

Don Juan DeMarco

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE – DAY

A NURSE approaches the office door with DON JUAN DEMARCO. She has clearly become enamored of her charge after only 90 second's acquaintance. Such is his power.....

DON JUAN

This is very kind of you to show me the way.

She manages to KNOCK on the door and gape lovingly at the same time.

DR. MICKLER

Yeah? Come in!

She opens the door and escorts Don Juan inside.

NURSE

Doctor, Mickler? Dr. Mickler, I've brought Mr. Juan is here for his appointment.

They enter.

DR. MICKLER

Oh, ah, OK.....

NURSE

I can come back in an hour to escort him out.....

DR. MICKLER

Oh, no, it's really not.....

NURSE

No, no, I have a break coming up in an hour.....

DR. MICKLER

That's not necessary, Nurse.....

NURSE

It's really no trouble! I'll be coming right by this door anyway, and I can just come and.....

DR. MICKLER

Thank you, Nurse. Thank you.....

She exits reluctantly and they face each other.

DR. MICKLER

What are you doing to these girls? Gosh almighty!

DON JUAN

Your people have taken my mask, Don Octavio. They have no right to do that. I never remove my mask in public. Do you know the consequences of this?

DR. MICKLER

Not fully, but.....

DON JUAN

Well, I will be cursed.

DR. MICKLER

.....I can understand how it could be upsetting.....

DON JUAN

Think how you would feel if you were made to take off this mask you were wearing.

DR. MICKLER

Oh, our masks really get us in Dutch, don't they? How long have you been wearing yours?

DON JUAN

Since I was 16. I placed the mask over my face and vowed never to remove it. On the day I left my mother, the dark beauty, Dona Inez.

DR. MICKLER

I have some pills here, and I'd like you to take them. I think they'll help.

DON JUAN

Pills to stop delusions? Then I am afraid we must take these pills together, because you are severely deluded.

DR. MICKLER

What delusions have I got?

DON JUAN

This fantasy that you are some Dr. Mickler.
I am very disappointed in you, Don Octavio.

DR. MICKLER

Here's the drill. They can make you take the medication. That's state law. You're on what they call a 10-day paper, and for those ten days they can do whatever they think is appropriate.

DON JUAN

I am not deluded. I am Don Juan, and if you will not medicate me for these ten days, I will prove it to you.

DR. MICKLER

What if I don't believe you're Don Juan?

DON JUAN

Then I will take your medication, and you may commit me for as long as you like. Do we have an agreement? Do I have these ten days to tell you my story?

DR. MICKLER

OK.

DON JUAN

Very well. I was born in Mexico. It became evident from a very early age that there was something different about me. I myself slowly began to realize that my play was not like that of the other boys. By the time I was 10, the attraction that females had for me was becoming of some concern to my mother. She presented me to God, and asked the Lord to save me before it was too late. Apparently, it was too late. The lessons I learned in church were not without value, however. By the time I was 12, I understood the obligation the Lord spoke of to share one's blessings with those less fortunate. One night I watched Dona Querida at the window in her slip, and noticed for the first time how a woman's underclothing

barely touches her skin. How it rides on a cushion of air as she moves. How the silk floats about her body, brushing her flesh like an angel's wings, and I understood how a woman must be touched.

DR. MICKLER

Are you Italian, Mexican or Spanish?

DON JUAN

That is all you have to say? You want to know my nationality?

DR. MICKLER

Your name is DeMarco. That's Italian. You were brought up in Mexico, and when you speak English, you speak it with a Castilian accent.

DON JUAN

Well, my accent has been colored by my many travels. Very well. I will answer your question. I was raised in Mexico. My father was born in Queens. His name was Tony DeMarco. He was the dance king of Astoria.

DR. MICKLER

Really? Your father was a dance king here in New York City in Astoria?

DON JUAN

Si. My father had come to Mexico to work for a pharmaceutical company. He had just gotten off the bus and was walking to a nearby hacienda to inquire about renting a room when he first saw my mother. Both her parents were killed by a sickness. My mother was younger and stronger and survived. She took over their plantation, sitting in the sunlight on the veranda. With the bright rays lighting her hair, she was a vision so beautiful that at first my father could not believe his eyes. It was love at first sight. They held each other, kissing and touching, dancing until morning.

DR. MICKLER

I thought you said your mother was standing
in the sunlight.

DON JUAN

That's my father's story. My mother says it was
at night. They were married the next week. My
father took the name Don Antonio, and became
El Patron, running the coffee plantation. Their
love was like a perfect prayer. Even God could
not deny it. I was born exactly nine months later.

Dr. Mickler nods sagely, then rises and goes to a cabinet. He pulls a poster-sized inkblot
from behind it and places it on an easel.

DR. MICKLER

That's very interesting. Listen, I wonder if you
wouldn't mind telling me what you see in some
of these pictures.

Don Juan considers carefully for a moment, then speaks with assurance.

DON JUAN

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

Dr. Mickler places another highly sexualized inkblot on the easel, considers it a moment,
then removes it.

DR. MICKLER

Why don't we move on to something else.

DON JUAN

What do you have in mind, Don Octavio?

DR. MICKLER

What don't we talk about who I am?

DON JUAN

Yes, I know who you are.

DR. MICKLER

Who?

DON JUAN

You are Don Octavio de Flores, the uncle of Don Francisco de Silva.

DR. MICKLER

Where are we?

DON JUAN

Well, I haven't seen a deed, but I assume this villa is yours.

DR. MICKLER

What would you say to someone who said to you that this is a psychiatric hospital, that you're a patient here, and that I am your psychiatrist?

DON JUAN

I would say that that is a rather limited and uncreative way of looking at the situation. Look, you want to know if I understand that this is a mental hospital. Yes, I understand that. But then how can I say that you are Don Octavio, and I am a guest at your villa, correct? By seeing beyond what is visible to the eye. Now there are those, of course, who do not share my perceptions, it's true. When I say that all my women are dazzling beauties, they object. The nose of this one is too large, the hips of another, they are too wide, the breasts of a third, they are too small. But I see these women for how they truly are. Glorious. Radiant. Spectacular. And perfect. Because I am not limited by my eyesight. Women react to me the way that they do, Don Octavio, because they sense that I search out the beauty within them, until it overwhelms everything else. And then they cannot avoid their desire to release that beauty and envelop me in it. So to answer your question, I see as clear as day that this great edifice in which we find ourselves is your villa, it's your home. And as for you, Don Octavio de Flores, you are a great lover like myself, even though you may have lost your way. And your accent. Shall I continue?

DR. MICKLER

Yeah.

DON JUAN

Very well. Back to Mexico. My mother, God bless her, does not give up easily. When I was 16, she made one last attempt to instill Christian values in me, by finding me a tutor. My mother's judgment left something to be desired. Dona Julia was 23 and married; the faithful and devoted wife of Don Alfonso, a man of 50. It was no secret that Dona Julia would have been much better served by two men of 25. My feelings consumed me day and night. I felt within me a torment, a burning wound, a yearning, combined with the most indescribable bliss. What was it?

DR. MICKLER

You had no idea what it was?

DON JUAN

Well, I had an idea, but nothing definite. My father, understanding that manhood was nearly upon me, began to teach me how to use my sword.

DR. MICKLER

So there was a lot of sword fighting going on when you were growing up?

DON JUAN

Well, it was a small and isolated town that resisted modern technology. I noticed that the smile on Dona Julia's face was gone, replaced by a sadness even sweeter than the smile. I sensed that Dona Julia was having a struggle within her, and my own situation was becoming no less difficult. I could only think of Dona Julia. To keep myself from going mad, I turned into a metaphysician. I considered the meaning of truth, of being, and God. I thought of the timetable for the sun's demise, and then, I thought of Dona Julia's eyes. One night, I conspired to be alone with her by the river bank. Every time I kissed her, she said "I never will consent." Once. Twice. The third time.....

DR. MICKLER

She consented.

DON JUAN

She did. Then, suddenly, I was hit with a revelation. The way a woman's body is made, the way a man's body responds to it, the fire burning in my loins, the intense desire to merge as one, it all came together in one brilliant flash. There are only four questions of value in life, Don Octavio. What is sacred? Of what is the spirit made? What is worth living for? And what is worth dying for? The answer to each is the same. Only love.

EXT. PARK – DAY

Don Juan speaks to the audience.

DON JUAN

I was born in Queens. Me and my parents moved to Phoenix when I was a kid. I hated it. When I was 16, my father was killed in a car accident just outside of town. My mother, she'd been having these affairs, and my father knew....anyway, she felt so guilty she decided to become a nun, so within three weeks of my father's death, she was in a convent somewhere in Mexico. And there I was. I didn't know where to go, I didn't know what to do. So one day I was looking at this magazine, and there was this centerfold. I knew she wouldn't go for me the way that I was. I'd been reading a book, this book, and I decided to become Don Juan. So I called up the magazine, and they wouldn't help me, they wouldn't give me any information, and I was about to give up, and one day I reached this woman who worked there, I think she was a temp or something. The woman took pity on me and she gave me the girl's number. So I called her up, and said that we were meant to be together, and she called me a creep and then she hung up. I just decided that my life was over, and I was gonna kill myself, or at least I was gonna make people believe that I would kill myself so that I could get some attention or something. I never really had any intention of killing myself.