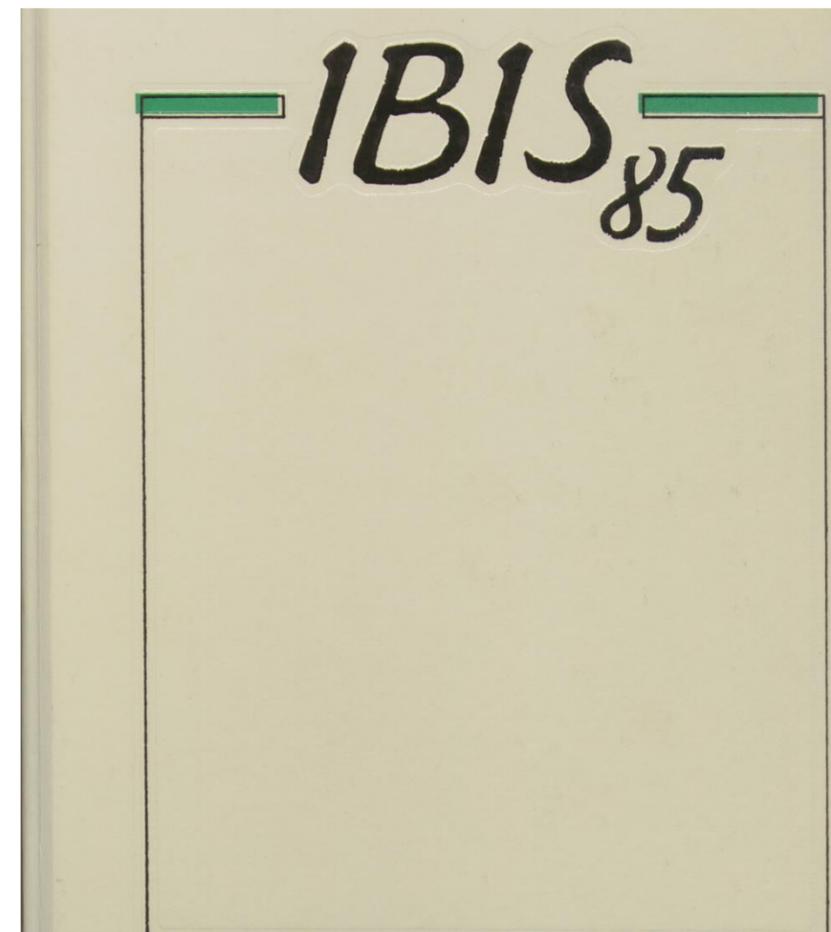
Charlie Jones announces, "...It's good!"

The U.C.L.A. faithful cheer.

The coverage concludes with a shot of the team priest consoling, #20, Bernie Kosar.

Dear Mark,
You really are a very warm and loving person. You possess so many inner qualities I hope you never lose them. I also pray for the day you will get the opportunity to display your athletic abilities on the football field. One more thing, I think I found a friend. I know you found one in me. May God always be with you. And may He grant you, your family, and loved ones a very happy and holy Christmas. Love,
Father Leo

May He who did not shrink from taking a beginning like our own, perfect in us His gifts... and may He who for us willed to become a child of man, make us all the children of God. St. Augustine



Miami Yearbook

In the Miami yearbook, U.M. offensive lineman Alvin Ward best summed up the 1984-1985 Hurricane Season: "Somebody up there...is telling all of us down here...that something we're doing...just ain't right."

TRAVEL DAY

In the Mahoney Hall, lobby, this day, is a lively, confident Mark. With travel bag in tow, he gives out a cordial, a compliment, and a clap on the desk girl's partition window upon entering.

Joan, his girlfriend, jumps into his arms. Joan asks, "How was it? How was Las Vegas?"

Mark answers, "It was the greatest time I'll ever have in my life. I had the best time. It was like a dream come true. We had so much fun. Maybe I'll tell ya about it sometime." He carries her into the waiting elevator. As the doors close, the lights indicate a continuous climb to the fifth-floor. Their conversation moves on.

In the elevator, Joan asks, "What about me, aren't I fun?"

Mark replies, "Let's just say, I hope this semester is as much fun as last semester."

WHO: JOAN
WHAT: LIFE
WHERE: IN THE FAST LANE
WHEN: A FLASHBACK
WHY: "EVERYTHING, ALL THE TIME."



One day, in Mahoney Hall, in the fifth-floor hallway; Joan's exodus, from the opening elevator door, finds her alone. She traverses the quiet hallway exploring the room numbers leading to Mark's dwelling.

In Mark's single, dorm room; it's September, so the room is less cluttered and lived-in. He reaches for the boom box, on the counter, and engages the play button. The pulsating beat of "Life In The Fast Lane," by the Eagles, pounds in synchronization.

In the hallway, Joan rhythmically knocks on Mark's door. In his room, a disrupted Mark checks the door's peephole. At a close-up of Joan's, peephole distorted, face; Mark delights.

One day, poolside, at U.M.; the couple argues. Mark points at Phil (the intramural player), who stands by.

One night, in darkness, at the U.M. Pearson Residence Hall, North Wing; Mark shimmies up a drainpipe. He precariously slithers on his impossible mission to spy Joan in her lit, but blinds-drawn, second-story room. He falls—apparently into a dumpster. But a bird's-eye view reveals his wounded pride lying dormant beside.

One day, at sunset, at The Candy Store, in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida; there is a long line waiting to enter the mobbed establishment. Mark flashes his wristwatch and savvy grin to the bouncer. Joan, Jimmy, Crazy Bill, and Sniffer; the small, unshaven, bespectacled friend—all "butt" the line—losing sight of...

One night, on stage, at the Rathskeller; the couple; Dana, the handsome, blonde, male manager; Johnny B., a short, Italian-Bostonian staffer; and Skipper; dispense with promotional paraphernalia to the throng below.

W: HO
WHAT: Mark shotguns (exhales on the fiery end of) a joint with his mate.
W: HERE
WHEN: A FLASHFORWARD
W: HY

One night, inside the beefsteak restaurant; Mark captains a barbaric, shrimp and steak feast; Joan to his left, Crazy to his right, friends abound.

One day, inside a barracks-style ward; a nurse hands Mark a check, which Joan confiscates before they plunge into an embrace on the bunk.

One night, inside Roma's "rib-joint" restaurant; Joan and three, lady, friends are seated at a table. Joan is deceitfully frivolous. She and her posse gesture but do not pay the duped waitress holding the check tray. She looks in Mark's unwitting direction as he stands at the upper-level, drinks in hand, entertaining strangers.

One night, in the Pearson Hall, lobby; Joan piggybacks a ride, from Mark, past the welcoming student guard. She dismounts. Mark leans over the front desk and unearths a newspaper. It's a stick-up! Mark holds up his arms. A blonde, Eastwood-esque, lawman holds the print outlaw at gunpoint. Joan is dismissed up the stairs. Mark is flabbergasted.

Later, that night, in the Pearson hallway, outside Joan's room; Mark bangs at her locked door. He slips a heart-drawn note under the crack.

In her room, Joan is on the phone. She commands attention...and detention.

Moments later, inside the Pearson lobby; Mark's hands are handcuffed. The terribly distressed protagonist is being arrested by the lawman.

At the Pearson Hall, main entrance; the militaristic lawman lowers Mark's head into a siren-flashing cruiser.

One day, Ponce de Leon Boulevard explores the adventures of Joan using her gold Camaro as a stunt vehicle for—anything by joy riding—Mark. He hangs on the hood as she brakes and tailspins trying to liberate him. Closer to the thrill show...A "I wish a film crew were here-look" is plastered on Mark's face. He raps on her windshield. His obsession has had enough of this mechanical bull.

One night, in the Rat deejay booth; Mark dances alongside his Italian, deejay, buddy. He mutes the music with his synchronized declaration over the microphone. Mark shouts out, "Everything, all the time!"

One sunny day, at a suburban street, in Miami; Mark impressions the paved canvas with some asphalt art. He spray paints: "I love you Joan." From the bird's eye—he exits.



205

WHO: "I'M MARK DiBELLO..."
WHAT: FADE IN-THE VIDEOTAPE OF AN IMITATION "UNITED WAY" SPOT
WHERE: THE VIDEOTAPE GRAPHIC
WHEN: FEBRUARY 18, 1985
WHY: COM 315 P.S.A. (PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT)



VIDEO

AUDIO

FADE FROM BLACK

CAM 1
(WAIST SHOT-ZOOM IN TO
POCKET SHOT)

TALENT A: (SEATED ON STOOL)

I'm Mark DiBello of the University of Miami Hurricanes. Through their participation in sports, children of America acquire attributes such as dedication, teamwork, and unity. The United Way Foundation of America has been helping children grow together with sports for years. With the help of athletes from across the country, children may continue to grow and learn.

CAM 2 (HEAD SHOT)

TALENT A: Our aspirations for young people's lives is clear--the future is in the youth of today--the United Way invests in the future. Thanks to you, it works--for all of us--the United Way.

FADE TO BLACK

206

WHO: MARK DiBELLO
WHAT: AN ACTUAL MOLSON BEER COMMERCIAL
WHERE: SOUTH BEACH - MIAMI BEACH, FLA.
WHEN: DAYTIME
WHY: MARK EXITS A WARDROBE TRAILER

VIDEO

AUDIO

FADE FROM BLACK

(A STAGEHAND SPRITZES AN
ICY BUCKET OF MOLSON BEER)

MARK: (ATHLETICALLY
SPIKES A VOLLEYBALL)

MARK: (DIGS THE VOLLEYBALL)

MARK: (MARK, A BODYBUILDER, AND AN
ACTOR ARE ALL SEATED AT A TABLE.
THEY PARTAKE IN LOBSTER AND ALE.)

MARK: (SETS THE BALL)

MARK: (SUNBATHES ALONE)

FADE TO BLACK

WHO: "SWANIE," CUBBY
WHAT: "THEY'RE OFF!"
WHERE: MAHONEY HALL - SWANIE'S DORM ROOM
WHEN: DAYTIME
WHY: BECAUSE THEY ARE LIKE BLOOD BROTHERS

Mark's Panama hat and Hawaiian shirt understate his colorful grin. He playfully "hip-checks" Swanie, a ruggedly handsome Bostonian, in front of his bathroom door. Mark asks, "Swanie, what do I look like?"

Swanie, rhetorically, answers, "You're happy to see me?"

"I am, but besides that..."

"You look like you didn't just go...you got your money's worth on a five-dollar haircut from the two, Italian guys who also shaved your neck."

"Swanie, you're the best! It's like you got ESPN."

Swanie, giggling, says, "You had sugar on your cereal today—didn't ya'?"

Mark says, "Swanie, I got an idea for us. Where's Cubby?" Swanie points at the closed bathroom door. Mark raps on it. He asks, "Cubby, what are'ya doin'?"

WHO: SWANIE, CUBBY, JOHN
WHAT: IT'S STUDY TIME
WHERE: A WINDOW-LESS, BARRACKS-STYLE HOUSING
WHEN: DAYTIME? NIGHTTIME? DAYTIME?
WHY: NOT?

A dozen cots align the lower-level walls. A trio of bunks is on the raised-level. In the middle of the barracks, an array of medical items sits atop a rectangular table along with two chairs on each side. Fifteen subjects are present.

There are tracks from the line of footwear: Two sets of homeless person's shoes; three sets of football players', Nike, turf shoes; a pair of effeminate shoes; an obese Cuban man's shoes; Mark's flip-flops; John Adams', clay-stained, cleats; Swanie's Docksiders; Cubby's high-top Converse and white socks; and lastly, mambo shoes.

The senior nurse dispenses a tablet and cup of water to the formation. She says, to Mark, "Take this diuretic."

Mark says, "Thanks, *Nurse Ratched*." Mark drinks his down.

John swallows his without question.

Cubby peers forward overtly hesitant. He asks, Swanie, "What's it do?"

Swanie answers, "It helps you to pee."

Cubby retorts, "I already know how to pee!"

Swanie notes, "It's 600 dollars."

Cubby inflects, "Dollars?" He says, "Gimme it!" He ingests the pill. Mocking himself, he says, "Mom, dad...I couldn't get that finance degree, but for \$600, I learned how to be a guinea pig."

Later, the same day, in the hospital annex of the barracks-style ward, the senior nurse distributes empty cups to the lineup headed by the mambo guy.

The nurse tells him, "I'll need a urine sample. The bathroom's right there." She points.

The mambo guy whispers to her.

Mark, standing behind him, overhears; hysterical, he turns back and reports to John.

John, laughing, in turn, relays back to Swanie and Cubby.

The effeminate guy trails.

Swanie and Cubby ask, "What? What? Tell us?"

A chuckling Cubby pivots, but naturally resists sharing the remark with the effeminate guy.

Later, from the hospital-annexed bathroom, Mark pokes his head into the hall as Swanie walks by. Swanie asks him, "Hey, kid...is yours gonna be clean?"

Mark answers, "Yeah...spring's comin' up and I'm gonna ask'em for the scholarship."

"You think you'll get it?"

"Who knows?"

The nurse patrols by.

Mark says, "Nurse, I need another cup."

The nurse asks, "What happened to the other one?"

Mark answers, "It sank in the toilet..." Mark says, to Swanie, "This is worse than coughing."

Later, in the barracks, John completes giving his blood sample. He vacates the chair.

A Spanish nurse, speaking broken English, adheres now to Mark.

Swanie and Cubby do push-ups.

The Spanish nurse says, to Mark, "Good vein."

Mark replies, "*Gracias*." He welcomes the pain of the needle. His rich blood fills the tube. He's done.

Next up: Swanie. Swanie (T.J.) sits a little gingerly. She slaps his arm to stimulate the vein. Swanie, positively sympathizing, asks, "You've had a lot of experience doing this, huh?"

Injecting the needle, she answers, "No."

Swanie makes a face.

Next!

Cubby is extremely nervous and apprehensive. He gulps a cup of juice and jokes an "*Odd Couple*" reference with Mark. Pretending to palm a seed, he says, "Pit...pit."

Swanie, tormenting Cubby, says, to him, "One down, only 146 more to go."

Mark says, to Cubby, "Sit down, *Felix*."

Cubby, pleading to Swanie and the nurse, says, "You know I really don't like needles." She whacks his arm.

Swanie tells Cubby, "Well, it's good that you're here then."

Later, in another area, the four boys interrogate a mildly jittery, trailer-park-type, guy. He is among the upper-level trio.

John motions to him and asks, "Why are you up there?"

The trailer guy answers, "We're a different study."

Swanie asks him, "What's yours?"

He answers, "It's great. It makes you sleep at night...\$800 for only 3 days. They say it helps you..." Momentarily grasping, he says, "...retain things in your head why you sleep at night."

John asks his own group, "What's ours?"

Cubby tells John, "600 for 4."

At nighttime, all but Mark are sleeping soundly in their cots. The obese, Cuban man's loud snoring keeps Mark awake. Frustrated and restless, Mark pulls the linen bed sheet over the man's face. Focusing on the upper-level trio, Mark notices those three subjects are each pacing a zombie-like, figure eight around their bunks.

By morning, Mark and John are already seated at their beds.

Swanie, having left the chair a moment earlier, rustles a hibernating Cubby. Swanie tells him, "Rob, wake up...it's your morning blood-letting."

Cubby has been dreaming about his reluctance. He rises ever so slowly. He glimpses the covered, obese man. "I'm not going! No way! No way, Jose!"

Mark tells him, "It's okay, Cub, I did it. Hector was gonna explode last night."

Cubby responds, "So you killed him?!"

Swanie chants, "Cubby...Cubby...Cubby..." The others join in.

Cubby, already queasy, is seated before the Spanish nurse. He, nervously, says, "Morning *Mortisha*." She limbers his heavily bandaged arm. Concerned, the others draw near.

Cubby tenses and closes his eyes.

She jabs him, but no blood flows. She says, "Uh-oh! I *meesed*."

Cubby's eyes pop open.

Mark jokes, "He's empty."

The nurse says, "Try again?"

John asks, "What's it mean when he turns blue like that?"

Swanie says, "That's a good sign...it means his blood is flowing. That, or he's about to hemorrhage and die...so it can go either way."

Swanie's response grabs Cubby's attention.

The nurse misses the vein again.

Cubby hops up, gets a marker from the table, and draws an "X" on his arm. No longer squeamish, Cubby shouts, "That's it! You don't miss any of these guys!"

Mark tells Cubby, "You've known her longer than us!"

Everybody is sadistically laughing.

Later, in another area, the boys gather themselves and their personal belongings. Preparing to part, Joan has joined them. They have a final meeting with the joyful, but increasingly jumpy, trailer guy and his two jitterbugs pacing close-by.

Joan jokes to Mark's group, "Least you guys are still alive."

John *gets to thinking*. He says, "You know, that wasn't so tough." He asks the trailer guy, "Hey man, how's it going?"

The guy answers, "Good. Just another two-and-a-half days and we're outta here."

John *almost* double takes to himself (*smart as he is*). He *thinks*, "*Two-and-a-half days?*"

Swanie, in parting, says, to the guy, "Take it easy." To his own gang (*incredibly intelligent as he is*) Swanie says, "John's got a point."

Cubby is unsure...but teetering...

Mark says to his group, "Ask him how he slept last night?"

John asks the trailer guy, "Hey, how'd you sleep last night?"

The guy answers, "Great."

John says, "See. That one's a good one. We should do that one."

Swanie nods, "*Sure*."

Cubby (*...off his rocker*), says, "Yeah!"

Mark says to them, "We gotta talk."

WHO:



MARK emanates from a maze-like, fenced walkway. He passes a dumpster and the unoccupied bleachers that lead to the rear of the athletic building. A prayerful clasp and he enters.

WHAT:



WHERE:

AT COACH ALEXANDER'S FOOTBALL OFFICE, the office door is open. Coach Axe sits at a cramped desk. The ultra-mini classroom is so quintessential; you can virtually smell the football leather.

Mark asks, "Coach Alexander, may I speak with you?"

Coach Alexander, congenially, answers, "Uh-huh, sit down, Mark."

Mark asks, "Coach Alexander...I'd like to know where I stand with the program? I was um...I was hoping I'd be offered a scholarship..." He sighs. "I don't want my father to have to pay for my school anymore...and I think I may deserve it...it would really mean a lot to me..."

and...I don't know if I can go on without it."

Coach Axe says, "Um-uh...Mark, how many years have you been in college?"

Mark replies, "Really like three or so—but football-wise I should just be a sophomore, because I mean...I've only played two seasons—so I should have two left."

Coach Axe says, "Uh-huh...I have to discuss it with the other coaches...but my thought is...yes..."

Mark is: the proverbial—*picture speaks a thousand words.*

Coach Axe says, "...Come back to me in a couple days."



WHEN:

THREE DAYS LATER, from the clouds, outside the football complex, Mark, upon entering, pauses to help a team manager toss a “tackling dummy” into a cart. Mark glimpses the glorious sky.

At Coach Axe’s office, Mark knocks on the nearly closed door.

Coach Axe reviews black-and-white practice footage, that he clicks forward, then reverse. “Come in.”

Mark enters. His coach stops the projector.

“Mark, are you sure again about your years in college?”

Mark nods, “Yes—I think...”

Coach Alexander says, “Coach Stevens thinks he remembers you from as far back as 1981.”

Mark replies, “Yeah, but I only played the spring, then I had to miss the fall.”

“Uh-huh...well, Mark, we went ahead and granted you a scholarship.”

Victory! A lifelong reward—a lifelong achievement of a lifelong dream! And, in many ways...two, lifetime promises! Mark motions his trembling hand to clench his coach’s hand.

Coach Axe grasps a document affixed to a manila envelope. He says, “However...in the process of the NCAA’s review...you’ve been declared ineligible...”

WHY:

“THE RULING IS YOU SEE...you have only five years from the *first* day you enter *any* college...to play four seasons. That includes...junior college...and any time you took off.”

Mark experiences a kaleidoscope of emotions. He’s hit the lottery, but the ticket’s in his pants washing in the laundry machine. He replies, “I understand.”

“I’m sorry. I don’t know what else to say. If you ever need anything, you let us know.”

“Thanks, Coach.”

Coach Alexander says, “I want to wish you luck and thank you for being here...” He extends his hand. “Thank you.”

Mark, shaking hands, says, “Thank you, Coach.”

In the athletic building, corridor, Mark egresses past the offices. Players and coaches begin to swell. Mark lets the ambiance envelop him. He bids farewell to Mrs. Kissane; a Floridian receptionist, in her late-forties, seated in the foyer of the head coach’s office, working at her desk.

Mark says, “Good-bye, Mrs. Kissane, and thank you for everything.”

Mrs. Kissane asks, “Didn’t you get it?”

Mark answers, “Long story.”

He treks downstairs. In the athletic building, main lobby; Mark glides over to a glass picture and trophy case. It refracts his prideful, smiling image over himself, photographed, in a Miami Hurricane team picture. He backs out the front door.

At the athletic building, main entrance; Mark gawks at the structure; his fraternity house; the running track; and at the location, along the surrounding fence, where his odyssey began.

WHO: ELSE...PETE, PHIL THE DOORMAN, DENNIS, CHRIS THE DEEJAY, CARL, RIC, HEIDI, GINA OR “LITTLE ONE,” “JULES,” LIZ, BILL D., DEAN, JOHNNY B., “PAULIE,” PAT COLLINS, DAVE THE BARTENDER, RICH H., LAUREN, JOE, JOHNNY PAPPAS, PLISKO, DANA

WHAT: ELSE...

WHERE: ELSE...THE RAT

WHEN: WHEN ELSE...FRIDAY AFTERNOON

WHY: ELSE...



The music roars from Mark’s, black, Ford Escort. He recklessly drives to a halt, in the *No Parking* lane, at the building’s main entrance. In doing so, he nearly strikes a gentleman, student passerby. Carefree, Mark exits.

Mark prances toward the bar in an extremely ripped shirt, bandanna, and blue jeans. Mark tosses his car keys through the open, passenger’s-side, window. He forges past the line of students. He diplomatically apologizes, until he is welcomed at the gateway to his second home—initially by Pete; a uniformed, squatty, Italian employee; and Phil; the dark, lumpy, doorman. Mark says, “Hey, boys” as he shakes hands.

Phil says, “There’s the stud.”

Mark says, “Stop.” He asks, “Phil, Pete; watch that for me, will you please?” He points at his car.

Pete asks, “DiBello, where’s Joanie?”

Mark continues on with his delirious, demented dissertation. “...Then she tells me it’s ‘cause her friend’s visiting...I’m like, what friend? She’s like, ‘you know...my friend.’ So I’m, like, looking in the closet. She’s like, ‘you idiot—you know...my friend. The one that comes to visit once a month.’ So then, I said, to her, ‘That’s what happens when you live in Florida in the winter...’”

He’s got them now.

He continues, “...Then she starts yellin’. And she tells me, ‘Ya’know I get really cranky the week I’m on my...’” Mark gestures. “...you know...” He gestures again. “...my *thing*.” Then she says, ‘as a matter of fact—I’m pretty miserable the week before too. His abrupt punch line punctuates his stay.

Following Mark’s comical journey of compliments and conversations, to his eventual spot at the second-level, will be no easy feat. In his succession of stops along the way—the people get a picture of the star of this show.

Inside, the Rat; a large, less-attractive girl drops her purse as she exits.

Mark gallantly retrieves it.

She says, “Thanks, you’re nice.”

Mark jokes, “You’re a good judge of people...”

She double takes.

He giggles, and says, “...pretty as you are smart. My pleasure.”

Dennis is a medium-built, fidgety, manager. He rushes to shake Mark’s hand. From Mark’s vantage point; Lauren, a fairly pretty, big-eyed, blonde stares a near-fatal attraction at Mark.

Dennis says, “Hi, Mark. How you doing?”

“Lousy, Dennis. How are you?”

Dennis is caught off-guard. “Oh...and I thought I was doing bad.”

Mark says, “Then it worked.”

Mark veers to his left. He grabs two cups from the meek man at the portable bar. “Thanks, Ed.”

Chris, the deejay, over the microphone, announces, “I was gonna play some U2, but it looks like the legend, Mark DiBello, has just arrived.”

Mark respectfully and gracefully acknowledges his salutation. The revelers ebb toward Mark. Carl, a normal looking, once stocky, friend greets Mark.

Mark says, “Carl, I’m so proud of you...all that running’s paid off. You look great.”

Carl responds, "You know what I like about you, Mark? Even if there's bad times—you never let it show, you always try to make people feel good and laugh."

"Carl, that's the nicest thing I think anyone's ever said to me—I never thought you really even liked me that much."

Carl, rather plainly, says, "I don't."

"Oh..." Recouping, Mark asks, "So, do you still mean what you said?"

Carl, flatly, answers, "No."

"Oh...Why'd you say it?"

The music pumps-out over the sound system. Billy Squire's, "Everybody Wants You" heightens Mark's presence...and he loves it!

Mark says, to Carl, "Remember your *Humpty Dumpty* imitation, when you fell off the big wall in the back and you didn't get hurt...and then we put you in the ambulance and you fell backwards and cracked your head open?"

Jules tugs a hysterical Mark to a table. He says, to Carl, "Tell Fast Eddie I said, hey."

Seated at the table are: Ric, a gawky, blonde, Bostonian and his entourage: Heidi, Gina ("Little One") and Jules, who takes her seat.

Mark says, "Ric, you're always with the pretty girls." Mark says, to Gina. "Come'ere Little One." *Valentino-like*, Mark takes a knee. He dips back her chair. He covers her mouth and pretends to kiss her. He says, "Knowing beauty comes from within—you look like Miss America to me."

Gina says, "You always say the right thing, *Markito*."

Mark grabs a napkin, from the table, and holds it behind her head. He jokes, "Cue cards—See?"

He says, to Heidi, *reading* the napkin, "Heidi, anyone ever tell you, you look like Farrah Fawcett?"

Heidi, going with the flow, answers, "No, Mark."

"Good, 'cause you're prettier."

He says, to Ric, "Hey, Ric, thanks for the jail thing. Everybody can blame you, I'm here."

Ric asks, "How'd that ever end up?"

"They were gonna let me off, but the team lawyer got me community service. My Uncle took care of it."

"Oh, that's good."

Mark jokes, "Liz, Bill; I think you two need to show a little more public affection."

From Mark's vantage point, Lauren stares.

Mark's on the move. A wild girl jumps in his arms and "lip locks" him. Mark obliges with casual ease. She slinks out of his grasp, swipes the bandanna from his head, and dashes off. Rather than turn, Mark moves across the floor.

Dean, a short, New Yorker impedes. He warmly extends his hand. Mark accepts. "Hi, Mark, I'm Dean: Chris' brother."

"Hi, Dean—I'll try not to hold that against you."

Dean snorts a laugh.

At the rear exit, Johnny B. sits atop a stool.

Mark calls, "Johnny."

Johnny B. jokes, "DiBello, is that the first shower you had this week?"

"You know me, John—every Saturday, whether I need it or not."

Skipper arrives at the base of the stairwell.

Mark and Johnny B. holler, "Skipper!"

The threesome exits the building jousting one another.

Mark attempts piggybacking on Skipper's tall shoulders. Mark coaxes the way. "...Come on, Skipper, take me over there."

Skipper laughs a deep, goofy, wheeze. He and Mark fall in stitches to the floor.

Mark says, "...I don't even know what that means and I'm laughing."

Mark grovels toward the bar. He springs-up at the sight of a speechless, Swedish snob in shorts; who passes he and Skipper by.

Mark says, to her, "You look awesome tonight. I love the line your...leg muscle makes going up to your hip—it looks like a stripe on football pants—it's beautiful..."

She walks right on by. Her leg flinches more than any look on her face.

Mark says, "You're welcome!" He says, to Skipper, "God, I hate that."

Skipper asks, Mark, "Hate what? That she didn't say thanks?"

Mark replies, "Yeah, but that she didn't compliment me back. Why's she think I said it?"

Paulie; a thin, glasses-wearing, Jewish friend stands along the rail next to Pat (Patrick); an appealing, short brown-haired, friend. Paulie asks, "What's happening, Mark?"

Mark answers out, "Hey, Paulie! Paulie! Paulie! I see three of you and I missed you all!"

Paulie jokes, "Then focus on the one in the middle."

Mark says, to Pat, "Hey, Patty, where'ya been? I missed you too!"

Pat jokes, "Mark, you live in your own little world, don't ya'?"

"Yeah, Patty, but its cool 'cause you can always find a parkin' space...Alright! Patty Collins is here."

Rich H., encounters his friend, Mark. Mark, loudly, proclaims, "You know, Rich, I hate when you're here—now I'm the second-best-looking guy in the joint."

Amid another flurry of greetings, many from a handful of pretty girls, Mark's in reach of *his* stool at the end of the bar. However, Lauren maintains *his* position. Mark says, "Lauren, I've just got to tell you—you are, without a doubt, the prettiest girl sitting in that stool..."

"Thanks, Mark."

"Now, get up!" He pecks her cheek.

She, in turn, fingers his chest, abdomen, and hips. The ladle that stirs her stew has brought her to a boil.

Mark kneels atop the stool.

The ill-running, popcorn machine rumbles loudly as it pops a fresh batch of corn. Mark shouts, "Uh-oh! Hold on! All Aboard!" The ritual ride is underway. Everyone, within reach, grabs the countertop and sways in unison. First, in one direction—then, the other—just as if a subway train were starting and stopping.

Left stationed at the rail; is Johnny Pappas, a dark, athletic friend. He stands beside Plisko; a tall, lanky friend. Johnny Pappas begins to pelt an unwitting Mark with popcorn kernels. A nameless babe approaches. The joy-ride ends when the conductor, Mark, cries out, "Last stop: the Rat!"

Fed up with the popcorn tossing, Mark has secretly detected the culprit. Fire! He ambushes the area by spraying handfuls of the snack at Johnny Pappas. Mark charges from his stool and captures his nemesis with a kiss on the cheek.

He shouts, "Hey! Hey! Johnny Pappas!"

Johnny says, "Stop kissing me."

"But, I love you."

"Love somebody else. You wanna play hoop tomorrow?"

Mark answers, "Yeah."

Johnny, turning to Plisko, says, "Hey, Plisko..."

Plisko interrupts John. "Yeah, but not if he kisses me!"

Johnny sarcastically, says, to Plisko, "Don't worry, he won't."

A laughing Mark starts to retreat into a darkened hallway. The faithful are armed. Mark shouts out, "I'm going for a minute—so everybody try not to miss me at once."

Mark's friends shout, "We won't!" Mutiny! They toss popcorn pellets and napkins. Mark appreciates the bombardment of abuse.

He treks the few steps to the manager's office. There, an informal meeting is adjourning. He taps on the partially opened door and politely invites himself in.

Inside the Rat, manager's office; Dana stands at his desk. Three, female, staffers; and three, male, staffers are exiting.

Dana, jokingly says, to Mark, "Hey, buddy—we were just deciding how to kick you out."

Mark says, "That's funny."

THE FLASHBACK

VOLUME: LOUD

1985

Mark Takes Unexpected Bahamas Trip With Girl

KEY BISCAZYNE, FLORIDA—At Sunday’s on the Bay, dockside bar; Mark is aboard a small yacht drifting past the moorings out to Biscayne Bay.

Skipper stands on the wood-planked dock, approximately forty yards away. He waves, in distress, mouthing, “The keys!”

From the stern, Mark responds, “Catch!” He launches a *Nolte-like* deep throw. The car keys amazingly land past the abysmal crack in the boards, coming to rest at the saving foot of Skipper.

Back in the manager’s office, Dana asks, “I gotta ask you. Brigoli told me, the other day; you had three girls in one day. Is that true?”

Mark, blandly answers, “Ah, just to say I did it—no biggie.”

“You *are* one of a kind.”

“That’s the understatement of the year, huh? If I were any more unique—I’d be alone.”

Dana laughs. He always laughs. Mark thinks, “*Great guy, ain’t he?*”

“Flash” Trip to Bahamas

IN THE MANAGER’S OFFICE—Mark continues, “And tell that asshole, Flash—next time we go to the Bahamas—I’m not riding in the cargo bin because he’s smuggling less than a line...I told you that story, didn’t I?” Dana laughs. “You did.”

SECTIONS
WHO: FLASH, MARY...
WHAT: A HANDFUL OF TRIPS
WHERE: THE BAHAMAS
WHEN: ALL DIFFERENT TIMES
WHY: A VARIETY OF REASONS

A male staffer ponders and says, “Kick DiBello out?”

The third, male, staffer offers, “...the money we’d save?”

Mark jokes, “How ‘bout the lives you’d save? Now, get outta here!”

Noticing the rips in Mark’s jeans; the first, male, staffer facetiously says, “Mark, nice...”

Mark jokes, “... Get outta here, you clowns!”

The door closes. Dana and Mark, the two dear friends, are alone.

Mark continues, “Stand still...wait a second...let me see...that’s wild, you even look like Dana.” He awaits a reaction.

“Now, let me hear you say it again...*kick you out.*”

“You know I’m only kidding you, buddy.

Dana laughs, but is seriously inquisitive. “How long have you been here, anyway?”

“Thirty seconds—I just walked in.” Dana laughs again. Mark jokes, “You know college is seven of the best years of my life.”

Dana jokes, “And you’re probably still majoring in ‘Undecided.’”

Mark laughs. “...As a matter of fact, I’m gonna try to graduate. I gotta hurry up and do a final project for my class and I’m outta here.”

“You’re kidding?”

“Nah, I wish I were, but I gotta blow. Listen, I just wanna thank you for all the special treatment...And tell all the kids I said thanks.”

“Anytime, buddy.”



Mark demands his meal

WHO: THE DISCIPLES OF FRIENDSHIP

WHAT: FRIENDS AND FAMILY?

WHERE: BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S - A RECTANGULAR BANQUET TABLE

WHEN: NIGHTTIME

WHY: FRIENDS AND FAMILY!

Mark chairs the barbaric gathering. It's his Last Supper. The dozen disciples of friendship are—to *his* left: Joan, Slick (Jimmy), Swanie (T.J.), Cubby (Rob), Rich B., Zeke (Scott), and Ric. To Mark's right are: Crazy Bill; Jody, the nice-looking, full-sized, brunette girlfriend of John Adams'; Woody; and lastly, Skipper.

The boisterous laughter echoes; its centripetal force is at the head of the table; where Jody proudly displays a pair of reminiscent, gaudy, blue earrings (the pair Mark hid from off his nightstand). John presents them to his beloved.

Crazy asks, Mark, "What's so funny?"

"Everything." Mark answers.

John asks, Jody, "You like 'em?"

A skeptical Jody seeks confirmation. She asks, "Mark, did he really get these for me?"

Mark replies, "He's givin' em to 'ya ain't he? Yeah, Jody, he did—I was there when he got 'em."

Mark rises to propose a toast. He specifically directs the command for order (by way of Swanie, Cubby and John) by slapping his forearm. It's the symbolic "call-to-arms" of the bloodletting. The trio of mice laughingly returns the gesture.

Two waiters stand idly by, as each prop a large tray of drinks on their shoulders.

Mark says, "May I have your attention...um...I'd like to say just one serious thing."

"You don't even know how to spell serious," quips Cubby.

"...And you never say just one thing," jokes Jimmy.

"I know he doesn't know how to spell faucet either," Swanie says snidely.

Mark says, "That's good...are you all done?"

"For now," responds Swanie.

Mark says, "I was going to ask my dear friend Dana about renting out the Rat..."

Skipper barges in. "Yeah...but he barred you for life again."

Mark responds, "Who asked 'ya, Skipper."

"Shhh!" requests Crazy Bill.

Mark acknowledges, "Thanks, Crazy."

The dirty dozen finally settle a bit.

Mark continues, "...But my father suggested I have a smaller, more personal, gathering that you might better appreciate and remember."

"Here it comes—he's not paying," jokes Rich B.

Crazy counters, "Shhh! Quiet."

Mark says, "First, I'd just like to thank my friend Monica Perez, who I don't think any of you know. She's the one who got me the gig that's paying for this."

Zeke remarks, "Good, he is paying."

The group's laughter subsides.

Mark's tone is deep and sincere. He says, "I'd just like to tell you'all...and to those who couldn't make it...that...even in high school, I learned this to be true: the knowledge we'll value most—will be that of the people we know. For most of us, college is the first time we're away from our homes...so your friends become like your families...and in being with you all...or in bringing you'all together...I just wanna say, you've afforded me my greatest joy. So whether I graduate or not...and years from now, as these memories fade...I'll just remember that, together, we crossed a bridge to the places in our lives where we are today and will be forever..."

The emotionally stoic group begins to clap. Some are genuinely touched.

Mark closes, "...I love you, all." The clapping crescendos and Mark cues the waiters. Mark commands, "Now let's have some fun!"

WHO: THE VIDEOTAPE GRAPHIC
READS - MARK DiBELLO
WHAT: COM 315
WHERE: U.M. CLASSROOM
TELEVISION STUDIO
WHEN: THE TAPING OF THE
SIMULATED SPORTSCAST
WHY: FINAL PROJECT -
"SPORT SHOW"



Mark, on videotape, says, "...though the best player in this year's draft, University of Miami quarterback Bernie Kosar, won't even be selected. Kosar has opted to pass on the regular phase of the draft; and be selected by the Cleveland Browns, as their first choice, in the supplemental stage..."

WHO: JOHN ADAMS
WHAT: CHARITY MODEL SHOW
WHERE: INSIDE THE DORAL HOTEL -
MIAMI, FLA. - BANQUET
FACILITY - BACKSTAGE
WHEN: DAYTIME
WHY: JOHN AND MARK DID IT FOR
THE TEAM

Female models busily prepare. Maintaining a sense of professionalism, Mark embarks out on the runway. He wears a tan Guess jeans and sleeveless jacket ensemble. John Adams waits his turn in the wings. Mark confidently parades down the catwalk to the delight of the middle-aged, female, audience.

WHO: A PROFESSOR
WHAT: C-U
WHERE: U.M. CAMPUS SIDEWALK - IN FRONT OF THE CAFETERIA
WHEN: THE DAY BEFORE GRADUATION
WHY: BECAUSE MARK *NEEDS* TO GRADUATE

Mark springs from his sandals on his merry way along the idle walk. From the opposite direction; Professor Schofield, a stuffy, monotonously boring, bearded educator encroaches upon the expecting graduate.

Mark says, "Professor Schofield, I'll see you at graduation tomorrow."

Professor Schofield, matter-of-factly, says, "No, you won't."

Mark asks, "Why? You're not going?"

The professor answers, "No—you're not."

"Why? Didn't you get my final project?"

"Yes, but you didn't get it in on time."

"By what? One day! You still got to see it."

"Doesn't change the fact it was late."

"So what does that mean?"

"It means I gave you a 'D.'"

"But I need a 'C.' If I get a 'C,' I graduate—seven one-thousandths of a point—but I graduate."

The professor tells him, "You can't charm your way through life..." Induced by the professor's sneering, ironic, snicker; Mark is perplexed at the logic. Professor Schofield tells him, "...it takes hard work and dedication—there are rules to follow." He condescends, "Besides, be realistic Mark, you don't think...and I doubt...a future in the field of communications is for you."

Mark is silent. He thinks, "*Who is he—to tell me about me.*" Ambiguously, Mark mumbles, "One day..." He contemplates and asks, "Now what am I supposed to do?"

The professor, almost hopelessly, says, "Pray I have a change of heart."

WHO: IS IT MARK?
WHAT: GRADUATION DAY
WHERE: A DORM ROOM
WHEN: THE NEXT MORNING
WHY: ME?



On a dormitory room door—the peephole gives a distorted view of the dark figure in a black cap and gown. *Is it Mark?*

The door opens to expose Crazy Bill, poised, in Mark's doorway.

Mark says, "Hey, look at you, Crazy—you big penguin."

Crazy Bill asks, "You ready to go with me?"

Mark stands, tensely, in a white suit and black tie. He answers affirmatively and guides Bill in.

"Yeah, come on in."

Mark says, "It's alright, come on in."

He says, "Come on, Joan. Get ready."

Joan, groggy, says, "I don't feel like going."

Mark insists, "Come on. I want you to come with me." Mark incites, "Joan, come on...I think it'd be nice if you came with me. I'm not gonna stand here and beg'ya—it's already past twelve."

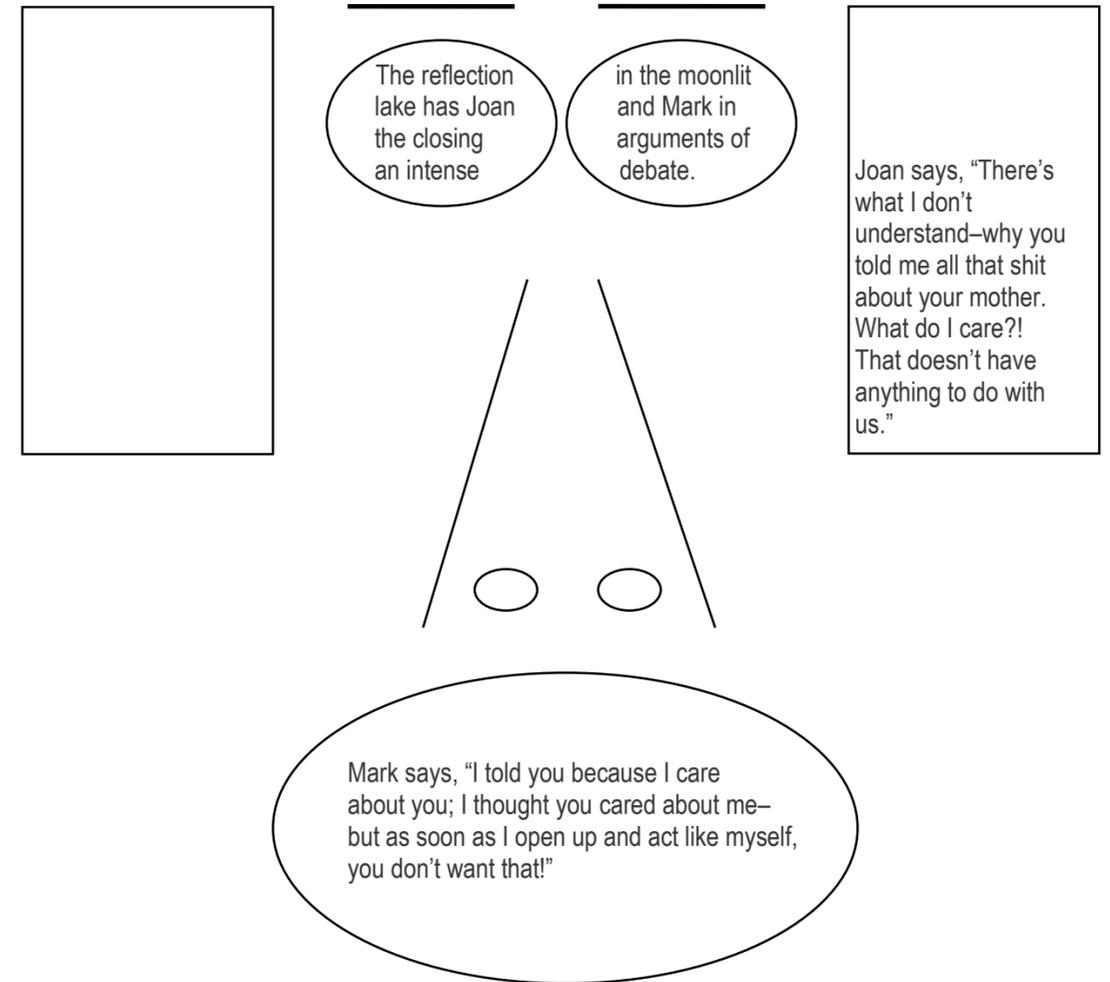
Joan, in rising defiance, says, "I don't want to go...leave me alone..."

Mark implores, "If you don't want to come and be with me...at least come and see Crazy Bill graduate."

She rolls over slightly, shielding her eyes. In an instant of pleasantness, she says, "Congratulations, Bill."

Bill says, "Thanks, Joanie."
 Bill addresses Mark. "Come on, it's alright, let her go...I'm gonna be late."
 Mark informs, "I won't forget this Joan. He says to Bill, "Come on, Crazy." Mark dons his shades. The close friends exit, shutting the door in their wake.
 In the hallway, Mark stares down the barren, cement corridor. He gives Crazy Bill a bonding hug.
 Crazy Bill says, "I wish my parents could've made it. Did you talk to your dad?"
 Mark's mind is adrift; his footsteps slow.
 Bill momentarily ceases advancing.
 Mark answers, "Yeah, yesterday...he said to say congratulations."
 Bill perceives a deeper thought or dilemma. He asks, "What's the matter?"
 Mark says, "Nothing...I know she's after him, and he's so stupid. Let me tell'ya, if there's anything I hate in this world—it's women who go after guys for their money. The guy ends up fallin' in love and gets his heart broken... 'cause all they care about is the money. It's so unfair...guy gets used 'cause all he wanted to do was love somebody."

WHO: JOAN
WHAT: FLASHBACK
WHERE: CAMPUS LAKE - NEAR THE RAT
WHEN: THE NIGHT BEFORE
WHY: MARK DOESN'T KNOW



In the hallway, Mark still stands motionless.
 Bill, a few steps ahead of him, looks behind.
 Mark says, "Wait up a second, Bill." Mark walks briskly back to his room. He flings open the door. He demands, "Joan, do me a favor—get out!! When I come back, I want you out!"

WHO: THE GRADUATES
WHAT: GRADUATION CEREMONIES
WHERE: U.M. - CAMPUS LAWN
WHEN: A GLORIOUS DAY
WHY: PROMISE?



On the banks, of the endless stream of graduation caps and gowns; Mark, awkwardly, stands ashore beneath a swaying palm. He oversees the festivities, appearing as *"Fantasy Island's"* Mr. Rourke might. Only, Mark's fantasy has yet to be realized. Crazy Bill drifts in an undertow of loyalty. He longs to be immersed in the sea of black. Mark says, "Go ahead—I'll just stand here in the back." Bill sets sail. Mark tells him, "Hey, Crazy...Congratulations, I'm proud of you."

Mark centers his attention, not on the sea of penguins; but on the ceremonial platform; the seated dignitaries; and most specifically, the un-presided over lectern. His imagination and dreams of a future address seemingly mute-out the surrounding sounds. He rehearses an envisioned speech.

Eventually, the ceremony concludes. In an orderly succession, Mark embraces each graduating friend and they share sentiments.

Skipper and Slick, each of whom graduates next year, are also in attendance. They are both wearing shorts and shirtsleeves.

Ric Quinn is at his loony best with an inflatable frog crowning his cap. Mark says, to him, "Only you, Ric."

Tim "Skipper" Frasier stands tall. Mark playfully attempts mounting him. "Skippa!"

"Mark," responds Skipper.

Next in line is: Jimmy "Slick" Franklin. Mark says, to him, "Slick, I'm glad I can always call you my college roommate."

"Dude, it's been real. You'll drive with us up to Baltimore?"

Mark answers, "Yep."

Rob "Cubby" Kerr, grinning boldly, waits. Mark lunges to hug him, saying, "Congratulations, Cubby."

Cubby jests, "Careful...it's only rented."

Mark chuckles. "You kill me, Cubby."

Mark grasps, T.J. "Swanie" Fitzgerald. He says, to T.J., "Swanie, I'm proud of you, you'll make a great lawyer."

Swanie, sarcastically, says, "Thanks, kid—you'll make a great client."

An amused Mark responds to Swanie, "Jerk..."

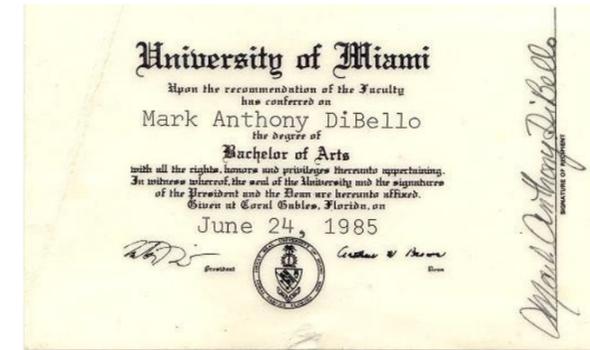
Mark then finishes on Crazy Bill. "Crazy, I'll see you back home."

The seven friends stand side-by-side. Mark's always imagined the opening scene of *"St. Elmo's Fire."*

Two, male graduates walk by the "magnificent seven." The first graduate asks, "So, how does it feel to graduate college?"

The second graduate continues, "...to be an official college graduate?"

Beneath the trunk of a tall, palm tree; from a kneeling position, having just tied the white Capezio shoe on his left foot, Mark rises and says, "It feels pretty good...better than I thought it would. I don't know...I'm kind'a proud...I'm the first DiBello to ever graduate college, but then again, it feels kind of empty...I don't know...it's weird."



WHO:



WHAT:

The group disbands. Only Cubby, Swanie, and the subject of this story: Mark Anthony remain. Three questions also remain...

Cubby asks Mark, "So, now what will you do with your life?"

Mark, earnestly, answers, "Live...have fun...make people happy."

Cubby is unsatisfied. He asks, "I mean, what do you want to be?"

Mark answers, "Myself...happy."

T.J. is slightly perturbed; he disdains the unreasonable, indistinct, responses. He implores, with brandished realism, "That's what you want to do for a living?" Pressing, he asks, "Think? What would you like to become?"

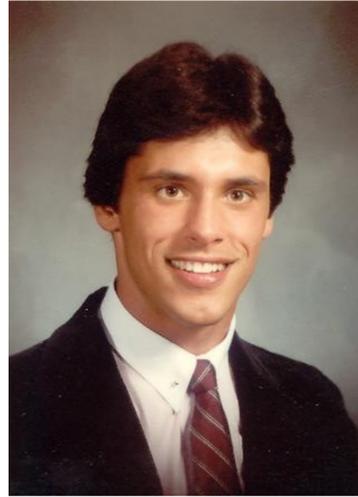
Mark remarks, "I have no idea..."

The discouraged examiners turn away.

Mark, left standing alone, recants slowly; his voice softens: "...But a long time ago, my mother once told me...she'd thought, I'd...um...she thought, I'd be a good um..." He removes his sunglasses; his diamond, horseshoe ring twinkles. His eyes swell, a trickling tear escapes. "...She thought I'd be a pretty good...actor."

WHERE:

The End...



WHEN:

...for now.

WHY:

LOTS OF PROMISE

WHO:

Written by Mark Anthony DiBello

WHAT:

"Lots of Promise"

WHERE:

"Lots of Promise" is also available by writing Mark Anthony DiBello – or online at:
http://markanthonydibello.com/lots_of_promise.html

WHEN:

Copyright © 2003 by Mark Anthony DiBello. All Rights Reserved.

WHY:

"Because I don't know anyone else who's writing my life story."

Mark Anthony DiBello

HOW: A special thanks to the people who invested in this life story...*All those people who put their money where my mouth is:*

Mrs. Helen Burek Krill
Miss Lisa Ann DiBello
Mr. Timothy James Fitzgerald
Mr. Anthony Francis DiBello
Mrs. Mary LaPoint
Mr. Ted Burek

A MESSAGE

In the world today, millions of people are functionally illiterate. In addition, millions more read below the 8th-grade level.

For instance...

Among mothers in the Aid for Dependent Children program, more than 33 percent are considered functionally illiterate.

Of all minority youth, 40 percent are unable to read.

As well, 50 percent of people speaking English as a second language are illiterate.

Internationally, on the great continent of Africa, 60 percent of the population cannot read.

This biography covers nearly 25 years of life. The book used written text, dated material, and photographs to chronicle this true-life story...

May those of you gifted with the ability to read this...seek mercy upon, find patience with, and love thy neighbor...who cannot.

May God Bless You,

Mark Anthony DiBello

DEDICATION

Thank you to The Father, family, and friends...and a special thanks to all the family and friends, who did not appear in the written word, but in the many visual moments that make up a life story...and a special thanks to my dear friend, Victoria Churchill.



Me and the Father



**"B-Man", "Any", Me, "LaLa", "Susie", Dad, "Lots", "Web", Joey, "Bam Bam"
and Nugget**



Vicki Churchill



E.G. Little League (Minor League) – 1968 Tigers (15-3)
ALL-STAR PHOTO NOT AVAILABLE



The '69 Tigers
ALL-STAR PHOTO NOT AVAILABLE



The Bisons



The (International League) All-Stars

The (Major League) Braves
PHOTO NOT AVAILABLE
ALL-STAR PHOTO NOT AVAILABLE



The Braves (the following year)
ALL-STAR PHOTO NOT AVAILABLE



East Greenbush Pop Warner

1972 Babe Ruth League - Knights of Columbus
PHOTO NOT AVAILABLE



1973-Babe Ruth Team



1973 All-Star team



East Greenbush Pop Warner – The Devils



Babe Ruth League – K of C
ALL-STAR PHOTO NOT AVAILABLE

Pop Warner Football
PHOTO NOT AVAILABLE



The K of C (next season)
ALL-STAR PHOTO NOT AVAILABLE



Columbia High School Freshman Team



1976 Babe Ruth League Champions – Knights of Columbus



The 1976 Babe Ruth League All-Stars



The Columbia Blue Devil Junior Varsity – 1976



The JV Teams





The Blue Devil Varsity - 1977



The Columbia Varsity



The Blue Devils



Varsity Football - 1978



The Team Leader - Columbia



Varsity Co-Captain

25TH KODAK ALL AMERICA TEAM

SELECTED BY THE AMERICAN FOOTBALL COACHES ASSOCIATION



THE 1984 KODAK TEAM
TRACES BACK TO WALTER
CAMP'S ORIGINAL
TEAM IN 1889.

FLUTIE and BYARS
were record setters.

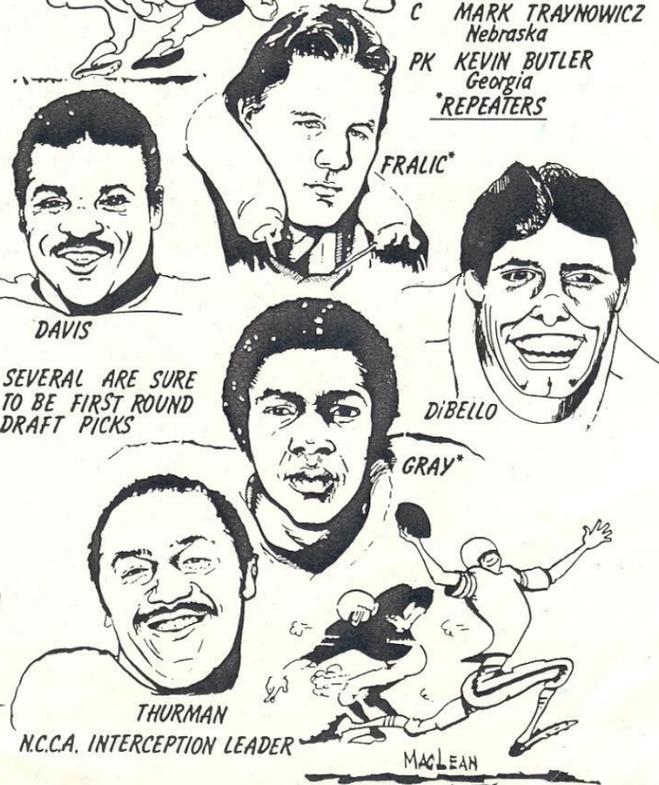
DEFENSE

- DL TONY CASILLAS
Oklahoma
- DL TONY DEGRATE
Texas
- DL JACK DEL RIO
USC
- DL RON HOLMES
Washington
- DL BRUCE SMITH*
Va. Tech
- DB ROD BROWN
Okla. State
- DB JERRY GRAY*
Texas
- DB JEFF SANCHEZ
Georgia
- DB Tony Thurman
Boston College
- LB GREGG CARR
Auburn
- LB LARRY STATION
Iowa
- PU RICKY ANDERSON
Vanderbilt

OFFENSE

- QB DOUG FLUTIE
Boston College
- RB KEITH BYARS
Ohio State
- RB KENNETH DAVIS
TCU
- WR EDDIE BROWN
Miami
- WR DAVID WILLIAMS
Illinois
- TE MARK D'IBELLO
Miami
- OL LOMAS BROWN
Florida
- OL BILL FRALIC*
Pitt
- OL LANCE SMITH
LSU
- OL DEL WILKES
So. Carolina
- C MARK TRAYNOWICZ
Nebraska
- PK KEVIN BUTLER
Georgia

*REPEATERS



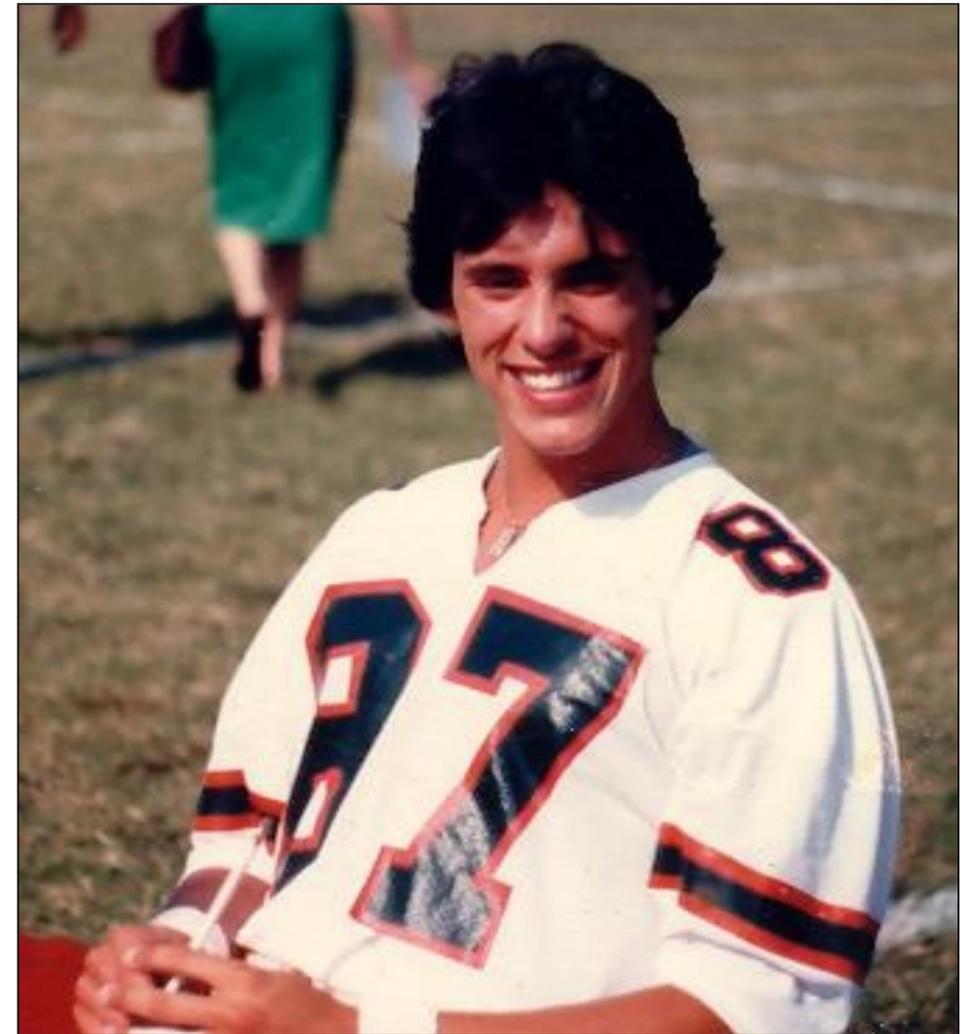
SEVERAL ARE SURE
TO BE FIRST ROUND
DRAFT PICKS

Anthony's "Lots of Promise"



Lots...

...LOTS OF PROMISE



Proof

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