

DON QUIXOTE

Written by

Chris Poché

Based on
Don Quixote
by Miguel Cervantes

Blue Production Draft
April 25, 2017

O.S. - FANFARE plays triumphantly!

TOTAL DARKNESS. Then, the screen BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is the story of a knight.

AN ILLUSTRATION of a handsome knight and a busty damsel appears in front of the flames. It is titled, "The Great and Good Mambrino". It falls into the flames.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Though greater than Mambrino or de Marella or even Amadis of Gaul, his tale has never been properly told.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION appears, of a knight astride a mighty stallion. As "The Legend of Renaldo de Marella" burns, we see it is a PAPERBACK BOOK.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Many have tried, but they misunderstand. They make mountains where none exist and become as unreliable as the famed knight himself.

A KNIGHT APPEARS! Unflinching, he slides into frame, oblivious to the fire. He looks like a mannequin.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Plays and musicals and comics have claimed to relate his exploits, yet all have failed. So, forget them all, as if they never existed.

THE OBVIOUSLY-FAKE KNIGHT hovers over the flames.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For here, presented for the very first time, is the one hundred percent true tale of that great hero--

IN SLO-MO, the knight falls.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Ingenious Gentleman...

The expressionless knight disappears into the flames!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Don Quixote of La Mancha!

1 INT. TINY LIBRARY - MORNING 1

In complete silence, DANNY KEHOE, (50), smiles into a paperback book, a romance about knights. He's ordinary and neat, sitting at a small desk. On the desk are more books, a couple of rubber stamps and a little desk placard that reads: DANNY KEHOE - LIBRARIAN.

THROUGH THE WINDOW next to him is nothing.

Danny GIGGLES at the book, happy as a child.

O.S. - a RUMBLING SOUND, like a big car pulling up. Danny ignores or doesn't hear it. The trailer SHAKES. He still doesn't move. He doesn't flinch when at sound of SAWING or notice a MAN'S HEAD pass the window just outside. Another huge CRASH and the entire trailer RUMBLES and SHAKES. It's only when HIS LAMP goes out and the light goes off that Danny looks up.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. TINY LIBRARY - MORNING 2

Middle of fucking nowhere...

A PLAIN SIGN on a crooked post: "Barataria Public Library".

The man we saw through the window, the WORKER, SLAMS the breaker box closed and walks off past the PVC sewer line he just cut and the scattered concrete blocks from the piers that were - until just now - holding the trailer's corner's in place. He pulls the METAL STAIRS from the trailer, throws them in the bed of the LARGE PICKUP TRUCK that's attached to the trailer's hitch.

GGRRRRMMMM... the diesel fires up. The Worker climbs into the cab of the truck. The truck door SLAMS.

The trailer door OPENS.

Danny is in the doorway, looking very confused. The trailer starts to MOVE. Danny looks around, then takes a step, but there isn't one. He FALLS out of frame. We hear a THUD as he hits the ground. After a beat, the trailer stops.

MOMENTS LATER, Danny's sitting on the bumper of the truck, dirty and with a Kleenex held to his lip.

WORKER

They ain't sent you no papers or
nothing? For real?

Danny looks away awkwardly, because they did. Several.

WORKER

They supposed to send you something
when they letting you go.

DANNY KEHOE

'Letting me go'. It sounds like
I'm being liberated. Freed.

WORKER

You are. You free to get on up
outta here. Come on, now.

Danny stands, looks around at all the nothing.

WORKER

Now, they got nothing else in there
gonna surprise me, right? Just
them old books?

DANNY KEHOE

Just them old books. Just messages
in bottles tossed from another
time. I can open one and have a
sage who died a thousand years ago
speak to me. Tell me stories and
secrets from across the ages.
Truths we've all forgotten. Truths
from a time when publication
indicated worthy thought, not
proximity to a keyboard. Inside
that little trailer are a thousand
heroes, - knights, lords, princes
and damsels, each more alive than
either of us.

WORKER

Uh-huh. Step back, now.

The Worker gets into the truck. When he looks THROUGH THE
WINDSHIELD, Danny is standing in front of the truck, blocking
the way.

DANNY KEHOE

(through the windshield)
I need the books. I'm the only one
who cares about them. I've read
every single one.

WORKER

Then you don't need 'em no more.

DANNY KEHOE

I do. Give them to me. Please.

GRRRRMM!! The engine starts.

WORKER

Can't do it, brah.

(pressing papers against
the glass)

I got to bring it all to this
disposal place right here, see?
Now get out the way.

He lowers the papers, puts the truck in gear, inches toward
Danny...

DANNY KEHOE

(through the windshield)

Please.

The truck INCHES CLOSER...

DANNY KEHOE

(through the windshield)

I have money.

The truck STOPS.

DANNY KEHOE (O.S.)

(very emotional)

*"She then did swear that never had
she seen a man so comely in
grief..."*

Off Danny's look... MUSIC.

DISSOLVE TO:

3

EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

3

An older house, sturdy and wooden. Once the center of a
large parcel of land, it's now just on a lawn on the highway,
the last remnant of a previous generation's success. Out
front, flowering plants aren't flowering.

DANNY KEHOE (O.S.)

(very emotional)

*"Nor one of such manners in
poverty, nor a man so young of such
discourse and reason."*

CUT TO:

4

INT. DANNY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

4

The entire room is filled with THE BOOKS. Shelves and shelves of books. Piles of books. In drifts on the floor - hundreds, maybe thousands. Many are tossed ON THE BED like plush toys. Romance tales, comic books, even video games - *all about knights.*

DANNY KEHOE (O.S.)

(heartbroken)

*"Mabilia cries that the melancholy
man who lives upon the Poor
Eock..."*

(getting louder)

*"And calls himself Beltenebros, by
all that I can learn from
Corisanda... must be Amadis!"*

REVEAL Danny, sitting on the floor, surrounded by books. He now sports a ferocious NECK BEARD. Time has passed. He is overcome with emotion, sniffing and sucking in air as he continues, more loudly. He is reading from a tattered but lovely LEATHER-BOUND BOOK WITH A KNIGHT EMBOSSSED ON IT.

DANNY KEHOE

*"Oriana lifted up her hands, Lord
of the world, know by his brave
death the glory he--"*

Among them are THE BOOKS WE SAW AT THE FIRE, not yet burned. A KNIGHT ACTION FIGURE (the knight we saw burn) stands guard on a shelf. A real sword, won on ebay, hangs on the wall [*possibly with a helmet and breastplate*].

JANELLE (O.S.)

Uncle Danny?!

The BG music stops. In the doorway is JANELLE (25), his ever nervous-looking niece.

JANELLE

It's three-fifteen in the morning.

Danny looks up.

JANELLE

I heard you from across the house.
I thought you were having a
nightmare.

DANNY KEHOE

(smiling)

Perhaps I am. Wouldn't that be
wonderful?

(MORE)

DANNY KEHOE (CONT'D)

To wake up from this dull, empty
night and into some bright day of
adventure? Of pain and beauty? Of
consequence...

JANELLE

Up you go.

*

She extends her hands. He grabs them and she lifts him up.
As she steers him to the bed...

DANNY KEHOE

Am I really a man?

JANELLE

What do you mean?

DANNY KEHOE

How do we know? How do we know if
we're fully alive?

She directs him onto the bed.

JANELLE

I don't know. We're alive, okay?
We just are.

DANNY KEHOE

Did you know that your great,
great, great grandfather built this
house? He cleared this land - we
used to own all the land along this
side of the river until the suburbs
swallowed it up. He farmed here,
coaxing his food from the dirt.
And when the Bronze John struck, he
buried his parents. And when war
came to him, he fought. He went a
thousand miles to go to college.
Travelers stayed in this house and
they threw parties that people rode
for days to attend.

Janelle is at the window.

JANELLE

I'm closing these shutters so you
can sleep in. You need rest.

*

DANNY KEHOE

(holding up the book)

And even his life was nothing -
nothing! - compared to what these
men did.

He holds up his book and snatches up a COMIC BOOK.

DANNY KEHOE

They were truly alive. Sometimes I think I'm only alive when I'm in here with them.

(looking at the book)

When, I wonder, did we stop doing things?

(beat)

When did we stop doing things?

*

Janelle takes the book and puts it on the night stand.

JANELLE

Maybe we can do something tomorrow. Like go to the mall. Or something.

He looks at her like that's the worst thing he's ever heard.

JANELLE

You and me have to live in the real world.

He doesn't answer.

JANELLE

(kissing his forehead)

I love you. Go to sleep.

She stands and turns to go, glancing at the books on the way out like they're radioactive.

As soon as she leaves, Danny sits up and picks up his slippers.

O.S. - the BING-BONG! of a cheap Radio Shack door chime.

CUT TO:

5

INT. EZ MART - WEE HOURS

5

Danny sets a pint of *Haagen Daz Dulce de Leche* ice cream on the counter, stares at the cashier, BRITTANY - plump, plain as paper, and bored to death.

BRITANNY

Four sixty-eight.

She's surrounded by snack foods, cigarettes and condoms and by signs for Tabasco, Marlboro, Lotto, and Tylenol. The largest sign is, coincidentally, a Haagen Daz sign - "*DULCE DE LECHE*." It hangs over her head like a halo.

BRITANNY

Four sixty-eight...?

He hands her a five, too smitten to speak. As she makes change, he takes her in, ignoring her many obvious flaws and concentrating on--

Her plump, pimply bust in her too-tight shirt... Her meaty lips... Her deep, blank eyes.

There's a moment of sweet longing. She wipes her nose.

BRITANNY

Change?

He smiles at her, like a man in a cage.

DANNY KEHOE

Change. Yes.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT 6

Danny shuffles down the sidewalk, head down, deep into the special embossed book. He passes...

A HOUSE, which gives way to a VAST CHEMICAL PLANT, aglow under round-the-clock work lights.

7 EXT. YARD - NIGHT 7

AN OLD MOPED with a SIDECAR, a 'For Sale' sign taped to the gas tank.

8 EXT. SANCHO'S TRAILER - NIGHT 8 *

A TRAILER HOME with a YOUNG GUY (Sancho) out front, half-asleep in a plastic chair. He watches Danny walk past... *

9 EXT. ENTRANCE TO SUBDIVISION - NIGHT 9

AN ENTRANCE to a subdivision. Danny steps onto a bridge that crosses a drainage canal and leads to the highway. As he steps toward the highway...

10 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 10

THE HIGHWAY. Blissfully lost in the tale, Danny steps onto the shoulder of the road.

Lights approach. Surely he sees them, he's lit up like a Broadway star.

O.S. - a horn HONKS. How can he not hear it, only yards away? Hear it or not, Danny steps right in front of the car.

O.S. - brakes SQUEAL.

IN THE AIR, the embossed book tumbles end-over-end.

ON THE ROADSIDE, the Ice Cream SPLATTERS in a horrible death.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT/MORNING/NIGHT 11

IN TIME LAPSE, the sun rises and sets over the house.

12 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT 12

Janelle sits next to the bed. She's been here a while.

Danny is in the bed, out cold, scraped up and dirty, but not badly damaged. She wipes his forehead with a hand towel, kisses his head.

JANELLE

You could have been killed. With
your head in those damned books.

*

Then she spies, near the bed, the pile of clothes he was wearing and... that damned book. She stares at it for a moment, then makes a decision.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE, YARD - NIGHT 13

DARKNESS. Then... FOOMP! FIRE billows into frame. *This is the fire from the opening.*

PULL OUT to see it's in a brick FIRE PIT. Janelle is burning everything. FOOMP! FOOMP! Books, games, comic books - all of it. The action figure goes in, as before, and starts BUBBLING and CRACKLING.

At last she comes to his favorite, the one bound in leather that he's been clutching - *The True Adventures of Amadis of Gaul*. She tosses it in. When it hits the coals, it bursts into flames like it's made of gasoline.

The SMOKE billows up and toward the house.

CUT TO:

14 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

14

The finger of SMOKE comes through the window, through the empty room and settles on the bed. Danny stirs, then wakes with a COUGH. He sits up, head aching and reflexively reaches for his book - it's gone.

He feels around the bed - the others are gone, too. He looks up and, through the smoke, sees the clear floor. The empty shelves. The bare walls.

He feels around the shelves like a blind man, like maybe his books are there but he can't see them. He crosses to the other shelves, also empty.

DANNY KEHOE

No, no, no, no, no...

His breathing gets shallow and uneven, his eyes water. He STUMBLES to the window, throws open the shutters. SMOKE POURS IN. He COUGHS and drops to his knees, head in hands, crumpled and hoping to die. But then, a voice.

ACCENTED VOICE (O.S.)

Yooo've soospected all yer loif
that this is nah the woerrrd where
ye belonged. Nah herre at lahst is
the prroof.

Is that a Welsh accent? Has a bad Sean Connery impersonator entered the room? We stay on Danny's back.

ACCENTED VOICE (O.S.)

Ye, mare than any mahn aloive, know
the true histories.

*

DANNY KEHOE

Yes. I've read them all. Over and
over.

ACCENTED VOICE (O.S.)

Aye. So, ye know whut thus means.

Danny looks up, stunned. He smiles a greeting. Could it be?

DANNY KEHOE

Amadis?

REVERSE ANGLE - no one is there.

AMADIS OF GAUL (O.S.)

Who, in all the werrrld, wood
steal the sacrrred texts of knoight
errantrrrry?

BACK TO DANNY, looking for Amadis.

DANNY KEHOE

I don't know.

ON THE EMPTY ROOM...

AMADIS OF GAUL (O.S.)

Ya' do know!

Danny looks at the trail of smoke leading out through the window. He does know. When he opens his mouth, we see that Amadis' voice comes, of course, from him.

AMADIS OF GAUL (DANNY)

Ya know well who roids a beast thut
would leave behoind such a ttrail
of sulphorous breath.

DANNY KEHOE

No. Yes. Freston! The Enchanter
Freston the Wise and his Accursed
Dragon.

AMADIS OF GAUL (DANNY)

Ah! And who, prraytell, is the
lone enemy, throughout toime, of
thut foul soorcerer?

DANNY KEHOE

All great knights are his enemy.
He--

(realizing)

Freston attacks... only true
knights errant. Only the greatest
among them.

AMADIS OF GAUL (DANNY)

Ah-HAH!

Danny touches his head and chest - could it be? Could he be?

AMADIS OF GAUL (DANNY)
 Thut wicked magician has been
 rrrevealed. The enchantment uhs
 lifted! Now, at last ye can cast
 off this sad illusion and see yerr
 trrue self!! Yer trrue destiny!

DANNY KEHOE
 Yes.

AMADIS OF GAUL (DANNY)
 Rrreject this tedious prrrison!
 Embrrace the Code of Knoight
 Errantry and foind the trrue glory
 to which you were boorn!

From a posture that looks like prayer, Danny stares at the smoke and fire beyond the window as he absorbs this new reality.

DANNY KEHOE
 Yes. "For a true knight prays with
 every breath, a glorious life or a
 glorious death."

CUE THE MEDIEVAL METAL MUSIC! (yes, that's a thing).

O.S. - CLLLANG! The sound of the forge!

CUT TO:

15 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE, LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT 15

IN QUICK SHOTS, Danny collects things and uses them to
 construct his armor. A cookie sheet, some garden fencing, a
 dish drainer, a steamer basket, a fistful of electrical
 ties... *

O.S. SQUEEEAK - a door opens.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE, PORCH - DAWN 16

The door opens and out steps Danny, resplendent in his shitty salet, helmet, breastplate and pauldrons, a mash-up of the old costume and spare parts made of cardboard and glue. His chain mail is old cast net. His beard has been groomed to a point in a sort of awkward modified Van Dyke. Over his greaves (shin guards) are The Scales of Impenetrable Armor. Actually, bubble wrap. The entire costume is spray painted silver. Ish.

His sword is in the sheath at his hip, his lance mop is in his hand. He looks completely fucking ridiculous. But

The world is dappled in morning light. A FLOWER blooms where it did not before. He takes a deep breath of the suddenly fragrant air and strides forward. SQUEE, SQUEE, SQUEE - the bubble wrap complains with each step.

He passes the fire pit, the home of the ashes of Amadis of Gaul.

We take in his armor as he strides by. The helmet and plume, the epauletets, the breast plate, the gauntlets, the greaves...

EXT. HIGHWAY IN FRONT OF DANNY'S HOUSE - DAWN

Danny strides down the shoulder, getting used to the armor and trying out names. *

DANNY KEHOE

To your knees, knave! I am Sir Daniel!

(nah)

I am Lord Kehoe the Magnanimous!

CUT TO:

17 EXT. SUBDIVISION ENTRANCE - MORNING

17

He SQUEE's up to the subdivision... *

DANNY KEHOE *

Dan the... Illustrious! Sir Sansabelle! El Pescator! Monsieur de la Hoosey! *

He continues into the subdivision, stopping to try out a few. *

DANNY KEHOE

Don-- oooo! Don. Don... Something! Don Daniel de la Kehoe! Don Dan Quixhoe! Don Danny-- no. Don Quixhoe. No. Don... Quixotellano!

(practicing)

'Thanks and praise to you, great and noble Don Quixotellaneo.

He steps onto the entrance bridge, looks around, hands on hips, realizing that he should do something before he begins. He decides to kneel.

DANNY KEHOE

(kneeling)

Let the world forever mark--

No, that's not right. He stands, raises his sword aloft, gazes out over the stagnant water below and addresses the heavens.

DANNY KEHOE

Let the world forever mark this day, the day that great and valiant knight set forth to reclaim his glory and restore the promise of chivalry and greatness to these corrupt and empty times. Let his name moisten the lips of the people for all eternity, for I am...

(beat...)

Don Quixote of La Mancha!

*

Terribly satisfied, he sets off in the subdivision, past the SECURITY SIGN for Rancho La Mancha Estates. SQUEE, SQUEE, SQUEE...

*

*

18 ~~EXT. SANCHO'S TRAILER - MORNING~~

18

*

~~He walks past Sancho, still in his chair, who's been watching from a distance.~~

*

*

CUT TO:

19 EXT. YARD - MORNING

19

Don Quixote faces camera, smiling excitedly in the warm morning sun.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And almost immediately it was proved that all desires and needs of a knight errant are provided.

He steps toward the camera.

20 EXT. YARD - DAY

20

He walks toward camera, toward something.

His feet crush the dewy grass.

HORSE'S POV as he approaches, slows, removes a glove...

CAMERA ANGLE TILTS, RETREATS SLIGHTLY - a horse is tilting her head cautiously...

DON QUIXOTE
Easy. Easy...

DON QUIXOTE'S POV on HIS HAND as he slowly extends it, palm-up.

DON QUIXOTE (O.S.)
Shhh... Take my scent into your nostrils - I am the master of your bridle.

PROFILE OF DON QUIXOTE as he smiles, raises his hand and - *just out of frame* - apparently pets a long face, strokes the side of a head.

DON QUIXOTE
My brave and noble mount, the finest in all the world.

PULL OUT SLIGHTLY to reveal... he is gently petting the MOPED. As close as lovers, he strokes her headlight and handlebars, playfully scratches her speedometer.

He abruptly stands, draws his sword.

ROSACEA POV, he holds the sword high over his head.

DON QUIXOTE
Rejoice, noble nag! In honor of your beauty and breeding, and also your thorny defenses, I dub thee--

*

WIDE SHOT, of a lunatic in a yard shouting to a moped.

DON QUIXOTE
Rosacea!

WHACK! WHACK! He conks her on either handlebar with the sword.

CUT TO:

BAROOM! He starts the kick-starter, guns the motor and zooms out of control and out of frame.

DON QUIXOTE (O.S.)
Oh-oh! How she longs for adventure!

PAN and catch up as he wobbles and skids onto the highway, clearly having never ridden before. He rides OUT OF FRAME.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And so the great knight set off to find those adventures required to bring him fame and glory.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. SANCHO'S TRAILER - MORNING 21 *

Sancho sits in his plastic lawn chair. O.S. - the sound of the moped. His curiosity, such as it is, is piqued by...

Sancho'S POV - Don Quixote (his neighbor, Danny) rides by, badly, in his armor, mop-lance at the ready. *

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Of course, he lived in an ordinary place and time, where there were no adventures to be found.

ON Sancho as he takes it in, then, after some consideration, stands up and steps out to the road to see where Don Quixote is going. *

22 EXT. ROAD - DAY 22

Don Quixote putters on, sees nothing out of the ordinary.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Unless you've gone insane. When a man needs a monster to fight, he will always find one.

ON DQ as gratitude washes over his face.

DON QUIXOTE

Thank you, oh Lord, for this my glorious opportunity to embrace danger and to court death!

He turns, heading off the road toward a pasture gate.

DON QUIXOTE (O.S.)

FLY, ROSACEA!!

23 EXT. OIL PUMP FIELD - DAY 23

The moped makes a sharp turn off the highway and into a field, coming toward us.

He rides at full speed across the grass, lance pointed forward, BOUNCING and WEAVING

He comes to a stop, clumsily dismounts, then poses, looking up at something about 20' high and out of frame.

DON QUIXOTE
To your knees, vile creature.

MONSTER POV, which slowly lowers as Don Quixote DRAWS HIS SWORD.

DON QUIXOTE
Are you as deaf as you are hideous?
Answer my challenge, lest my glory
be written in your blood!

AT THE GATE, watching, is Sancho. *

Sancho'S POV, we see that Don Quixote is challenging.. *

24 EXT. OIL PUMP FIELD - DAY 24

AN OIL PUMPJACK, GRRRINDING up and down.

Don Quixote attacks! WHANG! WHANG! WHANG! He pointlessly CLANGS his sword against the machine.

DON QUIXOTE
DIE, FOUL BEAST! YOUR WICKED REIGN
AGAINST THESE LANDS SHALL END AT
THE END OF THIS, MY ARM!

CLANG! CLANG! ABOVE HIM, the monster says nothing, raises its great head, GRINDING and MOANING.

Danny darts back over to the scooter, sheathing his sword and drawing his lance. *

DON QUIXOTE
I COMMEND MY BODY AND SOUL IN THIS
(CLANG!) HIGHLY DANGEROUS EFFORT
(CLANG! CLANG!) TO MY ONE LOVE,
CAPTOR OF MY HEART, THAT NOBLE
(CLANG!) AND PEERLESS BEAUTY--

He stops, looking perplexed - he has no idea to whom he is pledging his life. *

25 INT. EZ MART QUICK SHOT - DAY 25

Brittany of the EZ Mart stands under her ice cream sign, pimply chest heaving.

26 EXT. OIL PUMP - DAY 26

BACK TO SCENE. Aha!

DON QUIXOTE
TO THAT PEERLESS BEAUTY, THE LADY
DULCE DE LECHE! OF... TABASCO!

Now he lowers his lance and, VROOM! - he charges the beast! *
He jabs his LANCE at the monster, sticking it into one of the *
holes in the head. As the head rises, the lance rises with *
it. And as the lance rises, so does Don Quixote, lifting *
him off of Rosacea and into the air.

ON THE HIGHWAY, Sancho is there, watching. *

Don Quixote, feet dangling, is lifted off the ground. After a beat, the lance SNAPS and Don Quixote drops.

WHAM! He lands on his back under the head of the pump. He lays there a second, then looks up

CRRRREAK... the big steel head is *now coming back down*, right toward him. Don Quixote raises his sword in front of his face.

DON QUIXOTE
Now I have you, odious Giant of
Andecoria!

He thrusts the sword upward to impale the giant's head. Instead... WHANG! The lowering oil pump shoves the hilt of the sword back into his forehead with terrible, crushing force. Had the sword been an inch longer, he'd be dead. As it is, he's just concussed.

He lies there, looking terribly confused.

ABOVE HIM, the head peaks, then comes back down. He rolls away and ends up, face up, in the dirt nearby.

DON QUIXOTE
What have I not done?

DON QUIXOTE' POV, in leans the face of Sancho. If he ever had *
an I.Q. Test, he would score a 46, mostly from lack of
trying.

DON QUIXOTE
Of course. My squire...

He grabs Sancho by the shirt. *

DON QUIXOTE
Where have you been?! I cannot
successfully conduct adventures
without a squire! It is not done.
(pulling him close)
Did you see it?

SANCHO
Ow. *

DON QUIXOTE
(interrupting)
Stop your babbling and answer my
question?!

He SLAPS Sancho with a glove. *

SANCHO
OW!! What question? *

DON QUIXOTE
Did you or did you not just see
here a hideous giant? With a moist
and bilious eye? Did you not smell
the creature's putrid breath?

SANCHO
(wincing) *
I just saw the oil machine.

Don Quixote releases him, gets to his feet, looks up at the
oil pump, paces around. SQUEE, SQUEE...

DON QUIXOTE
That cannot be. Only a fool would
attack a machine, and I, as you
know, am less a fool than any man
alive...

He adopts a heroic pose, though he's obviously in pain. They
stare at the CREAKING pump, quite confused. Then...

DON QUIXOTE
Of course.
(throwing the broken mop
lance to the ground)
Of course! Freston! YOU WRETCHED
CUR!! Oh, that envious wizard!
(MORE)

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)

Clearly, he metamorphosed the giant, at the last second, into this iron beast to deprive me of my glory.

(turning to Sancho)

And you are the proof! Obviously, such spells only work on the acute senses of knights errant. So, the fact that it was all invisible to your simple mind proves it is so!

He spins and strides toward Rosacea, leaving Sancho completely baffled.

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho, when a knight errant strides forth, his squire follows.

Sancho looks around for a squire.

SANCHO

My name's Kevin.

DON QUIXOTE

Nonsense. That is no name for a squire. Only you, Sancho, would have your senses scrambled by a blow to another man's head. Your name, of course, reflects your paunch, but since no decent name begins with "p", I call you by Sancho, which is my right as you are my squire. Now come along.

SANCHO

So, I get paid for squiring, right?

DON QUIXOTE

(baffled)

Is it not enough to feel the frisson of adventure? To know that you are loved and admired for your deeds? Isn't that the greatest reward a man can ever receive?

SANCHO

Well, maybe to some guys. But, they shut my phone off, so, for me, a hundred fifty-five dollars is better.

DON QUIXOTE

You shall receive all that you
require and more. I give you my
word.

Off Sancho's look...

*

CUT TO:

27 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

27

VROOM! Sancho is stuffed in the sidecar, cap on backwards,
wearing knockoff Ray Ban's and enjoying the breeze as the
overloaded moped PUTTERS down the highway.

*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*With his lady love in his heart and
his loyal squire by his side, Don
Quixote did what knights errant
throughout history had done before
him...*

28 EXT. ROAD - DAY

28

QUICK SHOTS

Don Quixote stands tall, waving his sword and shouting, then
lowering the blade menacingly.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He repelled invaders.

PULL OUT to see that he is in the middle of the road,
confronting a stopped car with TWO ELDERLY PEOPLE in it.
When Don Quixote ceremoniously CRASHES a headlight (O.S.),
the Elderly Lady SCREAMS. Don Quixote then CRASHES out the
other one, then gives the car a KICK for good measure.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He suffered great deprivations...

29 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

29

The Great Knight, on foot, shuffles down the road side,
perhaps exaggerating his plight.

BEHIND HIM, Sancho, truly exhausted, pushes the moped.

*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Until rations could be won.

30 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY 30

IN A GAS STATION, Sancho fills the moped's tank. Don Quixote takes off without paying and Sancho has to run behind and catch up. *

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He single-handedly defeated a great army...

31 EXT. CHICKEN COOP - DAY 31

IN A PEN, CHICKENS flutter about Don Quixote as he swings his sword around madly. He strides from the coop, his bloody sword in his hand.

Sancho runs up behind, a look of horror on his face. *

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And freed a holy shrine from the flags of the infidels.

32 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY 32

IN A BACK YARD, he hacks clothes off a clothesline, the poles of which look a little, if you squint, like crucifixes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This did not go over so well, of course, with the infidels.

33 EXT. CHICKEN COOP - DAY 33

BACK AT CHICKEN COOP, an unmarked-but-obvious police cruiser pulls up to the barn. Out step the very hard shoes of the POLICE DETECTIVE.

IN THE PEN, the shoes and the detective stand near the bloody carcass of a murdered chicken. The Police Detective squats and squints like David Carruso, then CLICK! takes a photo with his phone.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But Don Quixote's thirst for danger and feats of noble daring-do would not be sated.

34 EXT. STADIUM PRESS BOX - DAY 34

HIGH ATOP SOMETHING WE CAN'T SEE, Don Quixote peers at the horizon through his cupped hands, which he thinks are a telescope.

BELOW, Sancho sits with the moped and sidecar. *

DON QUIXOTE (O.S.)

Sancho! Be sure Rosacea is fed and groomed! *

Sancho looks at the moped, smiles. Then he looks at the sidecar and thinks. *

SANCHO *

(shouting to DQ)

I'm gonna call my, uh, the one I ride? I'm gonna call her Dapple.

There's no reply. Sancho looks around to be sure nobody's watching, then pets 'Dapple'. *

HIGH IN THE AIR, the diligent knight spies something through his pretend telescope and smiles. *

DON QUIXOTE

Glory is mine.

PULL OUT to see he is on the roof of a High School Football Stadium press box, peering over the neighborhood trees.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. TRAIL - DAY 35

Don Quixote and Sancho ride along the trail. *

DON QUIXOTE

You are in luck, Sancho. Few men ever witness the very method of trickery used by the great Renaldo De Marelllo to defeat the Thousand Bulgarians and their Tiger Army. *

SANCHO *

Wow. A thousand Bulgarian Tigers...

WHAP! Don Quixote slaps him in the side of the head.

DON QUIXOTE

Bulgarian tigers?

SANCHO

Ow.

DON QUIXOTE

There are no tigers in Bulgaria.
They were obviously brought in from
India or China or some such tiger-
infested realm and merely deployed
by the Bulgarians.

SANCHO

Oh. Okay. But I still don't see
how we're gonna get any tigers.

SLAP!

SANCHO

Ow.

DON QUIXOTE

You must pay more attention,
Sancho. The Bulgarians had the
tigers! And it is de Morello's
tactic to defeat them that we shall
use. It is a thing of great
cunning.

SANCHO

Word.

(alt)
Wonderful.

CUT TO:

36

EXT. WOODS - DAY

36

The not-invisible knight, COVERED WITH MUD and POORLY
DISGUISED AS A SHRUB, infantry crawls across the forest
floor.

DON QUIXOTE

Let us see that foul wizard Freston
work his magic against me now - I
am as invisible as he!

Sancho - without a disguise, walks along side him.

SANCHO

Shouldn't I have some mud on me?

DON QUIXOTE

You are but a squire. It is
unnecessary.

SANCHO

But, anybody you're hiding from is gonna see me, so--

DON QUIXOTE

Sh! Remember, you may only assist me if I drop my sword or...

(thinking...)

Or if I need to be administered a poultice due to a grave and bloody wound.

Don Quixote SWOONS, *lost in his imagination*. Sancho catches him and holds him like the *Pieta*.

DON QUIXOTE

In the pursuit of arms, Sancho, death is your constant companion. It is likely that I shall be disemboweled or receive a deep gash to the head in a battle against a hundred of my enemies.

(turning serious and vulnerable)

And when I lay upon the ground, taking my final sweet breaths, it will be you, my Squire, who will weep for me, your tears falling upon me like rain on a parched earth. Heartbroken, you will hear my final words, in which I will bravely pledge my love to my Lady. You will no doubt remove my helmet, to better hear my devotions. Then, as tribute to me, you will decide to bring that helmet to the Lady Dulce de Leche and lay it at her feet. She will see the marks upon it where I took my final blows, fearless and unwavering in my bravery and my devotion, and I will at last be worthy of her perfect love. And surely an epic poem about me will be written by some admirer or other.

He looks expectantly into Sancho's face.

DON QUIXOTE

Do you understand, Sancho, that it is only by facing death that one is truly alive?

SANCHO
What's a poultice?

*

SLAP!

SANCHO
Ow.

*

Don Quixote leaps to his feet.

DON QUIXOTE
(standing)
FOR GOD AND HONOR!

37 EXT. ROADSIDE, CHAIN GANG - DAY

37

Don Quixote charges out of the woods, then freezes in front of the trees, thinking himself completely invisible. Sancho follows, rubbing his cheek, wondering what silly-assed thing the deranged knight is up to now. He stops short when he sees it.

*

SANCHO
(whispering)
(GASP) *You're not attacking them, right?*

*

DON QUIXOTE
(whispering)
Attacking them? Of course not. I am liberating them.
(shouting)
AGHHHHH!!!

He runs toward...

A WORK GANG OF PRISONERS in their orange jumpsuits picking up trash.

TWO SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES lean against the car, looking at their phones, each with earbuds in.

Don Quixote charges across the road.

The Trustees stop and look - WTF?

Sancho grimaces...

*

Don Quixote charges and SLAMS! Deputy #2 in the head with the hilt of the sword. His commitment is so complete that he hits surprisingly hard, knocking the guard out.

SANCHO

AGHH!! Cop! That's a cop!

*

ON THE DASHBOARD of the POLICE CRUISER is the red light of the DASHCAM.

WHAM! Deputy #1 reflexively SLAMS Don Quixote in the head with his clipboard and kicks Don Quixote in the kneecap as he reaches for his gun, but being unused to firing it, he struggles with the strap. Don Quixote's sword is in his face.

DON QUIXOTE

Do. Not. Flinch.

DEPUTY #1

You screwing the pooch!

DON QUIXOTE

REPENT, SLAVER! A knight errant cannot abide servitude!

(to Sancho)

Sancho! Collect their weapons!

*

*

SANCHO

(trotting up cautiously)

You said I wasn't supposed to help!

*

DON QUIXOTE

I'm making an exception.

SANCHO

Oh, man...

(running up to Deputy #1)

I'm real sorry. Up to now, he only attacked chickens.

(confiding)

He might be kinda crazy.

*

DEPUTY #2

You screwing the pooch, baby. You feel me? This is not gonna go well for you.

Sancho gingerly takes the gun from Deputy #1, holds it like it's radioactive.

*

SANCHO

I know. I'm screwing a pooch...

*

He tosses the gun into the woods.

DEPUTY #1

Damned right you screwing the
pooch!

(to Don Quixote)

You gonna pay for this!

DON QUIXOTE

(twisting the sword)

How dare you speak to me in such
tones! I should remove your head.
Instead, I will confound it.
Answer me this - who is the greater
fool, the man who creates his fate,
or the man who accepts it?

DEPUTY #1

Whichever one of them is you?
That's the fool.

DON QUIXOTE

Incorrect! I am master of my fate.
You, madam, are a vassal. A vassal
does as he is told without regard
to justice. A free man does what
is just, without regard to what he
is told.

(to Sancho)

Bind his hands.

SANCHO

Oh, man...

ZIPP! He handcuffs the Deputy. Don Quixote lowers his sword
and stomps toward the cruiser. But...

Deputy #1 manages to reach his belt and... FFFFTTTT!!!!

SANCHO

AGHHHHHH!!!!

From behind his back, the deputy pepper-sprays Sancho, who
reflexively shoves him to the ground.

SANCHO

AGGGHHH!!!!

Sancho flails around, rubbing his eyes madly. He SLAMS into
the cruiser.

ON THE ROOF OF THE CRUISER, Don Quixote peels off his
remaining camouflage to reveal his no-less-ridiculous knight
costume.

SANCHO (O.S.)
(muffled)
MMMNNNHHHH...

*

Don Quixote adopts a glorious pose and addresses the prisoners.

DON QUIXOTE
GREETINGS, SLAVES!

The work crew - mostly black - looks up as one. Slaves? But noble Don Quixote's eyes brim with tears at the success and love that he feels in this moment of triumph.

DON QUIXOTE
I hereby liberate you! Go, sweet
and wretched servants, to my Lady
Dulce de Leche of Tabasco and
say...

*

As he speaks, Sancho staggers through frame in agony, headed back to the woods blindly.

*

DON QUIXOTE
"The Great Don Quixote of La Mancha
dedicates his victory to you,
peerless lady and captor of his
heart!!"

*

One young meth-head runs. In him the deluded knight sees his own craving for liberty.

DON QUIXOTE
Yes! Yes! Taste your sweet, sweet
freedom! Embrace the horizon and
seek your glorious fate!
(eyes brimming with tears)
Go with God!

PRISONER #1 (O.S.)
What the hell is wrong with you?!

None of the others have run - they all step toward him.

PRISONER #1
Man, I had six weeks left. Who you
think's gonna go down for this,
huh?!

Half dozen angry criminals CHARGE.

Don Quixote slides off the car and out of frame - WHAM!. He pops up from behind the cruiser, gets up and limps furiously back toward the woods, chased by prisoners.

DON QUIXOTE

Ingraaaaates!

He passes Sancho, who SMASHES into a tree, still half-blind from the pepper spray. *

DEPUTY #1

You screwing the pooch!!

38

EXT. WOODS - DAY

38

Don Quixote CRASHES in, followed by Sancho. *

Don Quixote leaps onto Rosacea and tries the kick-starter - she won't start. He unsheathes his sword, hands it to Sancho. *

DON QUIXOTE

Defend me!

SANCHO

(terrified of the sword)

Oh, man...!! *

Half blind, Sancho turns toward the oncoming prisoners, no idea what to do. *

The prisoners crash into the woods. Sancho waves the sword around SCREAMING. *

SANCHO

(half-imitating Don Quixote)

Be gone, ingratious wrenches! *

The engine CRANKS and sputters to life just as PRISONER #1 grabs the sidecar and tugs with all his might. As Sancho swings the sword around, Don Quixote guns the motor, but Prisoner #1, feet planted, won't budge. GRRRM!!! The wheel spins, then CRRACK!! the sidecar breaks free. Prisoner #1 lands on his ass with the sidecar. *

SANCHO

Dapple! *

Now freed, the moped zooms off, leaving Sancho behind. *

SANCHO

Wait!! *

Don Quixote does not wait. Sancho staggers at full speed and LEAPS onto the back of the moped as it zooms away. *

DISSOLVE TO:

39 EXT. ROAD - EVENING 39 *

**** KIM - WE SHOULD TRY TO MOVE THIS DRIVING TO THE TOP OF THE LEVEE BY THE PUMPING STATION. POSSIBLE? THEN IT'S ONE RIDE-N-TALK UNTIL THEY ARRIVE AT THE PUMPING STATION AND REPOSE HAPPENS. POSSIBLE? ***

CLOSE ON Don Quixote driving along placidly, Sancho on the moped behind him looking terrified and still red-eyed from the pepper spray. *

DON QUIXOTE

You know, Sancho, I believe one of those slaves was a criminal. *

SANCHO

One of them?! They were all criminals! *

DON QUIXOTE

Impossible. Only a fool would liberate criminals and since I am certainly no fool, they cannot, therefore, be criminals. *

SANCHO

The only ones that weren't criminals were the two that were cops. Oh, man, we screwed so many pooches. We're so screwed! *

40 EXT. LEVEE BY PUMPING STATION - EVENING 40 *

They drive down the beautiful levee.

SANCHO

Oh, man, we screwed so many pooches. You heard that cop? He was right. *

DON QUIXOTE

We could not be more safe, Sancho. *

SANCHO

How can you say that? *

DON QUIXOTE

I am safe because any threat to my person will be resolved with either death or victory, which are equally satisfying outcomes. And you? You are in no danger at all, since you could no more be responsible for your actions than Rosacea, with whom you share my bridle. No, all credit for this great victory, Sancho, will be given to me and to me alone.

*

The scooter stops and they dismount.

SANCHO

(realizing)

Huh. Well... I guess I was just doing what I was told and you are my boss, so... so I guess it is all on you.

*

DON QUIXOTE

Indeed it is.

SANCHO

All the same, we should maybe find a place to hide and-

*

Don Quixote turns his back to Sancho and goes COMPLETELY STIFF.

*

SANCHO

Boss?

*

No answer. Sancho walks slowly around the frozen knight and sees Don Quixote's face has gone rigid.

*

SANCHO

What are you doing?

*

Don Quixote doesn't flinch.

SANCHO

Boss?

*

DON QUIXOTE

(whispering)

Sh. I am in repose.

SANCHO

(whispering)

Oh. Okay. What's repose?

*

DON QUIXOTE

(whispering)

*Obviously, it's when you pose...
again. Knights errant always spend
their nights in repose, standing in
a glade, contemplating and fasting.*

SANCHO

(whispering)

This doesn't look very fast.

DON QUIXOTE

(whispering)

*A fast never is. You should
acquaint yourself with the
histories, Sancho. Knights eat
only at sumptuous feasts and never
sleep at all. They live only on
the meat of their desires and the
sweetness of their love.*

He snaps back into his rictus. Sancho looks around at the cars on the highway, the setting sun.

SANCHO

That doesn't sound very filling to me. What do squires do?

DON QUIXOTE

The habits of squires are of so little importance they are never mentioned in the chronicles.

Sancho lhas sort of an idea.

SANCHO

I think squires go inside.

DON QUIXOTE

You? Think?

SANCHO

Yeah. I mean, since I'm a squire, then I know the most about it, right?

DON QUIXOTE

That stands to reason.

SANCHO

I think, since I'm simple and ordinary, like you keep saying, I probably do simple, ordinary stuff at night, like go inside and eat dinner.

A wave of hunger and flashes over Don Quixote's face.

SANCHO

And I think squires probably always sleep at motels. With clean sheets and one of those big air conditioners that makes that humming noise all night...

A tiny SIGH of imagined pleasure escapes Don Quixote, but he *absolutely cannot admit* how wonderful that sounds. Then...

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho, as you know, I can easily endure these nightly knightly deprivations at hand. However, ahem, it may be unreasonable for me to expect a squire to withstand such rigors. So, perhaps - just this once - we might... suffer such vulgar comforts.

Off Sancho's smile

CUT TO:

41 EXT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN - EVENING

41

DON QUIXOTE AND Sancho, aboard Rosacea, are looking skyward, lit from above as if by angels.

SANCHO

Wow...

DON QUIXOTE

Do you see, Sancho? When you are a knight errant, a grateful world provides for your every need and desire.

ABOVE THEM...

THE BRIGHTLY LIT SIGN for the KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN, featuring a castle turret logo.

DON QUIXOTE

You will now see how finely a knight errant is greeted when he graces the ordinary people with his favor. We shall be treated well here.

SANCHO

I smell chicken.

*

TILT DOWN to

42 EXT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN PARKING LOT - EVENING

42

Pick-up trucks, crappy cars and motorcycles. SOUTHERN ROCK blares from inside.

Don Quixote pulls around to the side, dismounts and kisses Rosacea on the speedometer.

DON QUIXOTE

And remember, Sancho, the appearance of someone of my stature is an extraordinary event in the lives of the townsfolk, so we must be careful how we present ourselves.

*

SANCHO

Got it.

*

*

SMASH CUT TO:

43 INT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN COVENTRY LOUNGE - EVENING

43

The battered idiots are in the doorway, one in half a costume, his hair and face partly caked with mud, the other so excited by the prospect of staying in a motel that he's about to burst.

DON QUIXOTE

Greetings, peasants!

(beat)

I, the Great Don Quixote, stand at your service, ready to enliven your empty and wretched lives.

*

*

*

The room is half-full of unwelcoming faces. OLD ALCOHOLICS, BROKE FISHERMEN and DERELICTS sip beers and whiskey. Two derelicts exchange a look - wretched?

The great knight takes a deep BOW. A big biker-looking guy, BIG MIKE, LAUGHS a loud and menacing laugh. No one else flinches.

Don Quixote strides over to a slender, dark, bearded man, KAMIL.

DON QUIXOTE

(to Kamil)

Servant Boy, bring some oats to the stable for my mount, then fetch the master of this castle.

*
*

Kamil just stares at Don Quixote. Then

KAMIL

I am the owner of this place.

DON QUIXOTE

Oh. Oh, my deepest apologies, my Lord.

(bowing his head)

Your Moorish countenance, your swarthy visage, is, of course, the cause of the misunderstanding.

*
*

Kamil says nothing.

DON QUIXOTE

We require a feast and succor for my squire.

SANCHO

That's me. I'm getting a room.

*

Kamil looks blankly at Sancho.

*

CUT TO:

A BEER lands on the counter, courtesy of the bartender, DOTTY, a young, bitter-looking, high-milage girl.

AT THE BAR, Sancho happily spoons chili from a Styrofoam cup. Don Quixote struggles to spoon some through his helmet.

*

DON QUIXOTE

Typically, in such a fine castle (slurp) this would (slurp) would be pheasant or (slurrrp) mutton or some such rare game.

(whispering)

The Arab is a different breed of man, but this is a strange and marvelous cuisine...

SLUUURRRP!

THE DOOR OPENS. Don Quixote watches as

Two budding hookers, NIKKI and LEXI slouch in with an aspiring pimp called TROUT. They fall into a booth, all on their phones.

IN THE BG, Don Quixote and Sancho are both mesmerized. Don Quixote stands and steps over, chili all over his chin. *

DON QUIXOTE

Fair and virtuous maidens!

(bowing deeply)

Rest assured, sweet virgin

Princesses, that in my presence you

and your modesty are as safe as if

you were in the womb.

Nikki and Lexi stare blankly, no longer surprised by anything. Then the Knight of the Cardboard Armor takes Nikki's hand and kisses it. A line has obviously been crossed. Trout steps into frame, takes in the silly knight.

TROUT

Look, no touchie, brah. Okay? Not

'til you talk to me.

DON QUIXOTE

I assure you my intentions are

chaste.

TROUT

Yeah, well, your ass is 'bout to be

'chased' right outta here if you

touch her again.

Don Quixote draws up tall and puts his hand on his sword.

SANCHO

(to Trout, from a safe
distance)

Whoa, whoa - hey, c'mon man, cut
him a little slack. *

He discreetly makes the 'crazy' sign around his temple. Suddenly Trout doesn't know what to do.

TROUT

I'monna cut him more than slack if

he don't stop touching my girls.

Don Quixote slowly draws his sword - this is about to happen.

DON QUIXOTE

I must warn you, sir - I am a knight.

SANCHO

Boss...?

*

Trout produces a knife, FLICKS it open, a move he clearly practices at home in the mirror.

TROUT

Dude, you need to put that sword away before you get yourself killed. You got a costume and you're talkin' old timey, but you're not actually a knight. You know that right? You are not really a knight.

Don Quixote's suddenly wears a look of horror as the truth washes over him, like he's waking up on his feet. He lowers the sword and drops to his knees.

TROUT

Didn't think so.

As Trout heads back to his girls, Don Quixote is left on hands and knees, staring at the floor. Sancho rushes over.

*

SANCHO

(whispering)

Boss? What's wrong, Boss?

*

DON QUIXOTE

I am not a knight. It is true.

SANCHO

(relieved? disappointed?)

Okay, look, I wasn't gonna say anything, but, you know, I kinda thought--

*

DON QUIXOTE

In every history I have read, there is a ritual, some manner of declaration, some official bestowing of the title of Knight Errant. I have had no such ceremony that I can recall.

Don Quixote starts CRAWLING AROUND, like he's looking for something.

DON QUIXOTE

I must find a King or Queen or a noble of some high standing...

DON QUIXOTE'S POV, the lumbering shape of Kamil hovers over him. Don Quixote grabs Kamil's pant leg desperately.

DON QUIXOTE

You, sir. You are the Lord of this land, are you not?!

KAMIL

Well... I am the landlord.

CUT TO:

AT THE KARAOKE STAGE, Kamil has the sword, Don Quixote is on his knees. It looks like a beheading.

DON QUIXOTE

You may commence.

But Kamil can't seem to think of anything to say.

DON QUIXOTE

(looking up at Kamil)

All that is required is to speak of my virtues. And use as many long and meaningful-sounding words as possible.

He bows his head again. Trout GUFFAWS. Big Mike shakes his head, turns away to drink. Then...

KAMIL

Let these be your desires:
To melt and be like a running brook that sings its melody to the night.
To know the pain of too much tenderness. To be wounded by your own understanding of love; And to bleed willingly and joyfully.

Everyone is dumbstruck. Don Quixote chokes back tears.

KAMIL

To wake at dawn with a winged heart and give thanks for another day of loving; To rest at noon hour and meditate love's ecstasy; To return home at eventide with gratitude;

(MORE)

KAMIL (CONT'D)

And then to sleep with a prayer for
the beloved in your heart and a
song of praise on your lips.
Khalil Gibran.

Everyone is STUNNED - even Kamil, whose eyes are moist. Don Quixote leaps to his feet, clasps Kamil in a WEEPY hug.

DON QUIXOTE

I am forever in your debt.

KAMIL

It was my honor.

Don Quixote takes the sword, kisses and sheathes it.

DON QUIXOTE

(still in tears)

I can already feel my love and my
righteous rage becoming unbearable.

(to Kamil)

Prepare a room for my squire. I
must go and contemplate my
disappointment and my pain.
Suffering is essential to success.

Off Kamil's sweet smile

CUT TO:

44 EXT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN, BACK PARKING LOT - NIGHT 44

Don Quixote stands like a sentry - an exhausted, beat-up sentry - against a rotting wooden fence, his back to the motel.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN FRONT PARKING LOT - NIGHT 45

On the highway in front of the motel, a police cruiser goes by slowly, not seeing Rosacea tucked around the side behind a truck.

CUT TO:

46 INT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 46

Sancho is in heaven.

*

QUICK SHOTS as he explores the glorious motel room.

- He opens every drawer, looking for treasure left behind.
- He plays executive, signing his name with the complimentary pen and pushing the button on the old phone to see if he has any messages. How does this thing work?
- He SNIFFS the little bar of cheap soap, inhaling its phony sandalwood aroma.
- He unwraps the paper off of a cup and holds it to the light - spotless. He pours a little water from the tap, takes a sip. It's divine.
- He drags his hand over the bed spread, feeling it's crisp cleanliness. He sits on the bed and sighs. Then he drops back onto his back, feet still on the floor, and smiles contentedly at the ceiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

47 INT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN MOTEL ROOM - LATER 47

Sancho snores quietly on the bed in the position we left him in. O.S. We hear the lock CLICK and the knob TURN. *

A narrow shaft of light falls across the room as the door, O.S., is opened.

Nikki enters and watches over Sancho as Lexi goes through his things. He STIRS and the girls freeze. He resumes his slumber. *

IN THE MESSENGER BAG, there's not much. Half a Powerbar, nail clippers.

Sancho stirs. Nikki leans in to block his view of the theft. *

His eyes pop open.

NIKKI
(covering)
Hey, baby, I, uh--

WHAM! Sancho punches her, knocking her across the room. *

NIKKI
AHHHHH!!

Lexi grabs the only thing she can find - the complimentary ball point pen - and attacks, stabbing Sancho in the leg. *

SANCHO
AGHHH! *

WHAM! He shoves her down and leaps to his feet, fists raised.

The door flies open and Trout is there. He CLICKS on the light. Sancho sees the hookers. *

SANCHO *

Oh, man.

NIKKI

He punched me in the head!

Nikki sits up, CRYING, her lip bleeding.

SANCHO *

Oh, man! I'm sorry. It was dark!

(to Nikki)

Did you need help or something?

WHAM! Trout slams him against the wall violently.

SANCHO *

OW! Come on, man. That one already stabbed me, so we're even, right?! Please don't kill me.

TROUT

You punched my girl!

NIKKI

Trout, stop!

TROUT

Shut up, Nikki!

BIG MIKE (O.S.)

She's right, brah. You might want to think about the other legal issues that come into play here.

Big Mike's in the doorway.

TROUT

Well I gotta do *something* to him.

Big Mike nods, thinks, then grabs the blanket off the bed.

O.S. - AN OVERTURE

CUT TO:

THE SKY.

Over the music, a silhouette sails up into frame in silent SLO-MO, end over end, then falls away again.

BLANKET GANG

(LAUGHTER)

(a beat)

One... two... three!

49 DELETED 49

50 THE KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN BACK PARKING LOT - NIGHT 50

IN THE SKY, Sancho sails into the air again, silently screaming. *

PULL OUT to see we are now looking over the shoulder of Don Quixote, who is sound asleep on his feet next to the fence. In the BG, Sancho's flailing figure sails into the air again. *

SANCHO *

(in the distance)

Ahhhgh!!!

IN THE BACK PARKING LOT, drunks LAUGH and Sancho SCREAMS as he's tossed into the air in the blanket. *

FROM ABOVE, Sancho lands in the blanket. *

SANCHO *

AHHHHH!!!! Come on, man!

BLANKET GANG

One! Two...! Three!

SANCHO *

AGHHH!

He's tossed up again.

ON THE BALCONY, other guests watch. A hot, middle-aged BIKER CHICK films the fun on her phone.

BIKER CHICK

Higher!!

SANCHO *

Boss! Boss! DON QUIXOTE!

51 THE KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN BACK PARKING LOT - NIGHT 51

By the fence, Don Quixote stirs without opening his eyes.

DON QUIXOTE

Sh.

BLANKET GANG

One! Two...

POSSUM CAM POV - we scurry along the top of the fence toward the Great Knight.

SANCHO (O.S.)

Please! They're gonna kill me!!

*

BLANKET GANG

Three!

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho, please.

*

We FREEZE.

DON QUIXOTE

You disturb my ruminations.

We scamper forward as Don Quixote turns toward us.

DON QUIXOTE

What is it that you find so
frightening that you must disturb
me as I--

POSSUM CAM POV as Don Quixote draws his sword with a single, violent gesture and SLASHES, wiping camera with his sword.

CUT TO:

52 THE KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN BACK PARKING LOT - NIGHT 52

The drunks happily roll Sancho around in the blanket.
Everyone LAUGHS except Nikki, who looks away and sees...

*

NIKKI

(pointing)

AHHHHH!!!!

ACROSS THE LOT is Don Quixote, *face covered with blood*, sword held high, the SEVERED HEAD OF A POSSUM held aloft.

DON QUIXOTE

BEHOLD! How fortunate you are to
bear witness to my success!

At the sight of the bloody head, the Blanket Gang forgets all
about Sancho. WHAM! He crashes to the asphalt. *

Don Quixote strides past the gang and Nikki and straight up
to Kamil.

DON QUIXOTE

Though obviously too small to be
the Giant of Andecoria...

IN THE BG, Sancho crawls from the blanket and staggers toward
the moped. He's outta here. *

DON QUIXOTE

Still, he towered over me until I
relieved him of his head, whereupon
his body vanished. No doubt from
some ancient spell.

NEARBY, the battered, WHIMPERING Sancho jumps on Rosacea's
kick-starter. *

Don Quixote extends the head to Kamil. Lexi RETCHES.

DON QUIXOTE

My Lord, take this tribute to the
peerless Lady Dulce De Leche and
say, "The Great Don Quixote of La
Mancha dedicates his victory to
you, peerless lady and captor of
his heart!!" *

He hands Kamil the possum head, turns crisply, and walks
away.

AROUND THE SIDE, Sancho is desperately trying to start the
moped. *

VRRM! The moped starts. Sancho, badly beaten, struggles to
climb on, clearly trying to leave Don Quixote behind, but Don
Quixote gently pulls him off, reaches right past him and
takes the handlebars. *

DON QUIXOTE

Thank you, Sancho. *

He climbs aboard and PUTTERS into the darkness, leaving
Sancho to jump on at the last second and leaving Kamil
holding the bloody possum head. *

Behind him, the Biker Chick dials her phone.

MUSIC CUE: a little something sweet and breezy...

DISSOLVE TO:

53

EXT. TREE OF HOPE - SUNRISE

53

Wildflowers sway in the morning breeze. A bee BUZZES past.
Birds SING.

DON QUIXOTE (O.S.)

It your own fault, Sancho.

*

Don Quixote's hand reaches into frame and plucks a
wildflower.

DON QUIXOTE (O.S.)

Your selfishness brought you this
pain. I should never have given in
to your demands for safety and
comfort. Those things, Sancho, are
more dangerous than a thousand
monsters.

*

*

PULL OUT - they are in a field of wildflowers. Don Quixote,
crusted in dried possum blood, sits like a child, a handful
of flowers in each fist.

Sancho - filthy and bruised and concussed - is only about
half-conscious.

*

DON QUIXOTE

We could have instead spent our
time here, where all good things
happen and all sweetness is made -
in nature.

ON A RUSTY CAN, he drops in the flowers in and stirs with his
finger, takes it to Sancho.

*

DON QUIXOTE

Nature provides us with all we
need. There is a balm, Sancho,
that only knights errant may
employ. Luckily, I have the sacred
formula hidden away in my mind.

*

*

(extending the can)

Behold the Balsam of Fierbras!

IN THE CAN - flower petals, leaves, sticks, a few dead bugs,
a cigarette butt... He LIGHTS Sancho's lighter and holds it
under the can.

*

DON QUIXOTE

It cures any ailment and heals any wound.

The can - and his fingers - begin to SIZZLE.

SANCHO

Aren't you burning your fingers? *

DON QUIXOTE

(yes)

Not at all.

(gritting his teeth)

Besides, the balsam will cure any slight burns I may sustain.

The liquid heats and his fingers cook.

DON QUIXOTE

Done!

He quickly sets the can down, shoves his fingers into his mouth. He blows on them, then takes a gulp of the brew, burning the hell out of his tongue.

DON QUIXOTE

AGHHH!!

He CHOKES and GURGLES and flails around in pain. But after a beat, he stops. He blinks like he's seeing the world for the first time. He looks at his hands, flexes his fingers...

DON QUIXOTE

Oh, sweet elixir...! I can feel the strength of a hundred - no, a thousand - men coursing through me. My every sinew is alive and new.

He leaps to his feet, pretending he's not wobbly and weak and in pain.

DON QUIXOTE

Praise the heavens! Oh, Sancho, we knights errant become callous to the daily miracle of our trade, but this... this is truly the work of God. *

Don Quixote starts LEAPING into the air and WHIPPING his limbs around in a celebration of his newfound energy.

DON QUIXOTE

(leaping about)

Ah-ha! Do you believe now in the
Balsam of Fierbras?!

He attempts a cartwheel and falls over, but he pops right up
and jumps up and down, testing his legs. Sancho watches as
the Great Knight bounds around joyfully, convincing himself
of the power of the elixir. Sancho begins to wonder...

Fuck it. Sancho grabs the can and GULPS.

SANCHO

(grimacing)

Ugh!! Ow. Hot.

He closes his eyes, waits. After a beat, his eyes pop open.

SANCHO

Whoa. I feel something. This is
actually working!

DON QUIXOTE

Did you doubt me?

SANCHO

Well, yeah, but, I actually feel...
(squinting)
Something.

His brow furrows.

SANCHO

Oh, God.

Sancho doubles over as Don Quixote drops to his knees, falls
forward onto this hands.

DON QUIXOTE

(groaning)

It is a powerful balm.

SANCHO

Oh. Oh, no.

Sancho grabs his stomach, stumbles off to puke.

SANCHO

AHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Don Quixote, on hands and knees, TREMBLES and SWEATS,
crawling toward Sancho.

DON QUIXOTE
 (weak as a kitten)
 Do you not feel its restorative
 power?

*

FROM THE DISTANCE, Sancho, in silhouette, staggers around.

*

SANCHO
 AHHHHHH!!! I'm dying. I'm dying.
 I'm dying.

*

He falls over, grabs his belly. Don Quixote leans over
 him...

*

DON QUIXOTE
 I feel mighty as a lion...

*

*

He VOMITS on Sancho, then falls on top of him.

*

VROOM! Cars wipe camera. They are not far from the road.

SUPER WIDE, the idiots are next a busy road, baking in the
 sun.

*

VOICE (O.S.)
 The older one is severely mentally
 ill, with delusional projections
 and extreme narcissism. He's also
 prone to grandiose, violent and
 possibly suicidal impulses.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - DAY

54

ON THE WELCOME MAT, the two black shoes of the Police
 Detective, at the end of very crisp pant legs.

POLICE DETECTIVE (O.S.)
 The younger one, we think, just
 suffers from extremely low
 cognitive function. Which is to
 say, he's not smart.

TILT UP to meet THE POLICE DETECTIVE, standing, reading the
 diagnosis from a little notebook.

*

Janelle, next to HER CAR, nervously thumbs through
 surveillance shots and dash-cam stills of her uncle robbing a
 gas station, Sancho tying up an officer, some bloody
 chickens, the stolen moped, the possum head...

*

JANELLE

Oh my God...

POLICE DETECTIVE

Ever see either of them before?

JANELLE

(nervous)

No. I don't... know them. So, uh, where do you think they are?

POLICE DETECTIVE

Probably still in the area. Last sighting was at the Knighty-Knight Inn on Sixty One. That's where one of the instances of ritual animal sacrifice occurred.

Ritual sacrifice? She looks down the road, visibly upset.

POLICE DETECTIVE

There's no need to worry. We're just making people aware and asking for information. I promise you this - we don't allow this kind of thing in the Parish of St. Bernard.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. HIGHWAY MEDIAN - DAY

55

Don Quixote lies in the weeds - black eye, sunburned and in a crust of puke. He looks dead.

POLICE DETECTIVE(O.S.)

We'll have them off the streets very soon - one way or another.

After a beat, Don Quixote MOANS. Then he rises, clearly in agony.

DON QUIXOTE

Ghah--

(no voice)

Ghood-

(clears his throat violently)

Huuunngh!!! Aghhhh!

Gruhhghghgh...

(fake cheer)

Good morning, Sancho! Do you feel as (grrmhn-hnnnn) as restored as I? This will be a glorious day to--

(MORE)

*

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Sancho?

*

He looks around - Sancho is gone.

*

Half-poisoned, sunburned and beaten, Don Quixote struggles to board and CRANK Rosacea.

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho!!

*

He jumps on the kick starter. His helmet flies off in front of him. As he takes off, he CRUSHES HIS HELMET.

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho?!!

*

CUT TO:

56

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

56

Sancho limps down the shoulder. Don Quixote rides up behind him on Rosacea.

*

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho? Where are you going?

*

SANCHO

(without looking back)

Home.

*

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho!! I beg you - do not disappoint yourself.

*

SANCHO

Oh, that cow's already left the station!

*

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho, I command you to stop!

*

Sancho stops, wheels around on him.

*

SANCHO

(spinning around)

Kevin! My name is Kevin! And if you want me to stay, how about giving me the hundred fifty-five dollars you promised me?

*

*

He extends his hand.

DON QUIXOTE

If you must know, I carry no money.

SANCHO

What?!

DON QUIXOTE

Money is vulgar. Knights Errant are above it. I've never known a of a knight to have a single penny. He is simply given all he needs and desires - silks, ermine, precious oils, Duchies, insulas... If it's treasure you want, I will simply bestow these things upon you as I receive them.

SANCHO

Ermine? Insulas? Those aren't even real things.

Sancho turns back and stomps away. Don Quixote rides around and past him.

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho, stop this insolence!!
(whipping the motorbike)
After him Rosacea!

Don Quixote passes Sancho and turns back to face him. And block his way...

DON QUIXOTE

(I love you)
Please. I am required, by the Code of Chivalry, to have a squire. I need you.

WHUMP! O.S. - a car door SLAMS. Don Quixote looks up, over Sancho's shoulder.

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho, look!
(he does not look)
Do you not see it, glistening in the sun? The most sought after relic in all of knight errantry!

SANCHO

Not listening! And not looking!

He tries to walk past, but Don Quixote grabs him, tugs n his arm as he looks at his imagined prize in the distance.

DON QUIXOTE

It is the Helmet of Mambrino,
surely in the hands of the Thief of
Lapato! This way, my noble squire!
Here is an adventure you do not
want to miss!

Sancho pulls away and walks off. *

Don Quixote has to choose. He chooses helmet. He leans over
the handlebars of the moped and speeds toward something.

DON QUIXOTE

FOR GLORY AND MY SQUIRE!!!

ON Sancho, who flinches when he hears that little tribute,
but doesn't turn around. *

57 EXT. FERDI'S HOUSE - DAY

57

A Ray-Ban-and-Beats-wearing HIPSTER (FERDI), loads things
into the hatchback of A RED NISSAN CUBE in his driveway. In
his hands is a SILVER PUNCH BOWL.

GRRRM! Ferdi looks up just in time to see the lunatic
bearing down on him.

DON QUIXOTE

PREPARE TO PERISH AT MY--

WHANG!! Ferdi whips a golf club from the car and clothes-
lines Don Quixote, wiping him off Rosacea as the punch bowl
lands in the grass.

FERDI

What the hell, jackass?!!

Don Quixote crawls toward the fallen punch bowl.

DON QUIXOTE

The helmet of Mambrino...

WHAM! Ferdi hits Don Quixote again, crushing his shoulder.

DON QUIXOTE

Aghh!

FERDI

Seriously? You're stealing bridal
shower gifts?!

WHAM! This time the club hits him in the ribs, certainly cracking a couple. But the deranged knight continues toward the bowl.

FERDI
(cocking back the club)
You touch it and I swear I'll bash
your brains out!

Don Quixote looks into the man's eyes and contemplates this threat. Or is it an offer?

ALL SOUND FADES [SLO-MO?] as Don Quixote closes his eyes and, with a peaceful smile, reaches for the punch bowl. Ferdi cocks the golf club waaaay back, going for the kill. He's half-way through the swing when--

WHUMP! Sancho flies into frame and takes him to the ground. *

SANCHO
(landing)
OWWW!!! *

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho! *

Don Quixote rises, manages to pull out his sword and swing it around, very near the half-conscious man's face.

DON QUIXOTE
The helmet, Sancho! *

SANCHO
The what? *

Don Quixote points to the bowl. Sancho grabs it. *

Don Quixote hops on Rosacea. This time he waits until Sancho leaps on the back. VROOOM! The dizzy, angry Ferdi crawls toward his phone as the assailants flee. *

DON QUIXOTE
(over his shoulder)
Tell the peerless beauty Lady Dulce-
-AHHH!

As the over-burdened moped BOUNCES and WEAVES off, the punch bowl slides down over Don Quixote's eyes.

DON QUIXOTE
Guide me, Mambrinooooo!

They wobble and weave dangerously into the other lane. HONK! They're nearly hit by an oncoming car.

Sancho reaches around, grabs the handlebars and points the moped down the road. *

BEHIND THEM, Ferdi, still on the ground, films them on his phone.

**** SCENE 58?** EXT. TRAIL HEAD AT HIGHWAY - DAY *

The moped careens off the road, onto a SMALL TRAIL.

HOLD ON THE EMPTY HIGHWAY. After a beat, Janelle's car creeps by, looking for them but not seeing them.

**** Sc 58A?** IN HER CAR, Janelle eases by, looking... *

CUT TO:

58 ~~EXT. TRAIL - DAY~~ 58 *

~~The moped chugs down the trail. Don Quixote is completely blinded by the bowl, Sancho steers from the back.~~ *

~~DON QUIXOTE
(laughs himself silly)~~ *

~~The trail ends at a levee and Sancho swerves the bike to follow it.~~ *

59 EXT. TRAIL - DAY 59 *

Don Quixote is still LAUGHING as they come to a stop.

DON QUIXOTE
Ha-ha! Sancho, my friend! Such fine squirely behavior. Your thoughts were only of me! *

SANCHO
I don't know what I was thinking. *

DON QUIXOTE
The histories will be kind to you.

SANCHO
I don't care about history. I won't even be there to enjoy the story. *

Don Quixote dismounts clumsily, LAUGHING.

DON QUIXOTE

(laughing)

Oh, sweet, simple Sancho, this is the story! Life is a story. And this one is mine. I write the dialogue as I speak and the action as I move.

*

Don Quixote unsheathes his sword, begins pantomiming a SWORD FIGHT.

DON QUIXOTE

This is true of all men. Though few choose to cast themselves as the villain, many choose to be the victim or - worse - a bystander. But in this story, The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha, I am the hero! And, since this is to be a great and unlikely story, I must do great and unlikely things. Only a fool sits still while music plays!

*

(dancing around)

Can you not hear it?

SANCHO

I don't hear anything. It's all in your--

*

Sancho stops, cocks his head.

*

SANCHO

Oh, no.

*

O.S. - the sound of VOICES SINGING A CAPELLA. Sancho can hear them. Sancho grabs his head - is he going as mad as his master?

*

*

SANCHO

No, no, no, no, no...

(sotto)

I can hear it. He's made me crazy...

*

DON QUIXOTE

The voices of angels, Sancho! Knights errant are often lead by angels in this fashion.

*

Sancho turns around to see an opening in the brush, marked with a few very unusual objects. The men follow the voice into the opening, which reveals...

*

60 EXT. MAGICAL CLEARING - DAY

60

Unreal and magical, with saturated colors and wildflowers and bursting with filtered light and bird songs. And also...

A dilapidated wooden structure overhead with a tree growing through it.

IT'S VERY TRIPPY. In the center of the clearing under the wooden structure, is a small table and two chairs. Sancho instinctively sits. *

On the table is a pile of CLOTHES and a MESSENGER BAG *exactly like Sancho's except for the color*. Sancho spills the contents of the bag on the table. The bag contains: two Powerbars, some gummy bears, and iPod & speaker, and a WAD OF BILLS. *

SANCHO *

Whoa.

ON A CHAIR is an IPOD playing the music. Don Quixote examines it, hypnotized by the music coming from it.

Sancho sniffs the Power Bars, WHINING in pleasure. He counts the money. *

SANCHO *

What the...?

Don Quixote continues dancing.

SANCHO *

This-- this is my stuff! But it isn't my stuff. This is-- this is a hundred fifty-five dollars! Exactly how much money I need!
(realizing...)
Whoa. 'Great and unlikely things...'

Sancho, thrilled, begins dancing, too! They dance for a beat, then Don Quixote spies something else on the table-- a notebook. Don Quixote opens it. *

Sancho slips the shoulder bag on.

DON QUIXOTE

(removing the stolen punch bowl from his head)

We are not thieves.

SANCHO

Finders keepers, losers wieners,
that's what I say.

*

Don Quixote is reading the notebook, tears in his wide eyes.
Sancho shuts off the ipod, looks worried.

*

DON QUIXOTE

(reading)

Ode to Lucinda

*Most beautiful creature in the
world.*

*The moment I saw her, I knew she
was my girl.*

*She even said she'd rather die
Than ever do another guy.*

*It was heaven on this rock we call
Earth.*

I was filled with mirth.

*But when I told Ferd
I regretted each word.*

He was my friend.

But then,

He sinned.

Don Quixote is physically moved by the terrible poem.

DON QUIXOTE

What loving heart and learned brain
could concoct such beautiful verse?

CARL (O.S.)

AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

A man, naked save a pair of white briefs, stares at them,
SCREAMING like an animal. This is CARL. He grabs his bag
and WHACKS Sancho in the broken rib with it.

*

SANCHO

OW!

*

CARL

AHHHHH!!!

Don Quixote steps in to intervene.

DON QUIXOTE

Gentle, Poet, please--

CARL

I am no poet!

DON QUIXOTE

Did you not write this poem?

Carl stops and considers this - is he a poet? Nah. WHAM!! Carl PUNCHES him, rips the notebook from his hand throws it into the woods and flees.

SANCHO

What's wrong with him? *

DON QUIXOTE

He is a poet!

(looking after him)

Mad with love... He was sent to me, Sancho, to teach me. To challenge me! To remind me of the very heart of knight errantry. *

O.S. - Tom Waits toy piano from "Innocent when You Dream" as the Don closes his eyes and summons all the pain and beauty he can muster.

DON QUIXOTE (O.S.)

A life without the torture of love is not a life at all.

DISSOLVE TO:

61 EXT. LEVEE - DAY

61

Don Quixote is NAKED, facing the river, standing on his head. His legs swirl to keep balance, making an ACCIDENTAL BALLET before the passing ships and clouds and the shivering trees.

DON QUIXOTE (V.O.)

(hoarse from exhaustion)

I have long been gone from the sight of my lady. Surely, she has been tempted by other men as was his fallen Lucinda. *

He puts his hand on the ground to keep balance as he shakes from exhaustion and hunger.

DON QUIXOTE (V.O.)

Women are not as stable in their thoughts and deeds as men.

WHUMP! He falls over into the dirt.

DON QUIXOTE (V.O.)

I could, of course, return to her and put my suspicions to rest. But it is more heroic to stay here and allow those fears to torment me.

(MORE)

DON QUIXOTE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It will only be more poetic should
I die in the act.

He struggles back to his upside-down posture of penance,
COUCHING. Beaten hungry and exhausted, he looks like hell.
We linger on him, seeing him from all angles like some
strange kinetic sculpture.

TOM WAITS (O.S.)

*It's such a sad old feeling,
The fields are soft and green
It's memories that I'm stealing
But, you're innocent when you dream
When you dream...*

62 EXT. TRAIL - DAY

62

Sancho walks from the clearing, the PUNCH BOWL on his head. *
In one hand is a neatly folded PIECE OF PAPER torn from the
notebook and a small bouquet of HALF-DEAD WILDFLOWERS.

TOM WAITS (O.S.)

You're innocent when you dream.

DON QUIXOTE (O.S.)

Take this map, Sancho, so you may *
find her. With your testimony bear
witness to the depths of my
madness.

(cough, cough)

And take the Helmet of Mambrino.
Though it is unconventional to
allow a squire to don such a relic,
I know it will protect you. Tell
no one where I am.

63 EXT. ROAD - DAY

63

Sancho shuffles down the roadside, bowl-on-head. *

DON QUIXOTE (O.S.)

Nothing will stop you. We are
invincible.

After a beat, Janelle's car pulls up and stops. She leaps
out and charges over to him.

JANELLE

You're Kevin. You line in that
trailer on Mereaux Road, right?

SANCHO *
I don't know.

JANELLE *
You don't now. Okay. Where is he?

JANELLE
My uncle. I saw pictures of you
with him. Shown to me, by the way,
by the police. Now, where is he?

SANCHO *
I can't tell you.

JANELLE
You realize they aren't just after
him, right? They're after you,
too. *

SANCHO *
He says we're unvincible.

JANELLE
He's poisoned you.

SANCHO *
How did yo know about that?

JANELLE
What?

SANCHO *
Nothing...

Janelle takes a breath to calm her frayed nerves.

JANELLE
Okay. I need to take him home.

SANCHO *
He won't go. He won't listen to
you. Or to me - or to anybody.

JANELLE
We'll see. Just take me to him,
please.

SANCHO *
No. I'm his squire. So, I can't
deluge his secrets.

JANELLE
Divulge...

Desperate, she SNATCHES the folded up map and note.

SANCHO

Hey! I'm supposed to deliver that
to the Fearless Lady of the Leche.

*

JANELLE

The milk lady?

He tries to snatch it back. As she runs away from him in a
little circle...

JANELLE

(reading the note)
*"Oh, beauteous maiden,
Pristine in your tower"*

CUT TO:

64 INT. EZ MART - DAY

64

ON BRITTANY, plainer and duller than ever, selling three
condoms to a TRUCK DRIVER.

JANELLE (O.S.)

*"I succumb to your beauty
Your grace and sweet power"*

Brittany scratches her armpit, picks up the Examiner and
gazes at the assorted Kardashians on the cover.

JANELLE (O.S.)

*"Tho the greatest knight errant,
I am unworthy of
The sweet amber nectar
Of your peerless love
So I shall ne'r view your flesh
So supple, so pliant,
'til a Princess I've saved
From a ravaging giant."*

*

CUT TO:

65 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

65

Janelle finishes the note, still playing keep-away.

JANELLE

(reading the note)
*Yours in love everlasting,
The Great and Humble Don Quixote.*

She studies the map to see where it started.

JANELLE

Is this where he is?

Sancho looks away, not answering. She hands the poem and the *
map back.

JANELLE

Go back and, um, tell him that you
gave the poem to, uh, to the woman
he loves. And that she loves him.
Very much. And she hopes to see
him very soon. And tell him she
demands that he stay where he is
and, um, await fate's hand.

Sancho reluctantly nods, folds up the poem, and steps away. *

JANELLE

(after him)

Oh and she wants him not to do
anything stupid, okay?

She turns and looks down the highway...

JANELLE

(sotto)

A princess and a giant...

She steps toward her car.

SANCHO (O.S.)

Excuse me? *

Janelle looks back - Sancho has stopped. *

SANCHO

He's not stupid. *

CUT TO:

66

EXT. LEVEE - DAY

66

Don Quixote remains on his head, stiff as a plank and
trembling with exhaustion. Sancho steps up. *

DON QUIXOTE

(barely audible)

Sancho. This is a marvel indeed. *

He throws himself sideways and THUDS pathetically to the ground. He struggles like a turtle to right himself, so dehydrated he can barely speak.

DON QUIXOTE

The power of my sorrow and my laments is such that - though you must have been gone for days - it feels as though you left only moments ago.

SANCHO

I walked fast. You're getting sunburned.

*

DON QUIXOTE

Yes. My discomfort is exquisite.

Sancho looks at the bruised and aging body, picks up his shirt and extends it to him.

*

DON QUIXOTE

I shall have to remain as God made me for a while. Due to my posture of sorrow, I am unable to move my extremities.

*

Sancho SIGHS.

*

CUT TO:

67 EXT. GOOD NIGHT IN FRONT PARKING LOT - DAY

67

Janelle is in her car, looking at the place and screwing up her courage.

CUT TO:

68 INT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN COVENTRY LOUNGE- DAY

68

Janelle, nearly shaking with fear, has entered. She surveys the motley, dangerous-looking gang. She takes a breath, then...

JANELLE

Excuse me?
(beat)
Excuse me??!!

She holds a large fistful of cash in the air.

CUT TO:

69

EXT. LEVEE - DAY

69

Sancho stuffs one of Don Quixote's arms into a sleeve. *

DON QUIXOTE

I am desperate to hear her words,
Sancho. Tell me every detail. *

(re the shirt)

Ow. Was she not radiant?

SANCHO *

Other arm.

Sancho, also stiff and sore as hell, struggles to stuff Don Quixote into the uncooperative shirt. *

DON QUIXOTE

Did not the light of purity and
goodness shine from her eyes?

The shirt is mostly on, Sancho looks at the underwear. Ugh. *

SANCHO *

Lift up.

DON QUIXOTE

(arching his back...)

Tell me, did she speak my name?

Sancho SIGHS, puts Don Quixote's foot into an underwear leg opening. *

SANCHO *

Yes, she said lots of nice stuff
about you, okay?

Pulling up Don Quixote's underwear is the most awkward moment
of Sancho's life. *

DON QUIXOTE

Take care not to bind my loins,
Sancho. *

SANCHO *

Man, I'm glad nobody's here to see
this.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Greetings!

Don Quixote and Sancho look up from their semi-nude Greco-Roman wrestling position. There before them is... *

A Princess on a divan with a royal entourage.

DOTTY
(as Princess Micomiconia)
Is that the great Don Quixote I
see?

Dotty the bartender is in a Burger King crown with a tablecloth draped around her, carried on an old wooden pallet supported by two lengths of plumbing pipe.

Her Royal Guard is Big Mike and Trout with their jackets on backwards and chip baskets rubber banded across their faces.

Nikki and Lexi are in tablecloth cloaks with dinner-napkin veils. Janelle hangs in the back in a mask made of coasters and a bar towel, making sure not to be recognized.

Sancho's jaw hangs open. *

DON QUIXOTE
My Lady.

Sancho struggles to get Don Quixote to his feet. Don Quixote bows deeply. And can't get up. *

DON QUIXOTE
(still bent over)
I, your highness, am the knight you seek.

SANCHO
It's true! He is! And I'm his squire! *

Don Quixote tries to straighten and can't.

DON QUIXOTE
(whispering)
Sancho? *

Sancho grabs Don Quixote and straightens him. His joints CRACK. His shirt sticks out of his open fly. *

Sancho, in very squirely fashion, sets the Helmet of Mambrino on Don Quixote's head. *

DON QUIXOTE
How, dear lady, may I be of service?

Sancho straightens his master's shirt... *

DOTTY
(as Princess Micomiconia)
Oh, great knight, I am Princess
Micom... icon... ia. Micomiconia.
And I seek a knight to, uh...

She turns to Janelle.

JANELLE
(bowing extravagantly to
hide her face)
Uh, m'lady beseecheseth you to
slaughter a giant that vexes-eth
her lands, which are just past your
home.

Sancho hands Don Quixote his sword. *

DON QUIXOTE
My Lady, would this giant be, by
any chance, the Giant of Andecoria?

Janelle discreetly nods to Dotty.

DOTTY
(as Princess Micomiconia)
That's the one.

SANCHO
(sounding like his Boss)
Oh, sweet fortune! *

Don Quixote draws his sword, holds it high, though in his
ruined state, the weight is difficult to manage.

DON QUIXOTE
Oh, beauteous Lady, I assure you,
no--
(drops to his knees)
Oof. No, I swear to you - that the
foul beast that plagues your lands
will fall prey to this, my mighty
arm!

He can barely hold the trembling sword aloft.

JANELLE
My lady thanks you, oh great
knight.
(mouthing to Dotty)
Let's go.

Don Quixote struggles to get to his feet. The members of the
Grinning Royal Entourage eagerly turn to go.

DON QUIXOTE

Wait!

(to the Princess (Dotty))
Before we embark, I must know your intentions as they relate to my person.

DOTTY

(as Princess Micomiconia)
Uh, I...?

Shit - he's not leaving until she answers, but nobody knows what he's asking.

DON QUIXOTE

Before you answer, you should know that my heart is owned by the peerless Lady Dulce de Leche of Tabasco.

(the entourage stifles
laughs at the name)

Her love is the only thing in this world against which I am powerless. So, though you will certainly find yourself in love with me as a result of my heroic deeds, if you have not fallen so already - I will not ever be free to marry you.

Everyone stifles a laugh. Big Mike SNORTS. The young Dotty looks at the shrivelled, weak, deluded man.

DOTTY

(as Princess Micomiconia)
Well, that's very disappointing.

JANELLE

To the giant!

DON QUIXOTE

(whistles)
Come, Rosacea!

CUT TO Rosacea, grazing peacefully nearby.

CUE THE BRASS BAND MUSIC

CUT TO:

70 EXT. LEVEE - SUNSET

70

It has all come true. Don Quixote, astride Rosacea, the Helmet of Mambrino on his head and his Squire at his side, leads a Princess and her royal entourage half-dancing across the sunset in silhouette, toward the challenge that will cement his place in history and win him the heart of his love.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN HIGHWAY- DUSK

71

The merry band continues toward Danny's House. But, thanks to a PHOTOCCELL and the darkening sky, a sign FLICKERS to life - *the sign for the Knighty-Knight INN.*

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho, do you remember that castle?

*

SANCHO

In my bones. Especially my ribs.

*

Big Mike SNORTS.

DON QUIXOTE

(coughing)

I feel it is my gentlemanly duty to pay a visit to my old friend the lord of that place. It was he who first dubbed me knight.

Several of those friends, in the royal entourage, GIGGLE.

DON QUIXOTE

(weak as a kitten)

I feel rightly obligated to accept any offer my old friend might have by way of a feast or, possibly, a bed...

*

*

JANELLE

No! Your Grace, the giant awaits!

*

*

Sancho sees Don Quixote - drawn, gaunt, pale and trembling - and steps in front of Janelle and over to the Princess.

*

*

SANCHO

Your Highness, Don Quixote hasn't eaten anything or slept - except when he was poisoned - in, like, days.

*

She looks at Janelle.

BIG MIKE

And the men do thirst for beer.

Off Janelle's look

CUT TO:

72 EXT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN FRONT PARKING LOT - EVENING 72

The procession crosses the lot, deposits Rosacea out front, and vanishes into the COVENTRY LOUNGE.

As soon as they're gone, the RED NISSAN CUBE drives by. In the passenger seat is a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. After a beat, the brake lights come on.

73 INT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN COVENTRY LOUNGE - EVENING 73

In the light of the open door, Don Quixote stands in a royal tableaux.

PRINCESS MICOMICONIA

The Great Don Quixote requires a feast!

Kamil grins, jumps up and HUGS Don Quixote. Carl, who was telling his story to Kamil, rips his shirt open.

MOMENTS LATER...

MUSIC plays in the BG as the royal entourage parties on Janelle's dime.

AT THE BAR, Kamil serves drinks.

Sancho shows the royal guards/drunks the bruises on his ribs. Someone hands him a beer and all is forgiven. It hurts when he laughs, but Sancho LAUGHS anyway. *

SANCHO *

I handcuffed them! Two cops, I swear! *

IN A BOOTH, Big Mike flirts with Janelle, who is terrified and intrigued.

BIG MIKE

(to Janelle)

Well, me personally, I count you as badass.

(MORE)

BIG MIKE (CONT'D)

Ain't many people would and could
do what you done. Serious.

Janelle is almost overcome with... what is this feeling? Is she proud of herself? Yes. And that, coupled with Big Mike's attention, is intoxicating.

IN ANOTHER BOOTH, Don Quixote, chilli on his chin, sleeps like a rock. *

AT A TABLE BY THE DOOR, Dotty, seeing Don Quixote out cold, peels off her stupid cape and crown as she brings Carl a drink.

CARL

I'm a poet.

DOTTY

Uh-huh...

Sancho confers with Carl. *

SANCHO

Don Quixote says money is vulgar
and poets and knights and stuff
shouldn't have any. *

Carl isn't moved. Then Sancho shows him the notebook he left behind and a trade is made - the notebook for the \$155.00. *

FERDI (O.S.)

Hey! Jackass! *

FROM THE DOORWAY, a man in a snug, trendy little suit, Ferdi, stomps toward Don Quixote. But as he passes the bar...

CARL

AGHHHHHHHHH!!!

WHUMP!! Carl flies into frame and takes him to the ground. Sancho leaps away. *

WHAM! Carl punches him in the face and chest. WHIFF! A bottle SAILS past his head, almost braining him. It CRASHES O.S.

ON DOTTY, who tosses another, then comes at him.

CARL

FRICKIN'--

CARL/DOTTY

(in unison)

FERDI!

Huh? Carl and Dotty look at one another, then at the man.
The hipster Don Quixote stole the punch bowl from is FERDI.

DOTTY
(to Carl)
How the hell do you know--?

CARL
(looking up)
AHHHHHH!!!!

Carl is looking at

A FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY. It's the BEAUTIFUL WOMAN from
Ferdi's car, in a wedding dress. She, too, is stunned.

CARL
(tugging at his hair in
torment)
AGHHHH!!!!!!

Dotty leaps up, grabs a pool cue.

DOTTY
Lucinda?!

*

Yep - this is LUCINDA.

DOTTY
Oh, yeah - I know who you are. But
do you know who I am? Dotty?
Ferdi's other fiancée?

*

*

LUCINDA/CARL
What?!

*

*

Dotty raises the pool cue... the crowd closes in...

*

DRUNKS/FISHERMEN
Hit her!/Yeah!/Chick fight!

Lucinda recoils...

THUP! The pool cue is caught behind her head. It is in the
hand of Don Quixote, who stands behind her, sword drawn.

DON QUIXOTE
SILENCE!!

He looks around, looks at Dotty, momentarily confused, then
he tosses the pool cue out of frame. We hear it CLATTER to
the floor O.S.

*

*

*

As Don Quixote speaks, Ferdi steps in protectively toward Dotty. *

DON QUIXOTE

In the absence of the Princess, who is surely resting and will be grateful to have missed such behavior, I, Don Quixote, have the sole authority to administer justice and to take a life, which I will gladly do if provoked. *

WHIP! In a flash he has the point of his sword under Lucinda's chin. Everyone GASPS. Ferdi steps back now, bumping right into Big Mike. *

JANELLE

Oh, my god! Uncle Da--!

DON QUIXOTE

(to Lucinda)

YOU!!! *

The room goes completely quiet.

DON QUIXOTE

Are you truly the fair Lucinda? That same damsel who inspired the sublime verse my squire and I encountered in a distant castle of this realm? *

She nods very cautiously - is she? She glances at Carl. *

DON QUIXOTE

Whom, Lucinda, do you love?

Her eyes immediately well with tears. Her lip quivers.

DON QUIXOTE

My sword demands the truth!

LUCINDA

I love Carl.

CARL

Well you have a hell of a way of showing it!

LUCINDA

(re Dotty)

You ghosted me! *

(MORE)

LUCINDA (CONT'D)

We had a 469 day streak going and
you just ghosted me! No text -
nothing! Is this who you left me
for?

*
*
*
*

CARL

What?! I just met her! I left you
for nobody. It was all Ferdi's
idea.

Don Quixote struggles with the heavy sword.

*

DON QUIXOTE

Ow.

FERDI

Hey, I just said--

WHIP! Don Quixote's sword is now at Ferdi's heart. Ferdi
shuts right up. Janelle's about to die of anxiety.

CARL

He said it was a 'test'.

LUCINDA

You thought I needed a test?

CARL

Apparently, you did. You told me
you would kill yourself before you
slept with somebody else! Well?
Why didn't you?

Lucinda, choking back tears, just shrugs. Don Quixote whips
the sword from player to player.

*
*

DON QUIXOTE

(to Carl)

Poet. When you see her now, do you
truly wish her dead?

Carl's eyes brim with tears. He shakes his head.

DON QUIXOTE

Death is an easy peace. But she
chose instead to live, to torture
herself with the knowledge of her
unfaithfulness and of your own.
That is the braver choice.

*
*

Lucinda nods, realizing this is true, somehow.

DON QUIXOTE

And besides, sir--

WHIP! The sword moves up to Ferdi's throat.

DON QUIXOTE
A true villain's in this tale.

Ferdi would run if Big Mike wasn't keeping him in place.

DON QUIXOTE
He must be punished for his lies.

He pushes the sword harder, until it's just about to break the skin...

DOTTY
No!

Don Quixote looks at her and smiles.

DON QUIXOTE
Ah, broken and shamed, yet still she cries out. Such is love.

He lowers the sword and Dotty rushes to Ferdi.

DON QUIXOTE
(to Dotty)
Your happiness is assured, my dear. You will, due to his crimes, ever have the upper hand.

Don Quixote turns to Carl, leads him to Ferdi. *

DON QUIXOTE
Poet, I admire your embrace of love's sweet madness, but reflection is nothing without action. Action is the single measure of a man's life. Your failure is that you ran *from* your enemy rather than *toward* him and, therefore, could never be satisfied. This we must remedy.
(to Ferdi)
You are indeed a villain. However, by sacrificing Lucinda to her true love, honoring this lady--
(gesturing to Dotty)
And allowing the Poet his revenge, you may still be redeemed. *

FERDI
Revenge? *

Don Quixote places Carl face-to-face with Ferdi.

DON QUIXOTE

Poet, exact your vengeance from the
very loins this scoundrel used to
betray the honor of your love.

He gestures grandly to Ferdi's balls. Carl grins.

FERDI

No! Not the loins!

WHAM!! Carl KICKS Ferdi's balls as hard as he can. Ferdi
buckles to the ground.

DON QUIXOTE

Justice is done!! Let us rejoice!!

The place explodes in CHEERS.

Janelle is stunned as Don Quixote is KISSED and HUGGED and
seems, in spite of the punch bowl on his head, like the
sanest man any of them have ever met. Suddenly - she gets
it. A huge smile breaks across her face.

Naturally, a FULL-ON MUSIC VIDEO breaks out.

(NOTE: SONG TO BE REPLACED WITH ONE WE CAN ACTUALLY LICENSE)

O.S. - BAHMP, BAHMP, BAHMP, BAHMP!

GNARLS BARKLEY (LOUD)

*I remember when, I remember,
I remember when I lost my mind*

GNARLS BARKLEY

*There was something so pleasant
about that place
Even your emotions had an echo
In so much space*

Sancho dances with the Nikki.

*

GNARLS BARKLEY

*And when you're out there
Without care,
Yeah, I was out of touch
But it wasn't because I didn't know
enough
I just knew too much*

Carl and Lucinda kiss as she buttons his oft-torn shirt.

GNARLS BARKLEY

Does that make me crazy?

Kamil dances from the back with a fresh crock-pot of food, spinning as he goes.

GNARLS BARKLEY

Does that make me crazy?

Drunks sing together and do a LINE DANCE while eating chili from Dixie cups. Has this feast been choreographed?

GNARLS BARKLEY

Does that make me crazy? Possibly.

Dotty SLAPS a baggie full of ice onto Ferdi's balls. He SMILES.

GNARLS BARKLEY

*And I hope that you are having the
time of your life
But think twice, that's my only
advice*

She SQUEEZES the ice pack. Now he SCREAMS and she SMILES.

GNARLS BARKLEY

*Come on now, who do you, who do
you, who do you, who do you think
you are,
Ha-ha-ha, bless your soul
You really think you're in control*

And Don Quixote, awash in success and the joy of living, begins dancing. And singing.

DON QUIXOTE/GNARLS BARKLEY

*Well, I think you're crazy!
I think you're crazy!
I think you're crazy!
Just like me!*

Everyone in the bar is now part of a spontaneous, ridiculous line dance, singing their hearts out.

Even Janelle dances with Don Quixote and then with Big Mike.

ALL

*My heroes had the heart to lose
their lives out on a limb
And all I remember is thinking, I
want to be like them
(and kick and turn...)
Ever since I was little, ever since
I was little it looked like fun
And it's no coincidence I've come
And I can die when I'm done*

Pure joy. They're too caught up in the moment to notice the HEADLIGHTS sweep through the room as a car pulls into the parking lot.

ALL
Maybe I'm crazy!
Maybe you're crazy!

The room lights up with PULSING RED AND BLUE LIGHT, another strobe in the disco.

ALL
Maybe we're crazy!
Just like me!

Then they realize...

BIG MIKE
COPS! What the hell do they want?

JANELLE
(pointing to her uncle)
Oh, God! Him! They want him!

SANCHO
Oh, crap!

KAMIL
Out the back!

SANCHO
(to Don Quixote)
Come on!

JANELLE
Get him out of here!

DON QUIXOTE
I flee from no man.

GNARLS BARKLEY
Does that make me crazy?!

Kamil grabs Don Quixote, who resists mightily.

DON QUIXOTE
Unhand me!

GNARLS BARKLEY
Does that make me crazy?!

SANCHO
Boss, go! We gotta go! The cops
are here! For real!

*
*

*

*

DON QUIXOTE

(struggling against them)

Ha! You know that I could easily defeat a hundred such corrupt and petty functionaries! They are well known to be portly and weak!

They drag the great knight, literally KICKING AND SCREAMING, out the back door.

GNARLS BARKLEY

*Does that make me crazy?!
Probably...*

The music is shut off as the Police Detective's hard shoes enter the room.

74

EXT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN BACK PARKING LOT - NIGHT

74

They hustle Don Quixote out the door. There's a pile of old cushions and tires and a huge empty dog kennel. They begin stripping him of his armor. *

DON QUIXOTE

Unhand me! Sancho! *

Don Quixote struggles to free himself, but Big Mike holds on. Sancho grabs his sleeve. *

SANCHO

BOSS!! BOSS!! MASTER! *

Don Quixote keeps struggling.

JANELLE (O.S.)

Move!

Janelle shoves her way to him.

JANELLE

Uncle Danny!

(grabbing him)

UNCLE DANNY! LOOK AT ME!

He looks at her with vague confusion...

JANELLE

You're not a knight. You're not Don Quixote. You're not. Your name is Danny Kehoe.

DON QUIXOTE

And you are a lying hag!!

JANELLE

They're going to lock you up!
Please, please, Uncle Danny--

DON QUIXOTE

I AM DON QUIX--

WHAP! Big Mike slaps a huge hand over his mouth. Janelle's about to weep. Sancho steps up. *

SANCHO *

Stop! I can settle this.
(to Don Quixote)
I have one question, your grace -
do you have to pee?

Don Quixote stops and thinks very carefully about this. Everyone else is quite confused, but Sancho knows from Don Quixote's face... *

SANCHO *

And in all of those books, in all of the history, does a knight ever have to take a piss?

Don Quixote looks stricken. Janelle looks at Sancho... *

SANCHO *

(mercy killing)
No. So, if you have to pee?
You're not a knight.

WHAM! Don Quixote punches him in the teeth.

CUT TO:

75

INT. THE KNIGHTY-KNIGHT COVENTRY LOUNGE - NIGHT

75

Dotty steps right in front of the Police Detective to slow him. Everyone else watches nervously.

POLICE DETECTIVE

Where is he?

DOTTY

Where is who?

He steps sideways, she moves with him.

POLICE DETECTIVE

Whatever your relationship to those two men is, know this: civilized men will not sit idly by while any one person puts his desires above his community's or threatens our comfort and safety. Now where is he?

O.S. - WHAM! Something slams shut out back.

CUT TO:

76

EXT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN BACK PARKING LOT - NIGHT

76

A truck sneaks out of the back lot, lights off.

IN THE SIDE LOT, Sancho is driving. He turns...

*

IN THE FRONT LOT, he clicks the lights on and heads toward the road. But

HEADLIGHTS click on in front of them - then FLASHING LIGHTS.

The truck is surrounded by cop cars. Cops leap out with flashlights and guns.

Janelle and the others run up as a cop drops the tailgate to the truck.

JANELLE

Don't shoot him!!!

IN THE REAR OF THE TRUCK is the great Don Quixote of La Mancha, stuffed inside the dog kennel. In the front of his pants is a large wet spot. Janelle bursts into tears.

CUE UP Vic Chestnut's MONKEY IN A ZOO as the Great Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance is dragged in a cage from the bed of the truck.

VIC CHESTNUT

(singing)

I'm chained to the wall...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN QUICK
SHOTS:

77 EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - MORNING 77

Janelle's car pulls into the driveway. Janelle hops out and runs around and opens the other door.

78 EXT. YARD - DAY 78

Rosacea is back, marked down to \$250.00 without the sidecar, secured to the phone pole now with a heavy chain.

79 EXT. EZ-MART PARKING LOT - DAY 79

Sancho stares at the little map Don Quixote drew him. *
THROUGH THE WINDOW he sees Brittany under the ice cream sign and realizes that this was the famed Lady Dulce de Leche. He crumples up the map and tosses it into the trash.

80 INT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT COVENTRY LOUNGE - NIGHT 80

Kamil hangs Don's sword on the wall behind the bar as a trophy. Dotty's behind the bar, serving Ferdi and the hookers and drunks. Nobody dances.

81 EXT. MAGICAL CLEARING - DAY 81

Lucinda and Carl, in not-quite-formal wedding attire, are married by a LONE MAN IN A SUIT. They lift two cups filled with punch from the Helmet of Mambrino, which is back to its ordinary use, too.

82 EXT. OIL PUMP FIELD - DAY 82

The old oil pumps along ploddingly.

83 INT/EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - DAY 83

CLOSE ON a hospital bracelet on a very thin wrist.

PULL OUT to see the wrist belongs to Danny Kehoe, who steps back into the same door Don Quixote once stepped out of.

DISSOLVE TO:

VIC CHESTNUT

(singing)

And when I cry out,
Nobody seems to understand,
Like a monkey in zoo.
And it could happen to you,
You could be in my place...

84 EXT. SANCHO'S TRAILER - DAY 84 *

Sancho is back in his plastic chair, looking at his phone, lonelier than ever. But then... *

A CAR slows down. Two TEEN BOYS hang out the windows.

TEEN BOY #1

(filming with phone)

Hey, Sancho!! *

Sancho looks up - "Sancho"? TEEN BOY #2 points at his phone as the car stops. *

TEEN BOY #2

Gonna post ya!

Teen Boy #3 and Teen Girl #1 hop out.

TEEN BOY #3

Pan-cho!!

TEEN GIRL #1

This is so amazing...

They take their pics and leap back into the car and drive off. Sancho watches them go, then wonders. *

He dials up youtube, types in "Sancho". His eyes go very wide. *

CUT TO:

85 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY 85

Danny sits on the edge of the bed in his pajamas, fidgeting with the hospital bracelet as Janelle enters and begins taking PILL BOTTLES from a bag and setting them on the side table like sentries.

JANELLE

These two you should start now -
it's the antipsychotic and a
sedative.

(MORE)

JANELLE (CONT'D)

The other one you were already taking in the hospital. It's for depression.

She takes his hand.

JANELLE

Remember, you have to take these, okay? It's part of the deal to get the charges reduced and get the house arrest thing. You understand?

She extends the pills and a glass of water. He just stares at the pills, sitting in her hand like tiny bombs.

JANELLE

Uncle Danny?

DANNY KEHOE

Yes. Thank you.

He lifts the pills to his mouth... and takes them.

Then he picks up the remote and CLICKS on the huge TV that has replaced the book shelves.

The window is open, but no smoke is coming in to rescue him this time. He stares at the TV, seemingly happy. Janelle stares too, but she looks miserable.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And so, having never lived, the great knight Don Quixote of La Mancha quietly died.

*
*

After a long beat, Danny's eyes glaze over. He grins at the TV.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The end.

FADE TO BLACK.

IN THE DARK..

VIC CHESTUT

(singing)

I used to be happy
I can't remember those days
But I sold my freedom for free room
and board
Like a monkey in a zoo...

The music begins to fade, too.

Then...

O.S. - WHAM! A door slams.

SANCHO (O.S.)

No.

*

FADE IN:

Sancho has burst into the room.

*

SANCHO

This is no way to end this story.
(bowing to Don Quixote)
M'lord!

*

Danny looks at him, vaguely recognizing him.

JANELLE

No! No, Kevin, get out! You're
not supposed to be within 200 yards
of him!

SANCHO

(ignoring her)
I am a humble squire, seeking a
knight errant to serve, and I won't
settle for no less than the
greatest of all time, The Great Don
Quixote.

*

JANELLE

Don Quixote is gone.

SANCHO

(extending his phone)
No, he's not.

*

He shoves his phone in the somewhat-sedated Danny's face.

CLOSE ON Sancho's phone. From it, CONQUISTADOR MUSIC plays
as we see:

*

"The True History of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote"
over a close-up of Danny, the Helmet of Mambrino on his head.

DON QUIXOTE (ON PHONE)

(auto-tuned voice)

*For my La-la-lady Dulce de Leche!!
For my La-la-lady Dulce de Leche!!*

JANELLE (O.S.)
What the hell...?

It is a NEATLY EDITED VIDEO of:

- 85A EXT. YARD - DAY 85A
HOME SECURITY FOOTAGE of Don Quixote petting the moped on the handlebars and whispering to it.
- 85B EXT. HIGHWAY CHAIN GANG - DAY 85B
DASH CAM VIDEO of Don Quixote 'liberating' the work crew, waving his sword around like a lunatic.
- 85C EXT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN BACK PARKING LOT - NIGHT 85C
JIGGLY CAM FOOTAGE shows Don Quixote holding the possum head.
- DON QUIXOTE
(auto-tuned voice)
For my La-la-lady Dulce de Leche!!
For my La-la-lady Dulce de Leche!!
- 85D EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 85D
DRIVE-BY PHONE VIDEO of him riding Rosacea down the highway with the lance mop.
- 85E EXT. OIL PUMP - DAY 85E
A DASH CAM SHOT of him falling from the oil pump.
- 85F INT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN COVENTRY LOUNGE - NIGHT 85F
INTERVIEW FOOTAGE of Kamil showing off the sword and imitating Don's madness.
- 85G EXT. KNIGHTY-KNIGHT INN FRONT PARKING LOT - EVENING 85G
PHONE PICS of the royal parade, the celebration party

85H EXT. SANCHO'S TRAILER - DAY 85H *

Sancho at home in his chair with the graphic - 'Where is he now?'

86 EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY 86

SANCHO *

One million, two hundred fifty six thousand views! You're famous, boss, just like you said you'd be!

Danny looks up at Sancho, then back down at the screen. *

JANELLE

Uncle Danny, this is just our neighbor, Kevin. He has no idea what he's--

SANCHO *

My name is Sancho! *

(to Danny)

Come on, man. Once you've been amazing, you can't just go back to sitting around all day and you--

(seeing the pill bottles)

What is that?!

JANELLE

(poison)

Medicine.

Sancho looks into Danny's distant eyes and realizes he's too late. *

SANCHO *

Oh, man. No. How could you do that?

JANELLE

I'm trying to save his life.

SANCHO *

Yeah? So was I.

Defeated, he extends his hand to take his phone. But as he does...

CLOSE ON THE PHONE, the next video cues up: "More Fun with Don Quihote" - not even spelled right.

Danny pulls the phone back and watches.

87 EXT. ANYWHERE - DAY 87

A SEQUEL VIDEO, where some idiot dressed as a FALSE QUIXOTE - an even sillier knight errant - fights a PANTOMIME HORSE, flailing around stupidly, using a pool noodle as a sword. And worse...

A FAKE LADY DULCE DE LECHE runs in and gives the fake knight a deeply exaggerated kiss, then starts DRY-HUMPING him. After a beat, Don Quixote pushes her away and starts making out with the horse instead. After another beat, fake Lady Dulce goes around and DRY-HUMPS THE HORSE.

88 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY 88

PAN UP from the phone to Danny Kehoe, his eyes glazed over. Sancho takes the phone, turns to go. *

DON QUIXOTE
(quietly)
Blasphemers...

Sancho's face lights up, he turns, but Danny is slumped against Janelle, only half-conscious. Sancho grabs the door knob... *

Danny cuts him a last, blinking look, then... he sits up.

DON QUIXOTE
Vile, villainous, slanderous
blasphemers...

Sancho turns back. *

SANCHO
Don Quixote? *

Danny begins to stand, wobbling...

DON QUIXOTE
Besmirching the name of the
peerless--

DON QUIXOTE/SANCHO
(in unison)
Dulce de Leche of Tabasco! *

ON Sancho, a huge grin. *

DON QUIXOTE
I expel you, foul toxins!!

Don Quixote heroically SHOVES his fingers down his throat. WRAGHHHHH!!! He valiantly PUKES the pills all over the place, splattering Janelle.

JANELLE

AGHH!!!

SANCHO

YES!!

*

Light fills the Great Knight's eyes and a smile spreads across his face. He turns to Janelle, beaming.

DON QUIXOTE

Gentle nurse, the care you have given me in my illness has been tireless, with a sweetness clearly born of love. My deepest gratitude to you.

He bows to her with real sincerity. She's about to weep. He and Sancho turn to go.

*

JANELLE

Wait.

She stands and faces him very formally.

JANELLE

M'lord? I hope you will return to this castle each evening for, uh, feasting and the rest you assuredly deserve.

She curtsies. He takes her hand and kisses it, and bows.

*

DON QUIXOTE

Gramercy.

*

*

He steps off with Sancho.

*

SANCHO

So, I made you something. I hope you like it.

*

SMASH CUT TO:

Like a steampunk vision, the knight and his squire stand facing each other in MUCH-IMPROVED HOMEMADE ARMOR. It's actually kind of badass. Don Quixote wears a LIFE JACKET, LEATHER WELDING GLOVES, SHIN GUARDS and KNEE PADS.

His helmet is a welding mask adorned with a large FEATHER. Over his shoulder is a leather sheath, from which he pulls... a LARGE MACHETE.

Sancho has a LIFE JACKET and a CATCHER'S MASK. On his head is a BUCKET secured with a BUNGEE CORD. *

Sancho holds his phone up to Don Quixote, using it as a mirror to show the great knight his new attire. Don Quixote is nearly moved to tears. *

DON QUIXOTE

Oh, Sancho. I believe the reason a knight requires a squire is that the world is too mad to be faced alone. Thank you, my friend. *

Sancho, too, could weep. *

AT THE DRIVEWAY, Rosacea is there, all cleaned up, with the sidecar back in place.

DON QUIXOTE

Dapple! How did you get her back?

SANCHO

I have no idea. *

HONK!!! A PICK-UP TRUCK slows down. From the bed of the truck, TEEN GIRL #2 and TEEN GIRL #3 wave to him.

TEEN GIRL #2

Slow down! It's him!

TEEN GIRL #3

Hey, Don Quixote! You're awesome, dude!

Don Quixote and Sancho snap into heroic, book-cover poses. Sancho smiles so big his face might tear. The Teen Girls click pics and videos, then the truck pulls away. *

SANCHO

You see?! I told you! *

DON QUIXOTE

(posing)

Yes. Yes, my fame is indeed great.

SANCHO

Yeah. Mine, too. *

The car zooms off.

DON QUIXOTE

But now, Sancho, our greatest
challenge beckons. We must find
the maker of the lies and
blasphemies against my lady.

*

ZZLLING! Don Quixote draws his machete and raises it.

DON QUIXOTE

That cur shall beg her forgiveness
or suffer the wrath of my blade!

SANCHO

Yes!

*

The warriors climb aboard Rosacea. GRMMM!! the great knight
kick-starts his steed and rides off, with his Squire at his
side, into the sunset.

NARRATOR

*And that is how the Great Don
Quixote, having never lived,
returned from the dead and became
immortal. The End.*

FADE TO BLACK.