

# CUPID

## "Grand Delusions"

### CAST LIST

TREVOR HALE..... JEREMY PIVEN  
DR. CLAIRE ALLEN..... PAULA MARSHALL  
CHAMP TERRACE..... JEFFREY D. SAMS

### GUEST CAST

JACLYN..... MELANIE MOORE  
\*BAR PATRON..... DARWIN HARRIS  
\*ELEGANT MAN (DON QUIXOTE)..... PATRICK FABIAN  
\*WHITE SOX FAN..... PATRICK NEW  
\*INEBRIATED JERK..... TOM LOWELL  
\*HANDSOME MAN (BILL ALLEN)..... BARRY NEWMAN  
\*MONA LOVESONG (MARY JEAN ROLLINS)..... DAPHNE ASHBROOK  
\*MONA'S BOSS..... TONY FITZPATRICK  
\*MR. CLEF..... SEPHUS BOOKER  
\*NURSE (ARMANDO)..... MIKE VIEAU  
ANNOUNCER (V.O.)..... TBD

Taggerty Patrons (NS)  
Young Woman (NS)  
Women (NS)  
Cherry Orchard Patrons (NS)  
Weeping Patient (NS)

# CUPID

## "Grand Delusions"

### SET LIST

#### INTERIORS

TAGGERTY'S

HALLWAY OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S OFFICE  
RECEPTION  
CLAIRE'S OFFICE

CHAMP & TREVOR'S APARTMENT  
LIVING ROOM

CHERRY ORCHARD  
MONA'S DRESSING ROOM

JAZZ DELUXE

CLAIRE'S APARTMENT

PSYCHIATRIC WARD ADMITTING  
PSYCHIATRIC WARD  
DON Q'S ROOM  
HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

#### EXTERIORS

NEAR BODEGA

SEEDY CITY STREET

ALLEY

CHERRY ORCHARD  
BACKSTAGE

CLAIRE'S DONUT SHOP

JAZZ- DELUXE

**CUPID**

"Grand Delusions"

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1 INT. TAGGERTY'S - NIGHT

1

The place is hopping. PEOPLE pour in, stamping the snow off their boots and shaking the cold out of their bones.

CLAIRE and JACLYN sit at the bar. Claire is obviously excited.

CLAIRE

By the time I was seven, I could tell the difference between Holiday Inn and Howard Johnson, just by smell.

TREVOR appears, working frantically to keep up with demand.

JACLYN

They smell different?

TREVOR

What smells different?

JACLYN

Dr. Allen can smell the difference between hotels because of her dad.

TREVOR

He's a bell hop?

CLAIRE

He's a jazz guitarist.

Trevor is not interested. He heads off again.

JACLYN

(slightly smitten by Trevor)  
It's hard to impress a guy whose father established the reign of the Greek Gods and pulled his sister from his head --

CLAIRE

Been boning up on your mythology?

Jaclyn blushes. Trevor's back again, frantically pulling drafts.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

TREVOR

That was Zeus, my grandfather. My father is Mars, God of War.

BAR PATRON

Hey, Buddy? Where's my Alabama Slammer?

TREVOR

Somewhere south of Mobile, I guess.

Claire can tell that Trevor doesn't know what an Alabama Slammer is.

CLAIRE

Quarter ounce of vodka, half ounce Southern Comfort, quarter ounce Amaretto and a teensy splash of Grand Marnier.

TREVOR

How do you know?

CLAIRE

Jazz guitarist, bars, daughter of jazz guitarist...

Trevor refers to his Bartender's Handbook.

TREVOR

(still with book in hand)  
What's in a Flaming Flamingo?

CLAIRE

Grenadine, Creme de Menthe, cointreau, and cognac.

TREVOR

Slippery nipple?

CLAIRE

Anisette, Peppermint schnapps, Bailey's.

TREVOR

That was a "yes or no" question...

And he's gone again.

JACLYN

When will your father be here?

CLAIRE

Tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

And Trevor's back...

TREVOR  
Sex on the Beach?

CLAIRE  
Not tonight, thank you.

TREVOR  
(off his handbook)  
No, I'm back to quizzing you on exotic  
cocktails again.

And Trevor's gone...

JACLYN  
Is he famous?

CLAIRE  
Other players know him but... dad never  
made the big time. Lounges, hotels,  
Wednesday nights in small clubs.

JACLYN  
Was your mom, like, some rabid jazz fan  
who fell in love with him through his  
music?

CLAIRE  
("Oh boy, NO!")  
She gave him a choice between us and his  
guitar when I was thirteen. The guitar  
won.

JACLYN  
(sympathetic)  
Oh, I'm so sorry.

CLAIRE  
What? Oh, no. He was a great dad. He  
wrote all the time, spent a fortune on  
phone calls... sent me gifts from around  
the world. One thing I've always known  
is my father loves me.

Trevor is just coming back again when an ELEGANT MAN  
approaches the bar. He cuts a dashing figure in a flowing  
silk trench coat. He's sexy and yet ethereal, mid 30s.

ELEGANT MAN  
Tankard of Ale, my good man.

(CONTINUED)

[X]  
[X]  
[X]  
[X]  
[X]  
[X]  
[X]  
[X]  
[X]

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

TREVOR

Egad. Forsooth. Verily. Want that with  
a mead chaser?

A WHITE SOX FAN sporting a baseball cap cuts into the bar.

WHITE SOX FAN

Pitcher of margaritas, sport.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (4)

1

ELEGANT MAN

It's customary to doff your hat in the presence of beautiful women.

The White Sox Fan quickly doffs his cap, then wonders why. He moves away. Claire and Jaclyn smile, flattered.

CLAIRE

I'm surprised he knew what "doff" meant!

TREVOR

Doff? He thought you said "boff." He's waiting for you in the back booth.

ELEGANT MAN

It's a graceless age.

[X]

Trevor brandishes a cocktail sword, waves it in the air.

TREVOR

(fake Spanish)

El margarito magnifico del tequila  
horrifico de wormo disgusto.

Suddenly, the Elegant Man grabs Trevor's shirt and pulls him close, gazing at him eye to eye.

ELEGANT MAN

Sancho?

TREVOR

You got me on that one. A Sancho... Is that a Tom Collins made with tequila?

ELEGANT MAN

Sancho, my friend, is it really you? You look good. Have you lost weight?

TREVOR

Been cutting down the carbs.

The Elegant Man KISSES an astounded Trevor sloppily and loudly on both cheeks, embracing him across the bar.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Okay, delightful as that was, we definitely have some kind of misunderstanding happening here...

Claire has started to pick up something here...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (4)

1

ELEGANT MAN

Sancho! My longtime companion --

In the b.g., an INEBRIATED JERK begins to maul a YOUNG WOMAN on the dance floor. She resists him.

TREVOR

Wrong bar, Sport. Rump-Ranger's is down the street.

JACLYN

Oh, I know this story, I know it...

ELEGANT MAN

Are you drunk, Sancho? Have your senses been scrambled by the evil Turks? I am your master!

JACLYN

I've got it! He's Man of La Mancha!

CLAIRE

Don Quixote?

TREVOR

Don Quixote. Inventor of the word "quixotic" -- which means "one taco short of a combination platter."

Don Quixote -- for it is he -- takes Claire's hand and kisses it with a grand flourish.

ELEGANT MAN

I am dazzled by your beauty, madame.

Quixote sees the Young Woman trying to disentangle herself from the jerk, who's pressing his advantage. Quixote moves toward them. Trevor and Claire follow, concerned.

TREVOR

(to Claire)

Reality check. This isn't seventeenth century Spain and I am not Sancho.

CLAIRE

Of course not, you're Cupid, the God of Love.

Quixote TAPS the Inebriated Jerk on the arm.

DON QUIXOTE

I am Don Quixote. Knight errant.

(CONTINUED)



1 CONTINUED: (5)

1

INEBRIATED JERK

Get lost.

DON QUIXOTE

Release her buttocks or feel my prick.

Don Quixote pokes the jerk with his umbrella.

TREVOR

See, now, that kinda talk's just gonna  
cause the guy to take a swing at --

The Jerk takes a swing at Quixote, but he ducks and the punch catches Trevor in the eye. He goes down like a ton of bricks.

BLACK SCREEN

DON QUIXOTE (V.O.)

Sancho? Sancho. Can you hear me?

Run credits.

FADE OUT:

**END TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

2 INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

2

Claire sits at her desk, pen and pad in hand. She's wearing a particularly elegant suit.

DON QUIXOTE (O.S.)  
Thanks for getting me out of that  
dungeon.

CLAIRE  
It was a psychiatric ward.

REVEAL - DON QUIXOTE

perusing Claire's various degrees and honors. He picks up a photo of Claire with a 50ish jazz musician.

DON QUIXOTE  
It was a foul dungeon in which they tried  
to make me recant.  
(proudly)  
They were unsuccessful.  
(then, off photo)  
Who is this noble fellow?

[X]

CLAIRE  
My father.

[X]

[X]

DON QUIXOTE  
He is a musician?

[X]

[X]

CLAIRE  
Yes, but let's stick with you, okay?  
(off his nod)  
Do you remember any particularly  
traumatic childhood incidents?

DON QUIXOTE  
Are all these titles yours?

CLAIRE  
They're degrees.

DON QUIXOTE  
Are you exalted enough to knight me?

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

CLAIRE

Why is being knighted so important to  
you?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

DON QUIXOTE

It is part of my quest.

CLAIRE

Which quest?

DON QUIXOTE

I dream the impossible dream. I run  
where the brave dare not follow. I fight  
for the right --

CLAIRE

I know the rest --

DON QUIXOTE

No matter how hard. This is my quest.

CLAIRE

Don Quixote was a fictional character in  
a novel written by Miguel Cervantes in  
the seventeenth century.

DON QUIXOTE

Many men sing my praises. A knight  
ignores all who flatter him.

CLAIRE

This isn't a feudal empire ruled by a  
cruel tyrant. The Age of Chivalry is  
behind us.

DON QUIXOTE

Chivalry is a code of honor and high  
devotion. It may fade but it can never  
die.

[X]

Claire nods, full of compassion for this sad man.

3 INT. CLAIRE'S RECEPTION - DAY

3

Claire pops her head out to see Jaclyn reading "Don Quixote."

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

CLAIRE  
Is he coming?

JACLYN  
Yes.

(uncomfortably)  
Your editor called.

[X]  
[X]

CLAIRE  
Don't even mention the book.

[X]  
[X]

JACLYN  
He likes chapter one and wants to see  
chapter two.

[X]  
[X]  
[X]

CLAIRE  
Tell him I'm working on it.

[X]  
[X]

JACLYN  
You want me to lie.

[X]  
[X]

CLAIRE  
That's what assistants do, Jaclyn. As  
soon as Trevor gets here, send him in.

[X]  
[X]  
[X]

JACLYN  
Dr. Allen? How can a guy who thinks he's  
Cupid help a guy who thinks he's Don  
Quixote?

[X]

CLAIRE  
In setting up an oppugatory dissonance  
between the perceived ego and a second  
contingent modulatory ego, I hope the  
core delusion will evanesce.

(off Jaclyn's complete, utter  
and despairing  
incomprehension)

Okay: the man who thinks he's Don  
Quixote thinks the man who thinks he's  
Cupid is Sancho Panza. If the man who  
thinks he's Don Quixote can be made to  
think that the man who thinks he's Cupid  
is not Sancho Panza, maybe he'll stop  
thinking he's Don Quixote.

Jaclyn just gapes at her, lost.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
Did my dad call? I was hoping we'd be  
able to get together for dinner.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

JACLYN

Not yet.  
(off suit)  
Fancy, fancy.

CLAIRE

This old thing? Only cost me two weeks  
salary.

Trevor enters. His eye is puffy from the scuffle last night.

TREVOR

Lookin' mighty tasty, Jackie.

Jaclyn knows Trevor's crazy -- but she finds him attractive.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

JACLYN

Ooh, black eye!

TREVOR

Occupational hazard. There's a new lab technician on the second floor. Ignore the fact his name is Melvin.

JACLYN

I probably think I need someone a bit wilder. Crazy, even...

Claire observes the flirtatious exchange, sighs.

CLAIRE

Trevor, I need your help.

Trevor takes a step back, appraising Clare.

TREVOR

Well, lose the suit. You need something softer. Maybe a nice leopard print --

Don Quixote appears at the door. He rushes over and throws his arms around Trevor.

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho! Sing away sorrow! Cast away care!

TREVOR

No kissing! No kisses!

Too late, Don plants another one on him.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)

Dearest Sancho. My goodness, you just keep getting thinner and thinner.

Quixote PLOPS himself in a chair and extends a leg.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)

Remove my boots.

TREVOR

What?

DON QUIXOTE

Do your duty, attend your master.

One look at Claire and Trevor turns tail. Claire follows.

4 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

4

Claire catches Trevor by the jacket, almost setting him back on his ass.

CLAIRE

I need you to persuade Don Quixote --

TREVOR

He's not Don Quixote. He's a nut.

CLAIRE

If you could just persuade him you're not Sancho Panza --

TREVOR

I can't spend my time convincing people I'm not people I'm not. It's hard enough to convince you I'm who I am.

CLAIRE

The thing is, I'd rather not commit him. We found him a bed in a shelter and he's no danger to society.

TREVOR

(off his eye)

Excuse me? I'm not society?

CLAIRE

He has a better chance of recovering if he's out in a real world which constantly challenges his delusion.

TREVOR

If you're trying to draw some parallel between me and Donny Q. in there, it's goin' way over my head.

CLAIRE

Oh, there's a parallel. If this guy doesn't get better, maybe the hospital board will rethink the wisdom of letting my other delusional case run around free.

(off his questioning look)

Oh, yeah. I mean you.

TREVOR

It'd take me about five minutes to persuade those knobs I'm streetworthy. Done it before, I can do it again.

(CONTINUED)



4 CONTINUED:

4

Trevor is just about to step into the stairwell when Quixote appears, followed by a nervous Jaclyn.

JACLYN

I'm sorry, Dr. Allen, but he's really pretty quick on his feet.

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho! Impertinent squire!

Claire takes Jaclyn by the arm...

CLAIRE

(sotto, to Trevor)

Spend just a few minutes with him.

TREVOR

But --

DON QUIXOTE

Friend, I've been lonely without your cheerful companionship.

Claire pulls Jaclyn down the hall.

CLAIRE

Make him understand you aren't Sancho Panza.

JACLYN

See you later, Trevor.

DON QUIXOTE

I need a bath, Sancho. Make the water hot and lather my back.

TREVOR

Y'know, I hereby resign my commission as your assistant. Send my severance check to Taggerty's.

Quixote changes his tack. He is now prevailing on a friend, not ordering around a servant.

DON QUIXOTE

Please, Sancho. I need your help. How else will I find my true love? I need your help.

Trevor looks like a dog who just heard the can opener.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

TREVOR

Excuse me? Did you say "true love"?

DON QUIXOTE

Somewhere in the labyrinth of this city, is a woman whose virtue and simple tenderness will set my world right. I will not be complete without her.

TREVOR

Okay, now there's a mission statement.

DON QUIXOTE

I seek my fair Dulcinea. You are the only man who can help me.

TREVOR

Well, that's a fact, you got me there. It's sort of my calling in life.

Trevor is going to help Don Quixote.

5 INT. CHAMP AND TREVOR'S APARTMENT - DAY

5

Trevor and Quixote enter. CHAMP is meditating while listening to HYPNOTIC music.

DON QUIXOTE

Before meeting my Dulcinea, I must be made a full knight. By a king. Preferably, in a castle.

One of Champ's eyes open.

TREVOR

Well, Don, this is King...  
(grasping, to Champ)  
... King... this is Don.  
(repeating for the fun of it)  
... Don... King.

Trevor smirks at his own joke. Champ shoots him a look. Trevor shrugs. It's the best he could do on the fly.

DON QUIXOTE

King Don King, are you a great power amongst the Moors?

CHAMP

I prefer the term "African American."  
("What is this fresh Hell?")  
Trevor...?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

TREVOR

(to Quixote)

Take a look around, the uh, castle, while I arrange for your knighthood.

Quixote nods and moves out of earshot.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Short version, this guy is bonkers, thinks he's Don Quixote, wants me to help him find his true love, Dulcinea, but first he has to be knighted.

CHAMP

You guys some kind of cuckoo dynamic duo? Cupid and Don Quixote team up to fight crime?

TREVOR

He thinks I'm Sancho Panzò, his trusty footman. You got any idea how aggravating that can be?

CHAMP

(dryly)

Some. Yeah.

TREVOR

All I need is for you to knight him, then we'll go off and get him a date.

CHAMP

Absolutely not. And I want you to stop bringing your crazy friends by the house.

Quixote re-enters, carrying Champ's Student Tony as though it's the Holy Grail.

CHAMP (cont'd)

Careful! That's my Tony.

(Trevor and Champ exchange a glance)

... Student Tony.

DON QUIXOTE

(in awe)

Forgive my earlier doubts. You must be a most excellent king indeed to have garnered such a magnificent prize.

There's no way Champ can turn down someone who appreciates his great accomplishment, so...

6 INT. CHAMP & TREVOR'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (TIME CUT)

6

Champ, feeling slightly ridiculous, sits in the barber chair, a poker in his hand, and curtains draped over his shoulders. Damned if he doesn't look like Titus Andronicus on a good day.

DON QUIXOTE

My lord...

Don Quixote kneels before him.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)

(*sotto*, peremptorily)

Sancho, fetch my robe.

Trevor rips a bath towel off the couch and attaches it with a clip he takes from a bag of chips.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)

(*sotto*, to Trevor)

You are too slow. Don't force me to take my fists to you!

CHAMP

(to Sancho...er...Trevor)

That's right, thou scallion and villain. Attend your master.

TREVOR

A scallion is a small onion... sire.

DON QUIXOTE

As are you, Sancho!

(to Champ)

I am ready, thou Ebony Sovereign Potentate of the dusky Moors!

Champ shoots Trevor a look of chagrin. Trevor indicates that he should get to it. Champ PINCHES the bridge of his nose and closes his eyes, GETTING INTO CHARACTER. Trevor rolls his eyes.

CHAMP

(with great gravity)

Mindful of your prowess on the field and responsive to the wishes of your peers, we are minded to make you a knight. Dost thou swear fealty?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

DON QUIXOTE

I so swear: to ever be true, reverent  
and generous, shield the weak, champion  
the right and be courteous always.

CHAMP

In remembrance of oaths given and  
received.

Champ raises the poker and touches Quixote's shoulders.

CHAMP

I dub thee, Sir Don Quixote, Lord of La  
Mancha.

Champ nods at Trevor, who RAISES a trumpet to his lips and  
lets LOOSE a festive panoply of brassy FART SOUNDS. To Don  
Quixote, it's the best moment of his life so far.

7 INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

7

Claire looks up at a KNOCK to see a tall, HANDSOME MAN. (The  
same man we saw in the photo earlier.) He's not wealthy, but  
has the panache of the cooly uncool jazz musician.

BILL

Excuse me? Is this where I go to get my  
head shrunk?

CLAIRE

No, I think what you need is the witch  
doctor down the hall.

(Claire points)

Stop when you hear chickens squawking.

BILL

Is the witch doctor as cute as you?

Claire can't play along any more. She jumps into her  
father's arms. He hugs her close. They are delighted to see  
each other.

BILL

I brought you something.

(off her joy)

For your collection.

He produces a book of matches from "The Blue Note."

CLAIRE

Le Jazz Meridien!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

BILL

House guitar player got mugged. They called me in. I love New Orleans.

[X]  
[X]

CLAIRE

Can I make you dinner tonight?

BILL

Will your sweetheart be joining us?

CLAIRE

Alex took a job in New York City.

BILL

Well, good, I get you to myself. I have some news about how long I'll be staying in Chicago.

Claire holds her breath. This could be good.

CLAIRE

Don't tell me you got some kind of long term gig? Here in town?

BILL

We'll talk about it at dinner.

Claire puts her latest matchbook in a goldfish bowl full of matchbooks.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

You're going to stay with me, right? Puh-leese...

BILL

Oh, honey, I can get a hotel room.

CLAIRE

Please, dad. We don't get much time together. Please! Please, dad!

BILL

Ah, well, if you're going to play all those tricky, psychological head games on me...

Claire's delighted. She hugs him again and he leaves. She watches after him, a little girl watching after her adored father. A moment later, Jaclyn opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

JACLYN  
Dr. Allen?

CLAIRE  
Yes?

JACLYN  
Your dad's a hottie.

Claire beams. Jaclyn withdraws. Claire is so excited.

8 EXT. NEAR BODEGA - DAY

8

Trevor eats a taco dispiritedly as he and Quixote eyeball the WOMEN who come in and out of the Bodega. Quixote is SUCKING on a Big Gulp, making NOISES which make Trevor want to kill.

QUICK CUTS OF SEVERAL WOMEN

covering the entire gamut in terms of age, looks, and carriage.

TREVOR  
Her?  
(off ANOTHER)  
Her?  
(off ANOTHER)  
Her? (etc.)

END QUICK CUTS.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
Maybe we need a basic prototype. Tall, short, thin, fat, old, young, human, troglodyte. What makes your epee rise?

DON QUIXOTE  
Shush, Sancho.

And he SLURPS his drink again. Trevor shudders.

TREVOR  
Hey, doesn't this chivalric code have something to say about slurping?

DON QUIXOTE  
Each must know his place. I am a great knight; you are a wretched dogsbody.

Don Quixote looks off. He drops his soda pop. Quixote can only point. Trevor looks.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

TREVOR'S POV - A WOMAN

who looks like a streetwalker sashaying down the street.  
This is the stripper MONA LOVESONG, beautiful but tired and  
bored with her work.

DON QUIXOTE (O.S.)  
Dulcinea. My Dulcinea...

TREVOR

winces. Oh, of all the women in the world...

TREVOR  
Are you certain?

DON QUIXOTE  
The grace. The purity The innocence.

TREVOR'S POV - A GORILLA-LIKE MAN

(MONA'S BOSS) appears and makes a lewd joke. Mona responds  
by doing a quick SHIMMY and POUT. The quintessential  
stripper.

[X]  
[X]  
[X]

DON QUIXOTE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
How can you doubt me, Sancho?

TREVOR

tries to accept the reality of his new match.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9 EXT. SEEDY CITY STREET - DAY

9

Mona and her Boss move along the street. Quixote gives chase with Trevor tugging at his sleeves.

TREVOR

No, no, no, don't --

DON QUIXOTE

(shouting)

Dulcinea! Wait, my love!

Naturally, the Woman doesn't even look around. She begins heading down an alley.

TREVOR

You can't be shouting stuff at women on the street.

DON QUIXOTE

A dark alley, a thug, a defenseless virgin...

Quixote makes to go down the alley. Trevor grabs his arm.

TREVOR

Nope. No way. I know God protects children and lunatics but --

Quixote looks at Trevor's hand haughtily. Trevor removes it.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Okay, how about this then -- it is unseemly for a knight to approach his lady unannounced.

DON QUIXOTE

'Tis true. I have forgotten myself.

TREVOR

So, I should make the initial moves.

DON QUIXOTE

Indeed. And shower her with gifts.

TREVOR

Gifts?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

Quixote presses a shiny penny, a gaudy button and a bit of string into Trevor's hand.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
Oh yeah, that's gonna knock her off her feet.

DON QUIXOTE  
Speak to her in a lofty poetic voice.  
Not the rustic grunts of your vulgar peasant forebears.

TREVOR  
Wait here. Don't talk to anyone.

Quixote nods shortly and sits on the curb. Trevor heads down the alley.

10 EXT. ALLEY - DAY 10

Down the trash-strewn alleyway, Trevor sees Mona enter a battered doorway over which a buzzing neon sign reads: "The Cherry Orchard." He tries the door -- it's locked.

He KNOCKS. It creaks open to reveal Mona's Boss.

TREVOR  
Excuse me, the woman who --

Mona's Boss shoves Trevor's head back with a SNAP.

MONA'S BOSS  
Front door. Get lost.

11 INT. THE CHERRY ORCHARD - DAY 11

Trevor and Quixote enter what must be the scuzziest strip bar in Chicago.

TREVOR  
Man, this place is worse than Plato's Retreat. And I'm talking the original.

DON QUIXOTE  
Where did my love agree to meet you?

TREVOR  
Sit down, imbibe a frosty tankard and I'll take care of everything.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Trevor strikes off through the strip joint. He's looking in dark booths and corners of the bar, ignoring the stage, garnering a few GLARES from PATRONS who'd rather remain anonymous.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now, a special treat, in an exclusive engagement, sultry Miss Mona Lovesong...

Behind Trevor, Mona appears on stage, ready to perform her strip act.

DON QUIXOTE

(shouting)

Sancho! SANCHO!

Trevor looks over to see Quixote, already being forced back into his seat by Mona's Boss, pointing at the stage.

ON STAGE - MONA

is well into her act, hanging upside down from a pole by one leg, yawning, the World's Most Bored Stripper.

TREVOR

takes in the sight -- not at all surprised.

QUIXOTE

signals at Trevor to make his approach.

TREVOR

moves toward Vaseline Alley, elbowing his way to the front.

MONA

performs not-so-incredible feats of near-flexibility. She slithers down the pole, hanging there. She is largely ignored by the usually-priapic men in Vaseline Alley.

TREVOR

Excuse me, Ms. Lovesong, is it? Can we chat?

MONA'S BOSS

You wanna talk, flash some green.

Trevor pokes a couple bills into her stockings.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

TREVOR  
(off Quixote)  
That guy over there, he loves you.

MONA  
("So, what's new?")  
Isn't that sweet.

TREVOR  
(off Vaseline Alley)  
Not like these stiffs -- no pun intended.  
We're talking split-level ranch house.  
Golden Retriever puppy. Minivan in the  
driveway.

But she's moved on to a STIFF who is waving a bill at her.  
Trevor snatches the bill from the Stiff.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
Hey, remember me? I work with your wife.  
Are you still working undercover for the  
Vice Squad?

[X]  
[X]  
[X]

Mona dances away from The Stiff. Trevor follows her, holding  
up a bill.

[X]  
[X]

TREVOR (cont'd)  
Can we talk turkey? You don't strike me  
as one of those "I'm-an-artistic-exotic-  
dancer" types. What will it take to go  
out with my friend? Let's play the game:  
Name the president. Jackson? Franklin?  
Grant?  
(digging into pocket)  
I think I have at least four Lincolns --

Mona twirls around the pole, KICKING Trevor in the head. He  
lies on the floor, seeing STARS.

12 INT. CLAIRE'S PLACE - NIGHT

12

Claire and her father sit over the remnants of an all-out  
impress-your-dad feast. Bill is mid-anecdote.

BILL  
... So, all of a sudden, in the middle of  
the set, Don decides we're going to do  
"Take Five." Lenny's forgotten the  
changes, but that big old bass is just  
chunking along... Don looks at Lenny and  
says, "Take it."

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

CLAIRE

Did you know the changes?

BILL

It's "Take Five"! Turned to let Lenny see my fingers, -- next up, he knocked 'em dead.

CLAIRE

Why's everyone expect you to remember?

BILL

Baby. I'm the utility pick-up. The instant team player.

(then)

Maybe I'm getting too old. Today, it's all about soloing, standing out from the crowd instead of being proud to be part of something bigger.

CLAIRE

My dad the commie jazz musician.

(then)

You're getting married again!

BILL

What? No! After three, weddings are just sad.

CLAIRE

You're getting back together with mom?

BILL

Not that I wouldn't jump at the chance but don't you think Wilson --

CLAIRE

Nelson --

BILL

Would object to someone else marrying his wife?

CLAIRE

I dunno, Nelson's quite a jazz fan.

They LAUGH together at poor, unwitting Nelson.

CLAIRE

We had dinner. We had desert. We had coffee. And still you're not telling me your big news.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

BILL  
(hesitates, then...)  
Sweet Sorrow is offering me a gig.

CLAIRE  
That New Orleans label?

BILL  
Not a gig, really. I'd be signing new talent out of the clubs, putting artists together with producers... a straight job.

CLAIRE  
That's wonderful.

BILL  
The wonderful part is, they want me to be based in Chicago.

This is obviously terrific news for Claire. She lights up.

CLAIRE  
You live here? For good?

BILL  
But, you know, I hear Ellis Marsalis is looking for a new guitar player, it'd mean a world tour.

CLAIRE  
You can stay with me until we find a place of your own.

BILL  
I'm thinking -- this job'd give us a chance to make up for...

Claire is touched. This is a dream come true for her.

CLAIRE  
You're gonna love Chicago. And Sweet Sorrow is a really good label.

BILL  
Finest kind, baby doll, a hep, hot, happenin' concern.

And they smile, delighted to be with each other.

13 EXT. THE CHERRY ORCHARD - NIGHT

13

Trevor and Sancho sit on the curb. Trevor holds his eye.

DON QUIXOTE

Did you tell her of the years I've spent  
searching for her? Of my honorable  
heart? Of the great deeds of my past?

TREVOR

I tried to talk history. Only got as far  
as the Lincoln administration.  
(getting up)  
We'll search again tomorrow.

DON QUIXOTE

We most certainly will not. Dulcinea is  
here. Our search is complete.

TREVOR

You know, it's my understanding that a  
lot of these stri -- dancers are lesbian.

DON QUIXOTE

I don't care from which far off island  
she hales. She is my only heart.

TREVOR

You'll freeze out here.

DON QUIXOTE

My love will keep me warm. Be off with  
you, Sancho, good servant. I shall stand  
vigil alone.

Trevor desperately wants to go home. He takes two steps  
away, can't leave the guy. Turns around, exasperated. On  
the wall behind them is a poster of Mona on her pole.

TREVOR

Think about it, Don.  
(off poster)  
Does this look like your woman of "virtue  
and simple tenderness"?

DON QUIXOTE

You know what the problem with the world  
is today?

TREVOR

Mostly that I'm living in it.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

DON QUIXOTE

Everyone sees only what is there. No one sees what could be. No one wants to believe anymore.

This hits Cupid right where he lives. We HEAR the SOUND of the alley door opening. "Mona" emerges, wrapped up in her trenchcoat. Quixote sees her first.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)

(calling out)

Fair lady! A moment!

MONA

Okay, now, back off, I got mace and worse here.

But Quixote goes after her. Trevor SIGHS and follows.

TREVOR

He just wants to talk --

MONA

I'm on stage at eleven tomorrow morning. Bring ten bucks, you get a little jiggle with your chat.

DON QUIXOTE

We'll be here. Tomorrow morning and every morning, with our ten bucks. You dance like foam on the sea.

Mona melts just a little, Quixote is obviously sincere.

MONA

(to Trevor, off Quixote)

He's a lot nicer than you.

DON QUIXOTE

If my manservant was rude to you, say the word, and I'll beat him.

TREVOR

How about I just say I'm sorry?

MONA

I'd go for the beating.

Quixote turns and WHACKS Trevor on the back with his umbrella.

(CONTINUED)



13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

DON QUIXOTE

(*sotto*, to Trevor)

I put no sting in it, Sancho, so count yourself lucky.

(to Mona)

We shall escort you to your villa.

Mona LAUGHS. For a moment, we see her through Quixote's eyes. He offers his arm. She shrugs and takes it. They head off. Trevor hesitates, then follows.

MONA

I've had a few men fight over me, but that's a first -- smacking somebody for barely nothing.

DON QUIXOTE

I would smack the Devil himself for you, Dulcinea.

MONA

What's that? Dulcinea?

TREVOR

(hurriedly)

It's Spanish for "Sweetie-Pie."

DON QUIXOTE

May I rhapsodize over your eyes?

MONA

With most customers I could have flaming walnuts in my eye-sockets and they wouldn't notice.

DON QUIXOTE

Your voice is like honey and cream; like the golden glow on the ocean at sunset.

MONA

You are really adorable, but I got a policy which is I don't date customers.

TREVOR

I'd like to point out --

DON QUIXOTE

Silence, Sancho!

(to Mona)

I am not a customer.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

MONA

No?

DON QUIXOTE

I am your beloved.

Mona LAUGHS, delighted. Trevor's impressed with the old guy. He got game.

14 EXT. CLAIRE'S DONUT SHOP - DAY

14

Claire exits the shop with her coffee and donuts to find Trevor waiting for her.

TRAVELING WITH Trevor and Claire as they head toward her office.

TREVOR

I've been noodling something and it makes no sense.

CLAIRE

Ah, fixating on the popularity of Irish clog dancing again?

TREVOR

Jazz musicians are cool. They live life to the fullest. So the only way a hep cat could have such a stodgy daughter --

CLAIRE

Hep cats aren't famously domestic. My parents split when I was thirteen. My mom raised me.

[X]

[X]

TREVOR

See? That makes sense. Especially if your mother was a nun.

CLAIRE

But we're getting another chance. Dad's been offered a job as a talent spotter for a record company.

TREVOR

Ah, that's too bad, putting the poor guy out to pasture, huh?

CLAIRE

He's been on the road a long time. He's earned this kind of reward.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

CLAIRE (cont'd)

It's not like he has any savings or royalties to fall back on. So this is good. I signed up with an apartment locator service. Plus, I've got a line on a second-hand car for him.

TREVOR

(mocking)

What about insurance?

CLAIRE

He can use my broker.

She realizes he's twigging her. She gets into her car and SLAMS the door; rolls down the window.

[X]  
[X]

CLAIRE (cont'd)

I have a session with the man who believes he's Don Quixote. You'd better have persuaded him you aren't Sancho Panza like I asked.

[X]  
[X]

And she drives off.

[X]

TREVOR

(SHOUTING after the car)

Better. I found his Dulcinea.

[X]

Claire's car SCREECHES to a halt.

[X]

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

15 INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

15

Claire faces Trevor across her desk, angry.

TREVOR

A guy wants to find his lady love. You want me, Cupid, the God of Love, to say "no?" That's just naive.

CLAIRE

Try to follow me on this. THIS IS NOT ABOUT YOU! He is deluded. You are a central figure in that delusion. If you persuade him you are not his loyal servant, the entire delusion will be called into question.

TREVOR

Sounds like it's a little about me...  
(off her SNORT)  
Love heals, baby, it's a fact.

CLAIRE

A psychologically unstable person is not equipped to form a normal loving relationship.

TREVOR

Don't tell me. Tell Lisa Marie Presley.

CLAIRE

If you're not going to help --

TREVOR

Use your usual trick.

[X]

[X]

CLAIRE

Excuse me?

[X]

[X]

TREVOR

You know. Find out his real name. Spring it on him when he least expects it.

[X]

[X]

[X]

[X]

CLAIRE

I'll do that. Because names are very powerful and just because it didn't work on you --

[X]

[X]

[X]

[X]

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

TREVOR

It didn't work on me because my real name  
is Cupid -- though I'll answer to "Eros"  
when I travel in Europe.

[X]

[X]

There's a RAP at the door. They look up to see Quixote  
regarding them.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

DON QUIXOTE

Good morrow.

TREVOR

Great morrow. Finest kind morrow.  
Deluxe, top-of-the-line, red letter  
morrow.

Claire gently moves Trevor towards the door.

CLAIRE

(to Trevor)

Your work here is done. Go find an old  
lady to help across the street.

TREVOR

(sotto, helpfully)

They've got a second date set. Don't  
mess it up.

Claire nods and SHUTS the door on Trevor. She smiles at  
Quixote.

DON QUIXOTE

A thousand pardons, Dr. Allen, but I lost  
track of time. The truth is -- I was  
intoxicated.

CLAIRE

(jotting)

Has alcohol been an issue for you in the  
past?

DON QUIXOTE

Not by wine but by my sweet Dulcinea. I  
found her, thanks to Sancho.

CLAIRE

The man who was just here? His name is  
Trevor Hale. Not Sancho Panza.

DON QUIXOTE

You are mistaken, fair lady.

CLAIRE

This is the woman who kicked Trevor in  
the head?

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho insulted the virgin's virtue.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

CLAIRE

Did she have another name before she answered to Dulcinea?

DON QUIXOTE

In order to dupe the Turks, she works incognito as "Mona Lovesong" at a merry little inn called the Cherry Orchard. She performs there. She dances upon a maypole like a fairy.

Claire has had her fill of delusional types already today.

16 EXT. JAZZ DELUXE - DAY

16

Champ and Trevor approach a hole-in-the-wall jazz purists' shop which probably sees six customers a year.

TREVOR

Is this guru of jazzmatology gonna be able to tell me if Claire's father is a crocodile?

CHAMP

A what?

TREVOR

That's what jazz guys call other jazz guys who are really good.

CHAMP

That'd be an "alligator." And what do you care if he's any good?

TREVOR

Claire figures her old man is going to give up a life of cool jazz and hot women to be a lukewarm talent scout. If he's any kind of big lizard, it won't happen and Claire's heart is swamp bait.

[X]

CHAMP

And you know this from, what -- watching "Man With A Horn"?

TREVOR

The God of Music is my uncle, okay? I'm on the inside track.

[X]

[X]

[X]

CHAMP

So why do you need my guy?

[X]

[X]

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

TREVOR  
Uncle Apollo hates jazz.

[X]  
[X]

CHAMP  
Mr. Clef has an encyclopedic knowledge of  
jazz but he can be a little oblique.

[X]

(CONTINUED)



16 CONTINUED:

16

TREVOR

Oracles are all the same. A straight answer from the one at Delphi? Forget about it.

CHAMP

He's very serious. You gotta treat him with respect.

TREVOR

Okay.

CHAMP

Don't just go "okay." I mean treat him with more respect than -- you know what? Pretend he's a god.

TREVOR

Which god?

CHAMP

A big bad "don't-mess-with-me" thunderbolt throwing god.

And they enter.

17 INT. JAZZ DELUXE - DAY

17

... it's dark in here. And musty.

TREVOR

What'll happen if I ask for a Backstreet Boys album?

CHAMP

Anymore talk like that, I'll just carry you outside and toss you in the street.

(then)

Mr. Clef?

A shape moves from the darkness and solidifies into a Miles Davis like Sphinx, ageless, carved from stone, spooky.

TREVOR

Woah!

CHAMP

Mr. Clef, this is the guy I told you about. Has some questions about a player.

MR. CLEF speaks in a dry whisper. Too cool for the room.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MR. CLEF  
What player?

CHAMP  
Bill Allen. He's a --

MR. CLEF  
Guitar player. Plays a '64 Epiphone  
Regent off a Deluxe.

[X]

TREVOR  
He ever make any records?

MR. CLEF  
Unique voice stands out. Otherwise, join  
the Vienna Boys. Third row, six in --

TREVOR  
Okay, problem here is he doesn't sing.

Champ squeezes Trevor's biceps.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
OOWWW!

MR. CLEF  
Man played with the best -- he played  
with 'em at their worst but he played  
with them. That's a kayo, man. That's a  
gasser.

TREVOR  
Maybe we could go for a "yes" or "no"  
kind of communication --

Champ CLAPS a hand over Trevor's mouth. Champ's strong, too.  
Trevor stops breathing.

MR. CLEF  
The road is all uphill but that's where  
the music lives...

CHAMP  
Thanks, Mr. Clef.  
(pointedly, for Trevor's  
benefit)  
We're finished here.

Champ releases Trevor. Trevor's a little woozy from lack of  
oxygen. Mr. Clef extends a record toward Trevor.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

MR. CLEF  
Fifty dollars.

TREVOR  
Thanks, no, my collection's all in CD  
now.

Champ ELBOWS Trevor. Trevor digs out all the money in his pockets and places it on the counter in front of Mr. Clef.

Mr. Clef withdraws back into the darkness. Even Trevor can't see him.

TREVOR (cont'd)  
(to Champ)  
You ever see his legs? I think there's a  
chance he's half-snake, half-man.

Champ pulls Trevor out of the store, into the daylight.

18 INT. TAGGERTY'S - DAY

18

Champ and Trevor enter. Trevor's looking at the old record album, faded, almost impossible to make out.

TREVOR  
So the snake man says Bill Allen sucks.

CHAMP  
I think he was saying that he's good  
enough to play with the best but not good  
enough to be one of them.

TREVOR  
So he's good?

CHAMP  
Good enough. I think. Maybe.

TREVOR  
I hate oracles.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
Trevor!

REVEAL - AN ANGRY CLAIRE

entering the bar and moving toward Trevor. Champ beats it.

CLAIRE  
A prostitute?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

TREVOR

A stripper. And not everyone can make a hundred fifty an hour messing with people's heads.

CLAIRE

I don't make a hundred and fifty an hour.

TREVOR

I was talking about her.

CLAIRE

You're playing with the emotions of a fragile man. He's not equipped to handle rejection.

TREVOR

Why are you so sure he's going to face rejection?

CLAIRE

You really think you can find a woman who'll fall in love with a man who thinks he's Don Quixote?

Trevor seizes her shoulders and turns her around bodily.

CLAIRE'S POV - QUIXOTE & MONA

are head to head in a corner of the bar, LAUGHING, holding hands, looking for all the world like a sane, normal couple.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Ugly sight, isn't it? Whores and lunatics?

CLAIRE

is obviously surprised by what she's seeing.

CLAIRE

How much did you pay her?

TREVOR

Nope. This is love, not commerce.

Claire moves closer, wanting to hear what they're talking about. She sees that Don Quixote is SINGING to Mona while holding her hand and gazing into her eyes. He's singing a very old Spanish love song which is obviously affecting -- not only to Mona, but to Claire.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

CLAIRE

turns to look at Trevor, who smiles happily. She's flummoxed.

19 INT. CLAIRE'S PLACE - NIGHT

19

Claire sits on the couch, checking her watch, flipping a magazine, obviously waiting for something. There's the SOUND of the KEY in her LOCK. The door opens and Bill enters.

BILL

You waited up?

CLAIRE

I'm too excited to sleep. Did they offer you the job?

BILL

You know, jazz guys. There's a whole lot of improvising off the backbeat without going anywhere near the melody.

CLAIRE

(pointedly)

I know the tendency.

BILL

What they want to know is if they offer me the job, will I take it.

Claire leaps into her father's arms.

BILL (cont'd)

Well, now, wait. You gotta be cool. I told 'em I'd give 'em my answer after I thought about it.

CLAIRE

My dad the cunning negotiator.

(then, off papers)

I got some rental lists we could go over. I was thinking a place not too far from here. We'll eat Sunday breakfasts together.

BILL

I'm bushed. I gotta get some sleep.

CLAIRE

This from a man who hasn't seen daylight in thirty years.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

BILL

I want to be sharp when I see these guys tomorrow. Practice up for the nine to five.

He kisses her on the cheek and heads for bed. As he heads towards the stairs.

CLAIRE

Having you here, Dad. It's gonna be great.

20 EXT. THE CHERRY ORCHARD - NIGHT

20

Quixote is walking Mona down that same alley. They have had a wonderful evening.

MONA

I woulda gone on farther in ballet, y'know, except my mom wouldn't pay for the shoes. You can't get anywhere without the right shoes.

DON QUIXOTE

A crime. A sin against art.

Mona leans forward and pecks Quixote on the cheek.

MONA

You're sweet.

DON QUIXOTE

You fuel my courage against a legion of dragons.

MONA

You gonna fight dragons for me?

DON QUIXOTE

Your aspect is gentle, your lines sublime. You are the lark at my gate, my eternal summer, my silver fountain, my lady sweet and sublime --

MONA'S BOSS (O.S.)

She's none of that, dipwad.

[X]

They turn to see Mona's Boss smoking in the doorway.

DON QUIXOTE

Silence, lout!

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

MONA'S BOSS

She's a third rate stripper in a fifth rate joint. She's about this far from hooking.

Holding his fingers close. As he says this, Mona's entire being shrinks. As far as she's concerned, her boss is absolutely right. Mona's boss grabs her arm and pulls her inside.

DON QUIXOTE

You will rue this day, blackheart!  
Leprous, scabrous oaf!

MONA'S BOSS

Nice talk!  
(to Mona)  
What're you gonna do? Marry him? Give up the life and tend house?

MONA

He's just a customer. He doesn't mean anything to me. Leave him alone.

And they go inside, slamming the door. Quixote throws himself against the door, brandishing his umbrella.

DON QUIXOTE

Open, Loon! You dog-assed pig! You pig-assed dog! I shall thrash your poxy face! Open, I say!

The door opens. Mona's Boss is losing his patience.

MONA'S BOSS

Go away or I'll hurt you.

DON QUIXOTE

Where is my fair Dulcinea?

MONA'S BOSS

She doesn't consort with customers. She doesn't want to see you again.

Quixote pokes Mona's Boss in the ribs with his umbrella.

DON QUIXOTE

I am Don Quixote de la Mancha. Take me to her or we will joust.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2) 20

MONA'S BOSS

(grinning)

I was hoping you'd say that.

And he exits, SLAMMING the door behind him. One head-butt and Quixote and the umbrella go FLYING.

We HEAR the SOUNDS of a brutal beating.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY 21

Claire hands a WEEPING CLIENT a tissue. Jaclyn enters.

JACLYN

Dr. Allen, Cupid...

(Claire shoots her a look)

... Trevor is here to see you.

CLAIRE

I'm with a patient!

Trevor pushes by Jaclyn.

TREVOR

What makes the handle "Trevor Hale" any better than Cupid?

CLAIRE

Because it's a human name instead of an answer on "Classical Jeopardy."

(to Patient)

Excuse me a moment.

The Patient nods as Claire escorts Trevor toward the door.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

I'm with a patient.

TREVOR

Going great too, huh? I can't find DQ.

CLAIRE

Missing Person provided a match this morning. His name is Robert Cunningham.

(then)

Perhaps he spent the night with the lovely Miss Mona Lovesong.

(CONTINUED)



21 CONTINUED:

21

TREVOR

No way. He has this big no-no against pre-marital belly-bumping. Do him good to get a little Canterbury tail but it's against the code.

[X]

CLAIRE

The chivalric code?

TREVOR

Piety, honor, valor, courtesy, chastity, and loyalty. You'll notice that "fun" and "a sense of humor" didn't make the cut.

CLAIRE

Go find him.

TREVOR

Why me?

CLAIRE

Because you had him last.

Trevor picks up something in her tone. He taps the file.

TREVOR

What's Robert Cunningham's problem? I mean, aside from the fact that he thinks he's a fictional Spaniard?

CLAIRE

He lost his wife to a drunken driver.

TREVOR

And that made him bonkers?

CLAIRE

He was the drunk driver.

Even Trevor hasn't got a smart-ass comeback to that.

TREVOR

You want to come?

CLAIRE

I'm with a patient!

She turns back to work. Trevor leaves.

22 INT. BACKSTAGE - THE CHERRY ORCHARD - DAY 22

If possible, it's even dingier than what's out front. Trevor moves down a corridor toward a door with a very worn foil star on it. He KNOCKS.

MONA (O.S.)

Come in.

Trevor pushes his way in.

23 INT. MONA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY 23 [X]

Mona shares the dressing room with a fair amount of bar supplies. She is sitting at her vanity, putting on make-up.

TREVOR

(sarcastically)

I hope they don't test those products on animals.

MONA

Hey, Sancho. I test them on animals every day -- a matinee and three shows.  
(then)

You didn't bring Don with you, didja? [X]

TREVOR

I was kind of hoping you'd tell me where to find him.

MONA

I never said I was any kind of virgin. I never made no promises. I listened to him sing. Had a few laughs. That's it.

TREVOR

You broke it off?

MONA

He's crazy. That puts kind of a crimp in our future.

TREVOR

Sure, he's a little... eccentric -- but that's because he lives to serve all these higher principles, which are embodied in his lady love. That's you.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

MONA

If you check my resume, you won't find  
"higher ideals." You'll find lap  
dancing.

TREVOR

If you could just --

MONA

Listen, Sancho, it's a harsh world out  
there. What's best is no illusions and  
no bull.

TREVOR

My name's not Sancho.

He turns to leave, then something occurs to him.

TREVOR (cont'd)

What's your real name?

Mona, having finished with her garish make-up, turns to  
Trevor, tears in her eyes, looking pained in this unforgiving  
light. She is the epitome of the Painted Woman.

MONA

Baby, they call me Mona Lovesong. And if  
that's what they call me, who am I to  
argue?

Trevor shakes his head and leaves.

Mona turns to regard herself in the mirror again, re-assuming  
the mask of the professional stripper.

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

24 INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD ADMITTING - NIGHT 24

An elevator opens to reveal Trevor. He moves toward a locked door and tries to go through it.

NURSE

Sorry. Psychiatric wards are restricted.

TREVOR

It's okay. I'm a higher power.

NURSE

The only higher power here is an attending psych.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

It's all right, Armando.

Trevor turns to see Claire in full official regalia -- white coat, I.D. tags, clipboard. He is taken aback.

TREVOR

What happened?

CLAIRE

The inevitable. He tilted at a windmill and got hurt.

TREVOR

How bad?

CLAIRE

Cracked ribs, bruises, a few cuts, but he'll mend.

She runs her access card through the reader and they enter the ward.

25 INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - NIGHT 25

Trevor and Claire move down an otherwise deserted corridor.

TREVOR

So you committed him?

CLAIRE

I can't allow him to wander around the city challenging people to duels.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

They arrive at a door. Trevor looks through.

TREVOR'S POV - QUIXOTE

in hospital whites, lies in bed, his arms strapped to his side.

TREVOR (O.S.)  
Why's he strapped?

TREVOR

looks at Claire, his face full of accusation.

CLAIRE  
(sincere empathy)  
Trevor, I know it's painful to see, but  
it's policy. It's just when he's alone.  
There's nothing I can do about it.

26 INT. DON QUIXOTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

-

26

Claire approaches the bed. Quixote lies, his face showing the effects of his beating. Claire undoes one strap while Trevor undoes the other.

DON QUIXOTE  
Dear friends! Save yourselves! The  
Inquisition spares no one.

CLAIRE  
You're in a psychiatric hospital. Not a  
dungeon.

DON QUIXOTE  
(to Trevor)  
Sancho. Flee this place before they lock  
you up too!

Trevor feels a shadow pass over him: that could be the truth.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)  
Did I defeat the Turks?

CLAIRE  
There are no Turks. There is no  
Dulcinea. And your name is Robert  
Cunningham.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

DON QUIXOTE

Madame. I am Don Quixote De La Mancha.  
Governor of The Isle of Barataria --

Though it's difficult at this moment, Claire can't allow herself to be drawn into Don Quixote's delusion. She's kind, but firm.

CLAIRE

No.

TREVOR

Claire...

DON QUIXOTE

Astride my mighty steed, Rocinante, I scatter evil-doers before me. My honor is dearer to me than my life.  
(increasingly upset)  
Tell her, Sancho.

Don Quixote looks helplessly at Trevor. Claire fixes her own clear gaze on him.

CLAIRE

His name is Robert Cunningham. He needs our help. He needs your help.

DON QUIXOTE

I am a virtuous knight and you are my loyal manservant. Tell her, Sancho.

Trevor and Claire exchange, long hard looks. Trevor wants to respond in a way that would make Don happy.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)

Sancho?

TREVOR

(this is very difficult)  
Get well, Robert. Get well.

Trevor exits the room. He can't stand to see Don's pain. Claire squeezes Don's shoulder and gazes into his eyes compassionately.

27 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

27

Claire exits the room, and chases down Trevor who is marching out very deliberately.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

CLAIRE

Trevor, wait.

Trevor spins.

TREVOR

I'm thinking, the guy's heart is broken, he's beat up... so I'm thinking, maybe, just maybe you can wait a couple days before scrambling his eggs.

CLAIRE

We have to take any opportunity we can for a breakthrough.

[X]  
[X]

TREVOR

You said out in the world he has a chance to be useful. Here, he's just gonna sit in the corner and drool.

CLAIRE

Who're we talking about, Trevor?

He is speechless for the moment.

TREVOR

Claire, the great "truth" you want the poor guy to face is that he killed his wife. You honestly think that's better than thinking he's a great knight who rights wrongs wherever he goes?

CLAIRE

Yes.

TREVOR

There's no situation in which a delusion is preferable to what you mortals call "reality"?

CLAIRE

None. And that applies to whatever horror you lived through as well.

TREVOR

Well good luck, Claire. "No delusions" -- That's not a philosophy that's always easy to live by.

Trevor attempts to open the security door. It won't open.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

TREVOR (cont'd)  
Are you going to let me out of here?

(CONTINUED)



27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

The question is loaded for both of them.

CLAIRE

I'd prefer you stayed.

TREVOR

Why? You got an opening in electroshock?  
Double deal? Cupid and Don Quixote?

CLAIRE

If you sit with him, I won't have to  
strap him down again.

Trevor considers a moment, then walks back to Quixote's room. Claire watches him go, then removes her white jacket and uses her card to leave the Psychiatric Ward.

28 INT. DON QUIXOTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

28

Trevor is asleep in the chair. Quixote is wide awake. The door opens and Claire shows in Mona. She approaches the bed. Claire stays over near the door. **(NOTE: THESE GREEN CHANGES MAY BE CONSIDERED AS AN ALTERNATE ENDING. THEREFORE, KEEP BOTH THE YELLOW AND GREEN REVISION PAGES WITH YOUR SCRIPT.)**

[X]  
[X]  
[X]

DON QUIXOTE

Dulcinea. My lovely Dulcinea.

MONA

That name's as good as any, I guess.

Trevor wakes up -- but uncharacteristically decides to stay out of it.

MONA (cont'd)

What'd they do to you?

DON QUIXOTE

You forget, Dulcinea, I am a fighting man.

MONA

And the world's full of bandits and rogues, right?

Quixote nods and kisses Mona's fingers.

DON QUIXOTE

When I am well, we shall be married by the Cardinal of Madrid. We shall return to my vineyards on the Isle of Barataria.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)

We'll sip chilled wine in the olive grove, servants will fetch whatever you desire, and at night, I will come to your chamber and we'll make love and sleep in each others' arms. We will be so happy.

Mona nods, partly caught up in his vision, wishing it were true. Mona looks at Claire for a cue. Claire nods.

MONA

I guess I could love you -- given the world was a different kind of place.

That's good enough for Quixote. He beams with delight.

MONA (cont'd)

But it's not. Guys like you end up in the loony bin. Girls like me end up somewhere worse.

DON QUIXOTE

We can overcome all misfortune.

MONA

I've spent too many years being nothing but a fantasy.

(a big deal)

My name is Mary Jean Rollins. That's who I am underneath all the crap. Just plain old Mary Jean Rollins.

Mona gets up to leave.

MONA (cont'd)

I truly hope you find your Dulcinea out there.

She kisses Quixote on the cheek and heads out the door. Then

--

DON QUIXOTE

Mary Jean.

Trevor is amazed. After an agonizing moment, Mona returns.

DON QUIXOTE (cont'd)

My name... is Robert Cunningham.

[X]

Mona pauses in the doorway. She smiles, then returns to take Don Quixote's hand.

[X]

[X]

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2) 28

Trevor realizes that Claire was right all along. [X]

29 INT. TAGGERTY'S - NIGHT 29

MUSIC OVER as Bill Allen is on stage, playing. He is obviously as happy as a human being can be.

REVEAL - CLAIRE

watching him, full of daughterly love, but still saddened.

Trevor sits down across from her. They exchange looks, then watch Bill play for a few moments. When Claire looks back at the table, the record Trevor got from Mr. Clef is in front of her. She picks it up.

TREVOR

Live at the Blue Note, August 15, 1974.  
Billy Higgins, Ron Carter, Don Cherry,  
Paul Bley... and Bill Allen. [X]

CLAIRE

This is a really rare recording.

TREVOR

It's the apex of his life. That was him  
at the top. As good as it got. I  
thought you should have it.

She's touched. It's a wonderful gift. Bill STOPS playing  
and basks in the audience reaction.

TREVOR (cont'd)

You were right about Don Quixote --  
Robert Cunningham.

CLAIRE

I'm the expert on delusions.

Bill sits down with them.

BILL

How was I?

Claire kisses her father.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

CLAIRE

Brilliant... as always.

BILL

I checked out that list of apartments you put together for me.

CLAIRE

Anything you like?

BILL

There was one on Division Street. Close enough for Sunday breakfasts.

Never was a man more disinterested by apartments.

CLAIRE

You're going to take the job?

BILL

Abso-damn-lutely. You and me got a lot of years to make up. Your dad the... father.

CLAIRE

It's just... I was watching you just now.  
(then)  
You're a player, dad.

BILL

Honey, I got no records, no one records my music. There are no royalties coming in. I'm a journeyman.

Claire produces the record album Trevor gave her. Bill WHISTLES in admiration.

CLAIRE

Pretty good company you're in. Legends.

BILL

Guys like that. They make you sound better than you are.

CLAIRE

My dad the working musician. My dad the road warrior. My dad the jazzman.

BILL

(hopefully)

Are you making a point?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

This is a very difficult decision for Claire.

CLAIRE

I don't think you're a talent scout or a liaison.

(off record)

I think you're one of them.

Bill looks at her, the weight of the world off his shoulders. He kisses her. She can see it in him already. He's overjoyed at the thought of going back on the road.

BILL

(off stage)

I'm just gonna. I gotta --

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Yeah. My dad the demon-fingers.

He heads for the stage again. Claire knows she's doing the right thing -- but not the sensible thing. It's very bittersweet for her, joyous for him.

TREVOR

I guess when it comes to quashing delusions, it's do as I say, not as I do.

CLAIRE

I am getting rid of delusions, Trevor.

(long, long pause)

I'm getting rid of my own.

ANGLE - ON STAGE

BILL

This is an original. It's called "Breakfast With Claire."

He starts PLAYING the song. Claire is touched.

CLAIRE

It's nice, isn't it?

TREVOR

Yeah.

(looking at Claire)

Beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

29

Bill nods at Claire from the stage. She smiles back. They beam at each other, two crazy people doing precisely the wrong thing.

FADE OUT:

**THE END**