DON JUAN DEMARCO
AND THE CENTERFOLD

A Screenplay By Jeremy Leven

Based In Part On "Don Juan" by Lord Byron

Revised Draft
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1 A BOTTLE OF MEN'S COLOGNE

is shaken into a palm. CAMERA stays on the bottle as it's replaced in a line of other cologne bottles. There is the SOUND OF HANDS SLAPPING THE COLOGNE on to a face.

2 A MASK

small and black with large eye-holes, no more than rings around the eyes, lies on the counter. The hands pick up the mask.

CAMERA slowly tilts up to show the face, now covered by a mask. It is the face of

3 DON JUAN DE MARCO

a young man, late teens. He stands before a mirror. He brushes his hair back. Then he reaches for a cape.

DON JUAN (V/O)
My name is Don Juan De Marco. I am the son of the great swordsman, Antonio Garibaldi DeMarco, who was tragically killed defending the honor of my mother, the beautiful Donna Inez Santiago y San Martine.

Don Juan sweeps the cape over his shoulders.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I am the world's greatest lover.

4 EXT CITY STREET (NIGHT)

The heels of Don Juan's shiny black boots click along the wet pavement as he struts confidently on his way -- cape flowing. CAMERA TILTS UP as Don Juan strides down the street. He wears black silk pants, a sword strapped to his side, a brocade vest, and a Spanish hat with tassels on the brim. The mask is still in place.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I have seduced over a thousand women.

5 EXT RITZ HOTEL (NIGHT)

Gleaming polished brass doors are opened by an elderly black doorman, CARL. Don Juan, flicks his cape smartly over his shoulder as he approaches the entrance.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I was nineteen last Tuesday.

CARL
Good evening, Sir.

DON JUAN
Good evening, Carl. Would you be so kind as to hold my sword?

CARL
It would be an honor, Sir.

Don Juan unbuckles his sword with a single deft motion, hands it to Carl, and then sweeps through the doors.

6 INT RITZ HOTEL (NIGHT)

The main lobby is in busy evening action. Couples in elegant dress hurry by on their way to dinner or the theater. Don Juan stands, feet slightly spread, confidently surveying the scene.

DON JUAN (V/O)
No woman has ever left my arms unsatisfied. Only one has rejected me, and, as fortune would have it, she is the only one who has ever mattered. This is why, at nineteen, I have determined to end my life.

In the distance, a woman in a black satin dress, VICTORIA, hangs up a payphone. She sighs in disappointment, and then enters the elegant dining room of the hotel.

Don Juan sees her and a smile forms on his lips.

DON JUAN (V/O)
But first, one final conquest.

7 INT HOTEL DINING ROOM (NIGHT)

A Mariachi Band plays in the corner of the high-class dining room. Don Juan stands at the entrance, searching for the woman in the black satin dress. The Maitre D', a thin continental man named Laurent, approaches Don Juan and nods.

MAITRE D'
(French accent)
Good evening, Sir. I have taken the liberty of sending a bottle of champagne and a rose to the woman in the green jacket --

A very attractive REDHEAD in her thirties is eating alone. Don Juan glances quickly.

MAITRE D'
-- the woman in the red velvet

Another attractive woman, a BLOND, is also eating alone. Don Juan looks at her only slightly longer than at the first.

MAITRE D'
-- and the woman in black satin.

Don Juan sees Victoria, eating alone at a corner table across the room. He smiles.

DON JUAN
Just her tonight, Laurent.

The Maitre D' is surprised.

MAITRE D'
Are you absolutely certain, Sir? The other two have just started their appetizers and I'm sure we could slow things down sufficiently....

DON JUAN
Thank you, anyway, Laurent. You're very thoughtful.

Don Juan takes Laurent's hand and clasps it firmly.

DON JUAN
Henceforth, you shall be known as the Viscount of Aragon. You have served me well.

Don Juan kisses Laurent on each cheek, looks fondly in his eyes, and then walks across the room toward the woman. Guests look up at the strange person with the mask and the cape and murmur as he walks by. Victoria becomes aware that something is happening and she looks up, just as Don Juan reaches her table.

DON JUAN
You have enjoyed the champagne, I trust?

VICTORIA
(surprised)
Thank you, yes. That was very kind of you.

Don Juan gestures toward the empty chair at the table.

DON JUAN
May I?

VICTORIA
Well, actually, I have a friend who'll be joining me. He's been delayed, but he should be here soon....

DON JUAN
(sitting down)
I won't linger. I am Don Juan.

Victoria laughs.

VICTORIA
That's very funny. Is there a costume party in the hotel?

DON JUAN
No, I am really Don Juan, directly descended from the noble Spanish family.

VICTORIA
(amused)
And you seduce women?

DON JUAN
No. I never take advantage of a woman. I give women pleasure, if they desire it. It is, of course, the greatest pleasure they will ever experience.

Victoria drops her fork with a loud clatter. Diners look around. The Maitre D' smiles to himself without looking up.

VICTORIA
(flustered)
You don't really expect me just to stop eating and go off --

DON JUAN
It depends on how soon you expect your companion to arrive. I'm in no rush. Order dessert.

Victoria looks around, in something of a daze. Don Juan takes her hand. Victoria is too disoriented to resist.

DON JUAN
There are some women, dark featured, a certain texture to their hair, a curve to their ears that sweeps like the turn of a shell -- these women have fingers with the same sensitivities as their legs --

Don Juan begins to run his index finger in circles around the end of Victoria's finger.

DON JUAN
The fingertips have the same feelings as their feet, and when you touch their knuckles, it is like passing your hands along their knees... this tender fleshy part of their finger is the same as brushing your hand along their thighs, and finally...

Don Juan lifts Victoria's hand, runs his tongue gently along the crevice between her fingers and kisses it.

Victoria looks at her hand, her face flushed, then up at Don Juan -- and finally at her watch.

8 INT HOTEL BEDROOM (NIGHT)

Victoria has her eyes closed. Her head is on a pillow.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Every woman is a mystery to be solved.

The nape of Victoria's neck. Don Juan, mask still on, runs his finger tips gently across it, then lightly plants kisses.

DON JUAN (V/O)
But a woman hides nothing from a true lover.

Victoria's shoulders are perfectly shaped.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Her skin color can tell us how to proceed. A hue like the blush of a rose, pink and pale, and she must be coaxed to open her petals with a warmth like the sun, touched by the moisture of a summer morning's dew.

Victoria's breasts. Don Juan's mouth leaves them covered with faint glistening beads of moisture.

DON JUAN (V/O)
If her skin is dark and ripe, like a fruit daring us to devour it, then her limbs should be more firmly pulled to us in order to yield the sweet flesh inside.

Victoria's abdomen. Her navel moves up and down with excitement and Don Juan's hand slowly moves along its conformation.

DON JUAN (V/O)
The pale and dappled skin of the redhead calls for the lust of a wave crashing to the shore so we may stir up what lies beneath and bring the foamy delight of love to the surface.

EXTREME SLOW MOTION (almost repeated stop-action): Victoria's hips, her thighs, her head tossing back in ecstasy, Don Juan's hands, the rhythms of love-making.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Although there is no metaphor that truly describes making love to a woman....

Victoria's hands clasp Don Juan's back and pull him to her. The rhythm increases.

DON JUAN (V/O)
...the closest analogy is to playing a rare musical instrument.

SLOW MOTION. But even so, it is clear that the love-making is reaching a climax. Hands clutch. Eyes open and close in ecstasy. The curves of their bodies meld and flow.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I have often wondered -- does a Stradivarius violin feel the same rapture as the violinist when he coaxes a single perfect note from its heart.

The single perfect note of a coloratura soprano emerges from Victoria's mouth as she is enveloped with the greatest pleasure she has ever experienced.

VICTORIA
(singing loudly)
Aaaaaaaaaaaaa....

9 INT HOTEL DINING ROOM (NIGHT)

The WOMAN SINGER with the mariachi band is singing the same long note we have heard on the lips of Victoria... or did she sing it at all?

At a table nearby, Don Juan helps Victoria into her chair. Flushed, dazed, she stumbles and Don Juan steadies her.

The Maitre D' smiles at a scene he has seen many times before and returns to his log of reservations.

Don Juan kisses Victoria on the hand.

DON JUAN
Muchas gracias, senorita, for permitting me to partake of your extraordinary sensuality.

VICTORIA
No, no -- thank you -- really thank you....

Don Juan smiles graciously, sweeps his cape, and begins to leave. As he nears the door, a MAN passes quickly by him, heading for Victoria. When he reaches her table, he kisses her lightly on the lips.

MAN
Sorry I'm late, honey. It was unavoidable. I hope you went ahead without me.

Victoria nods as a smile comes to her lips. She looks across the room at Don Juan, who bows his head once more with chivalry, and disappears out the door.

10 EXT CITY STREET/ BILLBOARD (NIGHT)

A giant billboard of a semi-nude young woman in a scant bikini, advertising a resort, rises high above the street.

On the street below are two police cars, a firetruck, and an ambulance. Their red lights flash in the same monotonous rhythm. A small crowd has gathered behind barricades.

A late-model Buick pulls up, and a weary man in his late fifties -- JACK LUCHSINGER, walks slowly from the car. A Detective, SIMON TOBIAS, sees Jack and joins him.

TOBIAS
Evening, Jack. Sorry to get you out at night, but this is a job that only Supershrink could handle. He's a jumper to be reckoned with, Doc.

Jack looks up. A searchlight illuminates Don Juan. He stands forty feet above the street, balancing on the thin catwalk at the top of the billboard -- masked, cape flowing, sword raised.

JACK
What's the costume?

TOBIAS
He's Don Juan.

Jack nods and continues to walk toward the middle of the bridge. Tobias stays beside him.

JACK
And his real name?

Tobias pulls a pad from his pocket and reads as they walk.

TOBIAS
Don Juan De Marco, Count of Bejar, General of his Excellency's Army of the Island of Ismail, Lord of the Night.

JACK
Anybody we can get here for a stab at reality -- mother, father?

TOBIAS
Nobody we know.

JACK
Does he have a girlfriend?

TOBIAS
(facetious)
You're asking me if Don Juan has a girlfriend?

Jack gets the point and shrugs.

JACK
What exactly does Don Juan want?

Tobias flips to another page in his notebook.

TOBIAS
He wishes to end his life gloriously. He asks us to send our finest swordsman to do battle with him, preferably Don Francisco da Silva.

Jack stops and looks up at Don Juan. A yellow cherry-picker is whirring in Jack's direction. Jack looks at the bucket on the end of the cherry-picker, then at Tobias.

JACK
I'm getting too old for this, Sy.

Jack climbs on the cherry-picker and starts to lift into the sky. As Tobias watches him rise, a medic, LOGAN, walks up and stands beside Tobias, also watching Jack rise into the night.

LOGAN
That Luchsinger?

Tobias nods.

LOGAN
Hear he's never lost one.

TOBIAS
Until the last.

Logan looks over at Tobias in surprise.

TOBIAS
He's still the best there is.

11 EXT BILLBOARD (NIGHT)

Don Juan, cape blowing in the wind, precariously balanced, practices with his sword. Rising slowly behind him comes the cherry-picker with Jack. Don Juan stops, sword poised.

DON JUAN
Where is Don Francisco da Silva? I will fight none other.

JACK
Don Francisco left yesterday for Mallorca. I am his uncle, Don Otavio del Flores.

Don Juan studies Jack, thinking things over.

DON JUAN
This is very disappointing.

JACK
Something came up at the last minute. He sends his regrets. Shall we postpone the matter until he returns?

DON JUAN
This will not do! I must die at the hands of Don Francisco! I am Don Juan De Marco, son of the great beauty Donna Inez of Aragon and the notorious swordsman Don Antonio of Seville!

Don Juan raises his sword and nearly loses his balance. For a fleeting instant, a look of horror comes into Jack's eyes, but he manages somehow to suppress it quickly, as Don Juan regains his balance.

JACK
You are the Don Juan?

DON JUAN
Correct. At the age of nineteen I have fulfilled fantasies that are now only the withered dreams of men three times my age!

JACK
(wryly)
That's a rather grim assessment of a man's life, don't you think?

DON JUAN
(evaluating Jack's eyes)
You are, I take it, three times my age.

JACK
And then some.

Silence. The man and the youth study each other.

JACK
So tell me -- why, with so many successes, does the great Don Juan wish to end his life?

DON JUAN
(solemnly)
Because there is nothing left to live for.

JACK
Nothing at all?

DON JUAN
Not when Donna Ana is everything.

JACK
Ah. Her name is Donna Ana.

DON JUAN
Now you understand why I must die. I ask only that it be at the hand of Don Francisco, so it may be said that I died in glory from a worthy opponent.

Don Juan loses his balance once again. The world spins eighty feet below. Jack reaches desperately for Don Juan, the look of horror returning to his face, but his aid is unnecessary. Don Juan recovers his balance easily. Jack barely suppresses a sigh of relief, and stares intently into Don Juan's eyes. The tragic necessity there cannot be denied. It moves Jack.

JACK
This young woman, Donna Ana, must be very special. I'd like to hear more about her.

DON JUAN
There is nothing more to say. Have you never met a woman who inspires you to love until your every sense is filled with her -- you inhale her, you taste her, you feel her flesh on yours and fold into her like hot lava sliding into the sea...?

Jack's eyes. They respond to the vivid imagery. It has been some time since he has experienced this kind of intense love, if at all. Jack deflects the longing which tries to flood him.

JACK
I have no doubt that losing a love like this can be very painful, but why lose hope along with it?

DON JUAN
(shouting)
I have known a thousand women, Don Octavio! More than a thousand! And there is only one Donna Ana!

Again, Don Juan loses his balance, the river spins below, and he recovers. Jack is not doing well.

JACK
Yes, well, perhaps, that's true -- there is no one else like Donna Ana. But then again, maybe not. You'll be pleased to know that even a thousand women does not entirely exhaust the supply.

Don Juan studies Jack's eyes. Something about Jack's style appeals to him.

JACK
Of course, if you kill yourself, there's no way to know.

Don Juan's eyes show that Jack is making some headway. Jack slowly insinuates himself into Don Juan's epic frame of mind.

JACK
You'll never know whether love might appear elsewhere, just as splendid -- more splendid -- where you least expect it, taking you completely by surprise....

Don Juan's eyes begin to mist. He fights back tears.

JACK
It denies even the possibility that Donna Ana secretly longs for your love as you do for hers, and upon realizing it, will return gratefully to your arms....

Tears form in Don Juan's eyes. He looks up at the night.

JACK
You must not forget, my friend, that the power of your love is eternal and will not be denied....

A tear falls from Don Juan's eyes and streaks his cheek.

DON JUAN
(wiping his eye)
I apologize for this unmanly display, Don Octavio. But the heart is like the sky -- a part of heaven, heated by the sun, penetrated by the stars, and after being scorched and pierced, clouds cover it, storms expire in water drops --
(the dam breaks)
-- and the eye pours forth at last the heart's blood turned to tears....

Don Juan's eyes flood with tears. Jack, deeply affected by Don Juan's pain, holds out his arms.

JACK
With such a heart, Don Juan, I have no doubt that you will once more come to experience a passion greater than has been known even to men three times your age....

Don Juan, tears flowing, steps into Jack's arms.

DON JUAN
Oh, God -- to love like that again....

Don Juan's words tear at Jack's heart, as he holds Don Juan against his chest. Don Juan climbs into the bucket, and, as the cherry-picker slowly begins to descend from the night sky, Jack's relief shows clearly on his face -- but his eyes reflect bewilderment at the impact this encounter has had upon him.

12 INT JACK'S HOUSE (NIGHT)

Jack walks into the bedroom of a rather large house, reflective of his success as a psychiatrist over the years -- tasteful wallpaper with matching draperies, a brass bed with a floral print duvet, original paintings on the walls, and a fireplace, over which are photos of his son and daughter -- now in their thirties and married.

His wife, MARILYN -- late-fifties, attractive, smart, lots of energy, and a ready sense of humor -- is sitting on a chaise lounge across the room, talking on the telephone and eating potato chips from a large bag. She nods a greeting to Jack, who nods back and then sits on the edge of the bed and slowly starts to untie his shoes.

MARILYN
(on the phone)
My body is like an alarm clock, Marge. Every morning at exactly 3:20, I wake up with hot flashes and sweat for an hour. The estrogen was supposed to be working by now.

Jack drops one shoe on the floor, then dangles the other from the end of his toes, still lost in thought. Playfully, he flicks his foot and sends the shoe sailing across the room toward the open door to his closet, where a row of shoes sit on the floor. The shoe doesn't even come close, but bangs loudly into the dresser beside the closet.

Marilyn looks curiously at this strange behavior from her husband, as she listens on the phone. Jack gets up, walks over and picks up his shoe, and then, as he bends back up, stops to look at some photos of Marilyn and him in younger days which are stuck into the molding around the dresser mirror -- all this as Marilyn continues to talk on the phone.

MARILYN
(into the phone)
Yes, well how come nobody warned me about this, Marge?
(more)

MARILYN (Cont'd)
After breasts, sex, and childbirth, will come another great event -- you will lose all ability to regulate your own body temperature and you will start to look like your own grandmother -- your skin will no longer adhere to your bones, your waist will rise to your shoulders, and your hips drop to your knees. You will look like you have been living in a trash compactor.

Jack starts to take off his shirt. Marilyn raises her hand as a signal for him to stop.

MARILYN
(on the phone)
Hold on a minute, Marge.
(to Jack)
A fork got caught in the drain inside the dishwasher and we had a flood. I cleaned up the floor, but I couldn't get the fork out.

Jack looks at his beloved wife, somewhat dazed by the contrast between his encounter with Don Juan and his return to earth. He nods, and then strangely, he winks at her, and heads out of the room toward the kitchen.

Marilyn looks after Jack, totally mystified by his behavior.

MARILYN
(on the phone)
Yes, I'm still here, Marge. Jack just winked at me.
(listens, then)
Nothing -- that's just it. The last time Jack winked at me, I was straightening the seams in my nylons.

13 INT JACK'S CAR (DAY)

Jack drives along, CLASSICAL MUSIC ON THE CAR RADIO, lost in thought. He turns and drives up the long driveway of:

14 EXT STATE HOSPITAL (DAY)

A large brick hospital, built 1930s, sits atop a small hill. Jack's car turns into the parking lot. Jack gets out and walks pensively toward the building.

15 INT STATE HOSPITAL/ STAFF MEETING ROOM (DAY)

A DOZEN MEN AND WOMEN -- psychiatrists, residents, nurses -- sit around a large conference table. At the head of the table is PAUL SCHUMAKER, a somewhat rotund man in his sixties. He is the Psychiatric Chief of the state hospital. Jack is giving a report.

JACK
White male, age nineteen, brought in on a ten day paper after a suicidal gesture, apparently precipitated by the breakup of a relationship. The patient indicates he has had no previous history of suicides, and no record of any prior hospitalizations -- actually no record of anything -- parents, home address, school history, nothing. The boy is severely delusional and believes he is somebody else.

HEAD NURSE ALVIRA
Anybody we know?

JACK
Don Juan.

The nurses CHEER and CLAP. When the commotion ends, Schumaker addresses the group.

SCHUMAKER
Who wants him?

JACK
Actually, Paul -- I do.

SCHUMAKER
(surprised)
You're not retiring?

JACK
I am. But I thought this might be an interesting way to go out.

SCHUMAKER
This sounds like a long-term case to me. I'm going to give him to Bill.
(turning to Bill)
Do you have the time?

BILL DINSMORE, a fastidious and mannered man in his forties, thin, ascetic, glasses, nods to Schumaker that he has the time and reaches across the table to take the case folder from Jack. Jack slides the folder deftly out of Dinsmore's reach.

JACK
Can we talk privately, Paul?

16 INT STATE HOSPITAL/ HALL (DAY)

Patients wander up and down the hall. They are not obviously insane, certainly not actively psychotic, but the range of diagnoses one would expect on an open ward -- depressed, manic, post-traumatic stress, and schizophrenics -- all doing well under medication. Jack is talking to Schumaker, who stands with his back against a wall. The conversation is quiet and intense.

JACK
I want this patient, Paul.

SCHUMAKER
Be reasonable, Jack. You're leaving in ten days.

JACK
So is he.

SCHUMAKER
A delusional patient like this does not get cured in a week and a half. The instant his ten day paper expires, he'll be committed. Then we'll have to transfer him to Bill anyway.

Jack studies Schumaker.

JACK
A year ago, if I said I could get a patient out of here in ten days, there'd be no question about me having him. That's not the reason you're giving him to Bill.

Schumaker looks at Jack, considering his response.

SCHUMAKER
You're right, it isn't. It's a good reason, but it's not the main one. You've been doing it by the numbers for months now, and you know it. You're burned out, Jack. That's why you've asked for early retirement. You don't need more time to travel with Marilyn, right? So, please -- don't make my life any harder than it has to be.

Jack's expression makes it clear that Schumaker is correct in his assessment.

JACK
I've been here thirty years.

SCHUMAKER
Yes, you have, Jack, and, until recently, you were the best damn clinician this place has ever seen. But now it's time to go see the Northwest Passage. Nobody- I know deserves it more.

Jack studies Paul's eyes, then finally nods in acceptance and starts to walk away. He calls back to Schumaker.

JACK
That kid is going to eat Bill alive and play the Mexican Hat Dance on his bones.

17 SPANISH BOOTS --

click smartly together, then begin a rapid dance on the wooden floor. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO --

18 INT STATE HOSPITAL/ BILL DINSMORE'S OFFICE (DAY)

The boots are on the feet of Don Juan. He still wears the black silk pants, brocade vest, Spanish hat with tassels on the brim, cape -- but the mask is gone. He dances, one arm in the air, the other on his waist.

Bill Dinsmore watches through his glasses, totally lost.

DINSMORE
Would you like to talk about why you attempted to kill yourself...?

Don Juan stops dancing and walks over to Dinsmore.

DON JUAN
To <u>you</u>? You want Don Juan De Marco, the world's greatest lover, to talk to <u>you</u>?! What do <u>you</u> know of great love?!

He leans over Dinsmore, his arms beside Dinsmore's head.

DON JUAN
Have you ever loved a woman until milk leaked from her as though she had just given birth to love itself and now must feed it or burst?

Don Juan leans closer to Dinsmore's face.

DON JUAN
Have you ever tasted a woman until she believed that she could be satisfied only by consuming the tongue that had devoured her?

Don Juan is so close to Dinsmore, their noses nearly touch.

DON JUAN
(whispering)
Have you ever loved a woman so completely that the sound of your voice in her ear could cause her body to shudder and explode with such intense pleasure that only weeping could bring her full release?

Dinsmore's face is pale with discomfort. He swallows hard. The two men are still nose to nose.

DON JUAN
Where is Don Octavio del Flores?

DINSMORE
(hoarsely)
Who?

DON JUAN
My host at this villa.

DINSMORE
Dr. Luchsinger?

DON JUAN
Who?

DINSMORE
(psyche in shambles)
Why do you think Dr. Luchsinger is Don Octavio del Flores?

DON JUAN
Because that's how he introduced himself to me. Why do you think Don Octavio del Flores is Dr. Luchsinger?

Dinsmore's eyes flick to the left and then to the right. He knows his answer is no different from Don Juan's.

DON JUAN
Now, if you are truly interested in ending my pain, you must allow me to talk to Don Octavio.

DINSMORE
And why is that?

DON JUAN
Because he is a lover, and you are not.

DINSMORE
What am I?

DON JUAN
A delusion, an hallucination, a phantasm -- a mind without a body. I mean no offense, but where physical love is concerned, you have the substance of fog.

19 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

Jack is sitting at his desk, making notes in a patient record. Dinsmore, in a state, throws open the door, and strides in. Jack is not surprised to see him.

DINSMORE
Don Octavio del Flores?! You told him you were Don Octavio del Flores?! You told a delusional patient you were a seventeenth century Spanish nobleman?!

JACK
(calmly)
It seemed expedient at the time.

DINSMORE
Well, he's all yours, Don.

Dinsmore starts to leave. Jack talks to his back.

JACK
You tell this to Schumaker?

DINSMORE
You bet I did.

JACK
What'd Paul say?

DINSMORE
His exact words were -- "Jack broke it, let him fix it."

20 INT HOSPITAL HALL (DAY)

Don Juan is walking down the hall, cape flowing. He is being escorted by an attractive nurse, GLORIA.

DON JUAN
This is very kind of you to show me the way, Gloria.

Gloria can find nothing to say. She just shrugs, wide-eyed and helpless.

21 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

The office is homey -- family photos, old comfortable furniture, Impressionist prints on the wall, lamps with shades, and, over in a corner, a table with a chess set. The chess pieces are metal figures. The pawns are knights on horses.

There is a KNOCK on the door. Jack looks up from the paperwork at his desk.

JACK
Come in.

The door opens and Don Juan stands there with Gloria.

GLORIA
I brought Mr. Juan here for his appointment.

JACK
Thank you, Gloria.
(to Don Juan)
Please. Come in.

GLORIA
I can return at the end of the hour and see him back.

JACK
I'll show him back.

GLORIA
It's really no trouble. I'll be passing this door in exactly one hour -- right on the nose.

JACK
I can handle it. Gloria. Could you shut the door?

Gloria nods in resignation and sighs in disappointment. She smiles once more at Don Juan. He bows graciously to her. Her knees buckle slightly, she steadies herself, and shuts the door. Don Juan begins to take off his hat and cape.

JACK
You seem to have quite an effect on the ladies.

DON JUAN
You've noticed.

Don Juan flings his cape beside his hat and settles on the sofa. He brushes some dirt from his boots.

DON JUAN
They have taken my mask, Don Octavio.
(looking up, angered)
They had no right to do that! I never remove my mask in public! Do you understand the consequences of this?!

JACK
Not really.

DON JUAN
I will be cursed.

JACK
Well, I can certainly understand how angry that would make you.

Don Juan recognizes instantly that he is being psychologized. He decides to give Jack back a dose of his own medicine.

DON JUAN
(smiling sweetly)
Yes, well, think how you would feel if you were made to take off the mask you're wearing.

The remark hits home and Jack's face shows it. He looks at Don Juan, then goes over to his desk. He lifts up a pitcher and talks as he fills a glass with water.

JACK
How long have you worn the mask?

DON JUAN
Since I was sixteen. I placed the mask on my face, and vowed never to remove it in public, on the day I left my mother, the dark beauty Donna Inez.

22 INSERT -- THE GLORIOUS FACE OF THE DARK BEAUTY, DONNA INEZ. It appears, radiantly, and then, too soon, is gone.

Jack, now standing beside Don Juan, is holding out his hand. Don Juan has a faraway look in his eyes. In Jack's hand is a packet containing pills. The other hand has a glass of water.

JACK
Pills. They'll help you.

Don Juan refocuses on the packet in Jack's hand.

DON JUAN
It's to stop delusions?

23 INSERT -- A SMALL SLEEPY MEXICAN VILLAGE. For just a moment. Then back to Jack's office.

JACK
Yes. It's to stop delusions.

Don Juan jumps up and strides angrily across the room, where he stands in front of the chess set.

DON JUAN
I am very disappointed in you Don Octavio! Very disappointed! You don't believe that I am truly Don Juan De Marco, the world's greatest lover!

JACK
Does it matter what I believe?

Don Juan whirls from the chess set, defiant.

DON JUAN
No. It doesn't.

Don Juan and Jack stare in silence at each other.

JACK
You know, we can make you take the medication. You're on a ten day paper, and we have the right to do whatever we feel is necessary to help you.

DON JUAN
(shouting)
I am not deluded! I am Don Juan!

JACK
If, after ten days, we feel you are not able to live safely on your own, we can ask that you remain here for another year.

Don Juan's eyes flick frantically back and forth. He sees the chess set and sweeps his hand across the pawns -- the knights on horses collecting in his palm.

DON JUAN
I have a propositon for you.

Jack watches as Don Juan sets the chess men in a row on Jack's desk. When they're all neatly lined up, Don Juan turns around and faces Jack, who still stands holding the packet of pills and the glass of water in his hands.

DON JUAN
Here's my proposal.
(pointing to the chess men)
Ten days. Ten men. I'll remove one a day. If you don't make me take the medication, before the last is gone I will have told you everything you have ever wanted to know about loving a woman.

Now this definitely has an impact on Jack. Jack's throat goes dry and his eyes race back and forth in his skull. He finds himself drinking the glass of water intended for Don Juan.

DON JUAN
And I will begin by telling you how I came to wear my mask -- and of my mother, the dark beauty, Donna Inez.

INSERT. THE NAKED IMAGE OF DONNA INEZ.
She combs her hair before a mirror. Her breasts are full, her nipples dark and surrounded by a thick aureole from having recently nursed a child. And back to Jack.

JACK
And when the last man is gone and you have finished your tale, then what?

DON JUAN
Then, you will know that I am really Don Juan, and I will leave -- with my mask back on.

JACK
And if I don't believe you are Don Juan?

DON JUAN
If you truly don't believe, then I will take your medication, and you may commit me for as long as you like.

Jack leans forward in his chair and studies Don Juan's eyes. Does he imagine an apparition in them -- Donna Inez, naked, her hips swaying gracefully as she continues to comb her hair?

DON JUAN
Are we in agreement? I have these ten days to tell you my story?

Jack -- transfixed by something going on in Don Juan's eyes, he knows not what -- nods.

JACK
Yes. We are in agreement.

Don Juan smiles victoriously as a GUITAR LOUDLY STRUMS THE OPENING CHORDS TO EL SOMBRERO DE TRES PICOS.

24 INT DON ANTONIO'S HOUSE/ BATHROOM (DAY)

Donna Inez in all her beauty, stands naked before the mirror, still combing her waist-length hair -- the right half of her tresses is in front of her, covering one breast. She hums to herself as she pulls the comb through it. The other half falls down her back, stopping just before the line which cleaves a perfectly formed pear-shaped bottom.

DON JUAN (V/O)
It became evident from a very early age that there was something different about me.

The BABY DON JUAN stares at his naked mother, a light in his eyes, a grin of delight on his face, and a long strand of drool hanging from his bottom lip.

Donna Inez becomes aware of his attention and turns to face him in surprise. Then, instinctively, she picks up a towel and covers her nakedness from neck to knee.

25 EXT SMALL MEXICAN VILLAGE (DAY)

MEXICAN CHILDREN run by in shorts and bare feet, rolling an old tire in front of them, shouting and laughing.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I, myself, slowly began to realize that I was not like other boys.

As the children pass, CAMERA DISCOVERS, a child's feet -- with flowers placed around them.

A young girl's hand places another flower at the boy's feet. CAMERA TILTS up to find A NINE YEAR OLD GIRL facing the NINE-YEAR OLD DON JUAN. She stares into Don Juan's eyes and sighs. Then she kisses him on the lips, and leaves in a daze -- making way for the NEXT YOUNG GIRL to place a rose at Don Juan's feet. Behind her, the line of OTHER NINE YEAR OLD GIRLS goes on for a some distance.

DON JUAN (V/O)
By the time I was ten, the attraction that females had for me was becoming of some concern to my mother, the dark beauty, Donna Inez.

26 INT CHURCH (DAY)

THE SOUND OF THE BELL, as a PRIEST conducts a mass.

DON JUAN (V/O)
So my mother presented me to God and asked the Lord to save me before it was too late.

Don Juan, 10, faced scrubbed, hair slicked back, wearing the formal red robe and white bib of an alter boy, carries a silver chalice to the Priest. He sets it beside the Priest, and then looks up at the congregation.

The front row is packed with nuns, sitting shoulder to shoulder. They have angelic smiles on their faces and their eyes fixed only on Don Juan.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Apparently, it was too late.

27 INT DONNA QUERIDA'S BEDROOM (NIGHT)

Donna Querida, another dark beauty, stands before a mirror in her bedroom, getting undressed. She wears black lace stockings and a slip. In the background, the SOUNDS OF WHISPERING can be heard.

28 EXT DONNA QUERIDA'S HOUSE (NIGHT)

The WHISPERING CONTINUES as CAMERA moves along the ground. It finds Don Juan, 12, sitting on the grass, smiling.

DON JUAN (V/O)
The lessons I learned in church were not without value, however.

CAMERA continues along the ground until it comes to a small bench. The feet of several YOUNG BOYS aged nine and ten are on the bench -- standing on their tiptoes.

DON JUAN (V/O)
By the time I was twelve, I understood the obligation the Lord spoke of to share one's blessings with those less fortunate.

CAMERA TILTS UP and finds the boys poking and shoving each other as they fight for space to peer in a broken slat at the bottom of the closed shutters outside Donna Querida's bedroom.

Through the open slat, we see Donna Querida sit on the edge of her bed and slowly undo the snaps on her garter belt. There is an audible sigh from the boys.

29 INT DONNA QUERIDA'S BEDROOM (NIGHT)

In the foreground are the splendid legs of Donna Querida, slowly being revealed as she starts to remove one of her stockings. Just beyond them is a window with a line of eyes at the bottom.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Matthew was no fool.

Donna Querida finishes removing the first stocking, and then goes to work on the second, slowly rolling it down her leg, as the eyes at the window grow wider and wider. At the very end, as she slides the second stocking off her toes, and, for just an instant, the white crotch of her panties are revealed. Outside the window, there is a collective GASP.

Donna Querida, suppresses a smile, apparently aware all along of the service she is performing for the young men of her small community. She stands up and begins to remove her brassiere.

30 EXT DONNA QUERIDA'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM (NIGHT)

There is mounting excitement among the boys at the major event enfolding. This is followed by a flurry of renewed pushing and shoving for a good vantage point.

BOYS' POV. Donna Querida removes her brassiere, but she engineers this deftly beneath her slip, so that nothing is revealed when the maneuver is completed.

There is a LOUD GROAN of disappointment from the boys -- so loud that Donna Querida cannot in good faith ignore it. She walks to the window and brusquely shoos the boys away.

The boys scatter at great speed, passing Don Juan, who leans against a tree, amused. He watches the boys race off, then looks over at Donna Querida's window.

The light goes off. The shutters are opened. Donna Querida stands in her slip at the open window, drawing in the sweet heavy fragrances of the Mexican night.

Don Juan, unseen, watches in the shadow of his tree.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I stood one night and watched Donna Querida at the window in her slip.

Donna Querida in SLOW MOTION -- graceful, sensual. She moves her head slightly, her dark hair floating on air as it moves slightly from side to side, her eyes closing and opening, her arms crossing her chest, hands resting on her shoulders, fingers moving slowly over the exposed skin.

DON JUAN (V/O)
It was like catching a glimpse of a panther in the darkness, being allowed for just an instant to see the secret world it inhabits at night, how it moves and hunts and loves.

SLOW MOTION. Donna Querida moves her hands behind her neck and runs them underneath her hair. As her arms come up over her shoulders, her breasts rise under her slip and pull the thin material tightly over them, the nipples protruding.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I noticed for the first time how the underclothing a woman wears barely touches her skin, how it rides on a cushion of air as she moves, how the silk floats about her body, brushing her flesh like an angel's wings. And I understood how a woman must be touched.

SLOW MOTION. Donna Querida removes her slip and stands naked, leaning her arms on the window sill. Her dark breasts sway in front of her like two large bells ringing in Christmas.

Don Juan remains against the tree, mouth open, dazzled.

31 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

Jack sits in stunned silence, staring at Don Juan. The imagery is so vivid, and the tale so preposterous. He attempts to find an answer to the contradiction using rigorous logic.

JACK
Are you Mexican? Spanish? Italian?

DON JUAN
That's all you have to say?! You want to know my nationality?!

JACK
I'm confused about your name and nationality. De Marco is Italian, isn't it? But we're in Mexico.

Don Juan stares at Jack, not pleased.

DON JUAN
Very well, I'll answer your question. My father was born in Queens, New York. His name was Tony De Marco. He was Italian -- the Dance King of Astoria. My mother was Mexican, the only child of a wealthy landowner. Her name was Donna Inez.

32 EXT COFFEE PLANTATION (DAY)

The tiny green leaves of coffee plants go on to the horizon and beyond. CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing a large Spanish hacienda.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Both her parents were killed by a sickness. My mother was younger and stronger and survived. She took over the operation of the plantation.

Donna Inez in a peasant blouse and a full skirt, a hibiscus flower in her hair, and barefoot. She talks to a FOREMAN, who nods at her instructions and leaves.

DON JUAN (V/O)
My father had come to Mexico to work for a pharmaceutical company. He had just gotten off the bus and was walking to a house where he had rented a room, when he passed my mother.

Don Antonio, suitcase in hand, is walking down the dirt road. He sees Donna Inez by the house, looking out at the fields.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Standing in the sunlight -- the bright rays lighting her hair like she was a saint at the doorway to paradise -- she was a vision so beautiful that, at first, my father didn't believe she was real. It was love at first sight.

Donna Inez turns and sees Don Antonio. Don Antonio puts down his suitcase and starts walking toward Donna Inez. Donna Inez waits for Don Antonio to reach her. When Don Antonio arrives, he takes her hands. They look at each other in silence, searching each other's eyes, and then kiss with great passion.

DON JUAN (V/O)
They stood there in the moonlight, kissing and touching each other, dancing, until morning.

GUITAR MUSIC. Don Antonio and Donna Inez start to dance.

JACK (V/O)
I thought you said that your mother was standing in the sunlight?

DON JUAN (V/O)
That's my father's story. My mother says it was at night.

Suddenly the scene changes to night. Once again, Don Antonio approaches Donna Inez, takes her hands -- they search each other's eyes, and kiss -- now in the moonlight. GUITAR MUSIC. They dance.

DON JUAN (V/O)
They were married the next week. My father took the name Don Antonio and became "el patron", running the coffee plantation.

Don Antonio and Donna Inez continue to dance.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Their love was like a perfect prayer. Even God could not deny it.

Don Antonio and Donna Inez stop dancing and kiss.

33 INT JACK'S OFFICE

DON JUAN
I was born exactly nine months later.

Jack looks thoughtfully at Don Juan.

JACK
I'm afraid we have to stop.

DON JUAN
I haven't told you about my first love, the gentle Donna Julia, and how I came to wear this mask.

JACK
(kindly)
Tomorrow. Our time is up for today.

Don Juan accepts the tone, if not the content, and nods. He gets up and walks over to Jack's desk. He picks up one of the chessmen and replaces it on the chess table.

DON JUAN
Hasta manana.

And Don Juan leaves. Jack watches him shut the door behind him, then he walks over to his desk and sits down. He picks up the receiver on a dictating machine, presses the start button on the handle, and then starts talking into it.

JACK
(dictating)
Don Juan Demarco. Friday the twenty-second. First session. Patient related details of early childhood. Adolescent erotic themes. Vivid adolescent erotic themes. No medication at this time.

Jack rocks back in his swivel desk chair.

JACK
(dictating)
Preliminary diagnosis -- Bi-polar Manic Depressive Disorder. Rule out Brief Reactive Psychosis. Rule out Delusional Disorder. Rule out Narcissistic Personality.
(a thought)
Test for substance abuse...

Jack's eyes fix on the nine chessman for a moment.

JACK
(dictating)
Delete all that. Change to -- diagnosis undetermined at present.

34 INT JACK'S HOUSE/ DINING ROOM (DAY)

Meat and potatoes are untouched. Jack sits before them, listening to Marilyn, who sits next to him at the table. He looks at her as she talks, searching her face.

MARILYN
So, I said to him, let me see if I understand this. You've been "exploring" our car for six days now and still have absolutely no idea why the radiator keeps running out of fluid. This means that we get the car back just as broken as when we brought it in. Except, now you want us to pay four hundred and thirty dollars for the time it took you not to figure out what's wrong?

Marilyn takes a mouthful of mashed potatoes and swallows. Jack continues to stare at Marilyn. He looks down at her hands, wrinkled, blue veins protruding, small chocolate spots of age on the skin, then he looks at her face.

MARILYN
So, you know what he says to me? He says, "We can keep looking if you want, Mrs. Luchsinger, but it's sixty-five dollars an hour."

Jack comes out of his semi-trance and shrugs.

JACK
Pay him.

MARILYN
(not like Jack at all)
Pay him?

JACK
It's only money.

Marilyn looks at Jack and studies him for a moment.

MARILYN
Are you okay, Jack?

JACK
I'm fine.

MARILYN
Where were you just now?

JACK
Mexico.

MARILYN
You hate Mexico.

JACK
I know. This was a different Mexico.

35 EXT STATE HOSPITAL (DAY)

Jack's car drives up the long driveway and parks. Jack sits at the wheel, lost in thought, then gets out of the car and walks slowly toward the large brick building.

Just before going in, he stops, turns, and looks around him. It's a glorious early spring day. He looks at the tiny buds on the trees, the first robins, a squirrel jumping from branch to branch. He turns and sees some daffodils in a bed by the building and smiles.

36 INT SCHUMAKER'S OFFICE (DAY)

Schumaker is placing the daffodils in a jar of water.

SHUMAKER
(ironic)
It's very kind of you to do this, Jack.

JACK
It's spring.

SCHUMAKER
Yes, I know. So, tell me, Jack, when exactly do you plan to start Don Juan on medication?

Jack doesn't answer. Schumaker sets the jar of daffodils on his window sill and turns around to face Jack.

SCHUMAKER
You do intend to give him medication?

JACK
He's extraordinary, Paul. In thirty years of practice I've never seen anything like it. Love is perfect. Sex is not only sublime, it's a divine epiphany.

Jack starts to walk toward the window. Schumaker sits down at his desk.

JACK
His father is heroic. His mother is a magnificent beauty, devoutly religious, almost chaste. She conceived him in what may have been her only night of intercourse with his father, now dead, leaving the mother totally to him.

Jack reaches the window and looks out. Walking on the grounds are TWO YOUNG NURSES in starched white uniforms, talking quietly to each other.

JACK
I've heard these kinds of fantasies before, in bits and pieces, from one adolescent or another, but never all of it, from one kid, in less than an hour.

Suddenly, to Jack's consternation, it seems as though the nurses outside the window are walking in SLOW MOTION -- laughing, hair flowing about their young faces, their bodies swaying sensually beneath their uniforms as they walk.

Jack's eyes open in shock, and then the nurses are back walking regularly. Jack turns from the window, relieved. He stares intensely at Schumaker.

SHUMAKER
What are you saying, Jack?

JACK
What I'm saying, Paul, is that the pain he's covering must be extraordinary.

Schumaker is impressed by Jack's passion, but business prevails.

SCHUMAKER
(gently)
Then why don't you start him on his medication, Jack?

Jack leans his arms on the edge of Schumaker's desk and stares intensely at him.

JACK
Because I'd never do anything to stop a patient from telling me his dreams.

Jack leans even farther toward Schumaker, his eyes aflame.

JACK
I need to hear those dreams, Paul.

Schumaker studies Jack's eyes, a short distance from his.

SCHUMAKER
Okay... no meds -- temporarily.
If you do one thing for me.

JACK
What's that?

SCHUMAKER
Do something about the effect that
Don Juan's magnificent adolescent
fantasies are having on the
nursing staff. We've got more
nurses on his unit taking valium
than we do patients.

JACK
I'll see what I can do.

37 INT STATE HOSPITAL/ NURSE'S STATION (DAY)

Nurses busy at work, putting medications into little cups, charting, and so on -- Head Nurse Alvira, CONNIE, DORIS, and CLAIRE. Jack stands on the other side of the counter, writing orders in a chart.

JACK
(wry humor)
No more meds for you gals. I've
got strict orders from the top.
You're going to have to find some
other way to calm your libidos.

HEAD NURSE ALVIRA
(humor)
Ah, Jack, he's so cute.

CONNIE
(joking around)
He really is, Jack. Every time
I see him, I feel like I just want
to take him home and -- well, you
get the picture.

JACK
What I haven't gotten, he's filled
in for me.

DORIS
(having fun)
Really? What'd he say?

Jack just arches his eyebrow and finishes writing in the chart.

JACK
Okay. From now on, these are the only members of the nursing staff assigned to him. All the rest of you ladies'll just have to fantasize. Now, where're his personal effects?

HEAD NURSE ALVIRA
Same place we always keep them, Jack.

Jack nods, walks to door beside the station, and pulls out a large ring of keys. Claire talks to Jack as he opens the door.

CLAIRE
Say, Jack, when you're done with Don Juan, you won't have completely....

Jack talks as he unlocks the door.

JACK
(wryly)
Don't worry. There'll still be plenty left to go around.

CLAIRE
On behalf of the nursing staff here on North Ten, thanks, Jack.

38 INT LOCKED MEDS ROOM (DAY)

A file drawer is slid open and Jack rifles through large manila folders until he comes to one with "Don Juan DeMarco" written on it in large marker. He pulls it out, and then walks over to a counter, where he pours the few contents on to it -- loose change, a rabbit's foot, a key, condoms -- and a wallet.

Jack picks up the wallet and goes through it. It's empty. He picks the manila envelope back up and shakes it. Nothing more comes out. Jack lifts it up over his head and peers into it, still hoping for the answer to tumble out. Empty.

Jack looks back at the few articles on the table. No help.

JACK
(to himself)
I guess we're going to have to do this the hard way -- psychiatry.

39 INT DON JUAN'S HOSPITAL ROOM (DAY)

Don Juan sits on his bed reading Don Quixote.

ROCCO (O.S.)
Time for your shrink.

Don Juan looks up and finds ROCCO TESTAVERDE, six feet five, two hundred forty pounds. He wears white pants and a white shirt.

DON JUAN
Who are you?

ROCCO
I'm your new nurse -- Mr. Testaverde. But you can call me Rocco, Casanova.

DON JUAN
(irritated)
I'm not Casanova! I'm Don Juan! Got it? Don. Juan.

40 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

Don Juan, not happy with his new nursing care, holds up a Rorschach card. It's not clear whether he's retaliating or serious, as he tells Jack what he sees in the inkblot.

DON JUAN
Here are her nipples and here's her pubis. Her lover is kissing the contours of her bottom, where it folds onto her upper thighs.

Jack is making notes on a pad. The expression on his face suggests that he's not making much headway. He takes the card from Don Juan and reaches for the next. Jack glances at it in dismay. The next inkblot is clearly two women making love.

Jack decides it may not be productive to continue the test, so he places the card back with the others and closes his pad.

JACK
I think we should move on to something else.

DON JUAN
(feeling victorious)
What do you have in mind, Don Octavio?

JACK
Well, why don't we talk about whether you know who I am?

DON JUAN
(weary of it all)
Yes, I know who you are.

JACK
Who?

DON JUAN
Don Octavio del Flores, uncle of Don Francisco da Silva.

JACK
And where are we?

DON JUAN
Well, I haven't seen a lease, but I assume this villa is yours.

JACK
And what would you say to someone who suggested that you are a patient in a mental hospital and I am your psychiatrist?

Don Juan smiles graciously at Jack.

DON JUAN
I would say that he has a rather limited and uncreative way of looking at the situation.

Don Juan stands up, removes his cape, and paces.

DON JUAN
Look, you want to know if I understand that this is a mental hospital? Yes, I understand that. But then how can I say that you are Don Octavio and I am a guest at your villa, right?

Don Juan turns and confronts Jack.

DON JUAN
By seeing beyond what is visible to the eye.
(a beat)
Now there are those who do not share my perceptions, it's true.

Don Juan shrugs. It is of no consequence to him.

DON JUAN
When I say that all my women are dazzling beauties, they object -- the nose of this woman is too large, the hips of this other one are too wide, the breasts of a third are too small....

Again Don Juan shrugs at the insignificance of these views.

DON JUAN
But I see these women for how they truly are -- glorious, radiant, spectacular and perfect -- because I am not limited by my eyesight.

Don Juan looks into Jack's eyes and speaks quietly.

DON JUAN
Women react to me the way they do, Don Octavio, because they sense that I search out the beauty that dwells within them until it overwhelms everything else. And then... they cannot avoid their desire to release that beauty and envelop me in it.

Don Juan walks toward Jack, still speaking softly.

DON JUAN
So -- to answer your question, I see as clear as day that this great edifice in which we find ourselves is your villa -- for thirty years you have dwelled here, they tell me, and I can see your mark everywhere -- it is clearly your home, and, as for who you are, you are a great lover like myself -- even though you may have lost your way, Don Octavio del Flores.

Unexpectedly, Jack's eyes glisten with the emotional impact of Don Juan's words.

DON JUAN
And now, if we have settled this, I am prepared, as I promised, to tell you how I acquired my mask, if you are prepared to listen.

Don Juan sits on the sofa. Jack takes a deep breath and slowly lets it out. Jack seems to have lost his leverage in the session. Don Juan looks at Jack and smiles.

DON JUAN
Shall I continue?

Jack looks at Don Juan and quietly nods.

DON JUAN
Good. Back to Mexico.
(snapping his fingers over his head)
Ole.

41 EXT GARDEN GROVE (DAY)

From the back we see the sixteen year old Don Juan and DONNA JULIA. They are walking through a lush green arbor. Donna Julia wears a white blouse and full white skirt, which blows lightly about in the summer breeze, making her appear like a nymph in a glade.

DON JUAN (V/O)
My mother, God bless her, does not give up easily. When I was sixteen, she made one last attempt to instill Christian values in me, by finding me a tutor.

Now from the front, we see that Donna Julia is reading to Don Juan, 16, who walks beside her, listening attentively, staring rapturously at her angelic face.

DON JUAN (V/O)
My mother's judgment definitely left something to be desired.

CLOSE on the Bible in Donna Julia's hand. Then Donna Julia's face. Her large eyes are remarkable.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Donna Julia was twenty-three and married, the faithful and devoted wife of Don Alfonzo, a man of fifty. It was no secret that Donna Julia would have been much better served by two men of twenty-five.

Donna Julia, still reading, turns and begins to retrace her steps, Don Juan at her side. Though sixteen, he still has not begun to shave and remains somewhat childlike. Don Juan walks, looking up at Donna Julia, clearly smitten by this glorious creature. As Donna Julia approaches the CAMERA, her words become audible.

DONNA JULIA
(reading a Bible)
"What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?

Donna Julia passes by the CAMERA, Don Juan at her side, following by her heel like a puppy. CAMERA follows them as they walk away.

DONNA JULIA
"For ye are bought with a price: therefore, glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

42 EXT GROVE (DAY)

Another day. Within a bower, Don Juan sits on a small bench beside Donna Julia, who is reading from the Bible. He looks at her with wide eyes.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I felt within me -- a torment, a burning wound, a yearning, combined with the most indescribable bliss, a pain too sweet to endure. But what was it?

43 INT JACK'S OFFICE

JACK
You had no idea what it was?

DON JUAN
(wryly)
Well, I had an idea, but nothing definite.

44 INT DON ANTONIO'S HOUSE (NIGHT)

A candlelit dinner table. Seated at it are Donna Inez and Don Antonio, Donna Julia and her husband, DON ALFONZO -- and Don Juan. The adults eat and talk animatedly. Don Juan pokes at his food, unable to eat. He looks over at Donna Julia, then averts his glance the instant she looks back at him. He busies himself eating.

DON JUAN (V/O)
My feelings consumed me day and night, and, strangely, made me want to consume her, yet I was still not certain how.

Donna Julia watches Don Juan, unable to take her eyes off him, then instantly casts her eyes down, the second that Don Juan looks back.

45 EXT DON ANTONIO'S HOUSE (DAY)

Don Antonio stands beside Don Juan, teaching him how to use a sword. Together they parry and thrust.

DON JUAN (V/O)
My father, understanding that manhood was nearly upon me, began to teach me how to use my sword.

JACK (V/O)
(trying not to sound too skeptical)
There was a lot of sword-fighting going on while you were growing up?

DON JUAN (V/O)
It was a small and isolated town that resisted modern technology.

Donna Julia appears in the distance and approaches. She sees Don Juan, barechested, his skin glistening in the sun with perspiration, gracefully moving his sword in the air. She greets each men as she passes by, carrying a basket of fresh vegetables, but her eyes stay on Don Juan.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I noticed that the smile on Donna Julia's face was gone. It had been replaced by a sadness even sweeter than the smile.

Donna Julia turns her eyes at last from Don Juan and shudders from the effort to suppress a sigh. Don Antonio puts his arm around his son's shoulder and winks at him as, together, they watch Donna Julia walk away. Suddenly Donna Julia, aware of their attention, breaks into a run, and tears off.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I sensed that Donna Julia was having something of a struggle within her.

46 INT CHURCH (DAY)

Donna Julia races into the empty church and throws herself at the feet of a statue of the Virgin Mary.

DONNA JULIA
(out of breath)
Hail Mary, full of grace. The Lord is with Thee. Blessed art Thou among women and blessed is the fruit of Thy womb, Jesus.

Donna Julia takes a deep breath and resumes her prayer with even more vigor, still somewhat breathless.

DONNA JULIA
(with great urgency)
Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour --
(catching her breath)
-- at the hour of our death. Amen.

Donna Julia, still panting, looks up at the statue of the Virgin Mary. She shrugs helplessly, and whimpers.

47 EXT BROOK (DAY)

Don Juan is wandering aimlessly beside a stream, which sparkles in the sunlight. He stops and sits down. Then he leans back on the grass and studies a brightly colored hot-air balloon floating in the blue sky.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I could only think of Donna Julia. To keep myself from going mad, I turned into a metaphysician. I considered the meaning of truth, and being, and God. I thought of the timetable for the sun's demise -- and then I thought of Donna Julia's eyes.

A shadow falls over Don Juan's face. He turns from looking at the hot-air balloon and sees Donna Julia's eyes. At first he thinks it is a vision. But Donna Julia kneels beside him and gently rests her hand on his head.

DONNA JULIA
A virtuous woman should rather face and overcome temptation, than constantly run away. That is what I have concluded.

Don Juan looks up at Donna Julia and nods. Then he stares at her, his heart ready to burst.

48 EXT BROOK (NIGHT)

The moon has risen, large and yellow. Donna Julia remains on her stomach beside Don Juan, her head still propped on her hand. They are exactly as we last saw them.

DONNA JULIA
I am a virtuous woman and have respect for my husband, Don Alfonzo. I swore a vow. I will never disgrace the ring I wear.

Donna Julia extends her hand to show Don Juan the ring. Don Juan takes the hand and examines the ring. His grasp tightens on Donna Julia's hand, and, unexpectedly, Donna Julia finds herself confirming the grasp with her own hand. Instinctively, Don Juan presses his mouth against Donna Julia's hand.

Tears come to Donna Julia's eyes, and she lies on her back, Don Juan's hand still in hers. Slowly, Don Juan begins to shower light kisses on her breasts.

DONNA JULIA
(softly, tearfully)
I never will consent.... I never will -- consent....

JACK (V/O)
(drily)
But somehow she consented.

DON JUAN (V/O)
She did.

Tears pour from Donna Julia's eyes. And then she shuts her eyes to experience the sensations of Don Juan's mouth on her breasts, as he deftly opens her blouse.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Then, suddenly, I was hit with a revelation. The way a woman's body is made, the way a man's body responds to it, the fire burning in my loins, the intense desire to merge as one -- it all came together in one brilliant flash.

THE TRIUMPHANT SOUND OF GUITARS celebrating Don Juan's discovery fills the night. A CHORUS SINGS "HOSANNA!"

DON JUAN (V/O)
At least in theory, I knew how sex worked.

MORE TRIUMPHANT GUITARS, AND ANOTHER CHORUS OF "HOSANNA!"

EXTREME SLOW MOTION. Donna Julia's eyes open and close in ecstasy, her head moves back and forth like a horse fighting off its bit, as Don Juan moves slowly down her body, kissing her skin as he removes her clothing.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Would we love if we had never heard of love -- if the word love had never been mentioned to us? Is it all imitation?

EXTREME SLOW MOTION. Donna Julia's feet. Don Juan runs his hands slowly over them.

Donna Julia closes her eyes to savor the feeling. Don Juan runs his hands up her calves, her thighs, around the curves of her hips and waist, across her abdomen, along her breasts, up her neck, and chin, until his fingers reach her lips.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Is love a sickness? Is it an all-consuming fire which warms the heart and then burns it to a crisp?

EXTREME SLOW MOTION. Donna Julia kisses Don Juan's fingers, takes his hand, and then rises to her knees, naked in the moonlight. Slowly, kissing Don Juan as she undresses him.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Can there be inspiration without love?

EXTREME SLOW MOTION. Don Juan's feet. Donna Julia moves her hand over them, and then follows the contours of Don Juan's young body -- his calves, thighs, the globes of his buttocks, his chest, the muscles of his shoulders, his neck, and finally his chin and lips.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Can there be poetry? Can there be art? Or music?

EXTREME SLOW MOTION. Donna Julia rises above Don Juan and straddles him. Her hands reach down, below the frame, to lead Don Juan inside her. Don Juan's eyes open and a huge smile spreads across his face with the realization that he has lost his virginity.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Women are the closest a man will ever get to God. And sex is the ultimate form of worship. It is life, immortality, union with the stars, with all creation. There can be no greater expression of the wonder and majesty of God than in the process of love and the creation of life, coupled together, leading to bliss....

EXTREME SLOW MOTION. Donna Julia rocks on Don Juan, slowly, her hair moving like a satin shadow in the night air, her eyes opening and closing, her head tossed back, her top lip biting her bottom lip, her body moving gracefully up and down. Don Juan's hands run over her body, shaping her hips, cupping her breasts, stroking her face with the back of his hand, as his hips begin to move off the ground in response to her rhythm.

DON JUAN (V/O)
There is nothing sweeter than first and passionate love. It stands alone like Adam's recollection of his fall.

EXTREME SLOW MOTION. Don Juan tosses his head back as he releases the energy that has been building in him for sixteen years. Donna Julia, nearly overwhelmed by the onslaught, instantly releases the same forces that have built within her.

DON JUAN (V/O)
The tree of knowledge has been plucked. All is known and life yields nothing further to recall as worthy as this ambrosial act.

SLOW MOTION. Donna Julia, still astride Don Juan, runs her hand lightly over his chest. Her eyes are closed. Don Juan's are open, staring ahead, in ecstasy or death -- but smiling.

49 INT JACK'S OFFICE

DON JUAN
There are only four questions of value in life. What is sacred? Of what is the spirit made? What is worth living for? And dying for?

Jack stares at Don Juan, with rapt attention.

DON JUAN
The answer to each is the same, Don Octavio. Only love.

There is total silence.

DON JUAN
Donna Julia was my first love.

Jack continues to stare at Don Juan, like a sailor suddenly finding himself lost at sea without a compass to get his bearings. Don Juan looks at the clock across the room.

DON JUAN
Well, I see our time is up.

Don Juan walks over to the desk, removes another pawn, leaving eight, places it back on the chessboard, walks across the room, and opens the door, Jack's eyes following him everywhere. As he walks out, Jack calls to him.

JACK
And the mask?

But Don Juan has disappeared out the door.

50 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

The eight chessmen sit on Jack's desk, as he dictates into the recorder.

JACK
(dictating)
Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder with erotimanic features. Rule out Delusional Disorder. Rule out--

Jack stops and looks around him. He senses something. He's not sure what.

JACK
(dictating)
-- Depression with Obsessional Features, Narcisstic Personality, possible --

Jack whirls around in his chair. Out the window, Don Juan, wearing his Spanish hat with tassles, his cape flowing about him, is dancing with Rocco, spinning aorund and around.

JACK
(in shock)
-- hysterical personality.

Don Juan stops dancing and explains something to Rocco. It is clear he's giving him dance lessons. He shows Rocco how to hold a woman, how to place his hand behind her neck, how to pull her torso against his. Rocco seems quite involved. He nods gratefully, and then Don Juan and Rocco dance blissfully off across the grounds together.

51 INT JACK'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM (NIGHT)

Jack lies on the sofa. In his hand is the booklet from the CD to Mozart's "Don Giovanni", which PLAYS ON THE STEREO. The cover has a painting of Don Juan being consumed by the fires of hell.

Marilyn is walking about the room, straightening up. Jack follows her everywhere, studying her every movement intensely, as she picks up the newspaper, straightens the magazines on the coffee table, fluffs up the down pillows on a loveseat. His eyes never leave her. Finally, Marilyn comes over and sits beside Jack on the sofa. She runs her hand down his cheek.

MARILYN
I know exactly how a MIG feels when the radar locks on them.

Jack smiles.

JACK
Have I been looking at you too much?

MARILYN
It depends. What's going on, Jack?
(takes opera booklet from Jack)
And why are you listening to opera? You hate opera.

Jack looks up at Marilyn. He's not sure himself. He reaches up and runs his hand through her hair, staring into her eyes.

JACK
(joking, whispering)
What time do your parents get home?

Jack winks at Marilyn, who shakes her head in disbelief.

MARILYN
(amused disbelief)
I've heard about regressing to infantile states in old age, but you may set a world record, Jack. I'll see you upstairs.
(getting up)
And if you follow me across the room with your eyes, bring a good book to bed with you.

Marilyn starts across the room. She whirls to catch Jack, who places his hands over his eyes.

MARILYN
You're making me very nervous, Jack. I meant what I said. Keep it up, and "War And Peace" won't be long enough.

52 INT JACK'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM (NIGHT)

Jack lies in his pajamas in bed, staring into space. The SOUND OF MARILYN BRUSHING HER TEETH comes through the open door to the bathroom. It seems to go on forever. Then it stops. Then it goes on some more. Throughout it all, CAMERA stays on Jack, who takes it all in.

CAMERA shifts briefly to Marilyn picking up the dental floss -- then returns to Jack, lying motionlessly in bed. There is a PINGING SOUND as Marilyn flosses between each tooth. Jack continues to stare into space.

The PINGING STOPS and is followed immediately by GARGLING.

Finally, the light in the bathroom goes off and Marilyn emerges in her nightgown, carrying a small towel. She sits on the bed, knees tucked up to her chin, the towel under her feet, and begins to clip her toenails. Jack looks over at Marilyn.

JACK
That first boy you fell madly in love with in ninth grade -- the one you said had the big ears --

MARILYN
Jimmy Krozek.

JACK
How well do you remember it?

MARILYN
Why, did he finally call? I knew he would.

Jack looks over at Marilyn, as she clips her nails.

JACK
Do you remember your adolescence -- first love, sexual discovery, eroticism everywhere -- ?

MARILYN
(clipping away)
-- menstruation, acne, trigonometry, and Eisenhower -- bring back the good old days....

There is a moment of silence as Jack thinks.

JACK
I had totally forgotten that Don Juan ended up in hell.

MARILYN
Well, I'm not surprised.

JACK
I am.

Marilyn looks over at Jack with some concern.

MARILYN
Are you okay,Jack?

JACK
You know what the problem is, Marilyn -- there isn't any great transitional battleground remaining for us -- another adolescence filled with passion, first love, sexual frenzy and anticipation to fuel our next -- and last -- twenty years. We were designed to be dead by fifty.

MARILYN
(light sarcasm)
Now there's a cheery thought. The truth is, Jack, I'm not sure how well I'd do with a second adolescence.

Jack reaches out and takes Marilyn's hands in his, stopping her toenail clipping.

JACK
I feel like we've surrendered our lives to momentum. The years steamroll on, filled with the business of life. What happened to the fire that used to light the way?

MARILYN
(caringly)
I think what we learned, Jack, is that fires are really hard to control. They flare up, use a whole lot of energy, then suddenly die. A good steady warm glow does the trick over the long run.
(smiling, ironic)
May I assume that the upshot of all this is that you will not be easing gracefully into retirement?

Jack studies Marilyn's lively eyes. He appreciates her lightening things up and begins to smile.

JACK
(smiling)
It's a fair assumption.

Jack lifts her hands to his lips and kisses them tenderly.

MARILYN
Why do I feel like I should curtsy?

JACK
I'm treating this boy who thinks he's Don Juan.

Marilyn looks at Jack and thinks about this.

MARILYN
Who is he really?

JACK
I haven't a clue.

Jack reaches out for Marilyn and kisses her with great passion. They fall back onto the pillows, still kissing. Marilyn reaches out and turns off the bedside lamp.

TOTAL BLACK. In the darkness is heard.

MARILYN (V/O)
Ouch.

JACK (V/O)
What?

MARILYN (V/O)
I think I'm lying on the toenail clipper. Wait a minute. Okay, I've got it.

JACK (V/O)
Ouch.

MARILYN (V/O)
Sorry. Did I poke you? Are you okay?

JACK (V/O)
I'm fine. Ow. Wait a minute. Ow. Wait. I've got a cramp in my foot. Jesus. Hold it. Wait. Wait. Just a -- minute. Shit....

In the dark, silence -- then the SOUND OF LOVE-MAKING -- a man panting, a woman whimpering in pleasure.

DON JUAN (V/O)
At every instant we fell into each other's arms....

The darkness becomes lighter and we see that it is Don Juan and Donna Julia, not Jack and Marilyn. They are making love in --

53 EXT FIELD (EARLY MORNING/DAWN)

A grassy field. The sky is just lightening. Don Juan and Donna Julia are consummating their passion.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Time stopped for those four months. There was neither day nor night -- just my love and hers. And my virginal awkwardness disappeared as new possibilities opened to me.

54 EXT FIELD (DAY)

SLOW MOTION. Don Juan and Donna Julia on a horse -- naked. Donna Julia sits on Don Juan's lap, leaning forward with her hands around the horses neck. Don Juan has his arms around Donna Julia's body, his hands on her breasts, making love to her as they ride by.

DON JUAN (V/O)
As for Don Alfonzo -- he spent so much time away handling the details of his trading business, that I was practically able to live in Donna Julia's house.

55 INT DONNA JULIA'S BEDROOM (NIGHT)

SOUNDS OF LOVE-MAKING. CAMERA PANS a Spanish room -- an icon of the Madonna and Child on the wall, a large gold crucifix, the fastened shutters over the door that leads to the balcony, the vanity with Donna Julia's perfumes.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I truly believed I had found ever-lasting paradise, until one night...

Suddenly, there is the SOUND OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS.

DON ALFONZO (O.S)
Donna Julia, my sweet bird!

The door to the bedroom opens. It is DON ALFONZO. He looks around and sees only Donna Elvira in bed, but is not fooled.

DON ALFONZO
Where is he?! Who is he?!
(shouting)
Ooooooohhhhhhh!!!! I will kill this man!!! Where is my sword?!!

Don Alfonzo races from the room, bellowing. Donna Julia jumps off the bed and lifts the mattress. Don Juan rolls out, gasping for breath -- with a look of total terror on his face.

DON JUAN
Oh, my God. Oh, my God! He's going to kill me. Oh, my God.

Donna Julia runs over to him with a large skeleton key and presses it into his hand.

DONNA JULIA
Quick! Go out the garden gate!

She pushes Don Juan, barefoot, toward the door to the bedroom. It is too late. Don Alfonzo appears at the door, sword raised, a fire in his eyes.

DON JUAN
Oh, my God.

Don Alfonzo BELLOWS LOUDLY and charges at Don Juan. Don Juan sidesteps the charging bull, who is too old and overweight to change his direction and crashes through the glass doors to the balcony, saved from falling at the last minute by the railing.

Don Juan looks at Don Alfonzo recovering his balance, dazed and out of breath, and Don Juan is suddenly filled with a certain bravado, now that it appears to him that his skin is safe.

He reaches for his hat, puts it rakishly on his head, pulls Donna Julia to him by the waist, kisses her passionately, as Rudolf Valentino has done on numerous occasions, and then runs like hell, as Don Alfonzo charges after him, out the room, and down the hall, his sword whipping through the air.

56 EXT COUNTRYSIDE (NIGHT)

In silhouette, by moonlight, across a hill in the distance, Don Juan runs and Don Alfonzo chases, his sword still raised.

57 INT JACK'S OFFICE

DON JUAN
It was the last I was ever to see my tutor, the lovely Donna Julia. In great remorse, she left that night and was never to be heard of again.

Jack listens in fascination.

DON JUAN
Don Alfonzo was humiliated that he had been cuckold by a sixteen year old boy.
(more)

DON JUAN (Cont'd)
To retaliate, he announced publicly that he and my mother had been having an affair for many years. It was, of course, a bold-faced and terrible lie.

58 EXT MEXICAN VILLAGE (DAY)

Don Antonio and Don Alfonzo are in a sword fight.

DON JUAN (V/O)
My father was quick to defend my mother's virtue. A brilliant swordfight ensued. It seems that Don Alfonzo, though nearly ten years my father's senior, had been trained by none other than the great swordsman, Don Jesus Tolosa.

The swordfight continues -- in front of half the town, including Donna Inez, who watches in tears, Don Juan by her side.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I have no doubt that, even with Don Alfonzo's expert training, my father would have prevailed easily, were it not for one fatal mistake. For an instant, he looked up at my mother's eyes --

Donna Inez's eyes, filled with tears.

DON JUAN (V/O)
And it was too late.

Don Alfonzo drives his sword into Don Antonio's gut. Don Antonio grunts in pain, looks at the eyes of Donna Inez, who SHOUTS OUT IN AGONY, and he falls to the ground.

DON JUAN
No! No! Father!

Don Juan races from the crowd and grabs his father's sword.

DON JUAN (V/O)
My mother, fearing that she would lose both a husband and a son, shouted out in agony as I ran to revenge my father's death.

DONNA INEZ
No, no, Juan! Oh, God, I will lose them both!

Don Juan faces Don Alfonzo, sword raised for battle.

DON JUAN
You have killed my father. Now you must kill me!

Don Alfonzo looks sadly at Don Antonio on the ground, then up at Donna Inez, and finally over at Don Juan, who lunges at him, and a furious battle begins, as Donna Inez races to her husband, kneels, and cradles him in her arms, tears pouring.

DON JUAN (V/O)
My mother held my father as the breath of life ebbed from him and his soul reached for heaven. She promised him that no man would know her as he had, and she would, henceforth, devote herself to God and take her vows at the convent of Santa Maria.

Don Juan battles with a dazzling display of skill -- until finally, he plunges the sword into Don Alfonzo.

Don Alfonzo crumples to the ground. Don Juan's mouth opens in shock. He trembles as he watches Don Alfonzo die, and then, when Don Alfonzo lies glassy-eyed on the ground, Don Juan staggers to the side and vomits.

DON JUAN (V/O)
There is nothing glorious about killing. There is no elation in seeing a man's breath fail, his heart cease, his eyes fix into eternity. Death awaits us all. But the man who becomes its servant dies along with his victim. Nothing he does from then on will ever be pure.

Don Juan staggers, stunned, in grief, over to his father, and drops to his knees beside him. His mother continues to cradle his father in her arms. Don Juan bends down and kisses his father on the cheek. Don Antonio reaches up feebly and clasps his son's hand.

DON JUAN
(tears streaking his cheeks)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Forgive me. Please forgive me, father.

DON ANTONIO
You are -- my son. Of course -- I forgive you....

DON JUAN
I love you, father.

Don Juan wraps his arms around his father and cries.

DON JUAN (V/O)
And so it was that my father, the great swordsman, Don Antonio, died in my arms, as my mother's tears fell on us.

59 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

Don Juan's tears fill his eyes. Jack pulls some tissues out of a box, then goes over and sits on the sofa next to Don Juan. He holds out the tissues. Don Juan looks at them, then at Jack.

DON JUAN
That evening, to hide my shame forever, I placed the mask upon my face and vowed never to remove it in the presence of another.

Tears pour from Don Juan's eyes. Jack instinctively reaches out and pulls Don Juan against his chest. Don Juan leans against Jack, crying, shaking with grief.

DON JUAN
My father left me too soon, Don Octavio. I never had the chance to know him.

Jack folds his arm over Don Juan, and pulls him more tightly to him. As he clutches and sooths Don Juan, Jack looks over to a shelf beside him.

JACK'S POV. Photographs of Jack with his son, with his daughter, with Marilyn, and as a family.

Then Jack looks at another shelf.

JACK'S POV. A photograph, taken fifteen or so years ago, of Jack with his own father, their arms across each other's shoulders.

Then Jack looks over at the chessmen on his desk. There are six remaining.

60 INT JACK'S OFFICE (MAGIC)

The six chessmen sit on Jack's desk. He stands with his back to them, staring in silence out the window. He turns briefly and picks up the phone to the dictating machine, then returns to look out the window, holding the phone by his mouth. But he doesn't talk into it. He just stares thoughtfully ahead.

Finally, as the lampposts illuminate outside, he turns, replaces the phone into its cradle, still having said nothing, and walks slowly from the room.

61 INT HOSPITAL LIBRARY (NIGHT)

Jack sits at a library table, a pile of texts beside him, peering through his half-spectacles at a book under a green-shaded lamp. It is late and Jack looks tired. He looks up from the book, takes off his glasses, closes his eyes and rubs them. Then he opens them and looks at the table piled with all the books he's gone through -- without an answer.

62 INT HOSPITAL WARD (NIGHT)

Jack stands at the door to Don Juan's room, looking at him sleeping. He walks in and stares down at him for a moment, still searching for an answer. Then he turns and walks out. As soon as he gone, Don Juan opens his eyes, and smiles.

63 INT HOSPITAL WARD (NIGHT)

LONG SHOT. Jack in the distance, walking alone down the long dimly-lit corridor.

64 INT STATE HOSPITAL/ STAFF CAFETERIA (DAY)

A medium-sized cafeteria with formica tables. PSYCHIATRISTS, NURSES, ORDERLIES, AND ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF sit in small groups, eating lunch. A CAFETERIA WORKER with a cart gathers dirty dishes from a table, and then moves on, passing Jack, who sits across from Schumaker. In front of each, salads remain uneaten.

JACK
And then, having killed Don Alfonzo, he returned to his father and, cradling him in his arms, begged his forgiveness, which was granted. To hide his shame, he placed a mask on his face and vowed never to remove it for the remainder of his life.

Schumaker is listening with the same rapt attention that Jack paid to Don Juan as he told the tale. He drinks his coffee in silence, thinking it all over.

SCHUMAKER
Marvelous story. You're right, Jack, he's remarkable. It's like a Greek myth.
(more)

SCHUMAKER (Cont'd)
The son becomes potent, sexually active, which leads to the destruction of the father, who he replaces, as, of course, he must some day as a man. But the guilt of replacing the man who loved him and gave him life, is too great. He must hide it with a mask. It's like Hippolytus in reverse.

Jack nods, not because he agrees, but because it's the easiest thing to do, and continues to drink his coffee.

SCHUMAKER
It's time to put the kid on meds, Jack. Maybe then he'll tell us his real story.

JACK
I'm not sure I want to hear it.

Schumaker looks at Jack with growing concern.

SCHUMAKER
Have you invented some new form of psychiatry, Jack -- something which helps the patient to accept reality by encouraging his delusions?

JACK
I want to learn more about his world first, Paul.

SCHUMAKER
He's a schizophrenic, Jack. His world is confused. He needs to get in touch with the real world.

Jack looks at Schumaker and then stands up from the table.

JACK
Fantasies protect patients, Paul. You don't take away a patient's fantasy until there's something else there to protect him -- if it's a fantasy.

SCHUMAKER
(alarmed)
What do you mean, "if it's a fantasy"?

JACK
I have no evidence that this isn't all true.

Schumaker stands up and faces Jack.

SCHUMAKER
Except a little common sense, and maybe your professional training.

JACK
(emphatic)
It doesn't make any <u>difference</u> what's true, Paul. Whatever world he's in, the same themes'll come out. I'll treat the themes.

SCHUMAKER
Jack, please -- this kid did not materialize out of the head of Zeus. He's got parents -- who are probably looking for him. We have a professional obligation to find out who the hell this kid is. Now put him on some medication, so we can get a decent story out of him.

JACK
(intensely)
I can't do it, Paul. I won't be a party to a treatment plan which destroys the boy's passions and his dreams.
(an ironic smile)
Besides, if he's <u>not</u> crazy, just put him on anti-psychotic medication for a couple days, and then he'll be a <u>real</u> nutcase.

Schumaker looks at Jack and studies him carefully.

SCHUMAKER
Okay, Jack -- do what you want. Just one thing. I can understand that you may not want the boy to face the same reality the rest of us have had to face. But who are you saving -- you or him?

Jack looks at Schumaker, then turns in irritation and heads from the cafeteria. As he reaches the swinging door, he holds it open for a NURSE. To his shock, the Nurse is wearing absolutely nothing on top. Her large pendulous breasts rock back and forth as she walks through the door that Jack holds open for her.

NURSE
Thanks.

JACK
(in shock)
You're quite welcome.

He stares after the Nurse heading down the hall. After a few steps she senses his stare, and turns around to look at Jack. She is, of course, fully clothed, bottom and top.

65 INT POLICE HEADQUARTERS (DAY)

A high-tech operation, not the crowded delapidated police day-room we're used to seeing. Policemen and policewomen sit in glass cubicles, in front of computers, talking on phones, generating print-outs.

CAMERA TRACKS thought the room until it comes to a cubicle where Jack sits beside Simon Tobias, the detective who originally introduced him to the suicidal Don Juan. Tobias and Jack are watching a computer screen.

TOBIAS
His description doesn't match with anything in missing persons. Also, no De Marco's or Don Juan's. You got fingerprints?

Jack shakes his head "no".

TOBIAS
They probably wouldn't help anyway -- unless he had a criminal record or worked for the government. What about an address?

JACK
Nothing.

TOBIAS
Well, he had to live somewhere. Did you look through his personal effects?

JACK
(nods)
There wasn't anything helpful.

Tobias looks at Jack paternally and shakes his head.

TOBIAS
(patiently)
Do it again. Real carefully. There's always something.

66 INT HOSPITAL/LOCKED ROOM (DAY)

Once again, the file drawer opens, the manila folders are flipped through, the one with "Don Juan DeMarco" is withdrawn, and the contents are spilled on the table.

Jack looks them over. One by one he picks them up, examines them closely, then returns them to the envelope. The last item he inspects is the wallet. He searches through and is about to put it back in the envelope, when he feels a tiny lump in a pocket of it. He takes a pen from his pocket and digs very carefully, ending up, victoriously, with a credit card receipt.

67 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

CLOSE-UP. The credit card receipt. The name is blurred, but the number is readable.

Jack stares at the receipt as he talks on the phone.

JACK
If I give you a credit card number, can you get me a name?

68 INT POLICE HEADQUARTERS/TOBIAS'S CUBICLE (DAY)

Tobias is sitting in front of a computer terminal, typing.

TOBIAS
Depends. What's the number?

JACK (O.S.)
Visa -- 8000 0700 1987 9040.

Tobias types it into the computer as Jack reads the number. He waits as the computer reacts, then smiles.

TOBIAS
J. De Marco. 8702 Linden Boulevard, Queens. You want the phone number?

69 EXT DE MARCO HOUSE (DAY)

A working class neighborhood. Children of various ages hang about on the street, playing after school, talking in groups, sitting on front steps listening to boomboxes.

Jack pulls up in his car and gets out. He stands for a moment looking around. Then he looks down at a piece of paper in his hand, looks up at the house in front of him, and walks to the door. He hesitates for a moment, then rings the bell.

He waits, looking around at the activity on the street, and then the door opens. The woman standing there is in her late sixties, gray-haired, round, dressed in black. She is CATHERINE DE MARCO, the paternal grandmother of Don Juan.

JACK
I'm Dr. Luchsinger.

CATHERINE
I'm glad you told me. I was expecting the Pope.

70 INT DE MARCO KITCHEN (DAY)

Coffee is poured into a large cup on the table in front of Jack. As Catherine pours, he looks around him.

JACK'S POV. Religious symbols everywhere -- icons on the walls, religious candles and statuettes on the sills, a calendar taped to the refrigerator which has a painting of Jesus in the garden at Gethsemane, and a crucifix above each doorway.

Catherine picks up a flyswatter and smashes a fly which has settled on the table. She crosses herself, then pushes the sugar to Jack. The bowl is shaped like a sheep. Jack examines it, then removes the lid and spoons sugar into his coffee.

CATHERINE
The lamb of God. I bought it at a church bazaar when I was a girl. Gave it to my mother on her name day. She detested it.

Jack takes it all in. There is nowhere to go with this.

JACK
Mrs. De Marco, I'm wondering whether you could help me with some information about your grandson --

CATHERINE
Johnny?

Catherine smashes another fly with her swatter and crosses herself again. Jack jumps at the sudden noise. He looks around him at the open windows without screens.

JACK
Would you like me to close the windows for you, Mrs De Marco?

CATHERINE
No.

Jack waits for an explanation, but there is none, so he takes a sip of coffee, studying Catherine, who studies him back.

JACK
His name is Johnny.

CATHERINE
John Arnold De Marco -- Arnold after my father, Armondo. What's he think his name is? He's not still doing the Don Juan business, is he?

JACK
You know about that?

CATHERINE
I'd have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to. It's all because of the damn centerfold, Donna whatever the hell her name is?

JACK
Donna Ana? She's a centerfold?

71 INT DON JUAN'S ROOM (DAY)

The door opens and Catherine walks in with Jack. She turns on the light and Jack freezes in amazement.

JACK POV. The walls are covered with magazine photos of a young woman in various poses, mostly nude ones. She has a young well-developed body, shoulder length blond curly hair, and could have a very attractive face, were it not for the fact that in every photo she is wearing a mask, identical to Don Juan's.

Jack reacts with surprise and disappointment. He walks from one end of the room to the other, looking at the photos.

CATHERINE
You know the meaning of the word "obsession"? They should put a photograph of this room in the dictionary.

As Jack continues to explore, off-screen there is a BUZZING SOUND, then a LOUD SMASH, and no more buzzing.

CATHERINE
The boy is convinced he has found his one true love. He's worse than his father -- "Tony, the Dance King of Astoria".

She shows Jack a photo of her son, Tony, dressed in a Spanish tango outfit, wearing a crown.

JACK
Is his father still alive?

CATHERINE
No. Tony died in a car crash three years ago.

JACK
In Mexico?

CATHERINE
In Phoenix.

Catherine smashes a fly and crosses herself.

JACK
(a little disappointed)
They never lived in Mexico?

CATHERINE
Never. When they first got married, that Latin tramp wanted to take him to Mexico. It wasn't enough to marry him, or to spend all day and all night in the bedroom banging up and down like sexual intercourse came with an expiration date, oh no, the tart wanted him to live in Quockawhocka, or wherever the hell her family came from. But I told her, you go to Mexico and I'm coming with you. So she decided on Phoenix.

JACK
Where is his mother now?

CATHERINE
I couldn't tell you. We were never what you might call close.

Suddenly, Catherine erupts in a burst of flyswatting. Jack walks over and holds Catherine's arms to calm her down. He takes the flyswatter from her, and smiles reassuringly.

JACK
It's okay -- I don't mind the flies.

Catherine calms down, a fading predatory glint still in her eyes. She sits on a chair and catches her breath. Jack looks around. While Catherine's story is all not unexpected, it's more than a little disappointing to Jack. He walks over to the closet and opens the door, half-hoping to find something extraordinary. The closet is filled with a half dozen Don Juan outfits -- silk shirts, pants, boots, and capes.

And nothing else.

JACK
After his father died, John moved in with you?

CATHERINE
No. He's only been here three months.

Jack walks over to the bureau. On it are a half dozen identical masks. He picks them up and looks at them.

JACK
How often did you see John as he was growing up?

CATHERINE
Only once. I travelled to Phoenix by bus. I hated it. I refuse to take airplanes, and I don't like trains much better. Johnny was six. They put me up in a fancy hotel and took me to the world's biggest hole, the Grand Canyon, and one of those damn Indian reservations where there wasn't anything to see but alot of blankets for sale.

Jack walks over to the bed and picks two books off the bedside table. They are -- El Burlador de Sevilla by Tirso de Molina, the original tale of Don Juan; and Don Juan by Lord Byron.

JACK
That's the only time you saw John?

Jack walks over to the desk and looks down. On the top is a nude centerfold of the masked woman. The name of the model in the left hand corner reads: Chelsea Stoker.

CATHERINE
Only time. Three months ago, I opened the door, there was Zorro.

The banality is too much for Jack, and he fights it in a last desperate attempt to discover something beyond the ordinary.

JACK
You're absolutely sure John's parents didn't run a coffee plantation in Mexico?
(Catherine nods)
John's mother took it over when her parents died?
(more)

JACK (Cont'd)
(Catherine nods)
Your son went there to sell pharmaceuticals?

CATHERINE
Tony couldn't sell a boat to a drowning man. He worked for a dry cleaning company. He did drapes and sofas -- if there wasn't a party going on somewhere.

JACK
(last hope)
Did he know how to use a sword?

CATHERINE
I don't know for sure --

Jack looks at Catherine hopefully, encouraging her with his raised eyebrows.

CATHERINE
But I'd be surprised since he never figured out how to use a screwdriver.

A BUZZ, and then Catherine slams the fly with her bare hand -- and crosses herself.

72 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

Jack stands over Don Juan, and tosses a centerfold of Chelsea Stoker into Don Juan's lap. Jack almost feels betrayed and is having some trouble maintaining his usual professional manner.

JACK
(coolly)
Your grandmother thinks you grew up in Phoenix. She thinks your name is John Arnold De Marco. She believes that your father died in a car crash.

DON JUAN
(calmly)
Interesting fantasy. But I suppose, if it makes her happy, it's harmless enough.

JACK
You're telling me that none of what she said is true?

DON JUAN
Correct. Aren't you relieved?

Don Juan has hit the nail on the head. Jack squirms, but persists.

JACK
She also says that your father worked for a dry cleaner.

Don Juan jumps up in anger.

DON JUAN
Look, you want me to give you some crazy story like my grandmother's so you'll think I'm sane?! If that's what it takes for me to get out of here, I'll be happy to do it. But aren't you a psychiatrist?! Can't you tell a woman who's totally flipped out when you see one?!

JACK
Your grandmother made it all up?

Don Juan whirls, cape flying behind him, and faces Jack.

DON JUAN
She hated my mother. My mother learned not to take it personally, because my grandmother hates everybody -- my mother, her mother, my father, me, anybody who won't live the way she wants them to live.

JACK
How does she want them to live?

DON JUAN
Without sex. The idea of a woman actually desiring intercourse with a man drives her absolutely nuts. She went so crazy whenever she believed my mother and father were having sex, that they knew they had to get as far as away from her as they could.

JACK
To Phoenix?

DON JUAN
To Mexico. But my grandmother couldn't handle it. She went around telling all her friends that we'd moved to Arizona.
(more)

DON JUAN (Cont'd)
Mexico was a personal insult, but Arizona, that, she told everyone, was for a high-paying job.

Jack, becoming more bewildered every minute, listens real hard.

DON JUAN
My mother and father would write her from Mexico, and she'd never answer. Then my father found out from his uncle about her Arizona story. He had this idea. Get a postal box in Phoenix with a forwarding address to us in Mexico. Once there was a Phoenix return address on the envelope, she wrote every week.

JACK
(dazed)
You never lived in Phoenix?

DON JUAN
I've been in Phoenix exactly one week in my life -- the week we bussed out my grandmother, showed her some sights, indulged her Arizona fixation, and bussed her on back.

Jack sits down in his chair, more collapses actually, eyes flicking back and forth, trying to sort it all out.

JACK
What about your father's death?

DON JUAN
(very quietly)
I told you how my father died, Don Octavio.

Jack cannot help but be impressed by the sadness in Don Juan's eyes.

DON JUAN
We also told my grandmother. Her response was to send a donation to the Arizona Highway Patrol, thanking them for trying to rescue my father from his burning car on Highway 40.

Jack fails to stiffles a sigh of confusion.

DON JUAN
She sent a copy of the letter to our postal box in Phoenix. I suppose she wanted to make sure that if we ever showed up, our stories held together.

Don Juan returns to the sofa and settles back down on it. He looks over at the centerfold.

JACK
Her name is Chelsea Stoker.

DON JUAN
They never use their true names. She's really my Donna Ana.

There is a long pause, as Jack looks at Don Juan and thinks where to go next. He decides on one last stab at reality.

JACK
You know -- once I treated someone about your age who fell in love with a poster he had of a young woman. He had always had difficulty getting along with girls -- he felt awkward with them, and they found him unappealing. The girl in the poster seemed ideal to him.

Don Juan listens intently. Jack studies him as he continues.

JACK
He did everything to try to find her phone number -- called the magazine hundreds of times, even consulted a detective. Finally, someone at the magazine took pity on him and gave him her phone number. He called her up. She answered. They talked for a minute and she said goodbye. He knew she didn't want him to call her again.

Jack stops. Don Juan and Jack search each other's eyes.

DON JUAN
Then what?

JACK
Then he tried to kill himself.

Don Juan looks at Jack, an anger growing in him.

DON JUAN
(coolly)
Donna Ana is real, Don Octavio.

JACK
Very well. Tell me about her.

DON JUAN
Why? So you can try to find more holes in my story and prove I'm really not who I say I am. Then I'll have to take the medication, and you're off the hook.

JACK
I didn't know I was on a hook.

DON JUAN
(a polite smile)
You will be if you inform everyone that you're releasing me because you're convinced that I'm really Don Juan.

Don Juan has hit home. Jack has, in fact, never considered the possibility. Don Juan sees the consternation in Jack's eyes and is pleased -- because it means he is gaining ground. He picks up the centerfold and stares at it.

JACK
(persists)
Tell me about her.

DON JUAN
(a sweet smile)
Very well, I will tell you the story of my tragic love for the gentle Donna Ana.

73 EXT PORT (DAY)

A freighter sits at dock, having cargo loaded. Don Juan, now masked, stands beside his mother, a duffel bag at his side.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Shortly after the death of my father, my mother decided it would be best to send me to Cadiz. She felt that a voyage at sea might purify me -- as though a Spanish freighter was Noah's Ark, and I was being sent forth like a dove of promise.

The flag of Spain waves above the ship.

JACK (V/O)
I didn't know that Spain had a merchant fleet.

DON JUAN (V/O)
They don't officially. The crew was Spanish. The ship itself was actually registered in Liberia.

The Spanish flag changes to the Liberian flag.

DON JUAN (V/O)
As we said goodbye, my mother put two envelopes in my hand.

Donna Inez hands Don Juan two envelopes, and then pulls him to her in a tearful embrace.

DON JUAN (V/O)
The first was my inheritance, which I discovered was enough to support me well for the rest of my life.

Donna Inez kisses Don Juan on the cheek, tears streaming, and then sends him up the gangplank.

DON JUAN (V/O)
The second letter was from my sweet first love, Donna Julia.

74 EXT BOAT AT SEA (DAY)

Don Juan, his face green with nausea, stands against the railing of the freighter, as it pitches on the open sea. He is attempting to read a letter.

DONNA JULIA (V/O)
My eyeballs burn and throb but have no tears. I loved you, love you still, and for that love have lost everything, but regret nothing, so dear is the memory of that dream.

Don Juan sighs and tears come to his eyes, as he grows sicker by the second. Don Juan grabs the railing in agony. The vessel rocks and pitches. He sticks his head over the side.

DONNA JULIA (V/O)
My breast is weak. I struggle, but cannot collect my mind. My blood still rushes where my spirit's set, as waves roll before the wind.

Don Juan vomits over the side of the boat -- as the voice of Donna Julia reads ever on.

DONNA JULIA (V/O)
I see your face and go madly blind. I cannot set aside the passion which still rends me as before. And so farewell, my love-- forgive me -- love me --

Don Juan lifts his head from over the rail and gasps for air. Then he looks at the land receding in the distance, rocking up and down. He calls out, barely able to speak through his agony.

DON JUAN
(feebly)
Farewell, my country, a long farewell! Farewell, Mother! Farewell, too, dearest Julia!

And Don Juan, gagging, throws his head back over the rail and resumes his retching.

75 EXT ARAB BAZAAR (DAY)

Arabs move through stalls in the crowded marketplace.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Of course, what my mother never knew was that the ship was run by scoundrels. Instead of Cadiz, they set sail for an obscure Arabian Sultanate where all the passengers were immediately sold into slavery.

JACK (V/O)
(incredulous)
You were sold into slavery in a Sultan's kingdom?

The ship's passengers, bound to each other by a long rope, stand on a platform while Arabs BID LOUDLY on individuals.

DON JUAN (V/O)
That's correct.

In the back of the crowd, a woman with a black veil, GULBEYAZ, turns to a eunuch, BABA, and nods toward Don Juan, still masked, tied to the tail end of the group.

Baba walks up to the AUCTIONEER and hands him some money. Then he walks over to Don Juan, raises his scimitar, and slashes the rope that attaches him to the others.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I was purchased by one of four wives of a Sultan and led off by her eunuch.

76 INT PALACE ROOM (DAY)

Don Juan, hands still bound, watches Baba throw women's clothing on a bed in an ornate palace room. Lastly, Baba throws a wig on the bed. He gestures to the clothing.

BABA
You must put these on.

DON JUAN
I refuse.

BABA
(an effiminate lisp)
Put them on. There are worse things that can happen to you here than having to dress as a woman.

Don Juan gets it, nods his head and picks up the dress.

77 INT PALACE CORRIDOR (NIGHT)

Don Juan in drag, his hands free, is led by Baba down a long marble corridor. His mask has been removed.

DON JUAN (V/O)
My mask had been replaced by a mask of another sort, and so, I supposed, especially since it was not my doing, I was still keeping the vow I made to hide my face.

Don Juan and Baba turn a corner and head down another long hall.

DON JUAN (V/O)
The Sultan had a harem of fifteen hundred young women, so the demands he placed on his wives were relatively minor.

Don Juan and Baba come to a large ornate door, on each side of which stand two midgets. Baba stops, fixes Don Juan's false eyelashes and lipstick, then KNOCKS.

78 INT THE BEDCHAMBER OF GULBEYAZ (NIGHT)

The door is opened by a YOUNG FEMALE ATTENDANT, who sees Don Juan in drag and immediately lowers her eyes demurely. She steps aside and Don Juan enters with Baba.

Standing across the room is Gulbeyaz, arrayed in a purple gown -- a statuesque imperious woman of overpowering beauty and presence, although only twenty-six.

Baba leads Don Juan over to Gulbeyaz, and Baba falls to his knees on the floor. Don Juan does the same. Gulbeyaz extends her bare foot from under her gown toward Baba, who takes it in his hand and kisses it. Then he kisses the hem of her dress.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I was presented to the Sultana.
I still did not understand why
I was required to be in drag.

Gulbeyaz extends her foot to Don Juan, who does nothing. Baba, head still bowed, nods to Don Juan to get on with it. Don Juan shakes his head negatively. Baba makes a smooching gesture with his lips. Don Juan declines again. Baba continues imploring and smooching. Gulbeyaz keeps wiggling her foot under Don Juan's chin. Don Juan shakes his head and refuses.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I have never been much for
ceremony. And I had no intention
of indulging the sultana's whims.

Finally, frustrated, Gulbeyaz shrugs what-the-hell and extends her hand. Don Juan figures this is a good compromise and kisses it. Gulbeyaz is satisfied.

GULBEYAZ
You may rise. And you may leave.

Don Juan nods and starts to leave with everyone else, but Gulbeyaz grabs his hand to stop him.

GULBEYAZ
(sexy smile)
You may stay.

The door shuts with a LOUD CLANG, leaving Gulbeyaz and Don Juan alone. Instantly, Gulbeyaz removes Don Juan's wig and tosses it on the floor, then his earrings and necklace, which she drops at his feet. She studies his face, runs her hand lightly over his cheeks, then takes his hands, and leads him to the bed, where she kisses him passionately on the mouth.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Slowly, I began to develop a
theory about why I had been
brought to the Sultana.

Don Juan looks up at Gulbeyaz, and to his surprise, his eyes fill with tears. Gulbeyaz is equally as surprised. She puts her hand behind Don Juan's head and kisses him again. Don Juan bursts into tears.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I still loved Donna Julia.

Gulbeyaz is not happy. She looks at Don Juan sobbing convulsively and makes a final attempt to move things along.

GULBEYAZ
Do not worry, my little bird, I will do nothing to harm you.

She begins to undo the buttons of Don Juan's dress. As the first button is unfastened, Don Juan sobs even more hysterically. Gulbeyaz buries her head in her hands.

DON JUAN
(through his sobs)
I'm sorry.... I love another....

Gulbeyaz storms over to her dresser, pulls out a kris, goes back to Don Juan and holds the serpentine-shaped knife to his throat.

GULBEYAZ
Undress!

Don Juan weeps even harder, as he bares his throat.

DON JUAN
Kill me if you must. I am prepared to die for my true love.

GULBEYAZ
Why do I bother to go <u>on</u> like this?

Gulbeyaz places the knife at her own breast.

GULBEYAZ
(reconsidering)
On the other hand, why fret so over one lovelorn lad?

She places the knife back at Don Juan's throat.

DON JUAN
(tears flowing)
I am ready to die, for I could never live on knowing that I had defiled the memory of the woman who brought my manhood alive and made it sing?

GULBEYAZ
(impressed)
It sings?

The kris goes back to her breast -- but, as she looks into Don Juan's weeping eyes, to her surprise, her own eyes moisten.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I was prepared to lose my life, rather than debase my love. How could I be unfaithful to my dear Donna Julia, who had nearly given up her life to love me?

Don Juan looks at Gulbeyaz's tears, and finds himself drawn to comfort her.

DON JUAN (V/O)
How could I sleep with another woman, after giving myself, body and soul, to sweet Donna Julia?

Don Juan studies the sadness, the glorious face, the full lips, and kisses Gulbeyaz on the brow to sooth her.

DON JUAN (V/O)
How could I forsake the purity of the love I had with my flower, Donna Julia?

Don Juan kisses her nose, and then her mouth -- once, twice, and thrice, each time with more passion.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Actually, I was surprised at how easily the past can be overcome when the present requires our attention.

79 INT DOOR OF GULBEYAZ'S BEDCHAMBERS (NIGHT)

The door opens and Don Juan exits in drag, a slight smile on his lips. Baba is there to meet Don Juan and accompany him down the long marble corridor.

DON JUAN
You know, my friend, until this afternoon, I have always believed that a man could love only one woman. I have been badly misled.

Baba, the eunuch, looks at Don Juan. This is really not a conversation he wants to have.

DON JUAN
It's absolutely incredible to me that, a few hours before, Donna Julia was the only woman who existed for me -- and now there is the magnificent sultana, Gulbeyaz. What a glorious body, breasts like --

BABA
Will you please shut up.

DON JUAN
Sure, sure. I was just trying to understand what this could all mean.

They arrive at two giant steel doors, embossed with pastoral scenes. Standing in front of the doors, lances crossed, are TWO LARGE BEEFY MEN with bald heads, naked hairy chests, and satin culottes.

DON JUAN (V/O)
But it didn't take long to discover what it means. It all means that -- life is bountiful.

The doors open and reveal WOMEN AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE, laughing and cavorting, and all ABSOLUTELY NAKED. The expression on Don Juan's face is not describable.

80 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

Jack has his mouth hanging open in astonishment.

DON JUAN
For the next two years, my days were spent with the sultana.

JACK
And your nights?

DON JUAN
(shrugs)
My nights were spent with the fifteen hundred women of the Sultan's harem.

81 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

There are five chessmen remaining on Jack's desk as he dictates into his machine. Jack appears to be going for it all.

JACK
(dictating)
Narcissism, grandiosity, obsession, hysteria, severe delusional states --

Jack reaches for his coffee, takes a gulp, the plows on.

JACK
(dictating)
-- multiple personality disorder, mania, reactive psychosis --

82 INT RITZ HOTEL DINING ROOM (NIGHT)

The same restaurant where we first saw Don Juan seduce Victoria. The MARIACHI BAND IS PLAYING, and Jack sits at a table with Marilyn, who is in something of a daze. She looks at the candles lit on the table, then over at Jack, who seems proud as a peacock. She is becoming uncomfortable, and confused, by all this sudden attention. It's making her nervous.

MARILYN
So, Jack -- what's the occasion?

JACK
No occasion.

Marilyn jumps at the sound of the cork on a bottle of champagne being popped at her elbow. She spins and sees a waiter wiping off the mouth of the bottle, as he prepares to fill her glass.

JACK
You're the occasion.

Jack holds out a small velvet-covered jewelry box, and snaps open the lid. Inside are two gold earrings with tiny diamonds.

WAITER
Excuse me, Madam.

Marilyn takes the earrings and leans out of the way as the waiter fills her and Jack's glasses with champagne.

MARILYN
(very nervous)
They're very nice, Jack. They really are. You're sure there isn't --

JACK
(lifting his glass)
To you.

MARILYN
(nervous smile)
To me.
(gulps champagne)
Really, Jack, what's going on? You hate these places, remember -- all the pretense and over-priced tidbits with fancy names.

JACK
There's nothing going on, Marilyn. I assure you.

Another voice causes Marilyn to spin in her seat.

FLOWER GIRL
Excuse me, M'am.

The FLOWER GIRL places a bouquet of roses across Marilyn's plate. Marilyn looks down at them, as Jack hands the Flower Girl a twenty. Suddenly, VOICES SING OUT. Marilyn jumps with a LITTLE SCREECH. The Mariachi band has surrounded the table, SERENADING her. Marilyn grabs her glass and takes a long long drink of champagne to still her frazzled nerves.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as the band plays on to reveal:

Victoria sitting at her same table, eating alone, looking up after every bite in hopes that Don Juan will some day return.

CAMERA MOVES TO CURTAIN, PANNING ACROSS IT, and, when it comes to the end of the curtain, we are in:

83 INT HAREM (NIGHT)

The huge chamber is dark, lit only by the moon. Young women are asleep everywhere on small beds.

DON JUAN (V/O)
The young women slept with their delicate limbs tucked under them like feathered wings, a thousand bosoms beating for love like caged birds for air.

CAMERA PANS the sleeping women.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Many and beautiful, they lay about in the deep silence like flowers in some exotic garden. One, named Lolah, would sleep, smiling through her dream, like the moon breaking through a cloud.

LOLAH lies as described. From out of her covers appears the head of Don Juan. He kisses her on her lips, and then moves over to the next bed.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Another one named Dudu -- dusk as India and as warm, a kind of sleepy Venus -- would slumber with soft breath and lips apart.

Don Juan comes to DUDU, sleeping as described. Don Juan leans over her and forms his lips around Dudu's. Barely awakening, she reaches up her arms and enfolds Don Juan in them. They begin to make love.

DON JUAN (V/O)
There was Katinka, alabaster, like she was just cut from marble. She would lie statue-still, in breathless, hushed and stony sleep -- white, cold and pure -- and then, like Pygmalian's statue waking, the mortal and the marble still in conflict, she would timidly expand into life.

Don Juan looks over at KATINKA, who also is exactly as described. She smiles at Don Juan and nods for him to come to her. Don Juan, involved with Dudu, nods and raises his finger to indicate he'll be right over.

84 INT GULBEYAZ'S BEDCHAMBER (DAY)

Don Juan enters, not in great shape. His dress is half off his shoulder. His wig is crooked. He wears only one earring and a false eyelash hangs into one eye, causing it to flicker erratically like a faulty streetlamp.

DON JUAN (V/O)
At the end of two years, I noticed that I didn't have the same enthusiasm as before.

Gulbeyaz, lounging on her bed, smiles at Don Juan.

GULBEYAZ
Come to me, my little cockatoo.

Don Juan takes a deep breath and shuffles over to her bed, his dress dragging behind him on the floor, leaps on top of Gulbeyaz -- and collapses in exhaustion.

85 INT PALACE CORRIDOR (DAY)

Don Juan is shuffling down the hallway in his dress, Baba at his side, when THE SULTAN appears heading in his direction, RETINUE in tow.

BABA
This could be a problem.

Don Juan looks around in panic for a place to hide, but Baba grabs his arm and makes him continue ahead. The Sultan reaches Don Juan, who falls to his knees and bows his head.

He kisses the floor, the Sultan's feet -- toe by toe -- and is beginning to work his way around the hem of his robe, when the Sultan reaches down and places his hand under Don Juan's chin.

SULTAN
You may rise, my little dove.

Don Juan rises, desperately fluttering his eyes. The Sultan stares at Don Juan closely, then turns to Baba and whispers something in his ear. He looks at Don Juan, smiles, flashing several gold teeth, then winks at him slyly and walks off.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Oh, well, all good things must come to an end.

86 EXT PORT (DAY)

Don Juan stands on the top deck of a freighter, still dressed in women's clothes, waving a handkerchief.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Gulbeyaz, sensing the danger to us both, arranged for me to depart poste haste -- within the hour.

Standing on the dock, waving back to Don Juan, is Gulbeyaz, her eyes pouring tears. Behind her are the members of the harem for as far as the eye can see -- also all weeping profusely as they wave farewell to Don Juan.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I knew I would miss every one of them. They stole on my spirit and infused me with joy, like a May day breaking.

The ship starts to leave the dock. Don Juan removes his dress and tosses it overboard. Beneath it is his Don Juan outfit -- cape, blouse, boots. Finally he takes the mask from his pocket and places it over his eyes. Then he blows the ladies a kiss.

DON JUAN (V/O)
No woman is like another, and yet they are all the same. Each desires to be touched with understanding, encompassed with tenderness, guided slowly to explore the depths of her passion, nurtured and learned.

The women wave tearfully to Don Juan as the ship heads off in the distance and cheer him with fond GOOD-BYES.

87 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

DON JUAN
For this I have come to understand above all else -- there is no loving without knowledge, Don Octavio. I know -- because I loved them all.

The SOUND OF THE HUGE THRONG OF WOMEN CHEERING HIM GOOD-BYE persists faintly in the background -- and then fades away.

JACK
We have to stop.

DON JUAN
I haven't gotten to Donna Ana, yet. I just wanted you to know that Donna Ana was not someone I came to on the rebound from Donna Julia.

Jack seems to be in a real hurry.

JACK
Now I know.

Jack gets up and hurries from the office before Don Juan has a chance to get off the sofa. CAMERA REMAINS AND MOVES to the desk where four chessmen remain.

88 INT JACK'S HOUSE (DAY)

Jack comes into the house in the middle of the afternoon and finds Marilyn reading on the sofa.

MARILYN
<u>You're</u> home early.

JACK
(sensual lilt)
Can I see you upstairs for a minute, dear.

Jack continues striding across the room and heads up the stairs. Marilyn looks up at Jack curiously, but doesn't move. Jack stops halfway up the stairs and looks back at Marilyn.

JACK
You coming?

Marilyn shakes her head "no", her eyes sad and conflicted. Jack walks slowly down the steps and over to her. He sits down sideways on the sofa next to her. Marilyn looks at him, her eyes near tears.

MARILYN
I don't know what's going on with you, Jack, but this is too much for me. It really is.

Jack looks at her teary eyes, then takes her hand.

JACK
What's happening is that I have come to realize, after thirty-eight years of marriage, that I am absolutely crazy in love with you.

MARILYN
(teary)
You are? You're not just having some kind of pre-geriatric nervous breakdown?

JACK
You are the most beautiful thing that has happened to me in my life, and without you, I would be one-quarter the person I am. I adore you.

MARILYN
(tears falling)
You do?

89 INT JACK'S BEDROOM (DAY)

SLOW MOTION. Jack and Marilyn are making love -- slowly, with a poetry they have not experienced for many years. Marilyn tosses back her head, eyes closed, and languishes in the sensations. Jack molds her body with his hands, his own eyes closed, absorbing every nuance -- exploring, languishing, taking in the subtleties expressed in her movement. He is like a man trying to fold his hands around a miracle.

They search out each other with their eyes, fingertips, mouths -- and when they consummate their love-making, they clutch each other to their breasts, like old friends finding each other at last.

Then they lie beside each other -- tears welling in their eyes and running down their cheeks -- hands clasped.

90 INT JACK'S HOUSE (KITCHEN)

Jack is pouring himself some coffee, when he looks out the window and sees Marilyn, gardening. He studies her as she digs around her flowers with a small trowel.

91 EXT JACK'S HOUSE/ GARDEN (DAY)

Jack walks up to Marilyn, who is still digging in her flower garden. He holds out a cup of coffee.

MARILYN
(looking up)
Thanks, Jack.

Marilyn takes the coffee and sits back on her haunches, sipping her coffee. Jack sits on a small brick wall beside her.

JACK
I have this intense need to know everything there is to know about you.

MARILYN
(smiling)
You already do.

JACK
I know a lot of facts.

MARILYN
What do you want to know?

JACK
Who you are? What keeps you going? What are your dreams? Are you really happy?

Marilyn looks up at Jack and unexpectedly her eyes fill with tears.

JACK
(concerned)
What'd I say?

MARILYN
Nothing wrong, Jack. I just thought you'd never ask.

92 EXT STATE HOSPITAL (DAY)

Jack is driving past the front of the hospital. SALSA MUSIC plays loudly from the car radio. Jack is bouncing around in the front seat, drumming his hands on the steering wheels, SINGING along to the Spanish words with a hodgepodge language he has made up.

He turns in the driveway and heads toward the parking lot to the main building, still SINGING and DRUMMING.

93 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

Three chessmen are left on Jack's desk. The office is empty.

94 INT STAFF MEETING ROOM (DAY)

The staff members, including Jack and Bill Dinsmore, sit around the large conference table. Schumaker presides at the head of the table. Alvira has a large stack of folders in front of her and is writing frantically in the patient's record. Jack is waiting nervously for what he knows is to come.

ALVIRA
(to Dinsmore)
When do you want us to cut down her meds?

DINSMORE
Start today. That'll give us the weekend for the new dosage to kick in, and then, if there're any problems, I'll see her on Monday.

Alvira looks over at Schumaker for his okay. Schumaker nods. Alvira writes it down, then closes the folder and picks up a new one. Jack fidgets with a pencil and drinks coffee nervously from a styrofoam cup.

ALVIRA
And now, last but not least, the moment we've all been waiting for -- Don Juan De Marco.

All eyes turn toward Jack. Jack looks around the table, gathering his thoughts, assessing the alternatives.

JACK
I'm not sure. We have a session this morning. I think it's going to be an important one. I'll know more once it's over.

There is an awkward silence. Schumaker looks at Jack, who refuses to look back.

JACK
I get the sense we're heading somewhere. It's always hard to know until it happens.

SCHUMAKER
Jack, this isn't a treatment conference. This is a <u>disposition</u> conference.
(more)

SCHUMAKER (Cont'd)
We have to know what to do with this kid on Monday when his ten day paper expires. Do we ask the judge to commit him? Do we let him go? What?

JACK
I said I don't know, Paul.

SCHUMAKER
He's a suicidal patient, Jack. He attempted to kill himself.

JACK
It was a gesture, Paul, a flamboyant gesture. He didn't ingest anything. He didn't cut himself. He didn't jump, and he had an hour to do it.

SCHUMAKER
You're not suggesting that we release him, are you?

Jack looks around the table at the faces turned toward him. There is LONG SILENCE as he wrestles with his decision, turning his pen over and over in his hand.

SCHUMAKER
Jack?

JACK
(quietly, in great conflict)
No. I don't think he should be released.

SCHUMAKER
Then, obviously, first thing on Monday, we have to get the judge over here for a hearing.

Schumaker looks over at an Administrative Staff Member, who nods her head and writes something down.

SCHUMAKER
And also on Monday, we'll have to transfer the patient over to a new therapist, since that'll be your last day, Jack. Bill, you want another shot at him?

DINSMORE
If he's on medication, I would.

Jack starts to object, but before he can open his mouth, Schumaker talks.

SCHUMAKER
He'll be on medication.

Schumaker looks over at Jack and opens his hand as a gesture for Jack to proceed. Jack looks at Schumaker, then around the table at the others, then at Bill Dinsmore.

JACK
(to Alvira, in conflict)
Okay. Start him on Mellazine, a hundred milligrams, Q.I.D.

Alvira, who is writing it down, looks up at Jack.

ALVIRA
That's a pretty large dose, Jack -- a hundred milligrams four times a day?

JACK
He's going to need a large dose. Bill can begin to decrease it once he's stabilized.

Alvira looks at Schumaker, who nods his okay.

ALVIRA
If he refuses, should we restrain him and give it by injection?

JACK
(adamant)
Absolutely not. I'll get him to take the medication. Now, if that's it, I've got to go.

Jack starts to get up, but Schumaker's voice stops him.

SCHUMAKER
That's not quite it, Jack.

Schumaker picks up the phone by his elbow, pushes a button, and then talks into it.

SCHUMAKER
We're ready.

Schumaker hangs up the phone, and an instant later the door opens and TWO WOMEN enter carrying a cake with a big candle burning in the middle of it. Behind them are OTHER STAFF MEMBERS carrying bottles of champagne. Everyone starts to sing as the cake is carried over and set down in front of Jack.

EVERYONE
For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow....

Jack looks down at the cake. Written on the top is "Good Luck, Jack". Jack smiles, but it isn't easy.

EVERYONE
For he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny....

Schumaker, now standing beside Jack, gently puts his hand on Jack's shoulder and hands him a small gift-wrapped box.

95 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

A brand new gold pocket watch. Jack holds it in his hand, the case open. He looks into his half reading glasses, and stares at the inscription inside, which reads: "Today is the first day of the rest of your life." There is a KNOCK at his door. He looks up over his half-glasses.

JACK
Come in.

The door opens and a nun, dressed in full habit, steps into the room. She is in her early forties, and her dark olive face is exceptionally beautiful.

DONNA INEZ
I am Donna Inez, the mother of Don Juan De Marco. May I come in, Don Octavio?

ANGLE CHANGES to behind Donna Inez, showing Jack's speechless face. Donna Inez, reaches behind her and gently closes the door, shutting out the CAMERA.

96 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

Jack, still speechless, is listening to Donna Inez.

DONNA INEZ
Shortly afterwards Donna Julia joined me at the Convent of Santa Maria, where, together, we have made a small shrine where Don Antonio now rests.

Jack looks at Donna Inez. He is nearing the point of relinquishing any hope whatsoever of being able to separate fantasy and reality -- but he gives it a shot.

JACK
May I ask where exactly in Mexico this all took place?

DONNA INEZ
San Luis Coatzacoalcos -- not far from Izucar de Matamoros. You have heard of it?

Jack, still in a daze, shakes his head.

DONNA INEZ
(a comforting smile)
Not many have. It's very small.

JACK
How did you know your son was here?

DONNA INEZ
He had one of your nurses call the Archdiocese in Mexico City and they contacted me. Of course, I came as soon as I found out he was here.

Again Jack nods.

DONNA INEZ
What seems to be his problem?

Jack looks at Donna Inez. His hands wave in the air like he's going to say something. His mouth opens like he's going to say something. But no words come out.

DONNA INEZ
(concerned)
It is serious?

Jack shakes his head to reassure her all is well.

JACK
Sister Inez, did you notice, as your son grew up, anything -- unusual about him?

Donna Inez smiles knowingly.

DONNA INEZ
I certainly did.

JACK
How would you describe it?

DONNA INEZ
My vows require a certain modesty, Don Octavio. I think it would be best if my son describes what is special about him. I'm sure he will give you every detail you could possibly desire.

Stymied, Jack almost whimpers in frustration.

JACK
Well, perhaps, you would tell me this. If I am not being too personal, why did you decide to enter the convent?

DONNA INEZ
The decision was not mine. I was called.

Getting nowhere, Jack finally comes up with a strategy.

JACK
I have an idea. To protect your modesty, you need do nothing but nod your head yes or no. True or false -- your son, who is named Don Juan De Marco, grew up in Mexico, where, since he was two years old, women threw themselves at him with reckless abandon. At the age of sixteen he had an affair with a woman named Donna Julia. Her husband, Don Alfonzo, killed your husband, Don Antonio, who was originally a pharmaceutical salesman and fell instantly in love with you, and you with him, on either a glorious sunlit day or moonlit night.

Jack takes a deep breath and plunges on.

JACK
After your son killed Don Alfonzo, he masked himself, swore never to remove it, and he shipped out on a freighter, where he was sold into slavery in an obscure sultanate. There, before escaping, he spent two years, dressed as a woman, shuttling between the sultana and fifteen hundred harem girls.

Jack tries desperately to solicit a response by shaking his head -- up and down to signify "yes", side to side to signify "no", and back and forth to indicate "maybe", accompanied by a shrug of his shoulders -- hoping for some similar signal in return. Donna Inez smiles serenely.

DONNA INEZ
Do you know the Bible, Don Octavio?

JACK
A little.

DONNA INEZ
Corinthians?

JACK
Not really.

DONNA INEZ
"The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.... We walk by faith, not by sight."

Jack looks intently at Donna Inez.

DONNA INEZ
The truth -- is what is inside us, Don Octavio. I cannot help you find that.

97 EXT HOSPITAL GROUNDS (DAY)

PATIENTS AND NURSES walk about the grounds. Into the frame comes Donna Inez -- her feet barely touch the ground as she walks barefoot across the grass.

Jack and Don Juan watch from the window of his office.

DON JUAN
(enthralled)
Isn't she exactly as I described her, Don Octavio?

98 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

REVERSE ANGLE. Jack and Don Juan, standing side by side at the window, watching Donna Inez.

JACK
Yes, she is.

Don Juan turns from the window and heads for the couch.

DON JUAN
Donna Julia has become a nun at the same convent.

JACK
So, I hear.

Jack walks over to his old chair, as Don Juan sits on the sofa.

DON JUAN
I told my mother she could go back today -- but I'll miss her. She has a way of putting me in touch with what's real.

Jack stifles a sigh of frustration and gets down to business.

JACK
(sitting down)
I have a question for you.

DON JUAN
What's that, Don Octavio?

JACK
Why are you so certain that your mother was not having an affair with Don Alfonzo?

Don Juan looks intensely at Jack. A rage fills him. Don Juan gets up from the sofa and starts to pace. Then he whirls in anger and faces Jack.

DON JUAN
My mother did not use me to cover up an illicit relationship she was having! What vile filth!

JACK
The thought occurred to me when you told me how your father died. You said that he looked in your mother's eyes and then was killed. I keep wondering what he saw there.

99 INSERT. DONNA INEZ'S TEARFUL EYES -- looking at her husband. Then Don Antonio's eyes. Donna Inez's once more, eyes filled with grief -- and remorse?

DON JUAN (V/O)
Love! He saw love! He saw the purest, most uncorrupted, most divine love that a woman can ever give to a man!

Back in the office, Jack talks quietly to Don Juan.

JACK
I've never been clear about what your mother was saying when she cried out. To whom was she shouting, "I will lose them both!"? To herself, or to you? Both my husband and my son, or both of my lovers? It's confusing to me.

DON JUAN
(nearly frantic)
My father and me! She screamed at me -- I mean, she just screamed out -- "No, no! Juan, I will lose them both!"
(frustrated)
No, it was, "No, no, Juan!" to me. Then she cried to God, "I will lose them both!"

A long moment of silence. Don Juan pushes aside the devastating notion that his mother could have betrayed both him and his father. But the possibility persists in Don Juan's eyes. Jack decides to let it percolate.

JACK
Very well. I won't push it if you're satisfied.

Don Juan turns and begins to pace, talking half to himself, half to Jack.

DON JUAN
What is this thing that happens with age?! Why does everyone want to pervert love and suck it bone dry of all its glory! Why do you bother to call it love anymore?!

Before Jack can answer, Don Juan plunges ahead.

DON JUAN
You think I don't know what's going on with you, but I do. You need me for a transfusion because your own blood has turned to dust and clogged your heart, Don Octavio.

Don Juan moves toward Jack.

DON JUAN
Well, your need for reality, your need for a world where love is flawed, where mother's betray their sons and husbands, where purity and perfection can not exist, will continue to choke your veins until all the life in you is gone. My perfect world is no less real than your polluted one, Don Octavio -- only in my world, you can breathe.

Jack, rocked by the onslaught, maintains his composure.

JACK
Perhaps, you're right -- as long as, in your perfect world, the appearance of human imperfection is not so devastating that the only response is suicide.

Don Juan stops his assault. He turns his back to Jack. Tears fill his eyes. He walks to the window and watches his mother walking on the grounds. He stands there in silence, tears streaking his cheeks.

JACK
(softly)
This will be our last session.

DON JUAN
(his back to Jack)
I know. You're retiring on Monday. Why not on a Friday?

JACK
End of the month. It's a payroll matter.

Don Juan wipes his tears and turns from the window.

DON JUAN
Will you see me before you go?

JACK
I'll say goodbye, but this will be our last session. You'll be seeing Dr. Dinsmore.

Don Juan takes it in. He walks to the sofa and sits down, letting out a deep breath to recover his composure.

DON JUAN
So, then, I shall finally tell you about Donna Ana, and when I've finished, you'll decide if I should remain and take the medication to cure my many delusions -- or, if you believe in your heart that I am truly Don Juan, be set free.

Jack is very uncomfortable about this. He knows the decision has been made to medicate Don Juan, but can't bring himself to tell him. Don Juan senses there is something going on and studies Jack's eyes. For a moment they lock their vision, then Don Juan smiles.

DON JUAN
On the second day after I sailed from the sultana, our ship was caught in a typhoon.

100 EXT SHIP AT SEA (NIGHT)

A brutal storm rocks the boat. Don Juan, drenched and seasick, staggers around the deck, being buffeted from one side to the other by the huge crashing waves, hanging on to the rails whenever possible and throwing up. All around him, crew members attempt to save the vessel by throwing everything that isn't tied down overboard. He comes to a lifeboat, and works furiously to unfasten it from its winches.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Some stood bravely with the ship, others shrieked and leaped overboard with a dreadful yell, anticipating their grave, as the sea sucked the ship down to a watery hell.

Don Juan manages to unfasten the lifeboat. He climbs in, slashes a rope, and the boat goes over the side.

101 EXT THE SEA (DAY)

The sun, burning hot in the sky. Don Juan is stretched out on the boat, drifting nowhere, nearly unconscious.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I drifted alone in the lifeboat for weeks without food or water.

A gull lands on the boat. Don Juan opens his eyes, and, though nearly in a stupor, he senses his good fortune. One eye open, the other closed, slowly his hands extend toward the bird, until, at the last moment, he grabs the bird by the neck.

DON JUAN (V/O)
If the will to live is strong enough, a man will do many things.

Don Juan starts to strangle the flapping bird.

DON JUAN (V/O)
But having killed a man well-prepared to defend himself, I could not bring myself to kill a creature of God who was not.

Don Juan lets the bird go, and then Don Juan collapses, exhausted, onto the bottom of the boat. His head leans back against a seat.

DON JUAN'S POV. Upside-down, the bird flies away. Not far in the distance is a lush green land. OUT OF FOCUS. IN FOCUS.

Don Juan stares upside-down, rubbing his eyes. Then, with great effort, he manages to turn himself around.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Within the Cyclades chain, halfway between Thira and Karpathos, there is a tiny dot of an island called, appropriately, Eros.

DON JUAN'S POV. The land is a half mile away, and more lush and green than ever.

Don Juan continues to rub his eyes through his mask, disbelieving his good fortune. Then he looks down at the sea around the boat. A piece of driftwood floats by, caught in the current, heading away from land, as is he.

Don Juan looks in panic at the land, and then summoning up the last remaining energy he has, he jumps into the water and starts swimming toward land.

He swims a few strokes, then goes beneath the surface, then emerges and swims a bit further -- struggling, sinking, gasping for breath, his eyesight blurred, fighting to reach land.

Finally, he reaches the breakers, and collapses face down in the water. One wave pushes him closer. Then a second catches him. And, finally, a third moves him on to the wet sand by the water's edge.

102 EXT BEACH (DAY)

Slowly, Don Juan's hands grasp at the wet sand and he pulls himself, fistful by fistful on to the beach, half senseless, nails digging into the sand. With one final motion, he lifts his arm, reaches out, and pulls himself onto the dry white sand, his hand extended above his head.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I collapsed nearly lifeless on the shore.

The thin white hand of a young female touches Don Juan's hand lightly and begins to stroke it. Don Juan's eyes open, a tiny light in them. He sighs, smiles, and then passes out.

CAMERA TILTS UP to the owner of the hand.

DON JUAN (V/O)
She was seventeen, with golden hair that moved in the air like wheat, eyes as blue as summer sky, a brow white and low, her cheek colored like the setting sun, and her lips -- oh, her sweet lips!

DONNA ANA, as described, kneels beside Don Juan. She picks up his head and cradles it in her arms. Then she places her hand in front of Don Juan's face, searching for signs of life.

She slowly lowers her mouth to his, and breathes into it -- a naive combination of rescue and romance. She lifts her head up, runs her hands through Don Juan's hair, then breathes again into Don Juan's mouth.

DON JUAN (V/O)
This is how I found Donna Ana.

When she lifts her head up again, she has an inclination to lift up his mask. She touches it to do so, but then stops, and stares at Don Juan, like a young god washed into her arms.

103 EXT BEACH (DAY)

Donna Ana is constructing a shelter of palm fonds. On two sticks stuck on the sand, Don Juan's clothes rest, drying in the sun. Nearby, Don Juan, still unconscious, lies on the beach on his back, naked except for his mask and a small lady's handkerchief over his crotch.

DON JUAN (V/O)
The voyage to this island was not half so long and treacherous as the journey from Donna Querida's window to the arms of Donna Ana.

104 INT BEACH/HUT (NIGHT)

Don Juan, now clothed, lies in a makeshift bed, still sleeping from exhaustion. A small fire burns nearby, which sends flickering orange light across his face. Donna Ana kneels beside Don Juan, lightly running her hands over his hair, her soft eyes taking in every feature of Don Juan's face.

DON JUAN (V/O)
With Donna Julia, my feelings were multiplied a thousand times over by the novelty of first love. With Gulbeyaz and all those who came after, desire and diversion went hand in hand, with love a distant cousin.

105 INT BEACH/HUT (DAY)

The fire has gone out, and the sun is just rising out of the sea. Don Juan is asleep. Donna Ana kneels beside him. She breathes lightly on his brow, then his cheek, and finally his lips. Don Juan's eyes flicker open and behold Donna Ana.

DON JUAN (V/O)
There are those who do not believe that a single soul, born in heaven, can split into twin spirits and shoot, like falling stars, to earth -- where, over oceans and continents, their magnetic forces will finally unite them back into one.

Don Juan turns and props his head on his elbow to search the eyes of this angel who has watched over him.

DON JUAN (V/O)
But how else then to explain love at first sight?

Don Juan places his hand on Donna Ana's cheek to make certain that the vision is real. Donna Ana smiles gently and lifts a cup of water to Don Juan's mouth. She places her hand behind his head and helps him drink.

At first Don Juan is more interested in Donna Ana than the water, but soon Don Juan is gulping it down.

DONNA ANA
Slow down. It's not good to drink so fast. You must slow down.

DON JUAN
I'm thirsty.

Don Juan resumes gulping the water, as Donna Ana tries harder and harder to get the cup from him and make him slow down. Finally finished, looks up at her with a huge smile and water dripping off his mouth and chin.

DONNA ANA
Are you quite done?

DON JUAN
Yes. Thank you.
(a big smile)
I am Don Juan De Marco.

DONNA ANA
(love in her eyes)
And I am Donna Ana.

106 INT BEACH/HUT (DAY)

Don Juan sits on a mat, eating voraciously. Donna Ana is cooking more food over a fire, and mumbling to herself about Don Juan's inexhaustible appetite.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I would learn that Donna Ana's mother had died, and that her father, Lambro, was a fisherman -- strict, but often at sea for weeks on end.

Donna Ana takes the pan off the fire, sighs, goes over to Don Juan, and scrapes the food into his plate. Don Juan looks up at Donna Ana, smiles, and then digs in.

DON JUAN (V/O)
However, when he was not at sea it was best to avoid him. This was why Donna Ana had made a home for me on the beach.

107 EXT BEACH (SUNSET)

Donna Ana and Don Juan walk hand in hand along the beach. Behind them, the sun sets.

DON JUAN (V/O)
There is no more need for introductions between soulmates, than there is for a left hand to acquaint itself with its right mate.

108 EXT BEACH (NIGHT)

Stars everywhere. Donna Ana and Don Juan sit before a small fire. Donna Ana is talking and laughing.

DON JUAN (V/O)
There is an easy comfort from the first touch that comes from having been together in the heavens since creation.

Donna Ana holds Don Juan's hands in hers as she laughs. She looks in his eyes, leans forward, and their lips meet.

109 EXT BEACH/HUT (DAY)

Donna Ana sits beside the sleeping Don Juan.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Every morning when I awakened Donna Ana would be there, stirring my locks with her delicate fingers, breathing gently over my cheek, like dew settling each dawn on a bed of roses.

Don Juan awakens and sees Donna Ana there. He smiles, then reaches out and pulls her to his chest.

DON JUAN (V/O)
The thought of my living with her forever was nearly too much, yet the thought of ever parting made my heart break. The knowledge that someday I would introduce Donna Ana to the rapture of physical love was a trust almost too dear to bear.

Don Juan strokes Donna Ana's hair. Donna Ana takes Don Juan's hand and places it to her lips.

DONNA ANA
You are mine, Don Juan -- my ocean-treasure -- cast on shore like a golden shell....
(kissing his hand)
You are my first love -- and my last.

FREEZE FRAME. Donna Ana's head on Don Juan's chest, golden curls spread out, blue eyes staring ahead like sapphires.

110 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

Don Juan looks sadly at Jack.

DON JUAN
(voice breaking)
I'm not sure I can go on, Don Octavio.

Jack says nothing, but looks at Don Juan with kind eyes. Don Juan takes a deep breath. Jack nods for him to continue. There is the SOUND OF WAVES LAPPING GENTLY ON TO THE SHORE.

111 EXT BEACH (NIGHT)

Donna Ana and Don Juan stand on the shore, holding each other, kissing with tenderness and love.

DON JUAN (V/O)
My lips still feel her kiss -- a long, long kiss of youth and love and beauty, all concentrating like rays into one focus, kindled from above --

The kiss grows in passion, as though the two lovers cannot get enough of each other.

DON JUAN (V/O)
-- the blood's lava flowing, the pulse ablaze -- an eruption of heart and soul and sense into one burning cataclysm.

A shooting star crosses the sky behind them. They break their clinch and settle on the sand, where they lie beside each other, pressed together, hand in hand, listening to the silence.

DON JUAN (V/O)
We were convinced that there was no other life beneath the sky but ours.

Donna Ana and Don Juan turn toward each other and kiss.

DON JUAN (V/O)
We believed that we would never die.

112 EXT HILL (DAY)

Donna Ana and Don Juan sit on a hill, overlooking the sea. Donna Ana sits in front of Don Juan, her head leaning against his chest, Don Juan's arms wrapped around her.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Donna Ana asked no vows of faithfulness and she offered none. Never having dreamt of falsehood between lovers, she had no reason to ask for constancy.

In the distance, a fishing boat heads out to sea.

DON JUAN (V/O)
She loved and was beloved. She adored and she was worshipped. She was nature's bride.

Don Juan leans over and kisses Donna Ana. Then he moves in front of Donna Ana and falls to his knees.

DON JUAN (V/O)
And then one day, three months after we first met, I asked her to be mine.

DON JUAN
I love you too much, but I cannot love you any less.

Donna Ana pulls Don Juan to her, and they kiss.

DONNA ANA
I promise that I will be your friend, your child, your lover, your sister, your wife -- my love for you has mixed all feelings....

They kiss again. Then Donna Ana whispers into Don Juan's ear.

DONNA ANA
It's of no great consequence, but will you be wearing your mask throughout our lives together?

DON JUAN
I have sworn to do so.

Donna Ana pulls her head back from Don Juan and looks into his eyes. She talks softly to him.

DONNA ANA
Then I ask only that you tell me what has led you to make such a vow -- the full truth, and not a word less.

Don Juan's eyes flick back and forth in distress.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Oh -- what is it in the world that makes it fatal to be loved?

Don Juan walks a short distance away, looking out at the sea, Donna Ana's eyes intently upon him.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I argued in silence to myself, constructing in my mind convincing legal briefs, establishing that no marriage should begin with a lie, and then the contrary, that a lie could be an act of the highest compassion toward the one we love.

Don Juan turns around and stares into her eyes.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Finally, I decided -- I curse the day -- to tell the truth.

DON JUAN
At the age of sixteen, I was tutored in the Bible by a certain young woman named Donna Julia....

CAMERA stays on Donna Ana, closing as Don Juan talks.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I knew from the first word it was a mistake. With each sentence, I could see a piece of her heart break, each brittle fragment turn to gray dust and rise into the wind, lost to me forever.

Donna Ana's eyes are filled with confusion and pain.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Finally, when my story reached its tragic end, she made one brave attempt to allow for my frailty.

DONNA ANA
Very well, my love -- I understand the urgency some men feel when they are young. I will accept that I am not the first, if you will tell me with the same honesty how many others there have been?

Donna Ana, eyes wide with innocence and hope, waits.

DON JUAN (V/O)
Truth is a terrible habit, once begun, more difficult to break than the worst addiction.

DON JUAN
Not including you, with whom, as you well know, I have not actually consummated our heavenly love -- there have been exactly one thousand five hundred and two.

Donna Ana's eyes look numbly ahead. It is too staggering a number for her to comprehend.

DON JUAN (V/O)
I suppose if I had said only one other, or even a dozen before her, none of whom compared, she might have been able, over time, to accommodate the notion. After all, a novelist values far greater the praise that comes from a well-read audience. But who wants to compete with the entire Library of Alexandria?

Donna Ana stares numbly ahead, and then she stands up, looks with lost eyes at Don Juan, turns and runs off.

113 EXT BEACH (SUNSET)

Don Juan chases Donna Ana across the beach until he catches her.

DON JUAN
My sweet Donna Ana -- I can't explain away what's already been done. All life is folly. I have, sadly, met folly on a more expansive scale than most men of my age.

Donna Ana shakes her head in dismay, breaks free from Don Juan's grasp and runs down the beach. Don Juan chases after her again, and again catches her by the wrist.

DON JUAN
I swear to you that, as certainly as the sun behind us will set, no other woman has made a difference to my life or my heart. One female blends into another. I can scarcely tell one from another. I remember perhaps three
(recalling another)
-- four at most....

Again, Donna Ana breaks free and runs away. This time she falls and Don Juan slides into the sand beside her. He holds her by the shoulders. As he looks into her eyes, his own eyes become moist, and his sadness keep Donna Ana from leaving.

DON JUAN
The heavens and earth were made for us, my sweet Donna Ana. We are each other's mirror -- my life sparkles in your eyes like a gem -- a reflection of my love for you.

Donna Ana looks into Don Juan's eyes, exploring them.

DON JUAN
I want us to be wed here on this beach tonight, with the stars as torches shedding their beauty on your beauty, the ocean as our witness, and solitude our priest. You are my angel, and earth is our paradise.

Tears start to work into Donna Ana's eyes.

DON JUAN
When I washed up on shore and first saw you, fresh and fair, the sun shining on your lips like dew, I thought that you were air -- that I was dead and you were a spirit sent to transport me to a world where everything shared in the same radiance you possessed.

Donna Ana reaches up for Don Juan's head and touches it lightly. Then she kisses him. When she finishes, she pats the tears at the corner of Don Juan's eyes with her fingertips.

DONNA ANA
I will marry you -- tomorrow after I have told my father of our plans -- on one condition. You must allow me to remove your mask, and it will be mine.

Don Juan looks at Donna Ana, torn between his love for her and his vow.

114 EXT BEACH (NIGHT)

Don Juan, still masked, lies on his back beside a small fire. Donna Ana rests over him, leaning on her elbow. She kisses him gently on the mouth. Slowly, hands trembling, Donna Ana removes the mask from Don Juan, and places it on her own face.

Then she studies Don Juan's face, running her fingers lightly over it, kissing his cheeks and eyes.

DONNA ANA
(softly)
You must promise me that we will be together for all time, that we will live here on this beach always, and that, should circumstance ever separate us, it is here we will come, to wait all eternity for the other to return.

DON JUAN
I love you.

DONNA ANA
Promise me.

DON JUAN
I promise.

They kiss again -- and then they make love.

SLOW MOTION. Curves lit by the flickering orange light of the fire. At times it is not possible to tell whose limbs belong to whom. Their bodies intertwine as one, first one on top, then the other, then indeterminable. Consummation is as smooth as the water lapping the shore behind them.

When they are done, Donna Ana leans her elbow playfully on Don Juan's chest. She smiles, at first a small one, then bigger, and then she bursts into laughter.

Don Juan doesn't know what to make of this. Suddenly, still laughing, Donna Ana stands up and starts to put on her clothing. Don Juan is even more mystified.

Catching her breath, Donna Ana pats Don Juan maternally on the head and then begins to talk. As she does, Don Juan's eyes show a mixture of grief and confusion.

DONNA ANA
Have you enjoyed the performance, my sweet innocent fool? Did you really think I would marry you? Did you believe that I was madly and desperately in love with you?

Don Juan is too bewildered to react.

DONNA ANA
This was my best -- my best ever. Did you think that you were the first sailor who ever washed up here on shore, or who was pushed into this port by a deceptive wind, or was left behind when his ship sailed without him? There have been -- let me see -- well, many more than you. The truth is, I long ago lost count.

Don Juan, suddenly aware of his nakedness, covers himself with his hands. Tears fill his eyes. Donna Ana, still masked, and now dressed, comes over and kneels beside Don Juan.

DONNA ANA
Did you think I was a virgin? Oh, you poor child.

Tears stream down Don Juan's unmasked face. Donna Ana gets up and walks about, continuing to chide Don Juan for his naivete.

DON JUAN (V/O)
She strutted about like a peacock, unleashing her wrath on me -- and, yet, for just an instant, as I looked into her eyes -- she seemed less a peacock than a bird with a broken wing, fearlessly trying to deceive an approaching predator into believing she can still fly. Had the tale of my life hurt her so badly that she had no choice but to retaliate? Or had it all been a game?

Donna Ana returns to Don Juan, leans over him, and pecks him on top of his head. She looks into his eyes and shakes her head, as a mother might to a misbehaving child.

DONNA ANA
My poor poor innocent.

And then, still masked, she walks into the night, leaving Don Juan searching after her in tears.

DON JUAN (V/O)
It didn't really matter whether it was all a game or just a response to the tale of my liaisons --

115 INT JACK'S OFFICE (NIGHT)

DON JUAN
-- because, Don Octavio, my dear and loyal friend, I had lost the only woman I have ever loved.

Tears flood Don Juan's eyes.

DON JUAN
And now you must tell me -- do you believe that I am truly Don Juan?

Jack looks at the tears flowing from Don Juan's eyes, and Jack cannot fight the tears in his own, as his heart reaches out for the young Don Juan. He walks over to Don Juan and clasps him in an embrace, tight and firm, holding on for dear life, as his own tears begin to fall.

JACK
Yes, I do. I truly believe that you are Don Juan De Marco, the world's greatest lover.

DON JUAN
And you, my friend, who are you truly?

JACK
Truly, I am Don Octavio del Flores, wed to the great and gentle beauty, Donna Lucita, the light of my life. You have seen through my masquerade.

Don Juan smiles, clasps Jack to him, and the two men embrace each other in silence.

116 INT STATE HOSPITAL HALLWAY (NIGHT)

Jack is walking down the hall with the unmasked Don Juan.

JACK
Did you ever see Donna Ana again?

DON JUAN
The next day I learned that she had sailed off with an American photographer on his yacht. I hopped a freighter for America a few days later, hoping to track her down, and moved in with my grandmother. I had no success until, quite by chance, I came across the centerfold. I had no doubt this was her. The mask was a nice touch.

Don Juan stops and looks into Jack's eyes.

DON JUAN
How could I have missed that it was all a deception? My heart doesn't lie. She loved me with the power and purity of a goddess.

JACK
(wry humor)
Love is a complex business. That's why, inevitably, over time, love must change into something else or we would <u>all</u> go crazy.

DON JUAN
I will not accept this, Don Octavio. I refuse to allow my passion to be ground into dust by the machinery of time and routine. I will not agree to live in a world where love is less than pure and eternal.

Jack looks at Don Juan, studying his intensity. In Jack's eyes there is extreme conflict.

JACK
I know.

Don Juan sees the conflict in Jack's eyes, but doesn't understand it. Jack puts his arm around Don Juan and leads him to the nurse's station, which is unmanned. Don Juan looks up at Jack, still trying to figure out what's happening. It doesn't take long as Jack takes out his keys and opens the medication cabinet.

DON JUAN
(upset)
You said you believed that I was truly Don Juan.

Jack doesn't respond. He searches down the bottles -- row after row of medication -- until finally he comes to the one he wants. He removes it from the cabinet, turns and faces Don Juan.

JACK
I need you to trust me. I do believe you're Don Juan.

Don Juan stares at the bottle of pills in great distress.

DON JUAN
And who are you?

JACK
I have told you. I am Don Octavio del Flores. Thanks to you, I have found my way again.

Don Juan looks into Jack's eyes. A smile grows on his lips.

DON JUAN
Then, my dear friend, I will do as you ask.

Don Juan holds out his hand, and Jack pours four capsules into it. Don Juan pops the pills in his mouth, and swallows them without water.

JACK
The nurses will give you these four times a day. You must take them without fail, and I will see you in two days, on Monday morning.

Jack extends his hand. Don Juan takes it. The two men clasp hands tightly, and then Jack heads back down the hallway, as Don Juan enters his room.

117 INT JACK'S HOUSE/ DINING ROOM (NIGHT)

The dining room table is piled with papers and documents. Jack sits beside his wife, Marilyn, who snuggles lovingly against his arm, while Jack sorts through a folder.

MARILYN
(amused, even giddy)
I can't believe you're really serious about this. I can't believe I am, either.

JACK
It's time to liquidate. Property is an iron chain. The house and everything in it goes.
(searching the folder)
Where is that thing?

MARILYN
What about all our plans? We're co-chairman of the Historical Society. They're counting on us to oversee the restoration of the Cartwright House.

JACK
They'll find someone else.

Jack continues to search through his papers.

MARILYN
We promised the kids that by next year we'd have all the photos sorted and in albums for them. That's their whole lives, Jack -- thirty-two years. We were going to put together an oral history of our ancestors and put them on videotape, paint the house -- we paid a two thousand dollar deposit for the Northwest Passage tour, and it's non-refundable --

Jack's eyes light up and he pulls a flyer from a folder.

JACK
Success at last.

He shows the flyer to Marilyn. It reads: "We'll pay instant cash for your house and it's contents. Call us 24 hours, 7 days a week. Byron Estate Liquidators."

MARILYN
(reads it, then smiling)
We've gone totally mad, Jack.

JACK
Don Octavio del Flores.

MARILYN
What?

JACK
I am really Don Octavio del Flores, and you, my bright-eyed flower, are the gentle beauty, Donna Lucita, the light of my life, who once I almost lost.

Marilyn looks into Jack's eyes, affected by his words. She stares at him, as, slowly their mouths come together and kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

118 EXT STATE HOSPITAL (DAY)

Jack, once again lost in thought, turns his car up the long driveway to the State Hospital. Suddenly, he stops, and looks out the window at this place where he's spent the last thirty years of his life. He takes it all in, then continues up the driveway.

119 INT JACK'S OFFICE (DAY)

Rocco leads a somewhat groggy Don Juan into Jack's office and closes the door. Don Juan is totally changed. He wears a teeshirt and jeans. His hair is slicked back as any nineteen year old's might be. There is no Spanish outfit -- no blouse, no cape, no mask. On his feet are old sneakers.

Jack looks him over as Don Juan sits on the chair where Jack usually sits. Jack stays at his desk.

JACK
Good morning.

DON JUAN
(punchy from the medication)
Good morning.

JACK
How're you feeling?

DON JUAN
Kind of stoned, like I'm walking in a dream.

JACK
You'll feel better by tomorrow morning. You took all the medication?

Don Juan nods. There is silence for a moment as the two men study each other.

DON JUAN
What do you think of the outfit? They had all this old stuff in a box. I wanted to wear a red teeshirt with U2 on it, but it was too small.

JACK
(not very convincing)
It looks good on you.
(nodding toward the door)
Shall we?

They get up and are about to leave the office, when they both stop with the same thought. They look behind them at Jack's desk where two chessmen remain. They look at each other, then walk over to the desk together. Jack takes one chessman, Don Juan the other, and they return them to the chess board. As they leave the room, CAMERA PANS back to Jack's empty desk.

120 INT CONFERENCE ROOM (DAY)

A judge, HAROLD RYLAND, a Black man in his sixties, sits on one side of a large conference table, leafing through a folder. Seated on the other side is Don Juan. Beside him is Schumaker and Dinsmore, Alvira and Betty. Jack sits against the wall, legs crossed, hands folded on top of them.

Ryland looks up from the folder and studies Don Juan.

RYLAND
Do you understand why we're here, young man?

Don Juan shrugs that he doesn't.

RYLAND
Well, I'm a judge, and I signed a paper saying that since you had tried to kill yourself, they could keep you here for ten days to try to help you. After that, they had to release you, or ask me to sign another paper for you to stay here for up to the next year.

Don Juan turns around and looks at Jack in confusion.

RYLAND
I will commit you further if I believe that you're still a danger to yourself -- or you're so out of touch with reality that you wouldn't be able to survive without the kind of supervision a facility like this provides.

Again, Don Juan looks over at Jack.

RYLAND
Do you understand?

DON JUAN
Yes.

RYLAND
Okay, then I'd like you to tell me a little about yourself, where you grew up, what made you want to kill yourself, how you feel now.

Don Juan looks at Jack once more. Jack's head is bowed and his eyes face the floor. Don Juan turns around.

DON JUAN
I grew up in Phoenix, Arizona. My parents moved there when I was small. I was pretty miserable. Kids didn't like me, and I didn't have much in common with them. Worst of all was the girls. They really seemed to hate me and were always making fun of me. It drove me crazy. They treated me like I had some disease.

Schumaker and Dinsmore look at each other, and then they look over at Jack, who doesn't react.

DON JUAN
When I was sixteen my father died in a car crash on route 40 outside of Phoenix. My mother, who had always been kind of flaky anyway, flipped out. My Dad and I knew she'd been having these affairs off and on, and now she felt so guilty she decided she should be a nun. Within a month of my dad's death, she had left for a convent in Mexico. I was all alone.

Ryland listens with interest. Schumaker keeps turning and looking at Jack, who looks calmly ahead.

DON JUAN
Then, one day, I came across this centerfold and I fell in love with her. I mean, what is a centerfold anyway -- every guy's fantasy of the perfect woman, totally sexual and free, beautiful, perfect, not a blemish anywhere, and she's there for you, no matter what. I decided to find her. I knew she'd never go for me the way I was, so I decided to put on a mask and become Don Juan.

All four staff members, Schumaker, Dinsmore, Alvira and Betty, turn around to look at Jack. Jack forces a smile and shrugs.

DON JUAN
I looked everywhere for her. I named her Donna Ana, after the woman in Mozart's <u>Don Giovanni</u>. The magazine wouldn't give me her real name, or address, or anything, no matter what I said.

Ryland begins to make some notes in his folder.

DON JUAN
Finally, I reached some woman at the magazine who was working as a temporary. She took pity on me and gave me the centerfold's phone number. I called her up and some guy answered. Then she came on. I told her that I loved her for who she really was and wanted to marry her. She called me a creep and hung up.

Ryland stops writing and looks up.

DON JUAN
I got really depressed over this and decided my life was over. I was doomed to live unloved. So, I tried to kill myself, or at least make people believe I wanted to do it and maybe get some sympathy. It was all pretty stupid. I never really had any intention of killing myself.
(a beat)
And that's it.

There is a long silence in the room. Schumaker and Dinsmore look once more at Jack, who stares straight ahead, breathless, waiting for the judge's decision.

RYLAND
Thank you. This has been very helpful.

DON JUAN
You're welcome.

RYLAND
You can go now.

Don Juan gets up and walks out the door, where Rocco is waiting for him. After the door is closed, Ryland talks.

RYLAND
Doctors, this seems like a perfectly normal nineteen year old kid to me. I've had a couple fantasies about centerfolds myself, and I'm certainly not committing him to a mental institution for his. Let him go.

Schumaker and Dinsmore stare speechless at the judge, then turn around and look at Jack once more.

JACK
(shrugs, ironic)
Guess he's cured. Thank God for medication.

LITURGICAL MUSIC BEGINS, a chorus of golden voices praising God in the highest. The music continues through to the last scene.

121 EXT STATE HOSPITAL (DAY)

Jack leads a still punchy Don Juan by the arm toward his car. Don Juan carries a paper bag with his belongings. They get in the car and drive away from the hospital for the last time.

122 EXT JACK'S HOUSE (DAY)

A van with the name "Byron's Estate Liquidators" is parked in the driveway. MEN carry boxes and furniture into it, as Jack's car pulls up. Marilyn is waiting in front of the house with a small travel-bag. She looks at Jack, then turns back toward the house in which she has raised her family and lived for more than half of her life. Her eyes fill with tears. She blows it a little kiss, then turns and gets in the car.

123 INT JACK'S CAR (DAY)

REVERSE ANGLE. Marilyn gets in the car, closes the door, then looks at the back seat, where Don Juan sits. Marilyn smiles at him through her tears and then turns to Jack. He takes her hand, firmly clasps it, and they drive away from the house.

124 INT AIRPLANE (NIGHT)

The plane bucks, rises, drops and tilts as it rides through the turbulence of a rainstorm. Don Juan sits between Jack and Marilyn, throwing up in a small bag.

125 INT AIRPLANE (DAY)

Don Juan is sound asleep. Marilyn sleeping on one side of him, Jack on the other. Jack awakens, lets his eyes adjust to the light, and then opens the shade and looks out the window beside him. Below is an azure sea, dotted with an occasional island.

Don Juan awakens, and slowly begins to recognize his surroundings. Jack reaches under the seat and pulls out a paper bag. He hands it to Don Juan, who opens it and a smile comes to his face. Out of it he pulls his hat, blouse, and cape.

DON JUAN
Thank you, Don Octavio.

126 EXT BEACH/HILL (DAY)

Jack and Don Juan, cape flowing behind him, are climbing the hill where Don Juan claims to have proposed to Donna Ana. Marilyn walks a short distance behind them.

JACK
(to Don Juan)
This is no time for cold feet. Aren't you the one who said that the heart doesn't lie?

DON JUAN
Normally, it doesn't. But Donna Ana can do strange things to your heart. The fact is, she despises me, Don Octavio.

JACK
She was testing your love. What would you do if you were a virgin and she told you that she'd slept with one thousand five hundred and two men before you'd even held her hand?

DON JUAN
You really think it was a test?

JACK
There's only one way I know to find out, my friend.

Jack and Don Juan have reached the top of the hill, overlooking the beach. Jack gestures to the expanse of sand below them.

JACK
You promised each other, if you were ever separated, you'd come back here and wait for all eternity until the other returned.

Don Juan looks nervously at Jack, then below at the empty beach. He takes a deep breath and turns to Jack. Don Juan grasps Jack's hand firmly, staring into his eyes, a mixture of thanks and farewell, and then, slowly, he starts down to the beach, cape flowing behind him.

Marilyn walks up to Jack and stands, watching Don Juan head down the hill to the beach, his pace increasing with every step.

MARILYN
Are you absolutely sure about this, Jack?

JACK
(staring intently at the beach)
Yes. There's a truth here that transcends everything else. I am absolutely sure.

And as he speaks, Donna Ana appears, still masked, at the end of the beach. Don Juan sees her, and she him. They stop, frozen by the sight of their beloved, and then they run the length of the beach, Donna Ana throwing off her mask as she runs -- into each other's arms.

Jack smiles as tears fill his eyes. He turns to Marilyn, who is crying. Their hands touch each other's face, their lips brush, and then they kiss through their tears.

Below them, Don Juan and Donna Ana also kiss -- exactly as Don Juan has described it -- a long, long kiss of love and youth and beauty, all concentrating like rays into one focus, kindled from above.

Jack and Marilyn turn and observe the two young lovers, then Marilyn takes Jack's hand and looks into his eyes.

MARILYN
So now what do we do?

Jack looks at Marilyn, thinks, then shrugs.

JACK
Anything we want, my sweet and gentle beauty, Donna Lucita.

THE END