

The Man Who Killed Don Quixote

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HanWay
F I L M S

24 Hanway Street, London W1T 1UH

Telephone +44(0)20 7290 0750 Fax +44(0)20 7290 0751

Email info@hanwayfilms.com Website www.hanwayfilms.com

NOT TO BE DUPLICATED

The Man Who Killed Don Quixote

**Director
&Writer:**

Terry Gilliam

Imaginarium of Dr. Parnassus
Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas
Twelve Monkeys
The Fisher King

Writer:

Tony Grisoni

Red Riding
In This World
Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas

Producer:

Jeremy Thomas

The Dreamers
Sexy Beast
The Last Emperor

The Man Who Killed Don Quixote

From the unique mind of Terry Gilliam comes his most anticipated film. 'Don Quixote' leaps into life in this bold and highspirited comedy.

Don Quixote. Eternal optimist. Madman. Knight. A noble soul who never lets truth get in the way of a great story.

Toby. Frustrated young filmmaker turned unwitting sidekick. Mistaken for Sancho Panza, Toby is charmed into the old man's eternal quest for his lost lady-love.

As their adventures across Spain veer from the sublime to the ridiculous, Quixote reveals himself as a delusional idealist. Yet could he be the real knight of legend?

Torn between reality and fantasy, Toby must charge headlong into his own imagination.

Don Quixote rides again.

The Man Who Killed Don Quixote

Background

In the latest twist in one of the most remarkable stories in cinema history, Terry Gilliam's legendary lost film *The Man Who Killed Don Quixote* has been brought back to life.

The film has become a saga as epic as Cervantes' 17th-Century classic on which it is based. A decade ago, the original shoot suffered a series of misfortunes captured in the documentary *Lost In La Mancha*, which became a hit in its own right.

Gilliam, former Monty Python star and maverick director of *Brazil*, *Twelve Monkeys* and *The Fisher King*, has teamed with Jeremy Thomas to bring his iconoclastic vision of Don Quixote to life. Original screenwriter Tony Grisoni (*Red Riding Trilogy*, *In This World*, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*) has worked with Gilliam to re-imagine the famous adventures of the idealistic Spanish knight.

This is a completely new take on the film, which will shoot in new locations in Spain.

THE MAN WHO KILLED DON QUIXOTE

By

Tony Grisoni and Terry Gilliam

17th March, 2010

**Recorded Picture Company Ltd.
24 Hanway Street
London W1T 1UH
Tel: +20 7636 2251
Fax: +20 7636 2261
e-mail: rpc@recordedpicture.com**

Academy frame. Black and white. LYRICAL.

Struggling to stay upright in the saddle of his emaciated horse, ROSINANTE, DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA - gaunt, aged, a mad gleam in his eyes - is dying from thirst in the Spanish desert. The arid landscape shimmers in the heat. Behind him on a donkey is SANCHO PANZA. A sweaty, miserable peasant.

No words. Only image and a magical score.

The old man stares into the haze and sees:

A beautiful young girl approaches. ANGELICA. She carries a bowl of sparkling water.

ANGELICA reaches up to DON QUIXOTE and offers the bowl of fresh water to his parched lips...

WHOOSH!

A great shadow swoops across DON QUIXOTE and ANGELICA like a black wing.

WHOOSH!

Again the shadow rushes across their terrified faces.

WHOOSH!

The screen widens to...

WHOOSH! The sails of an ancient stone windmill spin past. NOW IN COLOUR.

A FAKE, TOO-POLISHED DON QUIXOTE with his battered shaving bowl tied to his head.

FAKE QUIXOTE

I am Don Quixote de La Mancha! Stand
your ground, foul and fearsome
multinational giant!

QUIXOTE astride his bony horse ROSINANTE, lance in his hand. Next to him on a donkey is a colourful version of his fat partner, SANCHO PANZA.

SANCHO PANZA

But, Don Quixote, it's not a giant,
it's just a windmill!

FAKE QUIXOTE

Stand aside, Sancho!

Quixote lowers his lance and charges the windmill.

The lance impales the sail and Quixote is wrenched from Rosinante. He spins high in the air - hooked on the revolving sail. Halfway through its arc, the sail grinds to a halt leaving Quixote dangling.

A SPANISH PROP MAN's head pops out from behind the roof of the windmill. A stream of frenetic Spanish.

SUBTITLE: **'There's something wrong with the crank!'**

EFFECTS SUPERVISOR
Speak English, for Christsake!

SPANISH PROP MAN
OK! OK! Ees sumtheen wrong weeth thee crank! I theenk she is jam!

FAKE QUIXOTE
Get me the fuck down, would you, Sweetie!

The director, TOBY, covers his despair with grim irony.

TOBY
And cut right there. Good work.

SEVERAL TECHNICIANS clamber out the windmill in an effort to help QUIXOTE down.

We are in the middle of a commercial shoot for POWERGRID. The CREW whip out mobile phones - jabber away while dealing with the problem of getting the actor off the sail to reset for another take. Tension and unhappiness permeates the team.

TOBY'S mobile phone rings on cue. He snaps it open.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Speak! Toby listens.

TOBY nervously flicks a set of worry beads. Catches them in his palm. RUPERT, his personal masseur and guru, massages his shoulders.

TOBY (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
What don't you understand, you cretin?! I said I want laughing, smiling, happy clappy people! White, black, yellow, green, I don't give a fuck - so long as the ratio is right!

He slams the phone shut.

RUPERT

Oooh! Oh! Toby! What's this I feel!
What is it?!

TOBY

I don't know, Rupert, what is it?

RUPERT

A little hard grain needing to be worn
down - turned to dust - blown away on
the wind...

The furious English PRODUCER storms in, shouting.

PRODUCER

How many more times are we going to
have to do this?!

EFFECTS SUPERVISOR

It's the Spanish. They can't handle
anything complicated.

TOBY

(slapping the Supervisor
with an imaginary glove)
I disagree strongly. Racist cur!

RUPERT chases after TOBY, who jumps into the palm of a
giant's hand - a prop. Beside it are two giants' heads.

PRODUCER

Toby, we're sinking. We're not going
to make it!

The PRODUCER joins TOBY in the hand. It rocks like a
boat. RUPERT continues TOBY's massage.

TOBY

I want to drop some of these shots
anyhow.

PRODUCER

Drop some shots?! But why?

TOBY

Because it isn't working. Because I'm
not happy. Because the whole concept
is ridiculous.

RUPERT

Because we become what we hold on
to...

PRODUCER

But it was your concept! It was your
idea to come to Spain!

TOBY sees a dark-skinned GYPSY in a hat watching them from a way off.

TOBY

I know. The smell, the sweat, the disease-ravaged faces, the endless bowel movements, the real España...

PRODUCER

Well, then.

TOBY

I was wrong.

Toby punches PLAY on a ghetto blaster. The hard edgy rhythm of Wolf Parade's "It's A Curse" blasts forth.

RUPERT

Good, Toby! Good!

TOBY

(shouting to a young blonde PA)

Sarah! A moment.

PRODUCER

Toby, please!

TOBY hops off the hand. It lurches and the PRODUCER is thrown.

TOBY

(all brightness and light)

Sarah! How's it going?

MELISSA

Melissa...

TOBY

Melissa...

(of course it is)

TOBY snakes his arm around her waist, whispers in her ear.

MELISSA

I can't.

TOBY

You can. You must. You shall.

She weakens, and with her in tow, TOBY dances away to the beat of the song.

The GYPSY watches.

TITLE:

THE MAN WHO KILLED DON QUIXOTE

"IT'S A CURSE" continues playing over and into the next scene...

3

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - EVENING

3

A Spanish musical group plays. WAITERS in sleek Spanish costumes serve.

A long dining table full of AGENCY AND PRODUCTION COMPANY PEOPLE: studying the menu, pushing storyboards and shot-lists around, eating, jabbering into mobile phones. Panic and suspicion reigns all around.

TOBY sits there, miserable, toying with his worry beads. Next to him is a discreetly clinging MELISSA. RUPERT is beside them.

JUNIOR CREATIVE

I've got it. What if we do the giant on computers back in London?

PRODUCER

Good idea, now we've spent so much bringing everyone out here...

CLIENT REP

Frankly I'm a little worried about the negative connotations. I mean, Powergrid as a marauding multinational giant?

PRODUCER

We've been through this a million times. It's the world through Quixote's eyes; distorted - like in the book.

CLIENT REP

There's a book?! Do we have the rights?

Suddenly, TOBY violently grabs a WAITER - thrusts his bottle of mineral water into his face.

TOBY

Hey! You've tampered with this, haven't you!? Listen to me, you bastard, anything happens to me and I'll come back and shit right on your chest. Now get me a fresh one! Jesus!

Everyone stares at TOBY. An awkward silence. He's clearly in danger of losing it. TOBY grins with charm.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Listen, you don't really need me here
for this, do you...

PRODUCER
(falsely bright)
Of course we need you! Don't we,
everyone?

RUPERT
Of course we do! We all need you here,
Toby!

TOBY leans close to the PRODUCER.

TOBY
You don't, you know. You really don't.

PRODUCER
(deadly)
You're not going anywhere. This is
your "epic vision". You're the genius.

TOBY
Well, fuck you too.

RUPERT jumps up, breaking the tension.

RUPERT
Oh! Here comes God.

The BOSS - a ruthless, self-made man - heads through
the restaurant, grinning like a shark. On his arm - his
striking trophy wife, JACQUI - condition: edges
slightly worn, spine rubbed, some foxing.

BOSS
(to TOBY)
Hombre! Que tal? That's what they say,
isn't it?

TOBY
Wouldn't know. I don't talk to them.
(a special look)
Jacqui...

JACQUI, glancing dismissively at MELISSA, kisses TOBY's
cheek.

BOSS
Hope you're not giving our man a hard
time.

PRODUCER
Not at all.

BOSS
You should trust Toby.

RUPERT
Just what I was saying.

The BOSS bangs the table - raises a glass of wine.

BOSS
My family! To a great campaign! Here's
to us and bugger the rest!

RUPERT
Yes! Let's bugger them all with
impunity!

EVERYONE toasts.

A FLAMENCO GUITARIST and DANCERS take the stage. The
lights dim. The GUITARIST yells his song. The DANCERS
strut their stuff.

TOBY clocks the GYPSY we saw in the previous scene.
He's at the bar, selling DVDs from a box...

The BOSS leans close to TOBY.

BOSS
What's the problem, Tobe?

TOBY
It just isn't working. I got it wrong.
We should scrap the whole campaign.

BOSS
Keep your nerve. I trust you, Toby.
You're a great talent.

TOBY
I'm a fake.

BOSS
You're a genius.

RUPERT
A visionary.

TOBY
I sell cat food. Right now I'm
justifying a board of directors'
inflated wages.

RUPERT
And mine.

BOSS
And yours, Toby.

Down the end of the table, the OTHERS are getting drunk
and restless and offensive. A football chant starts up.

BOSS (CONT'D)
 You need a little inspiration...
 (grabbing the GYPSY)
 Here...

The BOSS rifles through the DVDs. He pulls out an old VHS cassette.

BOSS (CONT'D)
 What's this?
 (squints at the title)
 Pay the man, my dear.

JACQUI gets out the company wallet. She settles up with the GYPSY. He whispers to her:

GYPSY
 Senora, por favor, es muy importante...

The BOSS smiles up at TOBY.

BOSS
 Maybe there's a few ideas in here you might...

TOBY
 What?

BOSS
 Borrow.

RUPERT
 Quote.

BOSS
 Take a look, Tobe. Isn't that our man from La Mancha?

The BOSS thrusts the tape into TOBY's face. He sees the homemade cover. He blanches. Don Quixote! The lyrical Don Quixote we saw right at the beginning.

TOBY clutches the VHS tape to his chest.

BOSS (CONT'D)
 That's the way.

JACQUI is moving away from the table with the GYPSY. The BOSS doesn't bother to look at her.

BOSS (CONT'D)
 Don't go buying anymore models of the Alhambra, please Jacqui.

RUPERT
 Or that evil weed you like so much.

BOSS

(moves close to Toby)

I've got to go see a potential client.
Vodka contract. I'm off to Nice on
their private jet - showing off the
size of their dicks, aren't they.

He glances back at JACQUI talking intently to the
GYPSY.

BOSS (CONT'D)

I want you to keep an eye on her for
me while I'm gone. Do that for me?

RUPERT

Of course he will.

The BOSS gets up to leave. He waves down the table at
the DRUNKEN TEAM.

BOSS

Family! It's going to be great!

The BOSS heads for the exit. He passes JACQUI and the
GYPSY. He has a single word that leaves her scowling
after him.

TOBY sneaks another look at the VHS. It means something
special to him.

TOBY gets up. MELISSA starts to follow.

TOBY

Stay.

She sits back down, lost.

TOBY crosses to JACQUI and the GYPSY. RUPERT follows.
The GYPSY plops his hat on her head. She's laughing.

TOBY (CONT'D)

(to the GYPSY)

That's enough, Hombre! Charity shop is
closed for the night.

(to JACQUI)

I'm supposed to be looking after
you...

JACQUI

Better start, then, hadn't you.

TOBY produces the VHS tape.

TOBY

It's an old VHS.

JACQUI

Oh, I think we have a player...

4

INT. HOTEL, BOSS'S SUITE - NIGHT

4

JACQUI and TOBY tumble into the suite. TOBY has to shut the door on RUPERT.

RUPERT

Will you be alright? You may need to talk things through...

TOBY and JACQUI desperately tearing at their clothes. Hot passion! The VHS tape falls to the floor.

JACQUI

You're a bad, bad wicked boy.

TOBY

So, punish me!

JACQUI, breathless, throws him hard onto the bed, grabs his crotch. With a yelp, TOBY twists out from under her and holds her down - fixes her - eye to eye..

TOBY (CONT'D)

You're the boss's wife...

JACQUI

I'm the boss's wife...

TOBY

You're the boss's wife... You're the boss's wife...

JACQUI

I'm the boss's wife... I'm the boss's wife...

TOBY

You're the boss's wife...
You're the boss's wife...
You're the boss's wife...

JACQUI

I'm the boss's wife...
I'm the boss's wife...
I'm the boss's wife...

TOBY stops. Nothing's happening.

TOBY

Got any mouthwash?

JACQUI

Mouthwash?

5

INT. BOSS'S SUITE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

5

TOBY shuts the door.

JACQUI O/S

Toby? What are you doing?!!

TOBY
Just freshening up!

TOBY fast-talks down to his prick.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Cummon, you dirty bastard! You
worthless flaccid little worm! You got
me into this! Come on! Up!... Up!...
Andalay!

No joy...

Above the toilet is a crucifix. From TOBY's angle, Jesus
seems to be looking at him.

TOBY (CONT'D)
What are you looking at? Are you
punishing me?

Then he hears it. The same magical score we heard right
at the beginning of the film. An intoxicating melody...

6

INT. HOTEL, BOSS'S SUITE - NIGHT

6

TOBY slowly re-enters the suite. The magical theme
plays. JACQUI, wearing the gypsy's hat, is sat watching
the TV. The VHS cassette cover is in her hands.

**ON THE SCREEN: The lyrical Don Quixote film. The white
buildings of a hill village shimmers in a heat haze.
Like a place in a dream...**

TOBY joins JACQUI. She is entranced by the images.

JACQUI
What is it?

TOBY
The Knight of the Mournful
Countenance...

JACQUI
Who made it?

TOBY
Me. A long time ago.

JACQUI
(astonished)
It's so beautiful.

TOBY
Won me awards...

JACQUI
That old man's wonderful. Breaks my
heart...

TOBY
They weren't actors. Just some
villagers. Real people.

JACQUI
I can see why John grabbed you for
commercials.

TOBY switches the player off.

TOBY
Never looked back, did I...

A moment.

Sound of a key in the lock! Then a thud - knocking on
the door!

BOSS O/S
Jacqui?

JACQUI
It's him! He'll kill me!

PANIC! TOBY grabs clothes, shoes - tries to get the
stuff on.

TOBY
He's not supposed to be here!

The sounds of keys trying to find the lock.

TOBY tries to find another way out. There isn't one.

Peering through the distorting peephole in the door,
TOBY sees the BOSS fumbling with his luggage and keys
in the hall. He looks drunk.

TOBY realizes the tape is still in the VHS machine.
Rushes back. Grabs the tape. It unspools.

JACQUI
What am I going to do?!

TOBY
Every man for himself.

He grabs the gypsy's hat from her head, pulls it down
low. Arms full of clothes, he heads for the door just
as it opens....

BOOM! TOBY rams the BOSS hard in the gut. The BOSS goes
down in agony. TOBY keeps going.

The BOSS staggers to his feet. He's got the gypsy's hat in his hands.

BOSS
I'll kill you, you greasy bastard!
Come back here!

7 INT. HOTEL, TOBY'S SUITE - NIGHT

7

TOBY sits alone in his room. He watches his Quixote film from long ago.

ON SCREEN: IN THE VILLAGE OF LOS SUENOS - HOLY WEEK PROCESSIONS. A LARGE GILDED CRUCIFIX. A MADONNA ROCKING AGAINST THE SKY AS SHE'S CARRIED BY PENITENTES THROUGH A VILLAGE PLAZA.

TOBY'S eyes fill with the lyrical images...

SANCHO PANZA ON HIS DONKEY, WATCHING THE PROCESSION, REMOVES HIS HAT, BOWS HIS HEAD. THE ENTRANCING MUSIC PLAYS.

DON QUIXOTE RIDES INTO SHOT - EYES ALIGHT, LANCE IN HAND.

As TOBY watches the lurching Madonna...

...THE PLASTER FACE BECOMES FLESH. SHE BECOMES ANGELICA - THE INNOCENT GIRL IN THE OPENING SECTION OF TOBY'S FILM. A MIRACLE!

THE VILLAGE CROWD DROP TO THEIR KNEES CROSSING THEMSELVES. AS THEY DO SO, THEY REVEAL ONE MAN STILL STANDING. TOBY!... IN PERIOD COSTUME, HIS EYES ALIGHT.

TEARS RUN FROM THE INNOCENT GIRL'S EYES. HER LIPS PART. SHE MOUTHS BUT WE CANNOT HEAR: "HELP ME!"

TOBY
Angelica!

TOBY wakes from his dream! He's breathing fast, sweating. Eyes search the room for the dreamed scene...

But he's in reality. The TV screen is just white noise and fizz. The tape has been automatically ejected.

8 EXT. SPANISH HILLTOP - DAY

8

TOBY is back in the giant's hand. No worry beads. Looking fretful - exhausted. The old vicious fury has left him. RUPERT massages him.

RUPERT
It's never "just a dream" is it, Toby.
It's always something more deep-seated...

TOBY
But I don't.

RUPERT
Deep seat?

TOBY
Dream. Not for a long time...

RUPERT digs into his pocket and brings out a paper bag.

RUPERT
You need a little fence.
(produces a barley sugar)
This side reality. That side dreamland.
Open.

TOBY automatically opens his mouth. RUPERT pops the
barley sugar in.

RUPERT (CONT'D)
Keep them. Your little fence.

And RUPERT pushes the bag of barley sugars into TOBY's
hands.

WORKMEN crowd the windmill. At least four different
languages mean nothing's getting done.

PRODUCER
We have to shoot something else. We
can't just sit here, Toby!

TOBY
A pack shot. Go set up a pack shot.

PRODUCER
That could take hours.

TOBY
Perfect.

BOSS O/S
Day off?

The BOSS appears. TOBY stiffens.

TOBY
You're back!

PRODUCER
We're going for the pack shots.
(to TOBY)
I'll go get them onto that.

The PRODUCER heads off. The BOSS is pleased with himself.

BOSS
Think we got the Vodka gig. No need to go to Nice. Turns out they've got some kind of castle out here. Buying up everything.

TOBY sees JACQUI a few paces away. She's wearing dark glasses - looks fragile - a bruise beneath her eye.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Didn't I ask you to look after my wife, Toby?

JACQUI avoids TOBY's anxious gaze.

BOSS (CONT'D)
There was a thief. In our fucking hotel suite!

RUPERT
No!

BOSS
You know what I think? I think it was that filthy Spanish gypsy from last night. I found his hat...

TOBY
Right... yeah, he seemed shifty.

BOSS
But they are, aren't they.
(looking into TOBY'S eyes)
You look tired, son.

TOBY
Watching that tape - the old VHS?

BOSS
Right. Good, good... Any ideas?

TOBY
A few, yeah...
(awkward silence)
You know, while they're setting up - I think I'll go for a spin.

BOSS
Clear the head.

TOBY

Right.

RUPERT

I'll drive you!

A little way off, the 3RD ASSISTANT is polishing a beautiful, gleaming motorbike.

TOBY

Dan the Man! Lend me your bike.

RUPERT

But I don't have a helmet!

9 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 9

TOBY thunders down the dusty road on the motorbike. Alone. No Rupert. He's free. He accelerates. Faster. The landscape whips by.

10 EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY 10

TOBY roars up to an old crossroad sign. One battered signpost arm points away to a little white village perched on a hill - LOS SUENOS.

TOBY stares at the white village - shimmering in the heat haze. He knows it from a long time ago. He knows it from his film.

11 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY 11

TOBY rides the bike slowly through the silent, deserted village. The sun is low and golden. The white walls drift past. He can hear the haunting score in his head.

TOBY parks up in the small central plaza. He looks around him. It's the same location the PENITENTES walked through in his film. It's the same village.

FOR A SECOND THE GHOSTS OF THE PENITENTES DRIFT PAST. THEN THEY'RE GONE.

TOBY sees a sign to a bar. A broken down little entrance. Music seeps out.

12 INT. BAR - DAY 12

TOBY enters the dark bar. Old wooden tables and chairs. Wine bottles. A ham. A badly tuned radio. A FEW BARFLIES. In the corner a PRIEST plays cards with another man. The BARMAN looks up from his newspaper. It takes a second, then TOBY recognises him.

TOBY

Raul? Raul, que tal, hombre? Mucho tiempo sin verte

SUBTITLE: Raul? Raul, how's it going? Long time no see.

RAUL

Quién eres?

SUBTITLE: Who are you?

TOBY

Es yo. Toby. Estaba aquí - debe ser, hace 10 años. Hacía una película. La película de Quijote. Usted recuerda, Raúl.

SUBTITLE: It's me. Toby. I was here - must be, 10 years ago. I was making a film. The Quixote film. You remember, Raul.

RAUL

(slowly dawning)

Ah, sí, recuerdo. Toby... Pero usted ha hecho todo nuevo y brillante. Usted es parejo.

SUBTITLE: Ah, yes, I remember. Toby... But you have become all new and shiny. You are slick.

TOBY

Estoy haciendo OK.

SUBTITLE: I'm doing all right.

TOBY (CONT'D)

What are we doing? We understand one another perfectly! We don't need these subtitles!

TOBY sweeps away the subtitles with a gesture. They tumble out of frame.

A BARFLY eyes TOBY.

BARFLY

Little Pedro was in this film of yours.

TOBY

Little Pedro. He was Sancho Panza. All 18 stone of him. Is he around?

BARFLY

Little Pedro, he die.

RAUL

He like the drink.

RAUL slides a glass of brandy across to TOBY.

RAUL (CONT'D)
The drink no like him.

TOBY
I'm sorry...

RAUL
Many things change since you make your
film, Toby...

BARFLY
The dream, they crash.

RAUL
The mouth is fill with ashes.

TOBY
Maybe we need those subtitles after
all...

TOBY looks around. Everyone is watching him. Glinting,
suspicious eyes.

TOBY (CONT'D)
What about the old man? What about the
old man who played Quixote?

RAUL shakes his head sadly...

TOBY (CONT'D)
Is he alive?

RAUL
Oh, yes, he is alive. Don Quixote
vive.

A figure looms in the doorway. A BRUTE OF A MAN
stumbles in.

BRUTE
So, you return. The little wimpy boy.
The little snake in the trees. The
Toby.

TOBY
Well, thanks for the drink.

The BRUTE bars TOBY's way - looms close, his foul
breath in TOBY's face. He takes hold of TOBY's glass.

BRUTE
She was a flower! She was beautiful.
My Angelica.

TOBY
Angelica. Your daughter.

BRUTE
My daughter. The whore.

TOBY
No, no, she was a little girl.

BRUTE
No more.

The BRUTE crushes TOBY's glass in his big mitt.

RAUL
Angelica wanted to be big movie star.

BRUTE
She chase your dream, Toby. She break.
Blood runs out between the BRUTE's clenched fist.

13 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

13

TOBY tumbles out the bar into the dusty street. The gleaming bike lies on its side. A BOY is pissing on it.

TOBY
Hey!

The BOY runs off. TOBY retrieves the bike. The BRUTE and the OTHERS emerge from the bar.

BRUTE
Animal! Defiler!

The BRUTE hurls a piece of wood at TOBY. TOBY kick starts the bike. Gets out of there fast.

14 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VILLAGE & FARMHOUSE - DAY

14

TOBY races the bike away from the village. Ahead is a crumbling shack alongside an old farmhouse. A sign scrawled in paint on the wall: DON QUIJOTE VIVE!

TOBY pulls over. It's quiet save for a familiar tune. It's the magical theme from his film - coming from shack.

TOBY knocks at the shack door. A CRONE opens the door to him. She's holding a pig prod. TOBY nods at the painted sign.

TOBY
Don Quijote Vive?

CRONE

You like to see him? You like to see
the great Don Quixote De La Mancha?
The real Don Quixote?

She holds out her hand. TOBY digs in his pocket. He slaps a few Euros in her palm. She sniffs at it - holds out her hand for more. TOBY gives her a couple more banknotes. The CRONE nods - beckons him round the back of the hovel.

A dilapidated old wagon stands amid goats and chickens and an old nag harnessed to a hay cart. The CRONE gestures with her prodder for him to go up the steps.

15

INT. WAGON - DAY

15

It takes him a moment for TOBY's eyes to adjust. A projector flickers. A scratched image flutters across an old sheet directly in front of him. It is TOBY's film. DON QUIXOTE speaks:

DON QUIXOTE

My name is Don Quixote de La Mancha. I was born in a small village in the year of our Saviour, 1605 by the special will of heaven, to restore the lost Age of Chivalry.

Incredulously, TOBY looks back at the CRONE. She prods him forward through a split in the sheet.

The wagon is divided in two by bars like a jail cell. On the other side of the bars is a painted backdrop - a copy of Goya's painting of a colossal giant. Seated in front of it is an old man. It is DON QUIXOTE from TOBY'S film. The old man speaks in sync with film's dialogue.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)

I am 400 years old. It's not easy to live so long. I am very tired... but I cannot die. Perhaps if I could rid myself of my dreams...

TOBY is trapped in the madness he has created. Guilty. For a moment he doesn't know what to do then he speaks to QUIXOTE.

TOBY

I'm sorry...

The old man, for the first time, takes in Toby's face illuminated by the projector. He is part of the image behind him - taking the place of Sancho Panza.

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho?... Sancho, you return!

QUIXOTE can hardly believe his old eyes.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
Sancho! You've come to rescue me! Well
done, Sancho, you tricky peasant!

QUIXOTE rattles the bars of his cage.

TOBY
No, you don't understand. I'm not
Sancho. It was just a film.

DON QUIXOTE
We shall escape these Enchanters!
Release me, Sancho!

TOBY
Oh, God.

TOBY turns to run getting tangled in the sheet.. The CRONE rushes in with her pig prodder. She jabs it through the bars. QUIXOTE roars with fury. TOBY tries to stop her hurting the old man. The whole wagon rocks. The projector falls. The lamp explodes. Sparks shoot into piles of straw. Flames. Smoke. The bars fall open.

16 EXT. WAGON & FARMHOUSE - DAY

16

TOBY falls out of the wagon which is in flames. Sparks burst up and ignite the hay cart harnessed to the nag. The nag bolts.

TOBY runs for the bike. Behind him QUIXOTE and the CRONE are wrestling as they tumble from the flaming wagon.

TOBY guns the motorbike. He roars away.

17 EXT. ROAD FROM VILLAGE - DAY

17

TOBY pulls over to guiltily look back at the devastation he has caused. The shack is in flames. The farmhouse has caught fire. FIGURES are running to and fro with buckets of water, The CRONE is chasing after QUIXOTE. TOBY can see the nag - hurtling away down the road with its load of burning hay - a bomb headed for the village.

17A SCENE 18 OMITTED

17A

SCENE 19 OMITTED

20

EXT. SPANISH HILLTOP - DAY

20

TOBY rides up to the commercial shoot looking disturbed and worse for wear. He parks the bike as the PRODUCER, closely followed by RUPERT, rushes up to him.

PRODUCER

Where the hell have you been? We've been stalling, dicking around with this pack shot for hours. The agency are baying for blood. I need a shot list...

RUPERT

(interrupting)

Whoa! Calm. Dear heart. Toby looks like he needs a moment. What's happened? Something's got you all knotted up, Tobe. Just look at the state of you...

He starts to straighten up TOBY's disheveled clothes.

THE CRACKLE OF A POLICE WALKIE-TALKIE STARTLES TOBY. Turning, he sees a police car parked by the set. The BOSS is talking to a policeman.. Seeing TOBY, he heads over to him.

BOSS

You're back! All inspired, I hope. Ready to wow the agency with your magic touch.

(gesturing to the police)

They caught the thief. It was that fucking gypsy of course. Do me a favour, Tobe - come identify him for me?

The GYPSY is sitting in the back of a police car. A POLICEMAN lounges beside it.

The BOSS steers TOBY to the car. TOBY looks in at the GYPSY.

BOSS (CONT'D)

I'm sure that's him. He was the scum bothering my wife in the restaurant the other night, wasn't he?

TOBY

Yeah, that's him.
(eye to eye with the
GYPSY)
Typical.

POLICEMAN 2 O/S

Senor?

TOBY looks up to see the SECOND POLICEMAN examining the bike.

POLICEMAN 2
Is this your motorcycle, señor?

TOBY
No, no. It's his.

TOBY points at the 3rd ASSISTANT. RUPERT massages his shoulders.

RUPERT
But you borrowed it, Toby. To go in search of inspiration.

POLICEMAN 2
There has been a fire in a local village. The registration number seems to match the one we were given. Perhaps you will come to assist us...?

TOBY
But I don't know anything about any fire.

BOSS
Best to go along with them, Tobe. Don't want to antagonise the locals. Text me if there's a problem. Don't worry, we'll put the delay here down to *force majeure*... act of god.. or something.

The BOSS helps TOBY into the back of the police car with the GYPSY... A thought...

BOSS (CONT'D)
Oh, I found this outside my suite. Yours, isn't it, Tobe?

The BOSS hands TOBY his worry beads. The GYPSY grins nastily at TOBY.

The police car revs - swerves round and away taking TOBY with it. The BOSS and RUPERT wave bye-bye.

21 INT/EXT. POLICE CAR/ROAD - DAY

21

TOBY sits in the back with the GYPSY .

GYPSY
I think you have got me into big trouble, Señor Toby.

TOBY
I just identified you...

GYPSY

Maybe you should be a good man. Maybe
you should tell the truth.

POLICEMAN 1

Look at this! I'd love to get my
hands on these Muslim bastards.

He is holding a newspaper - **headline - Al-Qaeda video
just released. 2 hostages have had their heads cut off.**

POLICEMAN 1 (CONT'D)

Animals! Still living in the Middle Ages!

Up ahead, at the edge of a village, A religious
procession is in progress. Temporary barriers block the
road. A diversion sign points down a track.

POLICEMAN 1 (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! Fucking Holy Week!
Where's the map?

22

INT/EXT. POLICE CAR/MOUNTAIN TRACK - DAY

22

The police car rattles up the desolate mountain track.
TOBY and the GYPSY are thrown about in the back.

The police car rounds a corner and screeches to a
sudden halt.

The track is blocked by DON QUIXOTE astride his bony
nag, ROSINANTE. He wears his barber's shaving bowl and
carries a lance.

DON QUIXOTE

I am Don Quixote De La Mancha -
dedicated to chivalry and the
protection of the weak!

The POLICE laugh.

TOBY

Oh, no!

POLICEMAN 1

Don Quixote De La Mancha! Thank
Christ! We're saved.

DON QUIXOTE

Heaven has sent me into this world to
relieve the oppressed!

TOBY

I wrote those words.

GYPSY

Not Cervantes?

Don QUIXOTE
Release my squire, Sancho Panza! I
command you!

The POLICE turn on their siren. ROSINANTE starts. DON QUIXOTE reigns him, narrows his eyes at the car.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
Your hellish wailing does not frighten
me! Release these innocent men!

ONE POLICEMAN climbs wearily out of the car. He waves at the old man.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
Aha! Her evil brood is hatched!

POLICEMAN 1
You're way off the tourist track, old
man...

DON QUIXOTE
Command your malevolent coachman to
release those innocent men, Siren Spawn.

QUIXOTE whacks the POLICEMAN with his lance.

POLICEMAN 1
You stupid old bastard!

The POLICEMAN grabs hold of Rosinante's bridle. WHAP!
DON QUIXOTE whacks the POLICEMAN with his lance.

DON QUIXOTE
Yield to Heaven's Command!

The SECOND POLICEMAN goes to jump out after his colleague. The GYPSY loops his cuffs over his head and throttles him.

The GYPSY kicks the POLICEMAN out - leaps into the driving seat.

TOBY
What are you doing? I think you killed
him!

DON QUIXOTE swirls back to the FIRST POLICEMAN who is struggling to his feet, gun in hand.

The GYPSY spins the car round. TOBY jumps. He hits the ground. Rolls over and over in the dust. Smashes into the body of the SECOND POLICEMAN. Tries to get up but, his shirt is snagged on the cop's gun belt. He leans on top of the body to disentangle himself. Suddenly, the POLICEMAN's eyes pop open. TOBY yelps in fear.

TOBY (CONT'D)
 (face to face with the
 POLICEMAN)
 It wasn't me! I didn't do it!

The POLICEMAN weakly grabs for him but, collapses.

Desperate to escape, TOBY wrenches violently backwards.. leaving most of his shirt behind.

As he pushes off from the body he sees, 30 feet away, POLICEMAN 1 leveling his gun at him.

TOBY (CONT'D)
 (raising his hands)
 Oh, god! No!

QUIXOTE smashes the unfortunate POLICEMAN 1 with his lance. The cop hits the ground hard. His gun goes off. The bullet hits the body of the SECOND POLICEMAN.

TOBY (CONT'D)
 No!

DON QUIXOTE
 Sancho! The Forces of Darkness are
 defeated! You are free!

TOBY runs away as fast as he can into the wilderness.

23

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

23

TOBY runs desperately through the barren wilderness.

Exhausted, scared, shirtless, he collapses behind a large rock.

TOBY
 Oh, god. They'll blame me!
 (seeing blood on his arm)
 Blood! I'm wounded! Oh no.. it's not
 mine!! Shit! They'll hang me! My DNA is
 all over that cop. I drooled on him. No.
 Calm down. What would Rupert say?..
 Relax! Think. Make sense of this. Got
 it!.. That's it!.. Terrific!.. I'm a
 dead man.... and I'm lost.

He tries his mobile phone. The screen's cracked.

TOBY (CONT'D)
 Come on, come on. Shit!
 (the phone is dead)
 OK. OK. Breathe. Take control - the
 world soon follows. Now, which way did
 I come from?

He stands up and looks over the rock.

DON QUIXOTE O/S
Sancho! There you are!

Yes. DON QUIXOTE stands facing him from the other side of the rock. Behind him, his old nag and a donkey.

DON QUIXOTE
Always playing games, you crazy peasant.

TOBY
Get away from me!

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho, you are free.
(clutching at TOBY)
The enchanters are gone.

TOBY
Don't touch me! Are those cops dead?

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho, the Forces of Darkness can never die. They only sleep.

TOBY
You killed them didn't you.

DON QUIXOTE
(a proud smile)
You were so brave! How you attacked the coachman and frightened away his howling beast...

TOBY
I didn't do anything.

DON QUIXOTE
Don't be so humble, dear Sancho. Tonight we will sing songs to your bravery.

QUIXOTE tosses a pile of tattered clothes at TOBY.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
I brought your clothes.

TOBY looks at the mouldy, fly covered clothes. Then at the mad old man.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
Take off your disguise, Sancho.

And DON QUIXOTE plops a battered wide brimmed hat onto TOBY's head, embracing him madly.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)

Oh, we shall have some great adventures now we are together again, my friend.

TOBY is trapped - with a lunatic.

24

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

24

TOBY rocks and sways on the old donkey. He wears a filthy poncho and a straw hat. Flies buzz around his head. DON QUIXOTE rides his nag.

TOBY

(swatting at flies)

Shit, I'm being eaten alive! OW! Where are you taking me? I need to get to a phone.

DON QUIXOTE

Destiny guides our fortunes, Sancho - a knight errant and his squire...

TOBY

Listen to me - do you remember when I found you years ago? I was making a film. You were just an old man...

DON QUIXOTE pauses, tears in his eyes.

DON QUIXOTE

You are right. I was forgotten. Lost..

TOBY

You had an interesting face, that's all. The kind of face they use to sell insurance.

DON QUIXOTE

You restored me. You released me from that Enchanter Malambrino. And for that I am forever in your debt, Sancho.

TOBY is frustrated. He goes in hard:

TOBY

You really believe you are Don Quixote De La Mancha.

DON QUIXOTE

(suspicious)

You doubt it?

TOBY

"The Knight of the Mournful Countenance...come to restore..."

DON QUIXOTE
 "...the lost age of chivalry by
 special will of heaven."

TOBY
 I wrote that.

DON QUIXOTE
 What?

TOBY
 I mean, I adapted it, but
 essentially...

WHAP! DON QUIXOTE slams his lance into TOBY sending him
 toppling to the ground. QUIXOTE pins him to the dirt,
 his insane, grizzled face inches from TOBY's.

DON QUIXOTE
 Blasphemer! I was written by the hand
 of Our Maker in heaven. NOT by the
 filthy paw of some illiterate grubbing
 peasant such as yourself!

TOBY
 OK! OK! I apologise! I'm sorry!! But
 shouldn't we just go back and face a
 few ugly realities. You can explain
 everything to the authorities...

DON QUIXOTE
 Explain? Explain what? You think
 explaining explains things?

TOBY
 Well... yes.

DON QUIXOTE
 Sancho, you have a touching, though
 simple view of the world.

DON QUIXOTE eyes TOBY like a father with a hopeless
 child - decides to release him.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
 You may show your gratitude when
 presenting yourself to my Lady
 Dulcinea...

TOBY scrambles away from QUIXOTE.

TOBY
 Dulcinea.. right.. your great love.

DON QUIXOTE
 "Once, as if in a dream, Don Quixote
 glimpsed his Lady Dulcinea. She was
 sitting upon the grass... "

TOBY

"... beside a stream before her
crystal mansion..."

DON QUIXOTE

(suspicious)

Writing again, Sancho?

TOBY

No! No, no, no!

DON QUIXOTE

No. Because those are the words of the
great Arab historian, Sidi Hamid
Benengeli!

(digging under his
clothes)

I have here his rare volume of my
exploits. A trifle florid, perhaps,
but the spirit is true...

QUIXOTE produces a battered paperback of Cervantes'
novel, Don Quixote.

TOBY

(feigning interest)

Can I see?

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho, you bring tears to my eyes.

TOBY

Believe me it's mutual.

DON QUIXOTE

...That an ignorant peasant should
feign interest in a book he cannot
read.

TOBY

I can read.

DON QUIXOTE

No, no, no. English is a most
difficult language. A Protestant
language.

DON QUIXOTE puts his arm around TOBY - points out the
engravings as if to a child. The words are in English.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)

We shall read the book together,
Sancho, sounding each letter and
looking at the pictures... You see -
that is me astride my mighty war
horse, Rosinante...

WHOOSH!

A great shadow swoops across the pages like a black wing.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
And there, a beautiful princess...

TOBY looks up from the page and sees a dumpy GIRL riding a bicycle down a path towards them past a windmill. The sails flash behind her, casting great dark shadows.

WHOOSH!

The shadow rushes across DON QUIXOTE's face.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
..on her resplendent charger...

WHOOSH!

DON QUIXOTE looks up...

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
Dear God, she is in grave danger!
Those giants are almost upon her!

25

EXT. WINDMILL - DAY

25

Before TOBY can react...

DON QUIXOTE spurs ROSINANTE and gallops off full tilt, past the girl, charging the windmill. He lowers his lance for battle.

DON QUIXOTE
Stand your ground foul and fearsome
giant!

TOBY
But it's just a windmill!

The lance impales the sail and DON QUIXOTE is wrenched from Rosinante and thrown violently to the ground. His landing is softened by a bulky sack which explodes in a great cloud of white flour.

With difficulty, and covered in flour, DON QUIXOTE struggles to his feet, drawing his sword...

DON QUIXOTE
Admit defeat! You cowardly creatures!

...and stumbles blindly into the path of the swirling sail. Crash! He is flung backwards, his head cracking on the rocky ground.

The GIRL turns and pedals over to the crumpled old man.
TOBY reluctantly follows.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
(looking up at the GIRL)
You are saved, dear lady!

With a moan, he passes out.

GIRL
Does he have squirrels in the attic?

TOBY
Squirrels are the least of it. He
needs some serious help.
(he begins flicking his
worry beads)
You got a phone I can use?

The GIRL shakes her head, no, as she watches his beads.
He clocks her clothes for the first time... a gypsy?

TOBY (CONT'D)
I can pay.

She smiles charmingly.

GIRL
Come with me.

26 EXT. DUSTY ROAD - DUSK

26

The sun drops towards the horizon. The GIRL leads the way, TOBY stumbles along, followed by ROSINANTE. DON QUIXOTE's inert body is splayed across the horse's back.

In the distance a decrepid, high walled farm house.

GIRL
My people will help.

TOBY
Let's hope so.

27 EXT. FARM BUILDINGS - DUSK

27

The GIRL pushes open the rough wooden gates. Geese set up a cacophonous honking.

Several dark figures gathered around an open fire rapidly scuttle into the darkness of the stables.

TOBY looks around warily.

A SHREWISH FARMER'S WIFE appears. She grabs the GIRL and angrily pulls her aside.

FARMER'S WIFE
(hissed)
What are you doing? Get them out of here!

DON QUIXOTE stirs back to consciousness. Still slung over the horse, he views everything inverted.

DON QUIXOTE
What splendid castle is this that defies gravity?

FARMER'S WIFE
Castle?

DON QUIXOTE
And this angelic messenger who welcomes us...
(he rights himself)
...as she gracefully comes to earth...

FARMER'S WIFE
Go away. We don't want any trouble.

She begins pushing them out the gate.

DON QUIXOTE weakly takes the FARMER'S WIFE'S hand.

DON QUIXOTE
Divine Lady, I will eternally preserve your kindness in the treasury of my memory.

He faints away,

FARMER'S WIFE
(to the GIRL)
Get him out of here!

A dark, burly FARMER rushes out to them - flustered, worried - madly flicking worry beads

FARMER
Please, my dear! This is not showing what good Christians we are. Remember, this is the Holy Week.

GIRL
I think maybe he is a saint. See, here's his halo...

The GIRL holds up QUIXOTE's basin helmet. The FARMER inspects QUIXOTE.

FARMER

He is playing a martyred saint. So authentic. Look, real blood!

(to TOBY)

Forgive my wife, she is not from around here.

The FARMER pulls his wife aside and has an angry whispered conversation with her, often nodding towards the stables.

TOBY is getting very nervous and suspicious of the whole situation. High walls surround them. The dark figures in the stables are watching.

TOBY

(to the GIRL)

Where is the telephone?

GIRL

No telling phone...

TOBY

I think I'll just leave.

He starts out the gate.

Seeing this, the FARMER rushes over, grabs TOBY firmly.

FARMER

No, no , you must stay. Out there is very dangerous. Bad men. Here everything A-OK. Here we are all the Good Samaritan. We will turn the other cheek to heal your brave martyr.

(to the GIRL)

Tend these needy Pilgrims.

As they are led away, TOBY looks back and sees the FARMER nod to his WIFE who securely locks the gates.

FARMER (CONT'D)

A good host looks after his hostages. Is that the right word?

28

INT. FARM, ATTIC SPACE - NIGHT

28

A crude kind of attic dormitory. DON QUIXOTE lies on a hard, narrow bed of planks, now bandaged all over with mustard plasters.

Paranoid, frightened, disgusted, flea bitten, TOBY roams the attic looking for a possible escape route.

TOBY

(to Quixote)

What's going on here?

(MORE)

TOBY (CONT'D)

Who do they think they're kidding?...
 Spanish? No way. What about those others
 hiding in the barn?... Ow! Fucking bugs!
 (scratching madly)
 You do know what terrorists are don't
 you? They'll probably start mailing bits
 of us back to our families.

DON QUIXOTE

I have no family, Sancho.

QUIXOTE makes a sad puppy face, closes his eyes and
 sleeps.

Exhausted and depressed, TOBY flops down on a fetid
 mattress next to QUIXOTE.

TOBY

Shit! Maybe I deserve this..

He spreads his arms like a crucifix. He stares up at a
 gap in the roof. The bright moon and the stars...

TOBY (CONT'D)

"It is finished. And he breathed his
 last."

Slowly, TOBY'S eyes close and he begins to nod and gently
 snore... Dreamily dreamily drifting away... Above, the
 moon and the starlit sky...

Suddenly, a hand grabs his arm. TOBY jumps out of his
 skin.

DON QUIXOTE

(weakly)

Sancho, I have need of the Balsam of
 Frierbras...

TOBY

You have need of the what?

DON QUIXOTE

The miraculous balsam cures all
 physical afflictions. Even the fear of
 death. Prepare me the concoction,
 Sancho.

TOBY

And then what? We escape and you'll
 explain to the police it was all your
 fault.....

DON QUIXOTE

The first ingredient...

29/30

INT. FARM - NIGHT

29/30

TOBY nervously makes his way down stairs into the silent, darkened farmhouse. It's empty. No one.

TOBY
.. a cup of calve's urine, a chicken's
eye, a pinch of.. Jesus!.. what am I
doing?..
(looking back to the attic)
.. fuck him.

He heads for the door.. tries to open it. It's locked.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Shit!

There is another door. He scuttles over to it. Locked!

He takes in the room.. it's larger than it seemed when he entered. The windows are too small, too high. No escape!

Next to the huge fireplace is a small, almost hidden door. Hope!

TOBY rushes to it. Tries the handle. It opens!!.. to reveal the FARMER on his knees, on a prayer mat, praying to Mecca.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Oh, God! I knew it.

The FARMER jumps up, trying to hide the prayer mat.

FARMER
Just cleaning this old rug. Oh-oh,
there's another dirty spot. See.

The FARMER beats the rug furiously.

TOBY
I didn't see anything, honest.

TOBY turns to escape. But the FARMER blocks his exit.

A moment of terror as TOBY stares up at the dark, terrifying face of the FARMER. He slowly backs up.

And then, the FARMER flings himself at TOBY's feet - clings pathetically to TOBY's leg.

FARMER (CONT'D)
Oh, please, effendi, if the
Inquisition ever discovered we were
Muslims we would be whipped or
castrated or worse!

TOBY tries to shake him off his leg.

TOBY

What are you talking about, This is Spain - you're in the European Union. Get off, man! Stand up! The Inquisition is long gone.

The FARMER continues to beg for mercy. For the first time, TOBY realizes the FARMER is dressed in a 17th Century costume.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Look, I respect all religions...my maternal grandmother was Jewish..

INNKEEPER

Then, sir, I will be so very happy to find you a nice fat Christian baby for your dinner.

TOBY

What?!

Suddenly there is a loud banging at the gates of the inn.

VOICE OFF

Open up, in the name of the Law!

A look of dread passes over the FARMER'S face.

FARMER

The Holy Brotherhood!

31 EXT. FARM, COURTYARD - NIGHT

31

The FARMER rushes out into the courtyard as the gates are thrown open and THREE HORSEMEN IN BLACK 17TH CENTURY GARB ride in. These are THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD.

The farm has changed: A sign depicting a decapitated head swings above the gate: THE SARACEN'S HEAD.

EVERYWHERE 17TH CENTURY DETAILS TRANSFORM THE PLACE.

Confused and terrified by what he is seeing, TOBY ducks into the shadows.

FARMER

Welcome, Sir. Our honest Christian hospitality is always at the disposal of the Holy Brotherhood.

HOLY BROTHER 1

One of our patrols was attacked. Vicious prisoners are on the loose.

HOLY BROTHER 2
We have a description!

HOLY BROTHER 2 holds drawings: one of the GYPSY and one of TOBY - looking clean and in his regular clothes.

FARMER
We'll ferret out any criminals here,
sir. Perhaps we may even find a Jew or
two into the bargain.

In the dark, TOBY listens anxiously. Shakes his head -
trying to dispel the nightmare.

A distant shout.

QUIXOTE O/S
Sancho!! Where are you?

32 INT. FARM/TAVERN, ATTIC SPACE - NIGHT

32

DON QUIXOTE, awoken by the noise in the courtyard,
stares madly at several large wine-skins suspended from
the roof-beams.

In the flickering candlelight the wine-skins begin to
transform into GIGANTIC HEADS...

QUIXOTE
Sancho, the Enchanters! They are here!
They have come for me!
(to the wineskins)
Malambrino! You fiend!

DON QUIXOTE grabs his sword...

33 INT, FARM/TAVERN - NIGHT

33

Downstairs, the HOLY BROTHERHOOD with the enthusiastic
help of the FARMER are brutally corralling everyone for
a line-up.

TOBY is stealthily edging toward the stairs, trying not
to be seen...

HOLY BROTHER 1
Stop!

TOBY spins. He's caught! But the HOLY BROTHER is not
looking at him. He is looking at a spreading stain of
red liquid dripping from the ceiling and onto his hand.

Holy BROTHER 1 (CONT'D)
Blood!

There is a tremendous commotion from the room above.

HOLY BROTHER 1 (CONT'D)
Blood! Murder! Bolt the doors!

With drawn swords THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD charge up the stairs -just as TOBY manages to duck under them.

He is not alone. The GYPSY is hiding there. He smiles at TOBY.

At the top, THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD kick the door open.

34

INT. FARM/TAVERN, ATTIC SPACE - NIGHT

34

They see an old bandaged man in his underwear - DON QUIXOTE - who slashes and stabs the wine-skins. Spouts of red wine are shooting all over the room.

QUIXOTE
(to wine-skins)
Fiends of hell! Enchanters! Die and
nevermore trouble the living. Take
that, Malambrino!

The BROTHERHOOD stare fiercely... Then they fall about laughing at the old boy.

Under the stairs, the GYPSY has hold of TOBY's arm.

GYPSY
My lying friend, we can escape. Now!

TOBY
Let go! Leave me alone!

Upstairs, DON QUIXOTE continues his attack as the FARMER arrives, sees the mess, and lunges at DON QUIXOTE, throwing him to the ground, punching and kicking him.

FARMER
My wine! My wine! You bastard! My best
harvest! You turd! I'll kill you!

THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD drag the furious FARMER off DON QUIXOTE.

FARMER (CONT'D)
(surveying the damage)
Jesus Christ Almighty!

A silence.

HOLY BROTHER
Blasphemy!

All eyes turn onto the FARMER. He freezes - falls to his knees in prayer.

FARMER

Jesus Christ Almighty... thank you for giving me this opportunity to practice forgiveness like a good Christian.

The BROTHERHOOD exchange suspicious glances as the FARMER desperately embraces QUIXOTE. They nod - OK - he passed muster. The sweating farmer sighs with relief.

Out from under the stairs, the GYPSY is making a run for it, pulling TOBY with him.

GYPSY

C'mon, this is your last chance.

TOBY breaks free, causing the GYPSY to stumble and knock over some crockery which crashes to the ground as TOBY falls backwards into a basket which gets stuck over his head.

TOBY

(pointing blindly at the GYPSY)

It's him you want. It's his fault!

A HOLY BROTHER turns to see the confusion just as the GYPSY looks up at him.. a match for the Wanted Poster.

HOLY BROTHER

Stop him!

The HOLY BROTHERHOOD race down the stairs as the GYPSY disappears out the door...

35 EXT. FARM/TAVERN, COURTYARD - NIGHT

35

.. and out through the gate.

With curses and threats the HOLY BROTHERHOOD mount their horses and gallop off in hot pursuit.

35A INT. FARM/TAVERN - NIGHT

35A

TOBY manages to pull the basket off his head as the relieved crowd surround him. Embracing him as a hero. He's not sure how to respond.

Guitars and castanets strike up. Music and dancing.

36 INT. FARM/TAVERN, ATTIC SPACE - NIGHT

36

TOBY comes to the attic door. Downstairs the celebrations continue. He sees the sodden DON QUIXOTE crawling back to his pallet. He is old and weak.

DON QUIXOTE

It is good, dear Sancho, to be able to repay the hospitality of the lord of this castle with the strength of my sword. Everyone will sleep well tonight.

A thoughtful moment.

TOBY

Yes, I suppose...

37 OMITTED 37

38 INT. FARM, ATTIC - DAWN 38

C/U TOBY mumbling in his sleep.

TOBY

.. they will.

He wakes with a smile. Daylight. Silence.

Then he takes in his surroundings.. the foul attic!

But, no sign of the slashed wineskins.

No sign of the wine-soaked chaos.

No sign of DON QUIXOTE.

TOBY is alone. He begins to panic..

TOBY (CONT'D)

A little fence! A barley sugar!

TOBY frantically searches for the bag of sweets Rupert gave him. He finds it - gobbles down two sweets.

TOBY (CONT'D)

This side reality! That side dreamland!

39 EXT. FARM, COURTYARD - DAWN 39

TOBY nervously makes his way down into the courtyard. He unwraps another sweet.

EVERYTHING IS ONCE AGAIN IN THE MODERN WORLD.

And there sits DON QUIXOTE - in the middle of an adoring circle of last night's DARK SUSPICIOUS MEN. They share their food with him. He's one of the family. QUIXOTE regales them with last night's (dreamed?) Adventures...acting them out with wild energy.

DON QUIXOTE

...and as I held the Enchanters at bay with my mighty sword, Sancho, my loyal squire sprang into the battle - boldly attacking the vile miscreant, overpowering him with nothing more than crockery and a basket for a helmet. Allowing me to save this castle single-handedly! You see, be brave my friends and nothing can stop you.

As TOBY watches, the FARMER approaches from behind and wraps his arm around his shoulder. TOBY jumps.

FARMER

I think you were frightened last night by those sweet Moroccans. They are just poor people. Illegal. Frightened. All they want is work. He lifts their spirits. He is a saint.

TOBY

He's insane.

TOBY pops another sweet into his mouth...

TOBY (CONT'D)

This side reality...

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho! You will spoil your breakfast!

40

EXT. A HILL ABOVE THE FARM - DAY

40

DON QUIXOTE and TOBY ride away from the farm... the illegals happily waving them goodbye. TOBY's donkey is encumbered with cheap shopping bags lumpy with gifts from the Moroccans. He is deep in thought.

DON QUIXOTE

(holding up a filthy bag)
What princely gifts! What noble thanks from the lord of that castle!

TOBY

That story you were telling them...?
That was my dream last night...

DON QUIXOTE

Your dream? My vainglorious peasant friend...

(chuckling indulgently)
.. so child-like , so self-centered.
Why does everything always have to be about you?

Exasperated, TOBY pauses on the donkey. DON QUIXOTE continues on, chortling to himself.

TOBY
That's it, I'll take my chances alone.

He turns his donkey back toward the farm...

...to see two police vans, sirens howling, roar up to the farm.

POLICE
Open up in the name of the Law!
Immigration! Police!

The MOROCCANS run for it. POLICE pour out of the vans.

TOBY quickly spurs his donkey around and away.

41 EXT. LEESIDE OF THE HILL - DAY

41

TOBY catches up with DON QUIXOTE.

DON QUIXOTE
This will be a marvellous day for adventures. I feel it in my bones.

TOBY pours sweat. He keeps looking back nervously.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
It may happen, that before we pass six days together, I shall conquer a number of kingdoms...

TOBY
Be quiet.

DON QUIXOTE
...And your loyalty shall be rewarded. I will crown you king of one of them. King! Such astonishing things often attend the profession of Chivalry...

Suddenly, TOBY's donkey shies as a black bird flaps up in front of it. Lying beside the path is a horror: the rotting corpse of a mule being pecked at by a flock of crows. TOBY tries to turn his donkey away but the donkey bucks and TOBY is thrown - onto the rotting mule. The birds scatter, shrieking.

TOBY
Jesus God! Help me!

DON QUIXOTE
It is only a dead mule, Sancho. Leave it alone. We can eat later.

TOBY flails about trying to get off the stinking meat and bones but, in doing so the rotting saddle bags split open and out cascade gold coins. Gold amongst the putrid guts!

TOBY examines one of the coins - eyes alight.

TOBY

Jesus! Spanish gold! Hey, Don! Take a look at this...

(thinks better of it)

Fuck him. He won't have a clue what these are worth in today's market.

Ahead, DON QUIXOTE, oblivious, disappears around a corner.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Jesus! Some bad shit went down here! There's probably a reward for these. I'll take them to the police - turn myself in.. they'll see I'm an honest guy. They'll believe me when I explain what happened. Yes!

TOBY scrabbles up the gold - stuffs it inside his clothes. He pauses.

TOBY (CONT'D)

But if they don't... shit, I'm going to need a very good lawyer.

He starts digging a hole in the ground with his bare hands to bury the gold.

Suddenly, the bottom of the hole gives way. As the coins stream away from TOBY's clutching hands, the ground beneath him collapses as well

42

EXT. CAVERN DAY

42

TOBY falls, gold coins tumbling about him, down, down, down.. into a dark cavern.

All is blackness.

Panic! Trapped! No escape! But then.. from somewhere.. echoing through the rocky blackness... music!... THE THEME TUNE FROM HIS FILM!

Has he suffered a concussion? Is he, in fact, dead? No.

Slowly, his eyes adjust to the darkness. TOBY can make out a soft light. Nervously, he crawls forward. Rounding a corner the magnificent vastness of the cavern is revealed. Light streams in through a distant cascading waterfall.

In the spray of the waterfall a small figure dances to the music.. a GIRL. Another dream?

TOBY makes his way towards her.

TOBY
(shouting over the roar of
the water and music)
Hello.

The GIRL starts. Panics. Scrambles for a wicker basket near her feet and comes up with a knife in her hand.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Whoah!! I'm sorry...didn't mean to
scare you.. just trying to find the
way out.

The GIRL stares hard at him.

TOBY (CONT'D)
I'm not going to hurt you. Honest. You
wouldn't know where the exit is, would
you?

GIRL
I don't believe it!

She starts laughing. TOBY is unnerved.

TOBY
What?

She reaches into the basket and switches off the music.
She climbs down to him.

GIRL
It's you...

TOBY
I hope so.

GIRL
You don't recognise me?

TOBY
Don't think so... I'd like to...

GIRL
You haven't changed a bit, Toby.

TOBY is nonplussed. The GIRL laughs - silhouetted against the light.

TOBY
Was it a party? Some bar?

GIRL

I would have been too young for "some bar".

The GIRL smiles at the beautiful setting.

GIRL (CONT'D)

This is a nice place. A good location, Toby, no?

TOBY

I got it; Miss Natural Moonlight shampoo campaign. I won the Premier Award in '99. Did I get it right?

GIRL

You got the year about right. I was 13 years old.

TOBY

13? Wasn't me.

GIRL

(pointing the knife at him)

You made me a promise.

TOBY

Wrong man.

GIRL

(coming closer)

I was going to be someone. You said.

TOBY

(backing up)

Definitely the wrong man.

GIRL

I didn't need to do a thing. Just be me. That was all.

Now he remembers.

TOBY

Angelica...

ANGELICA

Angelica? Are you sure? Can you really see that little girl?

TOBY

Sure, yes. Of course... I can't believe it's you.

ANGELICA

It isn't. Not any more. Not really.
C'mon let's get outside before you
drown.

(getting a whiff of dead
mule)

God, you stink!

42A EXT. BEAUTIFUL WATERFALL DAY

42A

ANGELICA'S white stallion grazes in an idyllic glade at the base of the waterfall. She is retrieving dry clothes from it's saddle bags. TOBY is wringing out his shirt. He can't take his eyes off ANGELICA.

TOBY

I watched the film we made the other day. Hadn't seen it in years. You were so young.. and... and..

(staring at her)

.. beautiful. They told me you went to Madrid...

ANGELICA

Ah, yes, Madrid.. and Barcelona.. and Marseille and..

TOBY

Right...

ANGELICA

A village girl can't go back to the laundry after starring in a movie.

TOBY

Right...

A long knowing silence between the two of them.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Things didn't work out...

ANGELICA

(rueful)

I did modelling... mostly...

TOBY

Right...

ANGELICA

Right...

TOBY

I fucked things up for you, didn't I...

A flash of bitterness from ANGELICA. Then she casually strips off her wet shift and begins pulling on dry clothes.

ANGELICA
I'm doing OK now. Got someone who
takes care of me. He's very rich.

TOBY sees bruises on her body. She covers them.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
Comes with the territory...

TOBY
I'm sorry.

ANGELICA
Why? It's a living. Same as you.

TOBY
I don't get beaten up...

WHAM! From behind, DON QUIXOTE sends TOBY sprawling.

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho! Kneel before a lady!

DON QUIXOTE bows elaborately.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
Forgive him, gracious madam, he is an
ignorant peasant who knows no better!
I am Don Quixote de La Mancha - at
your service.

ANGELICA
Of course you are.

ANGELICA holds out her hand for QUIXOTE to kiss. He goes all weak in the knees - holds her hand far too long.

TOBY lifts his face out of the oozing mud.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
I know of your famous exploits, Sir
Knight. And I know of your passionate
quest..
(fixing TOBY with a look)
.. for your Lady who you hold more dear
than life itself.

TOBY
(whispering)
Why are you talking like that? It's the
old guy from your village...

DON QUIXOTE taps his head despairingly at ANGELICA.

DON QUIXOTE
 (whispers)
 A rustic.

TOBY
 Heard that!

DON QUIXOTE
 Such ears! Perhaps you have caught
 something from your donkey, Sancho!

DON QUIXOTE laughs loudly. ANGELICA joins in. The
 donkey joins in.

ANGELICA
 Yes, Sancho was always stubborn.

DON QUIXOTE
 And so greedy.

ANGELICA
 So ambitious. So enchanting.

DON QUIXOTE
 What?

ANGELICA
 A real enchanter.

TOBY
 Don't say that.

DON QUIXOTE raises his sword menacingly.

DON QUIXOTE
 An enchanter?

ANGELICA
 Oh, yes.

TOBY
 (reeling back)
 Ah..no, no, not an enchanter...

DON QUIXOTE
 (whacking him with his
 sword!)
 Sancho! Is this you!
 (another whack with his
 sword!)
 Speak!
 (and another whack!)

TOBY
 Ow! Fuck! Ow! Of course it's me! I
 mean I'm not Sancho, I'm.. I'm..

TOBY is on his knees - grovelling. DON QUIXOTE puts his sword to TOBY's throat with careful menace.

DON QUIXOTE
Malambrino?... the enchanter.. fiend..

TOBY
Oh, no! No!... OK, I am Sancho! Look at this face! It's me! It's really me!
(insanely inspired)
She didn't say enchanter. She said chanter. I'm a Chanter! Was! I was a chanter! No.. a Canter! Like Eddie Canter! But not totally Jewish - like Eddie was. Ah, fuck it!
(singing madly)
"Swannie, Swannie..."
(he grabs a handful of mud and smears it over his face)
"...How I love ya, How I love ya! My dear ol' Swannie...!!"

DON QUIXOTE frowns doubtfully at TOBY - lowers his sword...

There is an awkward silence.

ANGELICA looks away. In the distance is a man on horseback.. taking photographs of them. TOBY and QUIXOTE don't see him.

ANGELICA
I think I must leave, now.

DON QUIXOTE
Stay, Lady. It's late.

ANGELICA
Goodbye, Toby.

TOBY
No! I'll take you part of the way.

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho, the Lady needs a true escort - a knight! Step aside! Allow me...

DON QUIXOTE and TOBY struggle to help ANGELICA onto her horse. DON Q is a bit too excited. His hand is on her thigh. She slaps it away.

ANGELICA
Don't!

DON QUIXOTE
Don't touch her, Sancho!

TOBY
I'm helping her!

DON QUIXOTE knocks him away.

DON QUIXOTE
You touched her! With your filthy
thick peasant hands!

TOBY
Filthy?! You're the dirty old man!

DON QUIXOTE
How dare you! I'll thrash you for
that!

ANGELICA flinches as DON QUIXOTE hits TOBY. A disturbed
look... then she spurs her horse and gallops off.

DON QUIXOTE and TOBY stop their brawling. DON QUIXOTE
turns thoughtful.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
Did you see the look in her eyes?

TOBY watches ANGELICA ride up to the PHOTOGRAPHER. They
have angry words. The MAN rides away. ANGELICA follows.

TOBY
(heading to his donkey)
We should follow her. I think she's in
trouble...

DON QUIXOTE
Certainly, love is a cruel gaoler.
Clearly the poor girl has fallen in
love with me.

TOBY
What?!

DON QUIXOTE
I must be on my guard. Is my love for
my Dulcinea pure? Perhaps I have
slipped a little...

TOBY
(anxiously mounting up)
Let's go. Hurry up.

The sun beats down as the silhouetted figures of DON
QUIXOTE and TOBY ride along a ridge.

TOBY
 Can't these things go any faster?
 (kicking his donkey)
 We're losing them. C'mon, c'mon!

DON QUIXOTE
 (calmly reading from his
 paperback as he rides)
 She was sitting beside a stream before
 her crystal mansion, working one of
 those rich embroideries...

C/U: Well thumbed pages of QUIXOTE'S PAPERBACK. A romantic illustration of a beautiful castle - a maiden in the window. The figures of Quixote and Sancho are approaching in the foreground.

DON QUIXOTE V/O
 ...where silk and gold and pearls are
 strangely interwoven. The Lady
 Dulcinea looked up but once and their
 eyes met...

TOBY V/O
 Dammit, we've lost them! She's gone.

The illustration becomes real... but, the real castle
 is a desolate ruin.

44

EXT. RUINED CASTLE - DAY

44

Encamped at the base of a collapsed wall, sheltering
 from the sun under an old blanket, DON QUIXOTE, in his
 tattered underwear, still reads from his paperback.

DON QUIXOTE
 ...And from that brief moment on, Don
 Quixote de la Mancha became free from
 all fear of any mortal enemy and even
 from death itself.

He closes the book. Satisfied.

A flock of sheep graze amongst the ruins of the castle.
 Their shepherd sits on a distant rock.

TOBY forages through the shabby bags of gifts given
 them by the Moroccans.

TOBY
 There's gotta be something to eat in
 here... I'm starving.

DON QUIXOTE
 Food, Sancho! Food to make a peasant's
 heart glad!

TOBY

Do you think you could drop the
peasant stuff?...

He sniffs uncertainly at something resembling a
sausage.

TOBY (CONT'D)

What's this?

DON QUIXOTE

A conundrum! One of your riddles! I
like a riddle! It is... a horse and
cart! How's that?

TOBY

I mean what's in it?

DON QUIXOTE

(playfully)

Oh, what's in it? Oh, I don't know,
Sancho... A goose?!

(flapping his arms and
honking)

Or perhaps a wild hippogriff!
(hooting)

TOBY looks at DON QUIXOTE rolling about laughing.

TOBY

You're mad, aren't you? Fucking
crackers.

DON QUIXOTE becomes very serious.

DON QUIXOTE

It would be easier if I were mad,
Sancho. It would be easier if I were
allowed to be an old man. But I have a
duty and am bound to honour the Code
of Knight Errantry.

TOBY

Bullshit. Chivalry's dead and gone. It
probably never existed anyway.

Suddenly, a melancholic voice echoes around the walls.

VOICE OFF

Oh most beauteous and most cruel-
hearted maiden! Must you allow your
captive knight to waste and perish in
these endless wanderings. Spare me...

DON QUIXOTE and TOBY stop, look at each other, then
cautiously creep along the ruined wall.

Peering into the ruins they see a fantastic sight. A KNIGHT - in a full suit of armour made of thousands of tiny mirrors. Blinding rays flash as, with one sword stroke, he slices right through a tree trunk.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
Release me from your enchantment.

Nearby, rests the knight's horse, two mules, and the KNIGHT'S SQUIRE who has a strange bushy beard and huge bulbous nose. By a medieval tent a dark, hooded MONK tends a portable altar. The perfect medieval scene.

DON QUIXOTE
Bullshit, Sancho?

The KNIGHT suddenly stops and drops to his knees, leaning on his sword as if in prayer.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
Is it not enough that I have forced
all the Knights of Navarre, of
Castille and even Don Quixote of La
Mancha to kneel to your beauty?

QUIXOTE
What!

The KNIGHT springs up and puts his hand on his sword.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
Who's there?

TOBY tries to grab DON QUIXOTE - too late.

DON QUIXOTE steps out of the shadow of the wall.

DON QUIXOTE
A Knight Errant, Sir, accompanied by
his loyal squire, Sancho Panza.

TOBY stays where he is.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
Accompanied by his loyal squire,
Sancho Panza!

QUIXOTE glowers at TOBY but, he doesn't budge. Seething, he turns back to the KNIGHT.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
Sir, I doubt if you vanquished the
real Don Quixote. Somebody like him
perhaps.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
 For a full day and night I fought Don
 Quixote hand to hand, until finally, I
 forced him to submit and bow down to
 my lady.

QUIXOTE throws off his blanket, resplendent in his
 underwear.

DON QUIXOTE
 Liar! Behold, Don Quixote himself in
 person!

DON QUIXOTE draws his sword... but it's stuck.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
 You doubt my word, old man?
 (slowly drawing his sword)
 Let the conquered be at the mercy of
 the conqueror.

QUIXOTE
 (regaining is dignity)
 Agreed. And bound by the laws of
 chivalry.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
 Agreed.

TOBY
 This is ridiculous!

A SHORT TIME LATER:

At one end of the ruined courtyard the powerful KNIGHT
 OF THE MIRRORS is attended by his SQUIRE. The weapons
 are handled with ritual care. Blessed by the MONK.

At the other end, watched intently by the shepherd and
 his sheep, DON QUIXOTE, now in full armour, prepares.
 TOBY stares at the vastly superior adversary.

TOBY (CONT'D)
 You could get seriously hurt - you
 know that.

DON QUIXOTE
 Wounds received in battle crown a
 knight with honour, Sancho. Thank your
 for your encouragement.

ROSINANTE's knees knock together nervously. DON QUIXOTE
 cups the horse's ear.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
 Don't be afraid, my old friend. We
 have come through worse.

DON QUIXOTE ties a strip of material round Rosinante's eyes. The old horse stops quaking.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
You see - nothing to be afraid of at all.

(to TOBY)
Make a stirrup with your hands, Sancho.

Unhappily, TOBY helps DON QUIXOTE up onto ROSINANTE.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
That's the way. My lance!

DON QUIXOTE takes his lance.

The KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS is ready to go.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
In the name of truth!

DON QUIXOTE
I entrust my heart to my lady
Dulcinea!

DON QUIXOTE charges.

TOBY
Wait! Stop! Whoa! What about me?

DON QUIXOTE reins in ROSINANTE.

The charging KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS skids to a halt in a cloud of dust.

TOBY (CONT'D)
What are the rules about squires?
What's the deal! I mean, if you get
killed...

DON QUIXOTE rounds angrily on TOBY.

DON QUIXOTE
You coward! You snivelling, chicken-
hearted peasant!

DON QUIXOTE furiously attacks TOBY with his lance. TOBY scrambles into the bushes for protection.

THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS is confused by the behaviour at the far end of the jousting field. He turns back to his start position.

TOBY gets entangled in the branches.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
 You gutless, milk-livered, spunkless,
 pusillanimous Judas!

Wrenching himself free, TOBY sends a branch whipping back across ROSINANTE's rump. The horse bolts. DON QUIXOTE clings to the bony animal as ROSINANTE charges down the field - blind - totally out of control.

DON QUIXOTE bears down on the KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS who desperately wheels his horse round as...

DON QUIXOTE's madly waving lance smashes the KNIGHT full in the chest - violently knocks him out of the saddle. The KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS lands on the ground with a horrible crunch. Suddenly it's all over.

Despite himself, TOBY punches the air in victory - then realizes what he's doing... What is he doing?

ROSINANTE is whirling round in confusion, scattering sheep in all directions. DON QUIXOTE struggles with the reins, his basin down over his eyes.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
 Squire! Sancho!

TOBY runs across - helps DON QUIXOTE dismount. TOBY keeps one eye on THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS who's rolling about on the ground.

TOBY
 OK, no bones broken by the look of it.
 Let's get out of here.

Instead, DON QUIXOTE draws his sword and lurches over to THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS scattering the SQUIRE and MONK who have come to his aid. He presses the tip of his sword to the KNIGHT's exposed throat.

DON QUIXOTE
 Here, Sir Knight, is the truth. Yield to it. Or feel Don Quixote de La Mancha's sword rammed home to your teeth.

TOBY
 What the fuck do you think you're doing?!

QUIXOTE pushes him away. The SQUIRE runs toward them.

SQUIRE
 Stop him, for Christ's sake!

The SQUIRE pulls off his hat and false nose.

It is the OLD CRONE from the village

MONK
Don't let him kill him!

TOBY turns to see the MONK running towards them, desperately pulling off his costume, revealing the priest from the village bar.

MONK/PRIEST
(grabbing Toby)
Stop him!

TOBY breaks free.

QUIXOTE
Yield!

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
All right, yes, I yield, I yield!

DON QUIXOTE
You promise to go to Toboso - where my Lady Dulcinea lives - you promise to pay homage...

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
I promise!

DON QUIXOTE
You promise to tell her of my bravery...

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
I promise!

DON QUIXOTE
Of my courage...

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
I promise!

DON QUIXOTE
Of my... of my love...

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS
On my oath, I swear!

DON QUIXOTE
Swear on your blood.

THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS pulls off his helmet. It's RAUL, the bartender from the village.

RAUL
Yes! Yes! I swear on my blood! I swear! I promise!

DON QUIXOTE
Raul? Raul Fernandez?

DON QUIXOTE almost faints away, looks around - for the first time, taking in the CRONE and PRIEST.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
My good friends!? Is that you?... Why
are you here? Why aren't you at home
in the village? What is happening...?

DON QUIXOTE is suddenly aware of the stillness and the silence. Everyone is looking at him. He seems very old, confused and defeated. ROSINANTE gently nuzzles into his bony hand.

RAUL struggles to his feet - bruised and sore.

CRONE
Come back home, Javier.

DON QUIXOTE
No! Get back! Enchantments! Spells! I
see your game, Malambrino! I know your
treacherous deceptions!

They fall back from DON QUIXOTE who brandishes his sword, his eyes gleaming madly - afraid and dangerous.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
I won't go! I won't go back! You can't
blind me with your mirrors! Keep away
from me! Demons! Keep away!

DON QUIXOTE backs toward ROSINANTE - shouting at his persecutors - whirling round - slicing the air with his sword, terrifying the shepherd, panicking his sheep. He rides off like a madman.

CRONE
Javier! Come back!

RAUL goes to TOBY.

RAUL
He is a dangerous child. We were playing
up to his fantasies to bring him back to
the village - before he causes more
damage.

CRONE
(attacking TOBY)
It's your fault! You're the one who
made him crazy!

PRIEST
You and your film destroyed good
people!

The PRIEST attacks, punching and clawing.

TOBY

Don't do that! I can't stand being
hit!

All three of them go for TOBY. He is knocked down.
Punched hard in the face..

Blackness.

45

EXT. 17th Century CATHEDRAL SQUARE - NIGHT

45

Nightmarish 17th Century figures from Goya swirl around
TOBY. They swipe at him as he is dragged through a
great flame-lit cathedral square.

NIGHTMARE FIGURES

It's all his fault! He's to blame!
Burn him!

The Inquisition is staging an execution. Torches.
Hooded figures. Fire. Ranks of Inquisition officials.
Ghoulish medieval music brays.

On the platform, a woman is being tied to the stake.
She turns... It's ANGELICA. Her brute of a FATHER
stands in front of her.

FATHER

Daughter or no daughter, this whore
must die!

ANGELICA

Toby! Help me!

The mob drag TOBY towards the execution platform and
the Grand Inquisitor.

Somehow, TOBY breaks free and runs for it... straight
into a passing horse which rears throwing its rider -
one of THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD.

The BROTHER tumbles into a procession of hooded
penitents carrying a colossal painting of Christ
crucified which topples onto the escaping TOBY.

He is grabbed by several members of THE HOLY BROTHERHOOD
who hoist him to his feet as an ox cart transporting a
large wooden cage trundles toward them.

Atop it a nightmare figure (RAUL) whips the oxen onward.
Hooting and laughing, strangely attired demons on
horseback (the CRONE and the PRIEST) drum the bars of the
cage with staffs.

Imprisoned in the cage is a miserable, huddled figure.
DON QUIXOTE. His desperate eyes stare straight out at us
as ALL THE COLOUR DRAINS FROM THE IMAGE.

DON QUIXOTE
Sancho! What is happening?!

45A EXT. BARREN LANDSCAPE - DAY

45A

Black and white images from TOBY's film:

The ORIGINAL FAT SANCHO runs alongside the caged DON QUIXOTE in a barren landscape. A flock of sheep scatters.

DON QUIXOTE
What is happening?!

SANCHO
(weeping)
They're taking you back to your village.
You'll be safe there.

DON QUIXOTE
I'll die there. Sancho. Help me,
Sancho...

Suddenly, a girl's face, YOUNG ANGELICA, appears in close up. She is laughing and dancing - blocking out QUIXOTE. Ruining the shot.

TOBY V/O
Cut! Stop! Corte! Parada!

BACK TO COLOUR:

A 10 YEARS YOUNGER TOBY is filming the scene with a hand-held, clockwork 16mm Bolex. TWO OR THREE ART STUDENTS stand about..

TOBY
What are you doing Angelica! Get out of
the shot.

Flirtatiously ignoring him, YOUNG ANGELICA keeps dancing.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Jesus! What am I going to do with you?
(laughing)
OK.. alright.. you win...

He switches the camera on again and starts filming her.

She changes her steps to those of a practised flamenco dancer. She holds herself with a control and discipline beyond her years. Her fiery glances to TOBY are hot.

The two of them are totally in synch.

Enraptured by YOUNG ANGELICA's performance, the crew pay no attention as SANCHO and QUIXOTE and the cart disappear into the distance.

The film runs out. TOBY puts the camera down.

Toby (CONT'D)
Film ran out.

EVERYONE applauds. TOBY Laughs and holds out his arms.
YOUNG ANGELICA runs into his embrace.

TOBY swings her round. And round. They're spinning. Her face comes up to his... She has transformed into a woman. It is ADULT ANGELICA. TOBY kisses her. Passionately.

He holds her face in his hands, looking deep into her eyes and plants kiss after kiss on her long fuzzy face. Her soft white ears. Her strange eyes. Her muzzle...

BACK TO:

50

EXT. RUINED CASTLE - LATE AFTERNOON

50

TOBY is kissing a baleful, fly-blown sheep as he lies in the dirt of the ruined castle. He opens his eyes.

TOBY
Oh, God!

Other sheep trip over him. He shoves them off and gets unsteadily to his feet.

Time has passed.

No sign of RAUL, the CRONE, or the PRIEST... or DON QUIXOTE.

Only the SHEPHERD..

TOBY frantically fumbles for his bag of barley sugars. They are still there. He pops one into his mouth. Calms down. He approaches the SHEPHERD.

TOBY (CONT'D)
What happened? Where is everybody?

The SHEPHERD grins like an imbecile.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Did they take the old man away?

The SHEPHERD grins some more.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Did you see which way they went?

The SHEPHERD grins and grins.

TOBY (CONT'D)
OK. Thanks.

Not knowing what to do or where to go TOBY stands there stupidly. He looks down at his bag of barley sugars, fiddles with them for a moment, and then dumps them in the SHEPHERD'S LAP.

TOBY (CONT'D)

You might try these. They've helped me a lot as you can see...

TOBY wanders off. Lost. Alone.

51

EXT. ROCKY LANDSCAPE & THORN BUSHES - AFTERNOON

51

TOBY slumps despondently on a rock. Exhausted. Worried. Confused...

His eyes go to dark red stains on the baked rock. Blood. His? No. They trail away across the sand.

TOBY follows the bloody smears... To a barrier of Acacia thorn bushes...

Painful grunts and groans and a terrible thrashing emanate from the bushes. Don Quixote? Attacked by wild beasts?

A snort from the undergrowth. TOBY jumps....and then, ROSINANTE'S head pokes out through the thicket.

TOBY flings his arms round the old nag.

TOBY

Where is he? Where's the Don?

Before the horse can answer, TOBY hears..

DON QUIXOTE O/S

I am Orlando Furioso! I shall tear up trees with my bare teeth! I shall crush houses with my fists! I shall go crazy.. for love!

TOBY gingerly picks his way through the sharp thorns. His shirt gets ripped. His face is scratched. He stops - confronted with a vision of Medieval suffering:

DON QUIXOTE, stripped to his ragged underwear, is ripping off thorn branches and beating himself with them. His emaciated old body is scratched and bloody. He sees TOBY.

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho! Am I mad? Am I as crazed as Orlando? Tell me!

TOBY

What are you doing?!

DON QUIXOTE

My penance. So that Dulcinea will know
how immeasurable my love is for her.

TOBY

This is crazy!

DON QUIXOTE

Yes! If I can be this crazed without
cause, just imagine how crazed I'd be
with.

TOBY

Don't be ridiculous. Stop it!

Despite the terrible thorns, TOBY struggles after
QUIXOTE...

TOBY (CONT'D)

Fuck! Shit! Ow!

QUIXOTE stumbles out of the thorns and falls to his
knees. Blood runs down his old body. His eyes are empty
- lost.

TOBY crashes out after the old man.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Come on. Stop this.

52

EXT. FOREST - LATE AFTERNOON

52

DON QUIXOTE sits beside a stream. ROSINANTE drinks
beside him. TOBY is very gentle. He uses his torn shirt
to dab at QUIXOTE's wounds.

TOBY

How's that?

QUIXOTE is silent.

TOBY (CONT'D)

I want you to listen to me.

(pulls DON QUIXOTE round
to face him)

I am not Sancho. My name is Toby.
There is no Sancho. There is no
Dulcinea. And you are just a desperate
sad old man.

DON QUIXOTE

Oh, dear... Those enchanters have got
their talons into you, Sancho. It
never ceases to amaze me what they
can do! Perhaps they've even created
another Don Quixote out there in the
world - another Sancho.

(MORE)

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
 Evil duplicates of ourselves sowing
 lies and deceit.

TOBY
 What if your friends were who they
 said they were?

DON QUIXOTE
 Never doubt, Sancho! That's what they
 want! We must believe in ourselves at
 all costs, Sancho! It is our story and
 not some pretender's.

DON QUIXOTE focuses on something beyond... And he
 smiles.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
 Sancho, my son, fair fortune smiles on
 us...

TOBY slowly turns to follow the old man's look. His
 breath is taken away by what he sees:

Across the stream, in a beautifully lit glade, a
 MEDIAEVAL HUNTING PARTY of richly dressed aristocrats,
 ride by.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
 Behold..

TOBY
 Let me guess - your Lady Dulcinea...

In the centre of the group, on a silver side-saddle on
 a magnificent white stallion hung with rich emerald-
 green trappings, sits a dazzlingly elegant LADY. Beside
 her rides two ladies-in-waiting. All three are veiled.

DON QUIXOTE
 Go to her, Sancho. Tell her that Don
 Quixote De La Mancha humbly awaits her
 command.

Disbelieving what he sees, TOBY hesitates but, then,
 obeys.

The HUNTING PARTY halts at the sight of a muddy,
 dishevelled TOBY approaching.

TOBY
 Ahem... My Lady, Highness, Fair
 Huntress...

The HUNTING PARTY glare at TOBY for his insolence.

TOBY knows what he has to do. He goes down on one knee
 before the VEILED LADY and removes his wide brimmed
 hat.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Lofty Majesty. My Lady Dulcinea.

VEILED LADY
Toby?

The VEILED LADY removes her veil. It is JACQUI.

JACQUI
It is you!

TOBY
Jacqui?

TOBY lurches towards her. Two of the men move to stop him. They are armed with standard issue security headsets and mobiles.

JACQUI
It's all right. He works for us.
(to TOBY)
Where have you been? We've been very worried. You look terrible.

TOBY
I'm in big trouble. I think the police..

JACQUI
Oh, don't worry about the police. We're all staying with Alexei Mishkin. Vodka account? He's like a king around here.

TOBY
Why are you dressed up like that?

JACQUI
Alexei's throwing a big Holy Week party. Lots of games. You'll love it... c'mon, we'll get you cleaned up.

TOBY
I'm not alone.

He gestures. In the distance stands DON QUIXOTE, forlornly trying to see what's going on - waiting for the right moment to step forward.

JACQUI laughs.

JACQUI
You found your star..

TOBY
I know, I know. But he thinks he really is Don Quixote.

JACQUI
Bring him along. He's the most
authentic thing here. So sweet.

TOBY
No, it's very sad. He needs help...

JACQUI
You've gone all sentimental, Toby.

She pulls out her mobile phone and starts dialing.

JACQUI (CONT'D)
This is going to be fun.

53 EXT. MISHKIN PALACE - EVENING

53

The HUNTING PARTY, DON QUIXOTE and TOBY approach the
soaring spires and turrets of the glorious palace.

The lead riders are on mobile phones making sure of
arrangements. Much laughing. Everyone is having fun.
DON QUIXOTE and TOBY ride together.

DON QUIXOTE
Did I not promise that one day I would
make you a king, Sancho?

TOBY
(nods at JACQUI)
You do know that's not Dulcinea?

DON QUIXOTE
Of course it isn't! What made you
think she was? Just try to behave,
Sancho!

QUIXOTE spurs ROSINANTE forward. JACQUI rides up beside
TOBY.

JACQUI
I'm still very angry with you, Toby.
You had better be extra nice to me.

54 EXT. COURTYARD OF MISHKIN PALACE - EVENING

54

Trumpets sound, flags fly. Amongst a flurry of liveried
SERVANTS running to and fro, the HUNTING PARTY rides
into a sumptuous courtyard. DON QUIXOTE rides proudly
next to JACQUI.

A dark-dressed man bows to TOBY. It is the GYPSY.
TOBY's horse shies.

DON QUIXOTE

Steady, Sancho. Don't be nervous. This is our reward for all the pain we have endured.

From the top of a grand staircase trumpeters sound a fanfare, and ALEXEI MISHKIN, dressed as the king, makes an impressive entrance followed by FEMALE COURTIERS and the BOSS in noble attire. Security men stand about.

JACQUI whispers to TOBY.

JACQUI

I told you you'd love it.

The BOSS hands ALEXEI a script.

ALEXEI

Welcome to the very flower and cream of knight-errantry.

DON QUIXOTE glances sideways to TOBY, clearing his throat as he nods down to his foot which is out of the stirrup impatiently waiting for TOBY's support.

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho. Heel.

Realizing what he is supposed to be doing, TOBY plays along and hops off his horse.

ALEXEI

(reading from his script)

Worthy knight, you are now under our protection. Within these walls you are safe. You are amongst friends. You are without enemies...

DON QUIXOTE lowers his free foot beyond the point where he can maintain balance.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)

...and that, too, of your faithful squire, the much beloved Sancho Panza.

TOBY looks up and recognises the female courtier next to ALEXEI. It's ANGELICA!!

TOBY completely forgets what he's meant to be doing. DON QUIXOTE overbalances, grabs the saddle which pivots around ROSINANTE's middle bringing him crashing to the ground - inverted and with one foot trapped in a stirrup. Upside down, he looks daggers at TOBY.

The ASSEMBLED CROWD are working so hard at not laughing that they're in danger of doing themselves harm.

Only ANGELICA is unsmiling. She returns TOBY's look.

ALEXEI sees the exchange. His face darkens.

55

EXT. BATTLEMENTS OF MISHKIN PALACE - EVENING

55

A gargoyle looks down. TOBY creeps along the battlements.

He looks across at ANGELICA and ALEXEI. He can't hear what's being said but it's a serious argument. ALEXEI's cruel face. ANGELICA's pleading...

ALEXEI shakes ANGELICA - spits bitter words into her face. He shoves her aside - turns on his heel and goes.

ANGELICA is left alone. TOBY whispers across to her.

TOBY

Angelica!

She sees him. She hurriedly wipes away tears. She whispers back.

ANGELICA

What are you doing here?! Go away.

She turns and starts off.

TOBY

Stop. Don't go. What was all that about?

She pauses.

ANGELICA

He was just reminding me who I belong to. That's all.

TOBY

You don't belong to him.

ANGELICA

That's where you're wrong...

She goes. Then stops, hesitates, and walks back to TOBY.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

(dangerously mischievous)

Think you have the cojones to steal Alexei's property?

TOBY

What kind of shit is that?

ANGELICA

Didn't think so.

She turns to go again.

TOBY
Well, fuck you!

ANGELICA
Only Alexei does that.

TOBY digs into his pockets and comes up with a fistful of Spanish gold.

TOBY
OK, then... How much? What's your going rate?!

TOBY throws the gold at her feet. Angelica spins... A dagger is suddenly in her hand. Seething like a wild animal, she hurls the dagger at him. It misses his head by an inch. They are both stunned into silence by her violent reaction. Her anger spent, ANGELICA crumples... suddenly vulnerable.

ANGELICA
I thought you came to rescue me...

TOBY says what he knows she wants to hear..

TOBY
I did. I came for you...

She looks deep into his eyes...

TOBY (CONT'D)
I did...

ANGELICA is wise and sad.

ANGELICA
No you didn't, Toby...

ANGELICA spins away - through a doorway and into the castle.

TOBY
Wait! Angelica!

A hand on TOBY's shoulder... He jumps out of his skin. It's RUPERT.

RUPERT
Oooh! You naughty boy. What's this I feel! There's something here a little tense - a hard grain needing to be...

TOBY
(struggling)
Let go!

RUPERT

Come along, I have to dress you. Party time.. and Alexei doesn't like to be kept waiting.

56 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

56

8 x 10 telephoto photographs of TOBY and ANGELICA together at the waterfall are being examined.

ALEXEI O/S

You have been indulging that boy. You are like a bad father.

ALEXEI MISHKIN is being crowned king. The finishing touches to his new costume. He watches the effect in a full length mirror.

The BOSS, dressed as a nobleman, is looking at the photos. He watches ALEXEI nervously.

BOSS

He's good at his job. He makes us money.

ALEXEI

He has sticky fingers.

The BOSS meets ALEXEI's icy look.

BOSS

I know.

57 INT CORRIDOR TO BALLROOM NIGHT

57

Not looking happy, TOBY - in a richly tailored 17th century costume - is led down a corridor. RUPERT fusses over him - buckling on a silver belt with an ornate sword.

RUPERT

I just love your new Quixote. Where did you find him?

TOBY

Tell me what's going on here?

RUPERT

Relax. Everything's just okie cokie hunky dory. This will be fun and heart-warming all at the same time. I LOVE these games!

58

INT. PALACE BALLROOM - NIGHT

58

A glorious ballroom is filled with the swirl of costumed "NOBLEMEN" and "NOBLE WOMEN" dancing an elaborate courtly dance. DON QUIXOTE sits in wonder next to ALEXEI MISHKIN.

ALEXEI

I like your big adventures, Don Quixote. They give me pleasure.

DON QUIXOTE

You have read my exploits, Sir?

ALEXEI

The whole castle is reading them.

He holds up a hardback copy of Cervantes. QUIXOTE beams.

TOBY makes his way through the dancers.

ALEXEI waits at the top table. He coolly watches TOBY approach.

DON QUIXOTE stiffens as TOBY arrives.

DON QUIXOTE

Sir, I apologize, my foolish squire seems to have come to the wrong table.

ALEXEI

Dear Quixote, tonight we are all good former communists...

(QUIXOTE is perplexed)

Equals.

(to TOBY)

Join us, "Sancho".

He motions TOBY to a seat between the BOSS and JACQUI.

BOSS

Tobe, good to have you back. Alexei seems to be enjoying your new friend...

TOBY is aware of JACQUI's leg rubbing up against his.

SUDDENLY, THE HALL IS FILLED WITH A PATHETIC WAILING.

The GUESTS stop dancing. The GYPSY stops the music - approaches ALEXEI.

TOBY

Isn't that the gypsy?

BOSS

All a mistake, Tobe. Nothing to worry about. Things are being straightened out as we speak.

TOBY moves his leg away from JACQUI's.

GYPSY

A lady is here in the hope of finding the brave and noble Don Quixote.

A GROUP OF WOMEN IN BLACK wearing long heavy veils enter heaping ashes on their heads, wailing uncontrollably.

ALEXEI turns apologetically to DON QUIXOTE.

ALEXEI

The curse of fame. Even these high walls cannot hide the light of your virtue.

LADY DOLORIDA

(bowing before QUIXOTE)

I am the Lady Dolorida, Princess of Candaya. I cast myself down before Knighthood Invincible.

Something about her is familiar to TOBY...

DON QUIXOTE

(standing up)

It is I who should be kneeling before you. Please, dear sad lady - rise. Tell me your story.

LADY DOLORIDA

Once I was exceedingly beautiful.. desired by all men. One day a beggar came to my palace demanding my hand in marriage. Can you imagine? My ladies and I burst out laughing!

RUPERT is paging through a script. He mouths every word.

LADY DOLORIDA (CONT'D)

At this, the pathetic creature's eyes burned fire, his hair stood on end, and he spat out his.. his..

LADY DORIDA pauses. She looks at TOBY. He looks back and recognises ANGELICA'S eyes...

LADY DOLORIDA (CONT'D)

..his.. name.. Malambrino!

DON QUIXOTE's eyes sparkle in anger.

DON QUIXOTE

Malambrino?! The Enchanter! My sworn enemy!

LADY DOLORIDA

His terrible teeth ground out curses.
My skin was pricked with a thousand
needles. And then, as I raised my
hands to my face, I found it like
this.

She and her LADIES lift their veils revealing faces
covered with LONG, HAIRY BEARDS!! Gasp! The CROWD
recoil in horror.

TOBY registers ALEXEI's expression - a twisted smile.

DON QUIXOTE

What must I do to release you from
this abominable curse?

ANGELICA

No man has ever undertaken the journey
required to lift the spell and lived.

DON QUIXOTE

There has never been a knight as
fearless as he who stands before you.

ANGELICA falls into DON QUIXOTE's arms - who all but
swoons.

ANGELICA

I knew you would not fail us.

Drums start beating, medieval horns wail. A PROCESSION
of exotically garbed musicians enter followed by an
enormously tall black robed, black hatted, WHITE
BEARDED MAN - THE GYPSY IN DISGUISE.

Behind him are FOUR WILD MEN, dressed in green oak
leaves. On their shoulders they carry a huge, wooden
horse.

TOBY recognizes the PRODUCER of his commercial
supervising the entrance of these characters. He gets
up and comes to DON QUIXOTE's side.

TOBY

(whispers)

I don't like this...

DON QUIXOTE

(irritated and
patronizing)

It must seem like heaven to a common
peasant such as yourself.

TOBY
Trust me, I know these people.

DON QUIXOTE
How dare you suggest such a thing! You
will remain silent and do nothing
without my permission!

WHITE BEARDED MAN
Let anyone who is brave enough mount
this machine.

DON QUIXOTE starts to step forward but, TOBY grabs his
arm.

TOBY
(whispering)
Don't. Don't do it!

A moment. TOBY meets DON QUIXOTE's glare.

DON QUIXOTE
Sit down, Sancho!

A big hand on TOBY. It's a SECURITY GUARD. ALEXEI looks
menacingly at TOBY as he nods to the SECURITY GUARD who
propels TOBY back towards his seat.

JACQUI gives TOBY's thigh a proprietorial squeeze as he
returns to his place.

He stares after ANGELICA as she leads DON QUIXOTE to the
horse bathed in a pool of light.

WHITE BEARDED MAN
With a true knight on his back,
Clavileño flies through the air so
easily it is as if the Devil himself
is guiding him.

DON QUIXOTE
I am ready. Where must I travel to
release you from this evil curse?

ANGELICA
To the moon. And back.

A buzz goes round the excited CROWD as DON QUIXOTE climbs
onto the wooden horse.

ALEXEI
Tremendous!! The great Don Quixote begins
his most extraordinary adventure before
our very eyes.

A drum roll:

WHITE BEARDED MAN
 (holding out a blindfold)
 Because of the extreme altitude and
 the sublime state of the moonlight,
 the rider must take care to cover his
 eyes.

DON QUIXOTE
 Then blind me securely.

As soon as they blindfold him, SPECIAL EFFECTS MEN from
 the commercial crew rush in with big electric FX fans.
 The WILD MEN take up the horse's supports.

The CROWD restrains their giggles.

ANGELICA
 May God guide you, brave knight!

The WILD MEN begin rocking the horse. The SFX MEN
 direct the fans at QUIXOTE's face. The MUSICIANS crank
 an instrument that makes wind noises.

CROWD
 (oo-ing and ah-ing)
 Oh, look! How high he is! Hold on!
 There he goes!

A gasp as the horse lurches. QUIXOTE holds on for dear
 life.

JACQUI's hand begins to creep a further up TOBY's
 leg...

THE GYPSY/WHITE BEARDED MAN directs the chorus -
 quieter, quieter...

CROWD (CONT'D)
 Look he is disappearing into the
 clouds. I can't see him anymore. Get
 a telescope.

DON QUIXOTE is ecstatic and terrified at the same time -
 shouting encouragement to the horse.

DON QUIXOTE
 Little Clavileño, how fleet you are.
 We must have risen to the second layer
 of the air, where hail and snow are
 born.
 (the noisemakers set off
 an explosion)
 No, that is thunder and lightning! We
 are surely in the third layer of air.
 It will only be a moment before we
 reach the moon. Yes, I can feel it's
 cool aura.

The SFX MEN have huge blocks of ice held in front of the fans. The BAND begins to play a soft ethereal tune.

TOBY looks across to ANGELICA. She removes her false beard. She isn't playing any longer.

GYPSY/WHITE BEARDED MAN motions over to RUPERT who has been standing, waiting. He lifts a bullhorn to his mouth.

RUPERT

Don Quixote de La Mancha! The moon welcomes you!

DON QUIXOTE

(surprised, then angry)

I know that accursed voice!
Malambrino!

RUPERT glances across to the BOSS - this bit wasn't rehearsed. The BOSS gestures for him to improvise.

RUPERT

(quickly adjusting)

Ah, yes... Malambrino - your nemesis.
What a surprise! It seems you have succeeded and so, I must lift my curse. You win this time, sad little man.

The BOSS gives TOBY a little smile...

DON QUIXOTE

(outraged)

Little man! How dare you! Am I not the very first to make this stupendous journey?

RUPERT

Yes, the first... after me!

DON QUIXOTE

Then prepare to be eclipsed! Watch how much higher I can fly - to where you dare not even dream. Clavileño. To the sun!

There is a scramble as the SFX MEN grab torches off the wall - get burning logs from the fireplace. To gain time the WILD MEN rock even more violently. DON QUIXOTE is struggling to stay on board. It's getting ugly.

The shameful trick is too much for TOBY to bear any longer. He starts to get up but the BOSS pushes him back down. He nods towards ALEXEI who howls with silent laughter.

BOSS

You do want us to clinch this account,
don't you?

DON QUIXOTE screams as he feels the heat of the burning sun - firebrands brought close to his face! Claveliño's mane bursts into flames!

DON QUIXOTE

Whoa, Clavileño! Steady! Slow down! We
are burning up!

The horse bucks and tosses. Thunder. Lightning crashes. The WILD MEN overdo it. DON QUIXOTE can't hold on. He panics, howls for help, loses his grip and falls screaming... Thump!... onto the ground.

No one moves. DON QUIXOTE rolls over - stiff and bruised. He pulls the blindfold off. He sees the beardless LADIES and smiles triumphantly.

Then DON QUIXOTE sees them hiding their false beards. He takes in the rest of the room: The SFX gear. The torches. RUPERT'S bullhorn. The guilty crowd trying not to laugh.

Slowly, DON QUIXOTE pulls himself to his feet. Someone giggles. He picks at a tiny bit of dust on his sleeve. They all lose it - start laughing.

DON QUIXOTE meets TOBY's look. TOBY is paralysed with the awfulness of it all.

TOBY looks to ANGELICA. She isn't moving. No longer playing the cruel game.

ALEXEI sees her watching TOBY...

DON QUIXOTE manages to summon up what dignity he has left, bows, and walks slowly out of the room.

The CROWD bursts into hysterical laughter and applause.

BOSS

(throwing his arm around
TOBY)

Congratulations! I think we've just
clinched the account.

ALEXEI rises, smiles at TOBY, puts his big arm around ANGELICA... She spins and slaps him full in the face! A hushed silence. ALEXEI covers his surprise with a dangerous smile - she's going to pay for that... ANGELICA rushes away.

59

INT. DON QUIXOTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

59

DON QUIXOTE looks old, defeated. A tall mirror reflects his sad image. He slumps on a stool. A pause. Then he notices a run in his green stockings.

DON QUIXOTE
You unkempt old fool! What must they
have thought of you

TOBY quietly enters. He pauses - watching QUIXOTE who is darning his green stocking.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
(without looking up)
I could only find black thread. Do you
think they'll notice?

TOBY
It'll be fine.

DON QUIXOTE
I could turn it into a design of some
kind.

He continues darning. TOBY doesn't know what to say. He's never seen QUIXOTE as sad and tired as this. QUIXOTE concentrates on his darning.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
Next time, Sancho, make sure I listen
to you.

TOBY
I'll try. Good night, Sire.

TOBY slowly leaves, looking back sadly at the old man...

60

INT. CORRIDOR DON QUIXOTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

60

Closing the door, TOBY sees ANGELICA standing in the corridor opposite. Backlit by moonlight - beautiful.

TOBY
You humiliated him!

ANGELICA
You could have stopped me. You didn't.

ANGELICA steps into the light. For the first time TOBY sees one side of her face is badly bruised.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
Stay away from me, Toby. Alexei is a
very unforgiving man.

She turns and disappears into the shadows.

TOBY

Wait!

61

EXT. PALACE - NIGHT

61

TOBY pushes through the through the torch-lit crowd busy with festival preparations - searching for ANGELICA.

Musicians tune up. Men in devil costumes clamber up a COLOSSAL TIMBER AND PAPIER-MACHÉ GIANT - SANTA CATHARTICA.

A large float - looking like the Inquisition's execution platform from TOBY's nightmare - is being maneuvered into position near the base of the GIANT FIGURE. TOBY spots ANGELICA standing next to it.

Lost in dark thoughts. She stares at depictions of SANTA CATHARTICA's martyrdom around the base of the float. Like stations of the cross: the saint is caught, stripped, flogged...

TOBY approaches her.

ANGELICA

(without looking at TOBY)

Santa Cathartica.. martyred..a slave
killed because she defied her owner...

ANGELICA crosses herself and kisses the crucifix round her neck.

She turns to TOBY - stares up at the GIANT FIGURE.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

You see what they are doing? Old
things, broken things, bad things.

Animals, effigies, old and broken objects are brought forward to be blessed by PRIESTS before being hauled up inside the hollow giant's body by costumed DEVILS.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

Tonight we sacrifice the misdeeds of
the past year. Everything will be
purified in the flames - made clean
again...

Behind her is the ultimate station of SANTA CATHARTICA's martyrdom - the saint is roasted on an iron grill. Technicians are fitting gas cylinders and other paraphernalia under the float.

TOBY
Let me get you out of here.

He tries to hold her. She flinches, shrugs him off as if she is too dirty to touch.

TOBY is frustrated...

TOBY (CONT'D)
I think maybe you like these games...

Sound of a Flamenco guitar. A single instrument. Raw. Constrained passion. The click of heels...

A little way off AN OLD COUPLE dance. They are wiry and cable-thin. Their dance is perfectly in sync. Despite their advanced years their moves are charged and erotic and proud.

ANGELICA moves to the music. TOBY approaches her.

TOBY (CONT'D)
You want to be kept by that animal...

ANGELICA slaps TOBY! The slap is in synch with the rapping heels of the dancers. Her heels sync with theirs.

TOBY reels. Comes back for more.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Trapped. Paid for. Abused...

Slap! ANGELICA dances. Eyes flashing. She moves round TOBY....

TOBY (CONT'D)
Always got someone else to blame.

Slap! Her heels rap staccato.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Your dad for making you poor. Me for making you dream...

Slap!

TOBY stares at her, no anger, no fight. Guilty.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Go on. I deserve it.

The guitar player slows the pace - turns the music taught, yearning. It's for ANGELICA now. THE OLD COUPLE stop their dance.

From somewhere comes the creaking sound of an accordion playing ANGELICA's sad theme...

ANGELICA continues to dance... Until she's dancing in silence... Silent tears fall now... She loses the rhythm... Her whole body is wracked with sobs... She turns and...

TOBY pulls her into his arms. He kisses her hard.

ANGELICA
He'll kill us both.

They kiss again. Passionately.

Unseen by them, at a high window, ALEXEI watches.

62

INT. STABLES - NIGHT

62

TOBY and ANGELICA frantically saddle horses.

They start to gallop out of the stables but, TOBY sees something and reigns in his horse.

ROSINANTE is tethered in one of the side stalls.

TOBY hesitates. He wants to go but, can't... then...

TOBY
Shit!

63/64

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE QUIXOTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

63/64

TOBY and ANGELICA ride up with ROSINANTE in tow. DON QUIXOTE is on his knees with a bucket and brush - scrubbing the threshold of his room

TOBY
C'mon, Don, we're getting out of here!

DON QUIXOTE
I have a debt to repay. A proper guest must be willing to repay his host...

TOBY
No,no,no! You are a knight errant. You rescue damsels, right? Well that's what we have to do. Now!

ANGELICA
Quickly!!

TOBY hops off his horse - grabs DON QUIXOTE.

DON QUIXOTE
Let go of me!

TOBY
 You told me to make you listen to me.
 Right? We have to go. Now. The
 Enchanters are upon us!

DON QUIXOTE meets TOBY's look.

DON QUIXOTE
 I like it here. Everybody's happy -
 it's very comfortable. It's what I've
 dreamed of...

TOBY hesitates. Looks to ANGELICA. Looks to QUIXOTE. He
 can hear the crackle of walkie-talkies.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
 ...I am an old man.

TOBY
 (utterly exasperated)
 You're pitiful!

ANGELICA spurs her horse down the corridor.

TOBY (CONT'D)
 Goodbye! Good riddance!

Toby turns to see TWO GUARDS intercepting ANGELICA -
 dragging her off her horse.

TOBY (CONT'D)
 Don't touch her! Let her go!

Leaping on his horse, TOBY gallops down the corridor.

ANGELICA
 (pulling away from the
 GUARDS)
 Toby... No!

BOOM! TOBY's head collides with a low beam.

BOOM! TOBY is floored. Down and out.

65 INT. DON QUIXOTE'S ROOM - NIGHT

65

Darkness.

TOBY opens his eyes. A woman's hand holds a cool, damp
 flannel on his aching head. JACQUI.

Behind her, DON QUIXOTE smiles sadly down at TOBY who's
 head is bandaged.

JACQUI
 Toby, what did you think you were doing?

Another smiling face comes into shot... but this smile belongs to ALEXEI. Behind him, in the doorway, stands the BOSS.

TOBY pushes JACQUI aside - painfully lunges at ALEXEI.

TOBY

Where is she?! What have you done to her?!

ALEXEI pins him back down. He is mischievous and dangerous as he toys with TOBY.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)

Time someone took that girl in hand.

ALEXEI gives TOBY's cheek a painful tweak and leaves the room with a smile. The BOSS shrugs.

BOSS

Can't help, Tobe, I've got a company to run. Lots of people depend on me.

JACQUI nods in agreement and, with a wicked look, sexily brushes his red cheek. Then they are gone.

DON QUIXOTE tries to calm TOBY.

DON QUIXOTE

You showed such spirit, my son. Crazy and in love! I was proud of you. But, it's over. It's time to go home.

TOBY

What!

TOBY struggles to sit up. DON QUIXOTE holds him back.

DON QUIXOTE

Look into my eyes. There are no birds in last autumn's nests...

DON QUIXOTE watches TOBY steadily...

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)

My name is Javier.

TOBY is in shock - the terrible truth sinking in.

TOBY

Don't say that...

DON QUIXOTE

Javier Sanchez. I am a shoemaker. A forgotten old man. An interesting face, Remember, Toby?

He reaches for his sword. Gravely, he offers it to TOBY.

DON QUIXOTE (CONT'D)
I always hoped you were more than
Sancho...

TOBY can't move - hypnotised by the moment. DON QUIXOTE pushes the sword into his hands.

TOBY
No, don't do this.

The sword clatters to the stone floor.

TOBY backs away - and out the door.

66 EXT. PALACE GARDENS - NIGHT

66

TOBY frantically pushes through the spinning, swirling fiesta crowd. Demons, angels, fireworks, madness.

A group of laughing girls holding a sheet bounce a full-sized dummy high into the air. The dummy's face wears a mask. It looks like TOBY!

TOBY
(shouting)
Angelica! Angelica!

Fires under the giant figure of SANTA CATHARTICA are being lit.

TOBY (CONT'D)
Alexei! Where are you, you bastard?
You coward! Come out, you piece of
shit!

A golden arrow taps him on the top of his head. He spins. No one. TOBY looks up. A costumed CUPID with a huge papier-mache' head sits on a beam above him.

CUPID
I can take you to her.

He removes his head. It is the GYPSY.

67 INT. ORNATE PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

67

The GYPSY leads TOBY down an ornate passageway. He stops at a door.

GYPSY
Take heart.

The GYPSY disappears into the shadows.

68

INT. BED CHAMBER - NIGHT

68

TOBY cautiously enters a richly decorated bed chamber. Through the open windows the head of the SANTA CATHARTICA giant is seen. A sad hymn from below can be heard.

At the far end of the room stands a huge veiled bed bathed in moonlight. Slumped on the edge of it is ANGELICA, her face in her hands, weeping.

TOBY
Angelica? Are you all right?

TOBY goes to her, holds her, lifts her head. He recoils... It's JACQUI. She smiles at TOBY as she pulls him down onto the bed - smothering him in embraces.

JACQUI
Got to make up for lost time!

The SANTA CATHARTICA HYMN builds in tempo...

TOBY spins out of JACQUI's grasp but, she grabs him by the crotch as they tumble to the floor.

JACQUI (CONT'D)
I'll make you forget about that little bitch.

Outside the balcony, flames are billowing around the Giant, the SANTA CATHARTICA HYMN gathers momentum.

A woman's scream from the courtyard below - ANGELICA?

TOBY capsizes JACQUI - scrambles out from beneath her - runs to the balcony...

Below, ANGELICA, dressed as Santa Cathartica, is bound to an iron grill on the execution platform. The float is steadily being pushed toward the burning giant. Paper flames leap up through the grill.

TOBY
Angelica!

ANGELICA looks up.

ANGELICA
Toby!!!

Others look up... ALEXEI... the BOSS.. and DON QUIXOTE who is sitting happily amongst a GROUP OF CHILDREN watching the spectacle.

Seeing TOBY, ALEXEI's smile twists into one of utter malice...

...and with a roar, THE FLAMES AROUND ANGELICA TURN INTO REAL ONES - blending with the raging inferno of the giant statue...

TOBY

No! No!!

JACQUI grabs TOBY in a wild embrace - flattening him across the balustrade. Far below them, the BOSS leaps angrily to his feet.

JACQUI

Let's send that little red devil straight to hell!

TOBY

She's burning! He's killing her!

TOBY breaks free - runs for the door - trips over the wreaths of silk - bangs straight into the door and finds himself peering through a distorting peephole:

The dark threatening silhouette of the BOSS, brandishing a sword, advances towards the door!

TOBY (CONT'D)

Oh, God! It's him!

JACQUI

(laughing)

Every man for himself.

Desperately, TOBY grabs a club from one the Herculean statues framing the door.

The door bursts open, TOBY swings the club in a wide arc.

The cudgel thwacks into the FIGURE - sending him reeling back onto the balcony- smashing hard into the balustrade. Fireworks burst. Flashes rip the sky!

It's DON QUIXOTE!

TOBY runs to grab him as he slowly topples backwards over the balustrade. His hand goes out for QUIXOTE... grasps at nothing... Too late...

Trailing the curtain, DON QUIXOTE falls backwards - down - down!

TOBY rushes to QUIXOTE's broken body. DON QUIXOTE lies dead in the snapped-off hand of the giant.. amidst a lake of swirling paint and blood.

ANGELICA is untied from the grill. The flames are just paper. She runs to TOBY who stands frozen.

TOBY
He said he couldn't die...

The BOSS, ALEXEI and JACQUI join them. The BOSS puts his arm around his wife.

BOSS
Must you always play so rough, my dear.

Thunder rolls. Rain beats down. Flames flicker.

ALEXEI
An accident. Old men can trip so easily. This is no fun no more.
(to ANGELICA)
You can go.

Alexei turns and leaves.

BOSS
They guaranteed this is the one month it never rains.
(putting his arm around TOBY)
Really buggers up the rest of the shoot, Tobe.

TOBY can't move. He feels the last vestiges of sanity slip away. At his feet lies QUIXOTE'S sword.

70

EXT. WILDERNESS - SUNRISE

70

Two horses and riders move slowly across the wilderness: TOBY and ANGELICA, still in what's left of their costumes from the party. QUIXOTE'S sword hangs from TOBY's belt.

ANGELICA
We're almost to my village. They are good people. They will take us in... At least I hope they will...

TOBY is lost in a daze.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
You need to rest. We're together. Everything will be alright...

TOBY
Everything is fine... This will be a marvellous day for adventures...

ANGELICA

Toby...?

TOBY

(smiling at her)

I feel it in my bones.

Distant thunder - Boom! Boom! Boom!

TOBY (CONT'D)

What's that?

TOBY goes to twist around in his saddle.

ANGELICA

It's just thunder...

Boom! Boom! Boom!

TOBY

Something's coming...

ANGELICA

There's nothing there.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

He turns and looks back.

THREE GIANTS loom up over the brow of the hill. They wear masks: the faces of ALEXEI, THE BOSS, and JACQUI.

"ALEXIE" carries a great cudgel. "JACQUI" plays castanets. "THE BOSS" has a giant knife and fork in his hands. They see the diminutive figures of TOBY and ANGELICA.

TOBY

(to ANGELICA)

Run! Get away! Get out of here!

ANGELICA

No! Don't look! There's nothing there!

TOBY smacks ANGELICA'S horse on the rump, sending it galloping away, then turns to confront the GIANTS.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

Toby, what are you doing?

ANGELICA struggles to halt her horse as TOBY pulls Quixote's heavy sword from its scabbard.

TOBY

(to ANGELICA)

Keep back! You're in grave danger!

ANGELICA

Stop it. Don't!

TOBY
 (shouting at the GIANTS)
 Prepare to meet your doom!

ANGELICA
 Toby!

TOBY charges straight for the "ALEXEI" GIANT.

The GIANT swings his huge cudgel knocking TOBY to the ground. THE GIANTS roar with laughter at the puny little man.

TOBY scrambles up from the dust - grabs Quixote's sword and plunges it into the GIANT's leg.

Blood spurts in great fountains. "ALEXEI" roars in pain. TOBY turns triumphantly to ANGELICA.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
 (frantic)
 Look out!

Before he can dodge, TOBY is hooked through the back of his costume by the "BOSS'S" colossal fork.. and lifted high into the air... upside down

He dangles helplessly as he is swung towards the "ALEXIE" GIANT who makes a grab for him. TOBY swings his sword, slightly knicking the outstretched hand. "ALEXIE" winces in pain as the "BOSS" laughs cacophonously and swings TOBY around towards "JACQUI" who tries to snag him with her clacking castanets.

TOBY is like a rag doll, sickeningly jerked around, unable to defend himself as the "BOSS" raises him towards his huge, foul smelling mouth.

The "BOSS'S" slaverling mouth opens wider, saliva runs over his gnashing teeth... TOBY is a goner! He looks hopelessly down to ANGELICA, far below.

TOBY
 (shouting down to ANGELICA)
 I entrust my heart and soul to you, my
 Dulcinea..

With desperate bravado, TOBY rips open his jacket, wrenches an arm out, twists himself right side up and... with nothing left to lose, plunges the sword straight into the GIANT'S gaping black maw. And...

TOBY (CONT'D)
 Die, foul fiend!

...Light bursts forth from the gash. TOBY is slashing open what seems to be canvas...

TOBY'S SWORD HAS SLICED THROUGH THE SAIL OF A WINDMILL...!!

TOBY is hanging from a windmill's swirling sail as...

From somewhere, ANGELICA's beautiful voice begins to sing that haunting song from his film.

71

INT. WAGON - NIGHT

71

The light bulb hangs in front of a familiar painted backdrop - the copy of Goya's painting of a colossal giant. Seated in front of it, in silhouette, is a MAN holding a sword high. Behind him a projector starts up.

MAN

I was born by the special will of heaven in this Age of Iron, to restore the lost Age of Chivalry. I am the man for whom all dangers are expressly reserved - and grand adventures and brave deeds also!

Light falls on the MAN. It is TOBY - much older, but still TOBY. His face wears a strange smile.

TOBY

Some say I am mad, that I only inhabit my illusions.

The camera slowly pulls back through a gap in an old sheet.

TOBY (CONT'D)

(straight to the camera)
But then, how is it I see you?
Unless... you are but one more of my dreams...

The gently moving sheet closes. On it is projected Don Quixote riding away on Rosinante... off into a sunset.

TOBY (CONT'D)

My name is Don Quixote de La Mancha...
I am unable to die...

Then, gathering every fibre in a final triumphant gesture.

TOBY (CONT'D)

I will live FOREVER!

TOBY's eyes are alight with dreams.

*

END