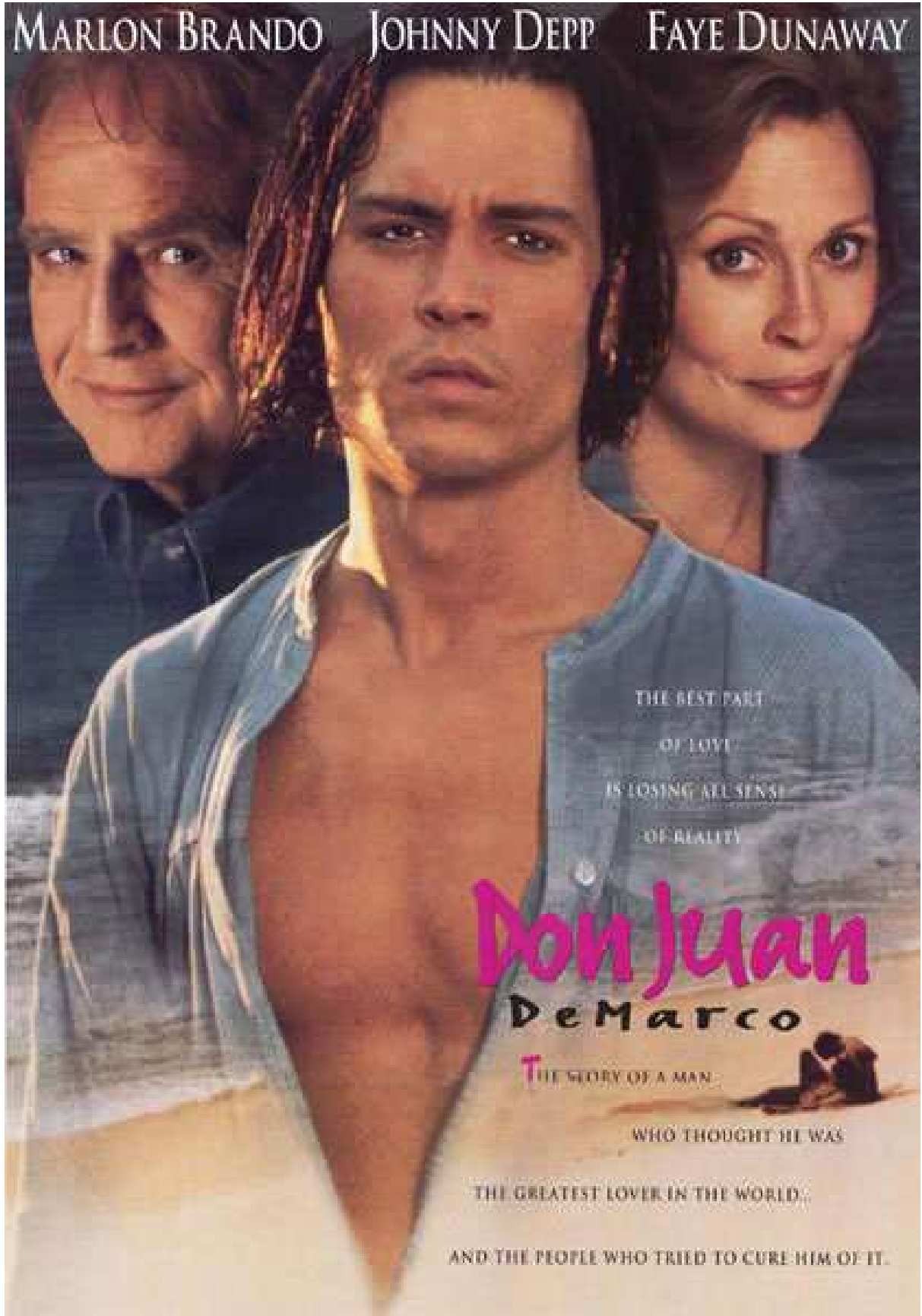


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THE BEST PART
OF LOVE
IS LOSING ALL SENSE
OF REALITY

Don Juan DeMarco

THE STORY OF A MAN



WHO THOUGHT HE WAS

THE GREATEST LOVER IN THE WORLD...

AND THE PEOPLE WHO TRIED TO CURE HIM OF IT.

DON JUAN DE MARCO

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Don Juan (voice)

My name is Don Juan De Marco. I am the son of the great swordsman, Antonio Garibaldi De Marco. Who was tragically killed defending the honour of my mother, the beautiful, Dona Inez Santiago de San Martine. I am the world's greatest lover. I have made love to over a thousand women. I was twenty-one last Tuesday.

Doorman

Good evening, sir.

Don Juan

Good evening, Nicholas.

Don Juan (voice)

No woman has ever left my arms unsatisfied. Only one has rejected me. And as fortune would have it, she is the only one who has ever mattered. This is why, at twenty-one, I had determined to end my life. But first... one final conquest.

Don Juan

May I?

Woman

Um, well actually... I'm expecting a friend, er, he's been delayed, but he should be here soon.

Don Juan

Well, I will not linger. I am Don Juan.

Woman

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

Don Juan

No. I am Don Juan. Directly descended from the noblest Spanish family.

Woman

And you seduce women.

Don Juan

No. I, I never take advantage of a woman. I give women pleasure... if they desire it. It is of course, the greatest pleasure they will ever experience. There are some women... fine featured, a certain texture to the hair, a curve to the ears that, that is sweeps like a turn on a shell. These

women... have fingers, with the same sensitivities as their legs. The fingertips have the same feelings as their feet, and when you touch their knuckles, it is like passing your hands along their knees. And this, tender, fleshy part of the finger, is the same as brushing your hands along their thighs. And... finally...

Don Juan (voice)

Every woman is a mystery to be solved. But a woman hides nothing from a true lover. Her skin colour can tell us how to proceed... a hue like the blush of a rose, pink and pale, and she must be coaxed to open her petals with a warmth like the sun. The pale and dappled skin of the red-head calls for the lust of a wave crashing to the shore, so we may stir up what lies beneath and bring the foamy delight of love to the surface. Although there is no metaphor that truly describes making love to a woman... the closest is playing a rare musical instrument. I wonder, does a Stradivarius violin feel the same rapture as the violinist, when he coaxes a single perfect note from its heart?

Don Juan

Muchas gracias, senorita.

Don Juan (voice)

Every true lover knows that the moment of greatest satisfaction comes when ecstasy is long over. And he beholds before him the flower which has blossomed beneath his touch.

Man

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

Don Juan (voice)

Oh, well. Now I must die.

Jack Mickler

Hey.

Det. Tobias

Evening, Jack.

Jack Mickler

How you doing, my man? And, er, you're putting on a little weight in here.

Det. Tobias

Well, you know...

Jack Mickler

What?

Det. Tobias

You and me been going to the same bakery. Sorry to do this to you, Jack. But this is a job that only 'super-shrink' can handle. He's a... jumper to be reckoned with, I'm telling you.

Jack Mickler

What's the costume?

Det. Tobias

He's Don Juan. He, er, wishes to end his life, er, gloriously. He wants us to send our finest swordsman to do battle with him, preferably... preferably Don Francisco de Silva.

Jack Mickler
Did he, actually say this?

Det. Tobias
Well, he's up there.

Jack Mickler
How do you get in here?

Det. Tobias
Over here.

Voice
Ready now.

Jack Mickler
Are you sure this is how Freud started?

Det. Tobias
What do I know, I'm just a dumb cop.

Jack Mickler
Very true.

Don Juan
Where is Don Francisco de Silva? I will fight none other.

Jack Mickler
Er...

Don Juan
Where is he?!

Jack Mickler
Don Francisco de Silva left for Majorca on this weekend, but I am his uncle, Don Octavio de Florez.

Don Juan
Oh, this will not do. I must die at the hands of Don Francisco. I am Don Juan De Marco.

Jack Mickler
You... are the Don Juan?

Don Juan
This is correct.

Jack Mickler
Why, with so many successes, does the great Don Juan wish to end his life?

Don Juan
Because there is nothing left to live for.

Jack Mickler
Do you mean to say there is nothing at all?

Don Juan
Not when my Dona Ana is everything.

Jack Mickler
Ah, her name is Dona Ana.

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

Jack Mickler
Don Juan, this young woman... Dona Ana, must be very special. I would like so much to hear about her.

Don Juan
Have you ever met a woman who, inspires you to love... until your every sense is filled with her? You inhale her, you taste her, you see your unborn children in her eyes, and know that your heart has at last found a home. Your life begins with her, and without her, it must surely end.

Jack Mickler
I have no doubt that losing a love like this can be very painful, but, why lose hope along with life? Why lose everything? You must not forget, my friend, that the power of your love, the power of the love of Don Juan is eternal, and will not be denied.

Don Juan
I apologise... for this unmanly display, Don Octavio.

Jack Mickler
Please.

Don Juan
I accept.

Jack Mickler
Bravo. Bravo.

Security Guard
Hey. Morning Doc.

Jack Mickler
Whit male, aged twenty-one, brought in on a ten day paper after a suicidal gesture. Apparently precipitated by a, break up of a relationship, and the patient indicates no previous history of suicide, no record of any prior hospitalisation. There's no record of anything, school, jail, mother, father, parents. And this kid is... wazako, and is severely delusional... and believes he is somebody else.

Woman Doctor
Anybody we know?

Jack Mickler
Name's Don Juan. I'm not kidding you.

Paul Showalter
Let's settle down now, and, er...

Jack Mickler
I'm always the bad boy in these.

Paul Showalter
Jack. Who wants him?

Jack Mickler
I do.

Paul Showalter
Wait a minute.

Jack Mickler
Don't be exasperated.

Paul Showalter
Jack, wait a minute. Are you not retiring?

Jack Mickler
Of course I'm retiring, but I think this'd make a hell of a swan song.

Paul Showalter
This sounds like a long-term case to me, the way you described it, I'm gonna give it to Bill. Do you have the time?

Bill Dunsmore
Uh-uh.

Jack Mickler.
Er, let's wait. Hold on one second. Er, no offence, I'd like to discuss this in some detail. Can we do it? Talk about it later? Is that all right?

Paul Showalter
I look forward to it.

Jack Mickler
I want this kid.

Paul Showalter
Be reasonable. Jack you're leaving in ten days.

Jack Mickler
Well, so's the kid.

Paul Showalter

No, no, no, no, no. A delusional patient like this does not get cured in a week and a half. The instant his ten day paper expires, he'll be committed. Then we'll have to transfer him to Bill anyway.

Jack Mickler

If this was a year ago, and I said I could get this kid outta here in ten days, there wouldn't be any doubt.

Paul Showalter

Well, that's probably true.

Jack Mickler

Yes, so that's not the real reason that you're giving him to Bill.

Paul Showalter

Oh, Jack. You've been doing it by the numbers for months now, you know it. You're burnt out. That's why you asked for early retirement. You don't need more time to travel with Marilyn. So, please, Jack... don't make my life harder for me than it has to be.

Jack Mickler

How long have I known you? Twenty-five years, we've been going around like this.

Paul Showalter

Yes, and during that time, you're the best damn clinician this place has ever seen. The best. Everybody knows that. But now it's time... you know what? It's time to get away. Where are you going? The pyramids, oh it's wonderful, all that sand, the sky, those vistas, you'll have a wonderful time.

Jack Mickler

I wish you could see your face.

Paul Showalter

Jack! I'm giving him to Bill.

Jack Mickler

This kid is gonna do a flamenco number on Bill's head, until it looks like a tortilla. And it's gonna be on your watch.

Bill Dunsmore

Em. Would you, um, would you like to talk about why you attempted to kill yourself?

Don Juan

You want Don Juan De Marco, the world's greatest lover, to talk to you? What do you know of great love? Have you ever loved a woman... until milk leaked from her, as though she had just given birth to love itself, and now must feed it or burst? Have you ever tasted a woman, until she believed that she could be satisfied, only by consuming the tongue that devoured her? Have you ever loved a woman so completely, that the sound of your voice in her ear, could cause her body to shudder, and explode with such intense pleasure, that only weeping could bring her full release? Where is Don Octavio de Florez?

Bill Dunsmore
Who? Who?

Don Juan
My host at this villa.

Bill Dunsmore
Villa? Villa?

Don Juan
Villa.

Bill Dunsmore
Villa? Oh, villa?

Don Juan
Si, villa.

Bill Dunsmore
Villa.

Don Juan
Villa.

Bill Dunsmore
Villa.

Don Juan
Where is Don Octavio?

Bill Dunsmore
Do you, do you mean, Doctor Mickler?

Don Juan
Who?

Bill Dunsmore
Erm, why do you think that, erm, Doctor Mickler is, erm, Don Octavio de Florez?

Don Juan
Why do you think that Don Octavio de Florez is Doctor Mickler?

Jack Mickler
Well, hello there, Willy. How are you?

Bill Dunsmore
Don Octavio de Florez?

Jack Mickler
I just said that...

Bill Dunsmore

No! You told him, that you were Don Octavio de Florez.

Jack Mickler
What? Jesus!

Bill Dunsmore
You told a delusional patient, that you were a seventeenth century Spanish nobleman.

Jack Mickler
The idea was to get him in the bucket, right?

Bill Dunsmore
Well, um, he's all yours... Don.

Jack Mickler
Wait, hey, wait a minute, wait a minute. Did you tell, er, Paul?

Bill Dunsmore
Oh, you bet I did!

Jack Mickler
And what did he say?

Bill Dunsmore
His exact words were, "Jack broke it, let him fix it."

Don Juan
This is very kind of you to show me the way, Gloria.

Jack Mickler
Yeah?

Maria
Doctor Mickler?

Jack Mickler
Yeah. Come on in.

Gloria
Doctor Mickler, um, Doctor Mickler...

Jack Mickler
Hi.

Gloria
I've brought, um, Mr Juan here for his appointment.

Jack Mickler
Thank you, Gloria.

Gloria
I can return, um, at the end of the hour and see him back.

Jack Mickler
No, it's okay.

Gloria
No!

Jack Mickler
I'll see him to...

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

Jack Mickler
Gloria.

Gloria
No trouble.

Jack Mickler
Thank you.

Gloria
I have a break coming up...

Jack Mickler
Thanks a lot.

Gloria
No problem.

Jack Mickler
Thanks a lot. What are you doing to these girls?

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

Jack Mickler
Not fully, bur, er...

Don Juan
Well, I will be cursed.

Jack Mickler
Well, I can certainly understand how that could be upsetting.

Don Juan
Well, think how you would feel if you were made to take off this mask that you are wearing.

Jack Mickler

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

Don Juan

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

Jack Mickler

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

Don Juan

Pills to stop delusions? Well, then I'm afraid we must take these pills together. Because, you are seriously deluded.

Jack Mickler

Well, what delusions have I got?

Don Juan

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

Jack Mickler

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

Don Juan

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

Jack Mickler

All right, and what if I don't believe that you're Don Juan?

Don Juan

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

Jack Mickler

Okay.

Don Juan

Very well. I was born in Mexico.

Don Juan (voice)

It became evident, from a very early age, that there was something different about me. I, myself, slowly began to realise that my play was not like that of the other boys. By the time I was ten, the attraction that females had for me was becoming of some concern to my mother. She presented me to God, and asked the Lord to save me before it was too late. Apparently it was too late. The lessons I learned in church were not without value, however. By the time I was twelve, I understood the obligation the Lord spoke of to share one's blessings with those less fortunate.

Woman

(speaks in Mexican)

Don Juan (voice)

One night I watched Dona Querida at the window in her slip, and noticed for the first time, how a woman's underclothing barely touches her skin. How it rides on a cushion of air as she moves. How the silk floats about her body, brushing her flesh like an angel's wings, and I understood how a woman must be touched.

Jack Mickler

Are you Italian, Mexican or Spanish?

Don Juan

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

Jack Mickler

No. Your name is De Marco, that's Italian. You were brought up in Mexico, and when you speak English, you speak it with a Castilian accent.

Don Juan

Well, my accent has been coloured by my many travels. Very well, I will answer your question. I was raised in Mexico, my father was born in Queens, his name was Tony De Marco, he was Italian. The dance-king of Astoria.

Jack Mickler

Excuse me. Your father was a dance-king, here, in New York City, in Astoria?

Don Juan

Si.

Don Juan (voice)

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

Jack Mickler (voice)

I thought you said that your mother was standing in the sunlight?

Don Juan

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

Marilyn Mickler

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

to figure out what's wring." You know what he said to me? "We can keep looking, if you want, Mrs Mickler, but it's sixty-five dollars an hour." Jack. Jack.

Jack Mickler
Oh. Well, pay... pay the guy, I don't know.

Marilyn Mickler
Pay it?! Jack. Where were you just now?

Jack Mickler
Down Mexico. Paul.

Paul Showalter
Oh, Jack, I was looking for...

Jack Mickler
A little spring-time.

Paul Showalter
What... this... for me?

Jack Mickler
Excuse me, nurse.

Paul Showalter
You're giving me tulips?

Jack Mickler
Grace, I'm sorry.

Paul Showalter
Jack, why are you...

Jack Mickler
There you go. I want to talk to you about the kid.

Paul Showalter
What's the occasion for...

Jack Mickler
Listen, the hell of it. This kid is fantastico.

Paul Showalter
Well, I'm glad he's meeting your expectations.

Jack Mickler
And, he...

Paul Showalter
Jack, there's something I want to discuss with you.

Jack Mickler

I know you do. Let me, let me tell you what he did.

Paul Showalter
Good.

Jack Mickler
This morning...

Paul Showalter
Please, wait, wait, Jack. When to you intend to start Don Juan on medication? He's been here two days.

Jack Mickler
Ah.

Paul Showalter
You do intend to give him medication?

Jack Mickler
Well, I don't know.

Paul Showalter
Wait, wait, he's a delusional patient. Meds.

Jack Mickler
If I give him medication, Paul, I'm never going to get into this, this world that he's in, and it's a wonderful world. And I, I...

Paul Showalter
Okay. No meds.

Jack Mickler
Okay.

Paul Showalter
Temporarily.

Jack Mickler
Thank you.

Paul Showalter
If you do one thing for me.

Jack Mickler
What's that?

Paul Showalter
Well, right now, er, er, Don Juan is having a distracting influence on the female staff. I'll bet he's a union. I mean officially, in his hacienda, there are more nurses on valium than patients.

Jack Mickler
Right, I'll do...

Paul Showalter
Can you do something about that?

Jack Mickler
Yes, I took care of it, my dear man, don't worry about it.

Rocco
Hey, man time for your shrink.

Don Juan
Who are you?

Rocco
I'm your new nurse, Mr Compton, but you can call me Rocco, Casanova.

Don Juan
I am not Casanova. I am Don Juan.

Rocco
Yeah, right. Come on, man.

Jack Mickler
Come in.

Rocco
Doc, Don Juan.

Jack Mickler
Thank you. Well, I've got a real treat for you today.

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

Jack Mickler
Why don't we move on to something else?

Don Juan
What do you have in mind, Don Octavio?

Jack Mickler
Why don't we talk about... who I am?

Don Juan
Yes, I know who you are.

Jack Mickler
Who am I?

Don Juan
You're Don Octavio de Florez, the uncle of Don Francisco de Silva.

Jack Mickler
And where are we, here?

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

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

Don Juan
I would say that he has a rather limited and uncreative way of looking at the situation. Look, you want to know if I understand that this is a mental hospital? Yes, I understand that. But, then how can I say that you are Don Octavio and I am a guest at your villa, correct?

Jack Mickler
Yeah.

Don Juan
By seeing beyond what is visible to the eye. Now, there are those, of course, who do not share my perceptions, it's true. When I say that all my women are dazzling beauties, they object... the nose of this one is too large, the, the hips of another they are too wide perhaps, the breasts of a third, they are too small. But I see these women for how they truly are... glorious, radiant, spectacular, and perfect... because I am not limited by my eyesight. Women react to me the way that they do, Don Octavio, because they sense that I search out the beauty that dwells within them until... it overwhelms everything else. And they cannot avoid their desire, to release that beauty and envelop me in it. So, to answer your question... I see as clear as day that this, great edifice in which we find ourselves, is your villa, it is your home. And as for you, Don Octavio de Florez, you are a great lover like myself. Even though you may have lost your way... and your accent. Shall I continue?

Jack Mickler
Yeah.

Don Juan
Very well. Back to Mexico.

Don Juan (voice)
My mother, God bless her, does not give up easily. When I was sixteen, she made one last attempt to instil Christian values in me, by finding me a tutor. My mother's judgement left something to be desired. Dona Julia was twenty-three and married. The faithful and devoted wife of Don Alfonzo, a man of fifty. It was no secret that Dona Julia would have been much better served by two men of twenty-five.

Dona Julia
...the body and in the spirit, which, were God's.

Don Juan (voice)
My feelings consumed me day and night. I felt within me a torment, a burning wound, a yearning, combined with the most indescribably bliss. But what was it?

Jack Mickler (voice)

And, er, you had no idea what it was?

Don Juan (voice)

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

Jack Mickler (voice)

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

Don Juan (voice)

Well, it was a small and isolated town, that resisted modern technology. I noticed that the smile on Dona Julia's face was gone, it had been replaced with a sadness even sweeter than the smile. I sensed that Dona Julia was having a struggle within her, and my own situation was becoming no less difficult. I could only think of Dona Julia. To keep myself from going mad, I turned into a metaphysician. I considered the meaning of truth, and being, and God. I thought of the time-table for the sun's demise, and then I thought of Dona Julia's eyes...

Dona Julia

I never will consent. I never will consent. I never will consent.

Jack Mickler

But somehow she consented.

Don Juan (voice)

She did. Then suddenly I was hit with a revelation, the way a woman's body is made, the way a man's body responds to it... the fire burning in my loins... the intense desire to merge as one... it all came together in one brilliant flash.

Don Juan

There are only four questions of value in life, Don Octavio. What is sacred? Of what is the spirit made? What is worth living for? And what is worth dying for? The answer to each is the same... only love. Dona Julia, was my first love. Well, I see our time is up.

Jack Mickler

Er, the mask... Obsessive compulsive disorder, with erotomatic features. Confirmed delusional disorder. Confirmed depression with obsessional features. Possible hysterical personality.

Marilyn Mickler

I take it you want to go upstairs?

Jack Mickler

What gives you that idea?

Marilyn Mickler

Why are you listening to opera? You hate opera.

Jack Mickler

You have very, very beautiful eyes. Come here.

Marilyn Mickler

Well, you know, I have to go upstairs and, er, take my calcium so my bones don't break into little pieces, my aspirin so my heart doesn't clog up, my Metamucil so I don't get colon cancer, and of course my oestrogen, to convince my body that I'm still twenty-three.

Jack Mickler

Come here. What the hell are you doing in there?

Marilyn Mickler

(Mumbled reply). Rain check?

Jack Mickler

No, no. I've been thinking about our adolescence, you know there, there isn't any transitional battleground left for us any more. I just feel as though we surrendered our lives to... the momentum of mediocrity. I mean, what happened to all the celestial fire that used to light our way?

Marilyn Mickler

Oh, Jack, no, listen honey... you know those fires were a lot of trouble. They caused a lot of trouble. I mean, fires are really hard to control, they flare up, they cause, they burn a whole lot of energy... and then they suddenly die.

Jack Mickler

I wanna tell you something, that's bullshit, because all their...

Marilyn Mickler

No, it's not.

Jack Mickler

Yes, it is.

Marilyn Mickler

No, it's not bullshit, a good steady warm glow, you know, that's, that does the trick.

Jack Mickler

No.

Marilyn Mickler

Over the long run, it...

Jack Mickler

No, fire, no heat... no heat, no life. That's, that's the equation.

Marilyn Mickler

No, no, Jack. May I assume that the upshot of all this is that you will not be easing gracefully into retirement?

Jack Mickler

You're God damn right, baby. Er, what am I gonna retire from? Life? Listen, we haven't started yet. This is a twelve rounder, and this is the third round, and you and I are gonna go outta here like Haley's comet.

Marilyn Mickler

Jack.

Jack Mickler
I can't...

Marilyn Mickler
Listen to me, what is going on? You've been funny lately, you... Com eon, you gotta tell me, Jack.

Jack Mickler
It's no secret. I don't know. I, I, I've been feeling... I've been treating this kid, lately. He thinks he's Don Juan and he's got a costume. He's got a sword and a mask and, er...

Marilyn Mickler
And so who is he really?

Jack Mickler
I don't know. But he's erm, he's getting to me. God damn, you're a great broad really.

Marilyn Mickler
I know.

Jack Mickler
Uh-oh. This is gonna be a good one. Oh, Jesus.

Marilyn Mickler
Ouch!

Jack Mickler
Not there, honey.

Marilyn Mickler
Oh, wait, I'm sorry.

Jack Mickler
Ouch!

Marilyn Mickler
Oh, sorry.

Jack Mickler
Damn. What is that, your hair comb?

Marilyn Mickler
Ow! Ow!

Jack Mickler
Now wait a minute, I'm the one that's injured here.

Don Juan (voice)
At every instant we fell into each other's arms. Time stopped for those four months. There was neither day nor night. Just my love and hers. As for Don Alfonso, he spent so much time away

handling the details of his trading business, that I was practically able to live in Dona Julia's house. I truly believed I had found everlasting paradise. Until one night...

Don Alfonso

Dona Julia! My sweet bird! Where is he? Where have you hidden him?

Dona Julia

For God's sake, Don Alfonso. What sort of drunken fit has seized you? How dare you suspect me! Me, who the thought of infidelity would surely kill? Oh, yes, search and search and search. Heap insult on insult, you ungrateful, perjurous, barbarous man. Are you quite satisfied now?

Don Alfonso

I will kill this man. My sword, where is my sword?

Don Juan

He's going to kill me. He's going to kill me.

Dona Julia

Quick, go out the garden gate. Oh!

Don Alfonso

I will kill you.

Don Juan (voice)

It was the last I was ever to see of my tutor, the lovely Dona Julia. In great remorse she left that night and was never to be heard of again. Don Alfonso was humiliated that he had been cuckold by a sixteen year old boy. So to retaliate, he announced publicly that he and my mother had been having an affair for many years. It was, of course, a bald-faced and terrible lie. My father was quick to defend my mother's virtue. I have no doubt, my father would have easily prevailed, were it not for one fatal mistake... he looked up at my mother's eyes, and it was, too late.

Dona Inez

Don Juan! Oh, God, I will lose them both!

Don Juan

You have killed my father, now you must kill me. Forgive me, father.

Don Antonio

I'll always forgive you. You are my son.

Don Juan (voice)

And so it was that my father, the great swordsman, Don Antonio, died in my mother's arms and so her tears fell upon him.

Don Juan

That evening, to hide my shame for ever, I placed the mask upon my face, and vowed never to remove it in the presence of another. My father left me too soon, Don Octavio. I never had the chance to...

Jack Mickler

Oh, great.

Delivery Man
Hi. You Doctor Mickler?

Jack Mickler
That's right.

Delivery Man
Sign here.

Jack Mickler
Would you just hold that for a second? Hello, dear.

Marilyn Mickler
Jack? So, Jack... what's the occasion?

Waiter
Excuse me, ma'am.

Jack Mickler
You're the occasion.

Marilyn Mickler
Oh, really, Jack. I mean, are you sure there's no, er... Oh, oh. Beautiful.

Woman
Excuse me, ma'am.

Marilyn Mickler
Jack.

Don Juan
Buenos Dias, el Capitan.

Gloria
Buenos Dias, el Capitan.

Paul Showalter
Where's Rocco?

Don Juan
Ah, Rocco, he has moved to Madrid.

Paul Showalter
Madrid?

Don Juan
Si.

Paul Showalter
Spain?

Don Juan

Si.

Jack Mickler

Then, he feels so guilty, he feels so overcome with shame, that he puts on this mask and he vows never to take his mask off again as long as he lives. Now, is that a perfect myth or not?

Paul Showalter

It's wonderful. It's a wonderful story. You know, Jack, this kid, this kid is remarkable, you're right. And it is, it's like a Greek myth. It's exactly like a Greek myth. The son becomes potent, sexually active, leads to the destruction of his father, who he replaces as of course he must, he must someday to become a man. But the guilt of replacing the man who, loved him and gave him life, it's too great. It's enormous. It's just... So he must hide it by wearing a mask. It's time to put the kid on meds, Jack.

Jack Mickler

You want to drive this kid nuts? Fill him full of anti-psychotic chemicals, and in forty-eight hours you're gonna have a nut-case that you are not ever gonna forget for the rest of your life.

Paul Showalter

I'm telling you, Jack. He is a schizophrenic. He is not Don Juan.

Jack Mickler

How do you know he's not Don Juan? I've been with the kid, I know...

Paul Showalter

Has he ever told you, Jack, in any of his sessions, that he's been living with his grandmother in Queens? Has he ever told you?

Jack Mickler

We did... I... I...

Paul Showalter

Has he mentioned it to you?

Jack Mickler

Details like that, it's...

Paul Showalter

I got a call about an hour ago from the department. Now, please, Jack, put the boy on medication.

Jack Mickler

Paul, you don't...

Paul Showalter

Jack!

Jack Mickler

...understand...

Paul Showalter

Please! Take it easy, he is your patient. You got five, Jack. You got five days.

Jack Mickler
I am pissed off at you.

Paul Showalter
Now, don't forget, we're barbequing Saturday.

Jack Mickler
Really pissed off.

Grandmother
Yes?

Jack Mickler
Er, Mrs De Marco?

Grandmother
Hello?

Jack Mickler
Yes, this is Doctor Mickler. You remember we spoke on the phone about your grandson, I wanted to have a...

Grandmother
Dona Ana, she's all he talks about. He waits for the mailman every day like he's delivering canolli. See, the boy's convinced he's found his one true love. He's worse than his father, Tony, the dance-king of Astoria.

Jack Mickler
This is his father?

Grandmother
Yeah.

Jack Mickler
He won a prize for dancing?

Grandmother
You never heard of him?

Jack Mickler
Did his father sell pharmaceuticals?

Grandmother
What? Tony? Oh, Tony couldn't sell a boat to a drowning man. No, he worked for a dry-cleaning concern. He did drapes, and, and sofas.

Jack Mickler
Is his father still alive?

Grandmother

Oh, no. Didn't Gerry tell you anything? Tony died in, in, in a terrible car crash. It was five years ago.

Jack Mickler
In Mexico?

Grandmother
In Phoenix.

Jack Mickler
They never lived in Mexico?

Grandmother
No, never.

Jack Mickler
Well, where is his mother now?

Grandmother
Oh, I couldn't tell ya, we were never what you might call close.

Jack Mickler
Mrs De Marco, how often did you see your grandson when he was, er, growing up?

Grandmother
Only once. Gerry was six.

Jack Mickler
Do you mean that that's the only time you saw Gerry in your entire life?

Grandmother
Up till, till three months ago. I, er... I opened the door... and there was Zorro.

Jack Mickler
I've just seen your grandmother. She's got the bizarre impression that your name is, um, Gerald De Marco. You grew up in Phoenix, Arizona, and that your father died in a car crash.

Don Juan
Interesting fantasy. But I suppose if it makes her happy... it is harmless enough.

Jack Mickler
She told me something else. She told me that your father worked in a dry-cleaning establishment.

Don Juan
Oh, look, you want me to tell you some crazy story like my grandmother, so you will think I'm sane. If that is what it takes for me to get out of this place, I will be happy to do it. But there is a rumour that you are supposed to be a psychiatrist...

Jack Mickler
I've heard that rumour too.

Don Juan

Well, can you not tell when you meet a woman who's completely insane?

Jack Mickler

Are you saying that your grandmother made this all up?

Don Juan

In so many words, yes. She hated my mother, but it's not unusual, because my grandmother hated everybody. So we stayed as far away from her as possible.

Jack Mickler

In Phoenix, Arizona.

Don Juan

In Mexico.

Jack Mickler

Er, you mean, you never lived in Phoenix, Arizona?

Don Juan

No, I never lived in Phoenix, Arizona.

Jack Mickler

What about your father's death?

Don Juan

I have told you how my father died, Don Octavio.

Jack Mickler

Her name is... I'm not going to take it away from you. I just want to point out her name is Chelsea Stokeler, it says it right there.

Don Juan

They never use their real names. She is really my Dona Ana. She's trying to teach me a lesson.

Jack Mickler

You know I... I once treated a young man, about your age, and, er, he fell in love, oddly enough with, er, a girl on a poster. And he was very insecure about women. And, er, he tried to contact her, oh, he must have called the magazine a hundred times. Till finally, someone at the magazine took pity on him and gave him her number. So he called her, and they had a one minute conversation, and she let him know, she never wanted to speak to him again.

Don Juan

And then what happened?

Jack Mickler

What happened next? He tried to kill himself, is what happened.

Don Juan

Dona Ana is real, Don Octavio. Would you like to hear about her?

Jack Mickler

I suppose so.

Don Juan (voice)

Shortly after the death of my father, my mother decided that it would be best to send me to Cadiz. As though a voyage at sea would purify me. She, herself had determined to take her vows at the Convent of Santa Maria, where she is a nun to this day. I was being sent forth like a dove of promise. Of, course, what my mother never knew was that the ship was run by scoundrels. Instead of Cadiz, they set sail for an obscure Arabian Sultanate, where all the passengers were immediately sold into slavery.

Jack Mickler

You were sold into slavery? In a Sultan's kingdom?

Don Juan

That's correct. I was purchased by one of the four wives of a Sultan, and led off by her eunuch. Though I had no idea why I was made to dress as a female, my mask had been replaced by a mask of another sort, and so I supposed I was still keeping the vow I made to hide my face. The Sultan had a harem of fifteen-hundred young women, so the demands he placed on his wives were relatively minor. I was presented to the Sultana. I still did not know why I was required to be in drag.

Sultana Gulbeyaz

You may rise. And you may go. You may stay.

Don Juan (voice)

Slowly I began to develop a theory why I had been brought to the Sultana. But, I still loved Dona Julia.

Don Juan

I am sorry, I love another.

Sultana Gulbeyaz

Undress!

Don Juan

Kill me if you must, I am prepared to die, for I cannot go on living, knowing that I defiled the memory of the woman, who brought my manhood alive, and made it sing.

Sultana Gulbeyaz

It sings?

Don Juan (voice)

I was prepared to lose my life, rather than debase my love. How could I be unfaithful to my dear Dona Julia, who had nearly given up her life to love me? How could I sleep with another woman after giving myself, body and soul, to sweet Dona Julia? How could I forsake the purity of love, I had with my flower, Dona Julia? Actually, I was surprised at how easily the past can be overcome.

Don Juan

You know, my friend, until this afternoon I had always believed that a man could love only one woman. I have been badly misled. It is absolutely incredible to me that, just a few hours ago,

Dona Julia was the only woman who existed. And now, now there is the magnificent Sultana Gulbeyaz. What a glorious body, breasts...

Baba
Will you please...

Don Juan
Breasts...

Baba
Shut up.

Don Juan (voice)
Suddenly I was struck by the danger of my situation. I prayed they had found a place to hide me where I wouldn't be discovered by the Sultan. As fortune would have it, their solution was a brilliant one. It was God's canvas, in all its natural beauty. For the next two years, my days were spent with the Sultana...

Jack Mickler
And your nights?

Don Juan (voice)
My nights were spent with the fifteen-hundred young women of the Sultan's harem.

Sultana Gulbeyaz
Come. Come to me my little cockatoo.

Don Juan (voice)
At the end of two years, I noticed that I didn't have the same enthusiasm as before.

Baba
This could be a problem.

Sultan
You may rise, my little dove. I want her in my chambers.

Don Juan (voice)
Oh well, all good things must come to an end. Gulbeyaz, sensing the danger to us both, arranged for me to depart within the hour. I had learned to love in a thousand ways. Each one a lesson in the soul of a woman. I knew I would miss every one of them. They stole my spirit and infused me with joy like a May day breaking.

Jack Mickler
I would, er, I would like to hear this in complete detail, but there's something that I must do now. So, I, I was wondering if we could continue this tomorrow?

Don Juan
Of course.

Jack Mickler
Good. Thank you.

Don Juan
Hasta Manyana.

Marilyn Mickler
You're home early.

Jack Mickler
How would you feel about, er, coming upstairs?

Marilyn Mickler
Go. Oh!

Jack Mickler
Okay, what do you think?

Marilyn Mickler
Over here now.

Jack Mickler
(Muffled)

Marilyn Mickler
Oh, what happened?

Jack Mickler
You're no good at all.

Marilyn Mickler
No, I am too good, I got three, look. I got three.

Jack Mickler
Well...

Marilyn Mickler
Yeah, okay. When is it my turn? Yeah, you got five, well you're better than me.

Jack Mickler
You get it?

Marilyn Mickler
Yes!

Woman Doctor
Okay, last but not least, the moment we've all been waiting for... Don Juan De Marco.

Jack Mickler
Well, er, in respect of that, I wanna say that, er, I've got a meeting with the kid, later on today.
And I think that it might very well be the definitive meeting.

Paul Showalter

Jack. Jack, this isn't a treatment conference. This is a disposition conference. We have to know what to do with this kid on Monday when his ten day paper expires. Do we ask the judge to commit him? Do we let him go? What?

Jack Mickler

Er, I, I don't know. I... and I won't know until I have the meeting with the kid.

Paul Showalter

Right. Jack, he's a suicidal patient.

Jack Mickler

He's not suicidal! It was a call for help, if it was anything.

Paul Showalter

You're not suggesting that we let him go, are you?

Jack Mickler

No, I'm not suggesting that.

Paul Showalter

All right. Then obviously, first thing on Monday we have to get the judge over here for a hearing. Also, on Monday, we're gonna have to transfer him to another therapist, because that's your last day, Jack. Bill.

Bill Dunsmore

Huh?

Paul Showalter

You think you're up to it?

Bill Dunsmore

Yeah, if he's on medication I could.

Paul Showalter

Jack? He'll be on medication.

Jack Mickler

All right. Yeah, I'll give him, uh, I don't know, a hundred milligrams of Novak QID. And, er, Bill can begin to decrease it, once his anxiety lessens about being attacked by your patient.

Bill Dunsmore

Could, could you tell him, could you tell him to stop. I, I mean...

Woman Doctor

And if he refuses, do we restrain him and give it to him by injection?

Jack Mickler

I'll get him to take the medication, for Christ's sake. I don't know what's the big concern here. He hasn't been assaulted. Anyway, I've gotta go.

Paul Showalter

No, no. There's one other piece of business. Okay! We're ready!

All

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

Jack Mickler

Today is the first day of the rest of your life. Come in.

Dona Inez

I am Dona Inez. The mother of Don Juan De Marco. May I come in, Don Octavio?

Jack Mickler

Ah, please.

Dona Inez

I came as soon as the Arch Diocese in Mexico City told me that my son had called them. What exactly is wrong with him?

Jack Mickler

Well... I am... I am very grateful, sister, that you've come, at this strange moment in time. Because there is so much crucial information that I need in order to help your son.

Dona Inez

How can I be of help?

Jack Mickler

For instance, is it a fact that your son grew up with you and your husband in Mexico in a little small town?

Dona Inez

San Louis Quatsa Qualcos. It's not very far from Esuca de Mata Morras, have you heard of it? Not many have, It's very small.

Jack Mickler

You know, in order to help your son, I, I have to have some information. I need to know about Don Alfonso, about his father, Don, Don Antonio, and about your relationship with both of them.

Dona Inez

I think it would be best if you would discuss these matters directly with my son. My vows to God do not allow me to talk... about certain aspects of my past.

Jack Mickler

Er, I, I don't think, sister, that I'm making myself clear. I've been to see your son's grandmother... and she tells me that neither you nor your son have ever lived in Mexico. She said that you met Tony in Queens, New York, and till recently she said she only saw her grandson once in her life, when she was in Phoenix, Arizona. She also said that, er, five years ago, that, er, your husband died in a car crash. Now, in this... I'm sorry, but you must understand, sister, that I need to know the truth.

Dona Inez

The truth is inside you, Don Octavio. I cannot help you find that.

Don Juan
Isn't she exactly as I described her, Don Octavio?

Jack Mickler
Yeah. Exactly.

Don Juan
Dona Julia has become a nun at the same convent.

Jack Mickler
So it seems.

Don Juan
I told my mother she could go back today, but I will miss her. She really has a way of putting me in touch with what's real.

Jack Mickler
Erm, why are you so certain, that your mother was not having an affair with Don Alfonso?

Don Juan
My mother was not having an affair!

Jack Mickler
Well, I think you, you can understand how the thought might have occurred to me. When you told me how your father died, it's never been clear to me what, er, what your mother meant when she cried out, "I will lose both of them." Did she mean, both her husband and her son? Or both of her lovers?

Don Juan
My mother, was not having an affair!

Jack Mickler
Do you understand why it's necessary?

Don Juan
Shut up! You think I don't know what's going on with you, Don Octavio? But I do, you need me... for a transfusion, because your own blood has turned to dust and clogged your heart. Your need for reality, your need for a world where love is flawed, will continue to choke your veins until all the life in you is gone. Well, my perfect world is no less real than yours, Don Octavio. It is only in my world, that you can breathe, isn't it? Isn't it?

Jack Mickler
Yeah. You're right, my, er, my world is, not perfect.

Don Juan
What is this thing that happens with age? Why does everyone want to pervert love and, suck it bone dry of all its glory? Why do you bother to call it love anymore?

Jack Mickler
This'll be our, our last session. I'm, er, retiring on Monday.

Don Juan

Then I will tell you about Dona Ana. And you will decide if I should be set free. On the second day, after I left the Sultana, our ship was caught in a typhoon...

Don Juan (voice)

I alone survived. After days drifting at sea, I found myself on the island of Eros. She was seventeen, and nature's pride, fresh and fair, and unacquainted with the miracle of physical love. Her beauty was not made of shapes and forms, but shined from within like a star. There are those who do not believe that a single soul, born in heaven, can split into twin spirits and shoot like falling stars to earth. Where over oceans and continents, their magnetic forces will finally unite them back into one. But how else do you explain love at first sight? We were convinced that there was no other life beneath the sky but ours. We believed that we would never die.

Dona Ana

You must promise me, that we will be together for all time. That we will live here on this beach, always. And that, should circumstance ever separate us, it is here we will come, to wait all eternity, for the other to return.

Don Juan

I love you.

Dona Ana

Promise me.

Don Juan

I promise.

Don Juan (voice)

One day, I asked her to be mine.

Don Juan

I love you too much. But I cannot love you any less.

Dona Ana

It's of no great consequence, but, will you be wearing your mask throughout our lives together?

Don Juan

I have sworn to do so.

Dona Ana

Then, I ask only that you tell me what has led you to make such a vow.

Don Juan (voice)

I related the sad tale of my Dona Julia, never guessing for a moment that my sweet Dona Ana believed that I had saved myself for her, as she had for me.

Dona Ana

Very well, my love. I will accept that I am not the first if you will tell me, with the same honesty, how many others, there have been.

Don Juan (voice)

This would have been a very good time for me to lie, but truth is a terrible habit.

Don Juan

Including you, there have been, exactly, one thousand-five-hundred and two.

Don Juan (voice)

I could see, that this was a sound substantially greater than the one she had in her mind, and not easy for her to assimilate, try as she might. As her pain struck at my heart like a dagger, I begged to be forgiven. I removed my mask as a gesture of remorse, but it was to no avail. To hide her humiliation, she took off the mask and left forever. And so my adventures came to an end, and with them, the chance that one day, like my father... I would die in the arms of the woman I loved.

Don Juan

Who am I?

Jack Mickler

Sit down. You, are Don Juan De Marco, the greatest lover the world has ever known.

Don Juan

And you, my friend, who are you?

Jack Mickler

Who am I? I am Don Octavio de Florez. Married to the beautiful Dona Lucita, the light of my life. And you, my friend, you have seen through all of my masks.

Chemist

Here's your order, Doctor.

Jack Mickler

Thank you.

Don Juan

You said that you believed, Don Octavio.

Jack Mickler

I believe that you are Don Juan, but there are a lot of people who don't.

Don Juan

Then I will do as you ask, my friend.

Jack Mickler

Vamoose.

Marilyn Mickler

You're retiring on Monday, what are we gonna do?

Jack Mickler

We're gonna get airborne, kid, I'll tell you that.

Marilyn Mickler

I'm trying to tell you something. I like it here, I like my garden...

Jack Mickler
We need to be a flight of eagles.

Marilyn Mickler
I don't see myself in that picture.

Jack Mickler
Oh, what's the matter with you? What are you talking about?

Marilyn Mickler
I don't know.

Jack Mickler
I need to find out who you are.

Marilyn Mickler
Jack, you know who I am. Who's brought you coffee for the last thirty-three years?

Jack Mickler
Listen, I know a lot about dirty coffee cups and I know a lot of facts. But I need to know, all about you.

Marilyn Mickler
What do you wanna know?

Jack Mickler
I wanna know... what your hopes, and your dreams are. They got lost along the way, while I was thinking about myself. What's so funny?

Marilyn Mickler
I thought you'd never ask.

Security Guard
Hey, Doc. Morning!

Judge
Do you understand why you're here, young man? Okay, then. I'd like for you to tell me a little about yourself. Where you grew up. What made you want to kill yourself. How you feel now.

Don Juan
I was born in... in Queens. Me and my parents moved to, er, Phoenix when I was a kid. I hated it. When I was sixteen, my father was, er, killed in a car accident just outside of town. My mother, she'd been having these affairs, and, my father knew. Anyway, she felt so guilty she decided to become a nun. So within three weeks of my father's death she was... in a convent, somewhere in Mexico. And there I was... I had nowhere to go, I didn't know what to do. So, one day I was, um, looking at this magazine, and there was a centrefold, and I, I knew she wouldn't go for me the way that I was, you know, so I, deci... I'd been reading a book, this book, and er, I decided to become Don Juan. So, I called up the magazine. They wouldn't help me, they wouldn't give me any information, so... I was about to give up, and... one day I reached this woman who worked there, I think she was a temp, or something, but... The woman took pity on me and she gave me the girl's number. I called her up. I said that we were meant to be together and... she called me a creep and then she hung up. I just decided that my life was over, so I...

was gonna kill myself. Or at least I was gonna make people believe that I would kill myself so that I could get some attention or something. I never really had any intention of... killing myself.

Judge

Thank you. This has been very helpful. Someone will show you back to your room now.

Don Juan

Thank you.

Jack Mickler

Through there.

Judge

Doctors... this seems like a perfectly normal kid to me. I have a couple of centre-fold fantasies myself, and I'm certainly not going to commit him to a mental institution for his.

Paul Showalter

Er, your honour, I, I, I, I, think his behaviour is...

Judge

Let him go.

Paul Showalter

Er, your honour, I have to recommend...

Jack Mickler

Thank you. As his doctor I concur with your views and I thank you. I will call you later, and thank God for medication.

Paul Showalter

Yes, all right, Jack. Have, have a wonderful vacation.

Jack Mickler

Goodbye, Bill.

Woman Doctor

Goodbye.

Paul Showalter

Your honour, I think the boy's...

Woman Doctor

Now, listen, your honour... Doctor!

Paul Showalter

Please, as head of the hospital, let me speak.

Jack Mickler

My name is Don Octavio de Florez, I am the world's greatest psychiatrist. I have cured over a thousand patients, and their faces linger in my memory like summer days. But none more so than Don Juan De Marco. And so it was not so insane that we all found ourselves on an

aeroplane flying to the island of Eros. It was like a garden before the fall. Everything seemed possible. And how does our fable end? His Dona Ana, his centre-fold... was she waiting all eternity on the beach for him to return, as they had promised each other? Why not? I must report, that the last patient I ever treated... the great lover, Don Juan De Marco, suffered from a romanticism which was completely incurable. And even worse, contagious...

THE END