

Young Leonardo

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FADE IN:

EXT. FLORENCE, ITALY - THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY - DAY

A flurry of Oriental kites and Chinese fireworks ignite the sky as a raucous PARADE of jousting youths, gypsies, and pilgrims surge through the streets.

One kite breaks loose and floats over the crowd towards a city square.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - DAY

The kite floats into the square. A small boy reaches for it and pulls it down by the tail.

The square is packed to capacity for the annual Virtues of Homeric Culture Award.

The CHAIRMAN of the Olympus Institute for Homeric Culture paces on the dias. Several ARTISANS anxiously hover over their prototypes of men in sports poses.

CHAIRMAN

The Olympus Institute in it's ever striving quest for perfection, announces the distinguished winner of the Virtues of Homeric Culture Award for the best depiction of classically virtuous beauty for the year of our Lord, 1464!

An extremely overdressed man with a long nose gazes at the Chairman intently. MASTER GUISEPPIFRUTTI, a 15th century version of Salvador Dali, fluffs his hair and checks his teeth with a boney finger.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

(to himself)

Guisseppifrutti... one word... don't forget, it's ONE word.

CHAIRMAN

Oh... and the winner is...

(opens scroll)

Master...

Guisseppifrutti strides to the dias, grinning.

CHAIRMAN

Verrochio... has outshined the competition once again.

Guisseppifrutti's jaw drops in utter disbelief.

The elegant and dapper MASTER VERROCHIO bows in response to a wave of appreciative APPLAUSE.

Flabbergasted and angry, Guiseppifrutti stomps away but is quickly pushed by the autograph seeking crowd into Verrochio. The two exchange glances, Guiseppifrutti pastes on a fake smile and bows deeply.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

My dear Verrochio, your shot put rendition was most heroic, epic even. I'm at a loss for the proper description.

CLOSE UP - GUISEPPIFRUTTI'S ENTRY

An exact replica of Guiseppifrutti, posing as a runner in a toga with a long nose, wavy black hair and a garland of garlic. It stands a foot high.

VERROCHIO (V.O.)

Your runner was... ahhh, well, ahh... the words just escape me, too.

Verrochio is spirited away by his fans.

Guiseppifrutti's expression turns murderous.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

The judges are blind buffoons!

He storms off through the paraders.

EXT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - COURTYARD - DAY

Guiseppifrutti enters a dilapidated courtyard. He opens the crumbling doorway that's emblazoned with gold letters--GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS. SLAMMING the door, the sign advertising, SPECIAL ON COMMISSIONS, TODAY ONLY, drops to the ground.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS

A ramshackle art studio that's gaudily appointed with cheap trinkets, urns, spittoons, doilies, Arab vases, etc. The Renaissance's answer to Liberace's living room.

Guiseppifrutti paces excitedly before his four teenage apprentice boys and a classical Greek statue. With every word he swings a cane and smacks the floor. The boys jump. FRANCESCO, a tiny furtive rat of a boy, a medieval Harpo Marx, climbs under the table and hides.

RAFEALO, a big, unkempt teenager with conniving eyes and an intimidating snarl on his lips, uses Francesco as a footstool.

LUIGI, a stolid, earthy kid, repairs a broken paint brush with a piece of string.

PAULO, a sickly boy, constantly blows his nose.

The Master flounces and swishes distainfully around the sculpture while CESARE, the fat, dim-witted servant dozes in a chair.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

(ranting)

Those horrible, savage,
judges and their slaving
followers, know nothing of
virtuous good taste, beauty...

(hysterical)

The whole world lays mired
in ignorance. Dark Ages!
There's never been good taste.
For instance this wretched thing...

He points contemptuously at a classical Greek statue.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

It's flat, empty, boring!
And naked! But despair not
it can be saved...

The Master's eyes alight with madness as he slaps his brimmed hat on the statue. It almost tips over.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

By applying the amazing principles of
the Guiseppifrutti Fruitfulness Style.

He hastily undresses and wraps his cloak around the torso. The teacher turns to the class. He eyes them with menace. Fearful of him, they pretend to be interested.

Rafealo surreptitiously ducks under the table for a brief moment. Then he sits back up.

Guiseppifrutti rips off his corset and his garlic necklace and begins to dress the sculpture.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

My work is endless... my
fragrant garlic adornment...
Dear lads... this is Truth.

The terrified students look on in awe at the weird sight as their half-naked and exhausted Master beams proudly.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Behold! It suddenly comes to life! It engages the eye, it excites the imagination. It ignites the senses. It has Fruitfulness and most of all, it resembles ME!

Guisseppifrutti smiles. His terrified students smile and nod in agreement. Rafealo starts applauding.

Guisseppifrutti's cane SMACKS him in the knuckles. Rafealo rubs his hands, looking dejected.

A KNOCK at the door breaks the Master's concentration. He turns to Cesare.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

What's that rabble? Give those peasants a trinket and send them off.

Cesare wakes up and drags himself from the chair, picks up a tiny plaster bust of Guisseppifrutti, shuffles to the door, trips and knocks over a bench of paint jars. Cesare rights the spilled jars, combining colors mindlessly before opening the door.

A waiting MESSENGER hands Cesare a letter. The teacher snatches it away and rips it open.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

(eagerly)

At last, the fountain commission!

Reading the letter, his expression turns murderous as he hurls the letter to the floor. Taking his cane, Guisseppifrutti takes one well-placed whack at a table covered with pottery. The table collapses, shattering everything on it. He looks at the boys.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Look at this mess. Is this how you treat your work? Clean it up. Especially you, Rafealo.

The boys hurriedly obey while the cane seeks out a target. Guisseppifrutti motions to the little man who obediently follows behind as the Master storms up the stairs.

Rafealo kicks Francesco and sends him scampering off.

Luigi turns pale at the broken pottery and jumps from his chair and trips. His shoe laces are tied together. Rafealo smiles, pleased.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI'S PRIVATE SALON - DAY

Dimly lit private apartment cluttered with primitive catapults, ratty slingshots, rows of statuary and walls lined with ornate apothecary jars.

Snatching a hammer, Guiseppifrutti knocks noses off the statues. A nose flies out the window.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

How could they give the fountain
commission to that fraud, Verrochio?

Another nose shatters against the ceiling. Cesare dutifully replaces the broken noses with plaster replicas of the teacher's own nose.

Sweating, Guiseppifrutti collapses into a chair next to his jar collection labeled: BIG POOF, CHINESE WHAMMY, HOUSE BLEND. Eyes bright with a madman's fury, he taps a boney finger over the line of jars. One of the plaster replacements falls off.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

It so saddens me, that my rival,
Verrochio, forces me to destroy him...
great advances in civilization
do come with a price.

A large model of Florence complete with buildings is in the center of the room. Guiseppifrutti picks up a tiny toy catapult and catapults a tiny metal ball at a building labeled, VERROCHIO STUDIOS, which is already littered with little balls.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Fools stand between me and my
destiny. Shall we use - Chinese
Whammy for a bit of international
panache, Little Poof, clean but
effective, or House Blend for
the best drama.

He shoots another ball at the model.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

History will appreciate our
many sacrifices for enlightenment.
(sadly philosophical)
Alas, perhaps I AM the last
of the Great Dreamers...

Guiseppifrutti wipes his brow with a frilly hanky.

EXT. VINCI, ITALY, THE TOWN SQUARE - DAY

11 year-old LEONARDO DA VINCI sits by an ornate fountain, sketching in a worn out sketch book. Good-looking and muscular, but disheveled, his shirt hangs unevenly, buttoned in the wrong holes.

A huge black CROW lands on the boy's shoulder. It seems to be studying Leonardo's work. Leonardo puts the finishing touches on intricately rendered designs.

THE PICTURE

A helicopter and other mechanical gadgets, realistic looking wolves and portraits of villagers, their faces burst with life and emotion.

A bantering VOICE emanates from Crow.

CROW
I keep telling you, the
flying machine won't work
without a spring!

LEONARDO

Exhausted, Leo sighs and closes his eyes. He drifts into a daydream.

WE TRAVEL INTO THE PAPER WHERE HIS SKETCH TAKES ON THREE-DIMENSIONAL FORM.

EXT. VINCI TOWN SQUARE - DAY DREAM SEQUENCE

A crowd of frightened VILLAGERS runs SCREAMING in terror as a pack of ravenous WOLVES descend into the town square. Leonardo holds a shield-like contraption that reflects sunlight into the beasts' eyes. Now they run in circles blindly.

The boy races towards a surreal CORKSCREW HELICOPTER and jumps in. He tries to start it but it won't start.

A snarling wolf is ready to pounce a pretty, dark-haired GIRL, its jaws close to her as she screams out...

GIRL
Help me, Leonardo!!!

The other wolves charge the stranded helicopter. Leonardo fends them off with a stick.

Overhead, Leonardo's pet Crow swoops into a wagon maker's shop, snatches a spring from a table, and flies it to Leonardo. Attaching it, the vehicle WHIZZES into the air.

THE HELICOPTER

Flies over the enraged animals as they close in for the kill. The young girl waves to Leonardo for help. He dive bombs the flying machine and stuns the wolf with perfect shots from a mechanical slingshot. The girl escapes.

After lobbing volleys at the other wolves, Leonardo releases a mechanical rope-ladder which the villagers scramble up.

Heavy-laden with passengers, the helicopter flies away to safety. The young girl throws her arms around the boy hero.

EXT. VINCI TOWN SQUARE

The helicopter lands and the villagers carry Leonardo out on their shoulders. They parade around as a spectacled scholar writes in a huge leather book.

VILLAGERS

He saved us! Leonardo da Vinci,
the first boy to fly!!

THE PERSISTANT SOUND OF AN ANGRY WOMAN'S VOICE FILTERS
THROUGH THE CHEERING --

Leonardo is startled to hear the voice calling incessantly as he's bandied about.

THE VOICE (VO)

Where is that wastrel?
(getting louder)
When I get my hands on that
good for nothing...

SUDDENLY THE COLORS AND PICTURE ABRUPTLY FADE TO BLACK.

CROW (VO)

Don't pay any attention to her.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. VINCI TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Yanked out of his dream, Leonardo sees his livid, red faced stepmother, ALBIERA. The young woman is loaded down with packages.

ALBIERA

Always that infernal
daydreaming! When I get
you home...

LEONARDO

I was drawing... I figured
out how to fly! See?

Leonardo nervously hands her the sketch. Etched on his face is an impish look of insatiable curiosity. Like a Renaissance Dennis the Menace with an IQ of 4000.

Albiera sets down the packages and takes the picture. She glances at it and tears it up.

ALBIERA

You and your flying machine
dreams! This doesn't get
my bread made!!

Leonardo gently picks up his sketch pieces. Albiera gathers her packages and yanks Leo away by the ear.

Loitering in front of the baker's shop, two teen-age baker's apprentices, FRANCO and ALFONSE, snicker loudly.

ALFONSE

Whiz-kid's in trouble now!

FRANCO

Quick, fat-brain -- invent
something!

Crow whispers in Leonardo's ear.

CROW

(soto voca)

They're just jealous. When you
grow up, you'll make the most
excellent painting of all time.

Dodging a spit-wad, Leonardo quips.

LEONARDO

(to Crow)

If I live that long.

Albiera scoffs at this seemingly one-way conversation. Just then, another spit-wad slams the back of Leonardo's head.

ALBIERA

And stop talking to that
crow and pretending it talks
back. People already think
you're crazy.

Tenderly plucking the spit-wad from Leonardo's unruly hair, Crow speaks in his ear.

CROW

Don't worry. Only you can
hear me because nobody else
in this town has any imagination.

Albiera swats the bird off Leonardo's shoulder.

ALBIERA

That filthy bird. Just look
what it did to your shirt!

EXT. THE VINCI FAMILY HOME - DAY

A comfortable, middle-class homestead with a vineyard.
Albiera drags Leonardo through the gate of the roomy,
white-washed house.

ALBIERA

(muttering)

Flying machines... talking
to crows...

INT. DA VINCI HOME - STUDY

A room that reflects its owner's stolid industry and
thrift. A notary's office, walls covered with paintings
of the Vinci clan, all lawyers and upright, responsible
citizens, firmly rooted in tradition and custom.
SER PIERO DA VINCI, a well-built man, overflowing with
vitality, but preoccupied with a pile of forms and
documents piled on his desk. He carefully signs his name
to each paper.

Leonardo anxiously wrings his hands and looks at the
ground then at the flying quill pen. Suddenly the pen
gets set down. Piero looks up. He's ready now.

PIERO

(sighs)

What is it this time?

Albiera comes into the room. Her face filled with hurt
and frustration, she approaches the desk.

ALBIERA

Remember our marriage agreement,
Piero. I would raise your son,
Leonardo, and he would in turn
help me with the bakery. But
he's turned out to be more
trouble than he's worth.

PIERO

Albiera, he's...

ALBIERA

I spend all my time tracking
him down!

Albiera, at her wits end, starts to cry.

Piero's mood darkens. He stands up and faces Leonardo.
His aggravation boils over.

PIERO

I'll take care of him.

(to Leonardo)

What am I going to do with
you!?! I tried teaching you
the Notary trade. That failed.
Then, there was Accounting.
That eluded you. Then we
have Albiera's bakery...

LEONARDO

But I'm an artist, an inventor!

PIERO

You're a troublemaker - you
can't even learn a simple skill!
I'm sending you to Baker's
Apprentice School.

LEONARDO

No, please!

PIERO

You need to get your feet
on the ground!

LEONARDO

Please, father. See?

Leonardo hands his father a drawing he's been holding.

Piero looks over his glasses at the picture while he
holds it up.

CLOSE UP - PIERO WITH DRAWING

It's a crazy system of ropes and pulleys for the barn.
Contented cows eating happily from their filled troughs.

LEONARDO

Look, father, I've invented
a feeding system for the barn
animals. It's wonderful. I
don't daydream. I invent.

Piero fights to smile. He's impressed but refuses to show it.

PIERO
Interesting.

Seizing the moment, Leonardo passionately implores his father.

LEONARDO
Please... send me to Florence
to art school.

PIERO
Well...

Albiera gets furious. She breaks down in tears.

ALBIERA
Those cocamamie schemes.
You're no help to encourage
him, Piero. Now I'll have
more work.

Piero gazes at the family portraits and then at the drawing. A kaleidoscope of feelings wash over his face: sadness, understanding, and finally guilt. There's a water bucket sitting on the floor.

PIERO
I'm sending you to Baker's
Apprentice School and that's
final!

Piero picks up the water bucket and shoves it into Leonardo's hands.

PIERO
The bucket works just fine.

INT. FAMILY BARN - DAY

Leonardo dips the bucket into a overflowing pile of corn kernels. He lugs the bucket down the rows of hungry pigs snorting and lolling around and tosses out handfuls of corn. Crow sits high in a rafter and drops corn at the pigs.

LEONARDO
One loaf after another,
day after day after day...
I just can't.

Crow drops a kernel on a sleeping pig's nose. It wakes up irrate and snorts.

CROW

Show'em what you can do.
They'll change their minds.
I guarantee it.

Leonardo takes out the pulley sketch from his shoe and eyeballs it carefully. A grin crosses his face as he spots a pile of ropes nearby. Suddenly, life is worth living.

LEONARDO BUILDS SYSYEM - SERIES OF SHOTS:

- a. Leonardo deftly tosses ropes over the rafters.
- b. Ties ropes to pulleys.
- c. Hangs pulleys, checks the picture.
- d. Leonardo playfully swings on a rope high into the air to grasp a handhold on the ceiling.

END OF SERIES

Leonardo pulls a rope and the pulley system starts turning and creaking along. Cables move up and down.

LEONARDO

Someday, every barn will have
my feeding invention.

CROW

You means our invention.

Bursting with enthusiasm, Leonardo grabs the feed bucket, connects himself to the pulley system and yanks the starter rope.

He gets hoisted into the air.

LEONARDO

When I get my flying machine
perfected, we'll travel to
everywhere. See everything!

Lowering himself he tries to reach the pigs but the rope is too short.

CROW

You just need a spring.

LEONARDO

A spring...

The boys disconnects himself landing on the floor, digs through the barn supplies.

CROW
There's one on the bakery
delivery wagon.

LEONARDO
I can't take it from there!

CROW
Don't like my advice, then don't
ask me. It's lunch time. Pass
me a handful of corn, Leo.

Leonardo scoops up the pig corn. Crow alights on the boy's shoulder and eats from his hand.

LEONARDO
(balks)
I'll get in trouble.

CROW
(spits out corn)
Bad seed. Yuk. True genius
risks all.
(annoyed)
Ah... you're gonna end up just
like your father -- counting
loaves of bread, money and
grey hairs.

Crows flies off and swoops around the barn, showing off.

CROW
If I can do it, so can youuu...

Soaring into the rafters, Crow zips around through drifting light shafts. Leonardo is utterly facinated and convinced. He bolts out the barn with Crow behind him.

EXT. BARN

A large wagon stands idly by. The back of the wagon is loaded with bread, pots of flour and pasteries. Leonardo crawls underneath. Searching around, he finds something, pulls on the something with all his might until it's yanked right out. Crawling back out from under the wagon, he hides his prize, an axle spring.

INT. BARN

Leonardo grabs a knife and climbs to the top of his swinging rope, cuts the rope and attaches the spring.

He ties the rope back on the rafter and climbs back down for his feed bucket, then shimmies up again.

SPROING, SPROING, he swings around the barn.

The pulley system CREAKS into action.

Leonardo swings over the pigs and drops corn into their stalls and pretends to be flying. He's overjoyed.

In the b.g. a loud CRASH of wood and metal. A horse NEIGHS nervously.

CLOSE UP OF LEONARDO'S HORRIFIED FACE

LEONARDO

The wagon!

EXT. BARN

Ser Piero, ankle deep in bread flour, fumes and snorts, frantically tries to save the last pastery before it falls into the mud.

The front end of the wagon sinks into the mud.

Leonardo runs from the barn. Frantically scraping flour and dirt off his father, Leonardo talks fast.

LEONARDO

Sorry! ARE you hurt?

SER PIERO

(furious)

The wagon broke!!

LEONARDO

I'm sorry... I'm really sorry.

SER PIERO

Look at this mess. Forty ducats for the flour, ten for the pasteries and I, I...
AAHHH!!!

LEONARDO

Well..

Ser Piero unsticks himself from the wreckage.

SER PIERO

Well?!! Whats's your excuse?

Leonardo tugs at Ser Piero's arm.

LEONARDO

I invented a barn feeding system. It really works! Just look inside for a second. Just one second. It really works. We'll make a lot of money. Everyone will want one!

INT. BARN

Ser Piero drags Leonardo into the barn.

SER PIERO

This better be good.

Ser Piero takes a step and accidentally trips over a rope. His foot gets tangled in it he struggles to get free, tugging hard on the rope. Suddenly...

A bucket full of dirt descends on another rope making the tangled rope rise. Piero's foot rises. Leonardo tries to get it off his father.

A series of heavy bags of dirt rise up and down in unison and Piero rises with them.

He rises. A feed bucket rises, following him as they both rise up to the rafters, suspended in mid-air.

Leonardo frantically tries to pull the down the offending ropes but can't. Suddenly he tugs on the right one. Piero and the rope drop to the ground into a pile of corn.

Crow flies down for a closer inspection as Leonardo stares his mouth agape, horrified.

CROW

Does this mean the pulley system is out?

Piero blows corn from his mouth as he gets up. There's murder in his eyes. Leonardo nervously cleans the corn off his father.

LEONARDO

I'm sorry... sorry...
(suddenly distracted)
There's something about counterweight that I forgot...

SER PIERO

You better get out of my sight before I counterweight you down the river!!

EXT. FLORENCE - VERROCHIO STUDIOS - NIGHT

Guisseppifrutti and Cesare tiptoe towards an estate surrounded by a moat and high stone walls. From a safe distance, Guisseppifrutti sneers at the VERROCHIO STUDIOS banner hanging over the moat.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Verrochio, you imposter.
I spit on your name.

CESARE
Master, are you sure...

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Ha! Our plan is infallible,
Cesare. Carry on.

INT. VERROCHIO STUDIOS - DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

A well-appointed dining hall with a food covered table. Verrochio and his guests laugh and make merry around the table. A musician plays a lute. The guests turn to their host and raise their wine glasses. A GUEST stands up.

GUEST
Ahh... Verrochio... another
wonderful party. As always...
you are kind and generous.
The greatest artist in all
Florence. Salud.

The guests clink their glasses. Verrochio smiles.

VERROCHIO
Such wonderful words indeed.
Thank you my dear friends.

EXT. VERROCHIO STUDIOS - SAME TIME

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
It's so simple, even you can
turn the roaring tide of
history in our favor, Cesare.
Procur the rightful destiny
and direct the course of Art
History. Oh... I am clever.
Nothing can go wrong. I
fashioned these stilts from
the sturdiest Florentine oaks.

Cesare hobbles on tall wooden stilts towards the studio walls. He's clutching a package tightly in one hand.

It's a nearly impossible manuver.

Teetering, Cesare hobbles in a circle until one stilt sticks in a mud puddle.

CESARE

But, but, sir... It's in...

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

(interrupts, impatient)

Now, Cesare, just toss the bomb over the wall. You can do it. Make haste.

Yanking out the stilt, Cesare spins on the other stilt, and holds on for dear life. Suddenly he's hanging upside down.

CRUNCH! The stilt cracks. Cesare slides helpless into the mud, dropping the package. Twisted human wreckage.

CESARE

(painfully moaning)

My leg... ahh.. sir.
I need a physician.

Guisseppifrutti stands on a rock and surveys his servant's predicament.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

No, no, Cesare. This is good. This is very good. We have once again proved that Verrochio's trees are weak. I used his trees. It was clearly the fault of the wood. The trees, like Verrochio himself... a cheap fraud. He must be destroyed. Your most noble sacrifice is duly noted.

Cesare struggles free from the mud, spitting and moaning in agony.

INT. DA VINCI HOME - LEONARDO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

An oil lamp illuminates a room cluttered with the strange products of Leonardo's many experiments. Dried and decaying fish, plants hung up, fantastical drawings of monsters and dragons pinned to the walls.

LEONARDO

He loves those birds more than me.

Leonardo sits by the window, gazing out. In the yard below, he watches Ser Piero tending to his three pet falcons. His voice drifts up to the window.

SER PIERO
 (to birds)
 My pretty, pretty birds.
 You are so sweet and nice.

He opens each cage and holds out his arm.

SER PIERO
 Come.

The falcons fly obediently to his arm. He pets them. They take food from his hand.

SER PIERO
 My wonderful falcons.
 So well-trained. Return.

The birds fly back to their cages and Piero shuts the cages and walks away.

Leonardo climbs onto the window sill.

LEONARDO
 (to falcons)
 I know how you feel,
 guys. Locked in a cage.

Leonardo gets down. He starts dismantling the many weird experiments, tossing things aside.

LEONARDO
 (depressed)
 I don't belong here.
 I'll never fit in.

He takes down a flying machine drawing, crumples it up and tosses the wad in the fireplace.

LEONARDO
 Flying... it was a stupid
 idea. I'll never fly.

CAWING, Crow flaps around the room, upsetting the clutter of stuff. Leonardo watches him.

CROW
 What you need is the
 right mix of weight, mass
 and gravity. That's all!

The boy takes apart a small flying machine model.

LEONARDO

I know what you're thinking.
If you can do it so can I.

There's a mischievous twinkle in his eye as he climbs
unto the window ledge.

LEONARDO

I know, I know -- If I
want to fly, I have to
study and observe real
birds to understand the
principles of flying.

Leonardo grabs his notebook and hops out the window.

EXT. FALCON CAGES

Leonardo opens the cages. He sketches the birds as they
fly off.

The drawings suddenly turn into...

MONTAGE OF THREE DIMENSIONAL FORMS:

A drawing of Crow comes alive and soars gracefully
through a series of:

- a. Surreal visions of birds turning into flying machines.
- b. Mechanisms and drawings.
- c. Mechanical operations, wheels.
- d. People in flying machines, airplanes, space ships.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BY THE FALCON CAGES - SUNRISE THE NEXT DAY

The first rays of sunrise reflect off a futuristic set of
mechanical wings connected to a foot-pedaled, boy-sized
contraption.

Leonardo lays on the ground next to it and a remains of
various gutted household items. Yawning and stretching,
he gazes lovingly at his creation. A CLANGING CHURCHBELL
shatters the reverie. He hides the invention and rushes
off to school.

INT. CHAPEL DE SERENE MADONNA

A homespun school run by an old monk, FRIAR BARDINI. The elderly monk stands in front of the tiny class of dirty farm kids. The monk reads from an illuminated manuscript.

Leonardo slips onto the back bench, trying not to be seen. Friar Bardini looks up, squints, then keeps on reading in a dull sing song.

FRIAR BARDINI

Verily the sun was made on the fourth day and the cold orbs made on the fifth day. There are evil humors abiding in the darkness of the moon.

LEONARDO

(mumbling, antsy)

I don't get it.

FRIAR BARDINI

The earth does not move as it is in a state of perpetual sin.

LEONARDO

(blurts out)

But why then are there day and night? The earth must move, your friarship, sir.

Friar Bardini turns two shades of red.

FRIAR BARDINI

Blasphemy!!!

The furious monk stomps over to Leonardo, grabs his hands and gives them a brisk whacking on the knuckles. He returns to the book. Leonardo grimaces in pain.

A rowdy baker's apprentice named, ALFONSE, sits next to Leonardo. seeing that the teacher is distracted, punches Leonardo in the stomach.

LEONARDO

(yelps)

Oww!

The monk shuffles over to the bench. He grabs Leonardo's hands and swats them.

FRIAR BARDINI

Hush!

Leonardo rubs his hands, stifling a protest as the monk returns to the book.

Alfonse revels in his success, smiling at his friend, FRANCO, sitting on the bench behind.

Leonardo adjusts something bumpy under his shirt while Alfonse's back is turned.

Alfonse smiles at Leonardo. Forming a perfect fist, he punches Leonardo squarely in the stomach.

BAM! SPLAT! Alfonse's fist ruptures the bag under Leonardo's shirt. A spray of stinky liquid spritzes the bully's face.

ALFONSE

(yelps)

Ahhh!!

The monk stumbles over, swat the bully's knuckles while holding his nose. Leonardo smirks, triumphant as his classmates smile their approval.

EXT. CHAPEL DE SERENE MADONNA - DAY

Outside in the churchyard, the children gather around Leonardo and his stink bag. Franco is especially interested as he handles the empty stink bag.

FRANCO

What was that? How did you make it?

LEONARDO

Simple. I mulched four parts kitchen refuse with one part cow droppings with a touch of skunk cabbage from the swamp. Then I put it through an olive press.

The kids look nauseated.

FRANCO

Got any other great stuff?

Leonardo shows them a pouch filled with putrid garbage with a string hanging out. The kids are delightedly grossed out. Leonardo drops it into Franco's hand with a conspiratorial wink.

LEONARDO

Light this and throw it over
the river -- you've never
smelled anything so bad.

Franco hides the stink bomb in his breeches.

FRANCO

Wanna come with us?
We're playing kickball.

The boys take Leonardo off into a courtyard.

LEONARDO

(flattered)

if you wanna see something
really amazing, come to the
town square at noon.

EXT. VINCI TOWN SQUARE - NOON

As the midday sun reaches its peak, an excited CROWD
gathers in the town square.

Leonardo enters the square with his machine. He drags the
apparatus up a ladder and onto a roof.

MEANWHILE...

INT. VINCI BAKERY

Franco, the baker's apprentice sneaks into the baker's
shop. The BAKER has his head in the oven tending bread.

Franco hides behind a bread shelf.

TOWN SQUARE - ROOF

Leonardo readies the flying machine as the crowd watches
expectantly. He slips his arms into the wings.

BAKERY

Franco takes Leonardo's stink bomb from his breeches. He
lights the string and hurls it into the middle of the
floor.

TOWN SQUARE - ROOF

Leonardo in his contraption takes a few paces backwards. He takes a deep breath and raises the wings and puts his feet on the pedals. Crow soars overhead.

CROW

You're a genius. Now fly!
FLY!

Leonardo pedals and the flying machine rolls across the roof, right off the edge.

BAKERY

KABLAM! The bomb explodes filling the room with a greasy brown smoke. The Baker chokes and staggers to the front door, dropping his trays.

TOWN SQUARE

Leonardo pedals furiously to stay airborne as the crowd gasps in fear and wonder.

BAKERY

Franco comes from behind the bread shelf, runs to the baker's strong box and rifles it open, empties the coins into his pocket. He escapes out the window.

TOWN SQUARE

Leonardo pedals to stay airborne. He wobbles, sinks and does a tailspin. The flying machine careens downward into a pig trough full of water.

Just then, Ser Piero wades through the crowd to the trough. He yanks Leonardo out.

SER PIERO

(snarling)

What did you do with my
falcons?

LEONARDO

I flew! Did you see? All I
need is a bigger spring under
the pedals and...

Just then, the CONSTABLE drags Franco into the square, the angry Baker following behind.

CONSTABLE
He's a thief! He said he
did it with the stink
bomb Leonardo gave him.

LEONARDO
But it's not my fault!
I just made the bomb!

SER PIERO
You did WHAT!

BAKER
(to Ser Piero)
And you wanted ME to take
that troublemaker on as an
apprentice!

CLOSE ON PIERO

Stands alone, totally mortified as angry villagers file
past him. The Constable gets into Piero's face.

CONSTABLE
DO something about him!
He's a menace!

SER PIERO
Sorry. So, sorry. Sorry.
My apologies. Never happen
again.

INT. DA VINCI HOME -STUDY - THAT NIGHT

Leonardo faces his chagrined father and stepmother across
a bare table.

LEONARDO
But I'm an artist, an
inventor. I can't control
what people do with the
things I make.

SER PIERO
I can't deal with you.
I've tried everything...
but I've been too easy.

LEONARDO
But...

SER PIERO
You're a disgrace to the
family name.

LEONARDO

But...

Albiera watches the conversation like a hawk. She gives Piero a glance. He glances back.

SER PIERO

You are talented but it means nothing if you aren't responsible for your actions.

(pause)

Your talent should have been a blessing but it's only brought us shame.

Albiera looks at Piero. Piero glances at her.

LEONARDO

I'm sorry.

SER PIERO

Your last chance... I'm sending you to a Baker's apprentice school in Florence. No picnic. Hard work and strict discipline. You either succeed...

(struggles with words)

or you'll never set foot in Vinci again.

Leonardo hangs his head, ashamed and crushed. Albiera smiles smugly.

EXT. DA VINCI HOME - MORNING

Ser Piero and Albiera help Leonardo load his few belongings onto a waiting carriage. Leonardo clutches a sachel and his pet Crow.

SER PIERO

(suppresses sadness)

You understand?

LEONARDO

Yes. I'll be a good Baker's Apprentice.

Piero awkwardly hands Leonardo a small sketch book.

SER PIERO

Don't come home until you do.

The boy climbs aboard the carriage.

The wagon driver nudges the horses. The carriage trundles down the dusty Vinci road.

A tear escapes as Leonardo watches his parents' figures shrink in the distance. Bag and bird in lap, he gazes towards his destination.

Up above a lone hawk flies off towards a distant city.

EXT. FLORENCE - A MAIN STREET - HOURS LATER

The hawk flies into the city and perches in a tree. Leonardo's carriage trundles into view.

CLOSE UP - LEONARDO IN THE CARRIAGE

Watches intently, eagerly, wide-eyed. His face changing with every new sight, fear, amazement, horror, excitement as they drive by:

a. Two old begger men push and shove each other over a scrap of bread. A merchant in a velvet coat tosses a coin their way. They fight over the coin.

b. A lute player performs and a magician does slight of hand for a small crowd.

c. Prisoners in chained trudge up the street, their backs creased with whip lashes.

d. Festooned ladies in waiting walk behind an ornate carriage.

e. A band of monks and religious pilgrims chant Gegorian hymns as they meander through the street.

f. A young girl in a red ruffled dress pushes a trinket cart through the crowds. She does a sing song sales pitch that gets lost in the street din.

LEONARDO'S CARRIAGE

Stops in front of a bleak, barracks-like stone building. Several exhausted young boys heave heavy flour sacks onto a wagon under the watchful eye of a short, bulldogish man MASTER GUIDO, wielding an oversized "disciplinary spoon".

The sign on the front door reads - BREAD CUISINE ACADEMY OF FLORENCE.

CLOSE UP - LEONARDO

His young face drained of color as he gasps in horror. Anxiety-ridden, he clutches Crow to his breast.

LEONARDO

Crow, is this what Dante wrote of in his Inferno story? I can't... I just can't.

CROW

Remember, you have to do this.

BACK TO THE SCHOOL

Master Guido paddles a student with the spoon. the paddled boy goes away, whimpering. The teacher starts to turn around.

Leonardo regards Crow and hastily points to the school roof.

LEONARDO

(to Crow)

You better hide up there.

Crow flies up to the roof moments before Master Guido briskly walks up to Leonardo with a distrustful, treacherly frown and an apron.

MASTER GUIDO

Ser Piero's boy?

LEONARDO IN BAKER'S SCHOOL - MONTAGE

a. Leonardo works in a frenetic assembly line of bread, hastily sweeping up each ounce of dough that drops to the floor. It's a factory-like atmosphere, bread into the mold, one after the other. He wearily waves to Crow who sits at the window then... looks at a wad of dropped dough in his hand, thinking.

LEONARDO

Prove I'm responsible...

b. Next day - Leonardo proudly displays a plate of little baked balls with a hole in the center. The Master has a look that could freeze ice.

LEONARDO

I call these dough holes. There's no waste and they taste great. I made the icing. Try one.

Leonardo hands the Master a green one. The little man explodes.

MASTER GUIDO

Dough what? This is wasteful.
The dough is the very foundation
of this fine academy and is not
to be wasted on frivolous past
times. YOU DIDN'T OBEY THE RULES!
NO SUPPER FOR YOU, LEONARDO!!

c. That night, Leonardo sits alone in his bed, sulking.
Crow flies in the window.

CROW

I thought the dough holes
were quite enchanting.

LEONARDO

Tomorrow I'll be the
perfect student, No problem.

d. Next day, Master Guido hovers over Leonardo at his
place on the bread assembly line. So quiet you could hear
a pin drop as the school population ponders over
Leonardo's latest offense: a sea serpent shaped bread
sculpture with sea foam green frosting.

He speaks slowly, his face livid, his tone, humorless.

MASTER GUIDO

The acceptable shapes for
bread are round and square...
(crescendo)
NOT shaped like a FISH!!

The Master slaps the "disciplinary spoon" in his palm to
punctuate the warning. Leonardo sinks into his chair.

e. That night, Leonardo staggers off to bed. He waves a
weary hand to Crow as the bird flies by the window.

CROW

Come on, let's work on
the flying machine.

Leonardo perks up briefly... then he yawns.

f. The next day, Leonardo in an apron, stands quietly
before Master Guido. The teacher hands Leonardo a tiny
wire brush. He points to the dark basement steps.

MASTER GUIDO

This is your last chance.
There's an oven in the cellar.
Clean it til it shines or else.

LEONARDO

Yes Master. I won't let
you down. Cross my heart.

g. Hours later, Leonardo puts the finishing touches on a radiant looking oven. The wire brush is in shreds. He tugs at the wires. One comes loose. Getting excited by the find pulls the whole brush apart. He pulls out his sketch book.

LEONARDO

This wire would be perfect.
It's the exact dimensions I
need and it's refuse. Master
couldn't possibly get angry
about a useless brush.

h. The Master inspects the oven. Leonardo is dirty. The oven is perfect. Guido grunts his satisfaction as he leaves. Leonardo grins.

i. Leonardo and Crow sit by a window.

LEONARDO

I think I'm finally getting
the hang of this responsibility
thing. Father'll be proud.

EXT. BAKER'S ACADEMY - FRONT DOOR - NEXT MORNING

Leonardo is booted out the front door by Master Guido. A bag of belongings is tossed out.

LEONARDO

But it was broken, Sir!

MASTER GUIDO

School property. YOU BROKE
THE RULES! You're out!!

The baker slams the door. Leonardo pounds on the door.

LEONARDO

Please, Sir. another chance.

MASTER GUIDO (OS)

No. Now go away.

LEONARDO

I can't go home until I show
father I'm responsible.

No response from the door. He sits down in the dirty street. Crow flies to his hand.

CROW

Well you lasted three days.
That's a start.

LEONARDO

Yeah, what an accomplishment.
(suddenly morose)
What will I do? I can't go now.

LEONARDO STANDS ON A PILE OF WINE KEGS, LOST, ALONE AND AFRAID, SURVEYS THE SPRAWLING, DANGEROUS CITY.

EXT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME

Guisseppifrutti and an anxious PATRON ruminates over a drawing of a fountain. The patron holds up the design. Guisseppifrutti is all ears.

PATRON

There must be cherubs here
here and here or I won't
give you one blessed ducat!

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

You shall have them indeed.
Cherubs are my specialty.

PATRON

We'll see. Good night.

The Patron climbs into his carriage. Guisseppifrutti smiles gayly and waves.

EXT. MERCATO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Leonardo wanders through the huge open air marketplace with Crow bobbing on his shoulder. A sea of humanity buying and selling.

WEAVERS, GUILDERS, PAINTERS, WOOL DEALERS, MAGICIANS, MAP MAKERS, RELIGIOUS DEVOTEES, JEWELERS, FLOWER VENDORS, sit in their awning covered booths. It's loud and lively.

As the two wander through the crowd, Leonardo hunts for coins in his bag. He holds up the last coin.

He takes the last coin to a FOOD VENDOR. He shares the morsel with Crow.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - NIGHT

Guisseppifrutti argues with his well-dressed LANDLORD in the doorway. The Landlord shoves an eviction notice at the teacher before he leaves.

LANDLORD
I'm shutting you down!

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
One day more. I just procured
the finest commission in Florence.

The Landlord gives him an "Oh, yeah, sure" look.

EXT. FLORENCE - DAY

Leonardo wanders the streets tired and dirty. He searches for scraps of food in the trash.

EXT. A PARK - NIGHT

Guisseppifrutti directs his four apprentice boys as they spread plaster over a half-finished fountain. It's a mess.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Lazy boys, work faster.

EXT. MERCATO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Leonardo, more tired and dirty, wanders from booth to booth. He becomes distracted by the booming voice of TOSCANELLI, a map maker who's attracting a crowd. He holds up a map of the world.

TOSCANELLI
Maps for sale. Don't leave
home without a Toscanelli
map to show your way.

Toscanelli's wagon is full of maps. He starts to unload them. Leonardo steps in.

LEONARDO
I can help. I can draw,
build flying machines,
I can fly. Sort of...
you name it. Please...
I'm hungry.

TOSCANELLI

Is that so? Ahh... I can
fly too, with enough
cognac.

The old man saunters off. Leonardo walks past a stall where a KID hawks little plaster statues of a face that looks like Guiseppifrutti. He has a lot of them still on his table. Leonardo picks one up and examines it. Crow pecks at it and a piece comes off.

KID

Buy a statue, save a poor
orphan from starvation.

LEONARDO

Maybe I could help you
sell these?

KID

Can't even give'em away.
Not enough innocents in town.

Suddenly a crowd of SHOPPERS pushes past them.

Off in a corner of the marketplace, a waif-like girl stands on a soapbox holding aloft a weird looking gadget. Her voice carries over everything else.

Young MONA LISA, an 11 year-old bundle of salesmanship demonstrates her wares.

MONA LISA

Here it is, the one and
only three-in-one nail
file and beard cutter and
powder puff! You saw it here
first. Give it to your
gentlemen friends, ladies.
It's modern efficiency for
a tiny price.

Leonardo, tired and haggard, stops to listen, curious. He pushes to the front of the crowd for a better look.

Mona Lisa, pale-skinned, child-like and athletic, hair tied in a red ribbon, adjusts a haphazard bang that keeps falling in her face. She wears a worn out hand me down dress. A man hands her a coin and takes a beard-cutter.

MONA LISA

Thank you, my Lord.

LEONARDO

Hi... nice gadget there.
A counterclock rotation of
the vertical axis would
increase the efficiency.

Mona Lisa jumps off the soapbox.

MONA LISA

Show me. Can't have too much
efficiency... ahhh..

Leonardo makes an adjustment.

LEONARDO

Leonardo, from Vinci. You?

MONA LISA

Mona, from the Avenue de
Lisa. Looking for work?

LEONARDO

Does it show, Mona Lisa?

Mona Lisa takes bread from a bag and gives it to him.
His eyes light up. They smile at each other, bashful.
She pulls him over to her gadget wagon. It's trinket
heaven. He's eating and looking happy. Mona Lisa gives a
half-turned smile at him.

MONA LISA

New clothing style?

Leonardo looks at his clothes and sees his shirt buttoned
crooked. He quickly fixes it.

LEONARDO

Ahh... sure. Hmmm. nice
gadgets. I like them.

Just then, a THUG runs off with one of Mona's Lisa's
beard cutters. Suddenly feeling gallant, Leonardo runs
after him, bread in hand. Crow flies behind. Mona Lisa is
angry.

MONA LISA

Stop that man! That's the
third time this week!

Leonardo runs through the marketplace a long ways. The
thief disappears. Leonardo wanders lost and confused
through the sea of humanity. He sits on the ground stares
at the bread in his hand like a precious gift.
Crow flies over.

LEONARDO

Isn't this the most wonderful piece of bread you ever saw. Mona Lisa... Very clever, wonderful gadgets, great bone structure. Funny smile.

CROW

Are you going to eat that?

Leonardo sighs and breaks off a piece for Crow.

EXT. A PARK - MID AFTERNOON

Guisseppifrutti and the Patron inspect the finished fountain complete with four full-sized cherubs spitting water into a reflecting pool.

The patron, obviously pleased removes his coin bag, the anxious hands of Guisseppifrutti hovering.

PATRON

Those cherubs are the most realistic I've ever encountered. What they say about you is most unfair, Master. You are brilliant.

The patron hands over a money bag. Guisseppifrutti bows as the patron walks away happy. The Master is delighted. He checks... the coast is clear.

Guisseppifrutti whistles to the statue. It rumbles and crumbles apart. An arm sticks, then a leg.

The "cherubs" gladly break their poses and wipe off the wet plaster. Guisseppifrutti applauds the coughing, sputtering apprentice boys as they limp away.

EXT. A SIDESTREET - DEAD OF NIGHT

Leonardo stretches stiff and sore and more dirty than ever from a night on the ground. His breath blows cold and he shivers. Crow nestles in his arms under the thin burlap bag for a blanket.

EXT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS-FRONT DOOR - DAY

Paulo gets hauled out on a medical stretcher. His father pokes Guisseppifrutti with an umbrella.

PAULO'S FATHER

Dastardly. Simply dastardly.
My poor son comes for lessons
and goes home with poisoned
humors. You'll pay for this!!

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

The boy was obviously inferior
stock. The nerve, trying to
pass a sickly boy on me. I
should report you.

EXT. SIDESTREET - MORNING

Leonardo fingers the last scrap of bread and the empty
coin purse. Really desparate. Suddenly, the street fills
up with wagons carreening by, almost running him and Crow
over. Leonardo jumps up before being run over.

A glarey light shines in a nearby alley. Like a beacon,
the glare gets brighter.

Leonardo squints and walks towards the alley.

EXT. ALLEY

The light turns into a gold-painted sign: GUISEPPIFRUTTI
STUDIOS. Another sign hangs below: APPRENTICE WANTED.

LEONARDO

It's a miracle!

Leonardo staggers, tired and starving to the door. He
KNOCKS. The door creaks open. Cesare pokes his head out
and squints.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS

Leonardo clutches to his belongings as he enters the
"tastefully overdecorated" but ramshackle art studio.

Guiseppifrutti hovers in front of a mirror, busily trying
on over-sized hats.

Nearby on a wall, a painted cherub floats in nothing but
a bright purple diaper.

LEONARDO

I saw your sign... for
the apprentice.

Leonardo hands his sketch book over. Guiseppifrutti snatches the book and thumbs through the collection of intricate dragons and faces.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Simple... too plain, this
could use my touch, plain.

The Master pinches Leonardo's arm.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
You have a good arm. Any
disagreeable maladies in
your family? Sneezing fits?

LEONARDO
No. Did you like my work?
I really want to learn about
composition, light. Everything.

Guiseppifrutti pinches the other arm. He looks satisfied. He hands back the drawings.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Light, oh yes, composition.
How are your bucket skills?

Guiseppifrutti takes Leonardo to where several tall ladders, buckets and scaffolding are set up. Above the scaffolding in the ceiling is a large dripping crack. The teacher turns over a sand timer.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Fine art begins with fine
buckets. You have two minutes
to traverse the scaffolding,
patch the crack and land
daintily on your feet.

Cesare comes into the room with a bucket of wet plaster.

Leonardo takes the bucket with some trepidation, then climbs the scaffold to the ceiling, plasters it with deftly placed strokes, then jumps down, panting.

Leonardo waits anxiously as the teacher surveys the ceiling. Guiseppifrutti shakes his head, dissatisfied.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Oh... you'll do.

Leonardo's face lights up. Cesare trundles into the room with a bucket and mop.

CESARE
Welcome to art school.

LEONARDO

The light fizzles out. The bubble bursts. He looks perplexed, then accepts the fact. He takes the mop.

LEONARDO

Wonderful...

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

If you work hard, you'll soon graduate to grinding pigments. Prove your worthiness.

Guisseppifrutti strides off. Leonardo looks on the floor and finds some black spots. He tries to mop them up but they won't come off. The mop sticks to the black, tarry goo. He struggles with it.

INT. WORK SHOP

A dank room more like a sweatshop. Rafealo, Luigi and Francesco sit at a filthy table piled high with colored rocks.

In front of Luigi are neat little uniform piles of powder. He measures each one with a homemade ruler.

Francesco tries to grind a rock with a pestal but keeps missing it.

Rafealo's pile of colored rocks lays untouched. Looking bored, he motions to Francesco. The weasly boy obeys. Rafealo gives Francesco his rocks.

RAFEALO

A gift, mute boy.

Francesco puts the rocks in his pile and resumes trying to crush them but with no success.

INT. WORKSHOP

Guisseppifrutti storms into the workshop with Leonardo. The three apprentice boys shrink in fear. Rafealo stares at Leonardo. Leonardo stares back.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

MY mop is tarred to the floor!

RAFEALO

That's terrible, Master. It must be the fault of this new boy. Obviously he lacks intelligence.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Since you're the smartest
boy here, you can clean it
up.

The Master smacks Rafealo's legs. Rafealo grimaces but says nothing. Guiseppifrutti, satisfied, strides from the room. With the teacher gone, Rafealo smashes all of Luigi's neat powder piles.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Rafealo, Luigi and Francesco sit at a geasy kitchen table clutching dirty spoons, waiting.

Leonardo, with a new mop, staggers in totally exhausted and covered with the day's worth of soot. He throws the mop in the corner. The other boys give him a sour look. Crow flies onto the open window sill. Leonardo holds out his hand. The bird flies into the kitchen.

Rafealo picks up a deadly looking butcher knife.

RAFEALO

Look a bird. Grab it.
We could use a little meat
around here.

Leonardo and the Crow move towards the window where Crow escapes.

LEONARDO

No! He came with me.

Francesco timidly looks out the window, looking for Crow.

RAFEALO

Leonardo... isn't it?
Brought your little pet.
How charming.

Luigi checks the soup pot, whiffing deeply the thin, greasy broth with strange pieces of meat floating in it. He takes a stale piece of bread and breaks it into four equal pieces, mentally measuring each one.

LUIGI

Crow is good with a bit
of puff pastry. Here...
I made this bread myself.
An excellent batch.

He gives one to Leonardo. Rafealo regards the action with distain. Luigi gives Francesco a piece of bread but Rafealo grabs it away.

Francesco makes no effort to complain as he sits quietly at the table. Leonardo still ravenously hungry, eats his meager share with gusto.

RAFEALO

Another mouth to feed.

LEONARDO

Nice place you have. Got any good commissions lately?

RAFEALO

Oh yeah, people break down our doors to give us work. I'm Rafealo. Newcomers have to prove their worthiness.

Luigi ladles soap like a happy homemaker.

LUIGI

Doesn't this smell good.

RAFEALO

Oh, Luigi, it's simply.. ah... putrid. The word is WORTHINESS, Leonardo.

Just then something from another room, something good smelling. They stop and take a long whiff, filling their lungs like air hungry fish.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI'S DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

A dining room that is overblown and egocentric like its owner. The glow of the fireplace cast a red tint to the already too red decor. A dinner bell CHIMES loudly. Cesare chimes the bell again. Guiseppifrutti walks in. He stops to gaze upon a portrait of himself sitting on a horse in a Crusader-like suit of armour and a flag in hand. The background shows the huddled masses of humanity praying to him. Sort of an old Joan of Arc.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Such a handsome brute.

Cesare comes out with dinner on a push cart with a wobbly wheel. He barely makes it to the table before the wheel falls off.

Guiseppifrutti sits in a tattered chair. It once was lovely but the shine has worn off. The leg isn't quite right. He takes the eviction notice from his coat and ceremoniously wads it up and fixes the chair.

Cesare serves dinner. He places the wine glass by the plate. There's a line around the middle. Cesare carefully pours, avoiding going over the line.

Guisseppifrutti grabs Cesare by the sleeve and pulls him close.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

I can't take this any longer.
Hasn't anybody died somewhere,
some good scandal, some dear
lady in need? I must have a
commission!

INT. THE KITCHEN

Rafealo tosses his empty bowl into the wash tub. Pushing back a lock of dirty hair, he lights up a pipe and takes a long drag. He points to the pile of dirty dishes.

RAFEALO

Hey new kid, it's an honor
to wash the Master's dishes.
So wash'em.

He hands Leonardo a sponge. Rafealo flicks his little finger and the other boys follow him from the kitchen.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - BOYS' SLEEPING ROOM - NIGHT

Leonardo sits on his bed. The window is open. Crow flies to the window sill. The boy pets him. Leonardo begins writing in his sketch book.

LEONARDO

(softly to himself)
Dear father, I've had an
amazing turn of fortune!
I am now apprenticed in an
art school... The Baker
well, he... But don't worry...

Time passes as he continues to write. When finished, he rips out the letter and carefully folds it up, then settles back to draw. He nods off.

WE TRAVEL INTO THE PAPER:

Leonardo is at home in his parents' kitchen. He sits at the long table eating a bowl of soup. Albiera, his mother keeps filling it.

Ser Piero comes into the kitchen.

SER PIERO
 (to Leonardo)
 How's Baker's School? I bought
 you a barn full of flour.

ALBIERA
 We are so proud and happy for you.

Leonardo can see the family barn from where he sits.
 Flour is pouring from the loft.

Flour comes pouring into the kitchen window. Suddenly
 Albiera's bread loaves fly around the room.

SER PIERO
 No more flying machines, promise?

ALBIERA
 Man was not meant to fly.

Leonardo is visibly getting fuller, ballooning up from
 the soup. The flour and bread take over the kitchen.
 Leonardo screams as he's buried up to his neck in white
 stuff.

His screams echo off... FADE TO BLACK

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

He wakes up to a horrendous SHATTERING sound outside.

EXT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME

A broken fountain is dropped off the back of a wagon into
 the courtyard. The angry patron shakes his fist, yelling
 epitaphs as he rides away.

PATRON
 Expert in cherubs. You
 call yourself an artist.
 YOU ARE A SHYSTER!
 I'll never set foot in
 your studio again!!

The patron's carriage whizzes past the Landlord carrying
 a crowbar. He walks over to the Guiseppifrutti sign and
 proceeds to yank it down.

FLORENCE - CEMETARY IN A CHURCHYARD - DAY

A intimate group of MOURNERS crowd around a casket in
 front of an open grave. Guiseppifrutti wipes his eyes
 with his hanky. Nearby, The well-dressed but very homely,

almost doggish young woman LADY ANTONIA, stands quietly as a PRIEST performs mass over the open grave.

PRIEST
Eh nomini Patri...

Guisseppitrutti steps behind the widow. He takes out his frilly hanky and has a crying fit, blowing his nose and rubbing his eyes until they're red. Lady Antonia turns to him, her face strangely calm and serene.

LADY ANTONIA
You poor man. Such anguish.
Did you know my Giovanni long?

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Years. And such good ones.
We went to the convent school
together as boys.

LADY ANTONIA
You mean the one where the
friar was beheaded?

Guisseppifrutti comes closer to the widow. He hands her a another hanky, his he uses frequently. Her dress is embroidered with tiny mirrors. She checks her face in one of the mirrors. The glass improves her looks.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Just like a brother.

Lady Antonia throws a pair of old shoes into the grave as the priest drones on.

LADY ANTONIA
If it wasn't for these squeaky shoes,
he could have gotten away with a theft
of the 15th century.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Rotten luck.

LADY ANTONIA
He was a fool. And a poor
judge. He said I looked like
a mongrel.

Guisseppifrutti bites his lip. He thinks quick.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
He was a wretched man. I know.
You are the most lovely woman
on earth. Nothing a good bath
couldn't fix. You're just...
tired. Fatigue lines.

LADY ANTONIA

You really think so. Hmmm...

The Priest drops a bunch of dried up flowers into the grave as they lower the coffin.

PRIEST

In Spirito Sanctum...

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Master Guiseppifrutti at your illustrious service. Expert tub and boudour designer.

She starts walking away, he follows her.

LADY ANTONIA

Well... Verrochio made a fine tub for my sister.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

I heard it fell apart. It's the talk all over town. He knows nothing about the effects of bathing on fatigue lines. I do. It's an exact science not left to amateurs.

LADY ANTONIA

Well... he's popular.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

You deserve better. I'll send you a sample of my work. It's superior to Verrochio's. I'm excellent with cherubs. I'm also cheap and fast.

LADY ANTONIA

Cheap you say... How cheap?

Guiseppifrutti grabs her by the arm and pulls her away.

INT. VINCI - DA VINCI HOME - STUDY - SAME TIME

Ser Piero opens a letter laying on his desk. He reads it and slowly turns red with anger.

SER PIERO

He's been thrown out?
Art school? That boy.
I'm a disgrace.

Piero picks up paper and pen and angrily writes...

SER PIERO

Since you broke your promise
you are not allowed back in
this house!

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - WORKROOM - LATER

On a wall in the workshop, hangs a crudely drawn design for a bathtub and mirror boudour arrangement.

Guisseppifrutti sweeps a long arm at the design, takes a long deep breath as he walks up to the class emblem, a banner that hangs on the wall. A picture of the Master his long nose casting a shadow over a harbor. Fireworks erupt in the background.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

This banner depicts the great statue that will someday grace a harbor. In Fruitland. Yes... Fruitfulness... this is truly what it's all about. My own Fruitfulness is destined to sweep the art world.

(pause)

I see great new cities... Fruitopia. Guiseppiland. And now to my latest and most ambitious commission... Lady antonia's bathtub.

Guisseppifrutti picks up a large mirror and lays it on the workbench.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Glass dissection is precise work.

Picking up a glass cutter, he starts cutting the glass. The cutter slips, the glass is cut crooked. He makes another cut, botches it again. The glass breaks in two falls to the floor and shatters. His pinky is nicked.

He frantically waves to Cesare. Cesare comes over with the first aid kit and wraps a bandage around the tiny cut.

LEONARDO

Not quite the right angle of deviation, Master.

Cesare picks up the broken glass and places it into a discard box. Guisseppifrutti bristles.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Silence farm boy. Don't you know an intentional act when you see one? One must first know the wrong way. It's a universal truth. Truly.

The morning light streams in. It reflects off the pile of discarded glass and into Guiseppifrutti's eyes as he waves at the design.

He points to an impossible looking mural, complete with potraits of Lady Antonia as various famous women, Joan of Arc, Cleopatra. etc.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

This will make the Pyramids look like small dirty bumps in the eternal sands of time.

Guiseppifrutti smacks his cane on the workbench where the boys huddle. They fall off their chairs. He smiles evilly.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Don't you agree?

The boys shake their heads yes. Rafealo looks at Leonardo menacingly. Leonardo looks at the reflecting light.

RAFEALO

(to Leonardo)

We're just one big happy family. Right, Leonardo? And families are loyal aren't they.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - DAWN

The sun rises. It's first light hits something shiny where it bounces off and hits another shiny surface, reflects off a door knob onto another shiny surface and builds crescendo-like into a brilliant white light.

Guiseppifrutti yawns and stretches as he adjusts his hat, does a few deep knee bends, takes a few breaths, opens a studio door and...

POW! Is hit square in the face. He staggers blindly, tripping over the pile of raw material for the bathtub.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Cursed orb.

He gets up, walks a few more steps into the workshop, picks up his bathtub model, a glarey light shines off its fake mirror arrangement and hits him in the eye. He quickly puts down the model.

EXT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - DAWN

Leonardo measures the distance between the porch and the back door. He hammers a tack into the stairs and hangs a small carefully cut piece of mirror in the last in a series of mirrors around the kitchen door. Crow flies over and lands on his shoulder.

Leonardo steps back and trips over a rock and falls into the black stairway. A hand reaches out to catch him. Mona Lisa helps him up. He's startled to see her.

LEONARDO

Mona Lisa! What are you doing here?

MONA LISA

I live here.

She pulls him into a secret doorway under the stairs.

INT. MONA LISA'S SECRET HOME

A poor place for a girl, spare in comforts with a tattered bed and blankets but filled with gadgets and goofy drawings. She finds a brush and fixes her hair.

LEONARDO

Here?

MONA LISA

Yes. For two years. Well, I see you found a job.

LEONARDO

Yeah. Why under the stairs?

MONA LISA

I'm evesdropping on classes. I want to learn to paint. But... i'm a girl with no money. Please don't tell anyone.

Mona Lisa digs through a stack of artwork, parchment, paintbrushes, and costume jewelry. She finds a picture and hands it to Leonardo, who has his face in a collection of old paintbrushes and paint jars.

LEONARDO

It was really ah, good
bread. I mean before.

MONA LISA

You're welcome. So ah...
What do think of this drawing?

Leonardo puts down the paints and studies the picture.
Mona Lisa watches, an enigmatic smile emerges as he
turns to her, looking serious.

LEONARDO

The shading is good but I
think the hourglass would
look better sitting on a
table, not melting over the
tree branch. Just a thought.

MONA LISA

But I like it that way.
So...why are you here?

Leonardo looks at the drawings and homemade gadgets
strewn around. He inspects each one, intrigued.

LEONARDO

It's a long story. You see,
I'm an inventor. But...

MONA LISA

Go on.

LEONARDO

My father sent me to Baker's
School. I got, sort of, ah,
thrown out.

MONA LISA

That's terrible. So you're
alone?

Leonardo picks one of Mona Lisa's beard cutters. It now
has a new design.

LEONARDO

It has a counterclockwise
rotation of the verticle axis!

MONA LISA

Thanks to you, it works.
It actually cuts hair.

They grin at each other. Excited, Mona Lisa hands him
her other gadgets until he's overloaded.

LEONARDO

I'm building a flying machine.
I could use a good assistant.
You could use an art tutor.

MONA LISA

You would teach me?

RAFEALO (OS)

Did you finish the mirrors?

MONA LISA

Oh, please take down your
mirrors. Won't you, Leonardo?
You don't want the Master
finding me here. Do you?

LEONARDO

Oh, you're right. That kid
Rafealo... made me.

MONA LISA

You could do better things
with your time.

RAFEALO (O.S.)

Leonardo!

LEONARDO

I'm really glad I saw you
again. Bye.

Mona Lisa smiles slightly, looking very pleased as
Leonardo bolts out.

EXT. MONA LISA'S SECRET HOME

Leonardo rips down all the mirrors and sneaks over to
school's back door where he's cornered by Rafealo.

RAFEALO

Mirrors aren't up.
I'm not happy, Leonardo.

LEONARDO

There's insufficient
candlepower in the sun
today. Go see for yourself.

Rafealo stares up at the glaring hot sun.

RAFEALO

(perplexed)

There is?

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - SITTING ROOM

Lady Antonia has a long scroll in her hands.

LADY ANTONIA
 (reading out loud)
 Medici Fountain... Verrochio.
 Milan waterworks... Ser Bono.
 Venice Gondolla Paddles... Verrochio.
 Medici toilets... Verrochio.
 Statues, frescos, Verrochio.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
 The man has fabricated the
 list. It's a fake.

LADY ANTONIA
 My sister says that Verrochio
 could execute this commission
 in a week now. He has four new
 apprentices. So I...

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
 (frantic but cool)
 MY apprentices have the utmost
 skill and discipline... and
 I have a new apprentice.
 He can do the work of eight
 strong lads. Don't worry.
 (reading the list)
 My commission list is... is
 far superior.

Lady antonia smiles as he pats her on the hand, politely.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Guisseppifrutti walks into the workshop. Cesare hauls
 several wheelbarrows full of colored rocks into the
 room and dumps them on the floor. Leonardo and the other
 boys look distressed.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
 I, I'm having dinner at the
 palace. This will keep you
 busy. If you boys ever want
 to step out into the sun again
 you'll do it all day and night
 if needed. But it's an honor.
 Your sacrifice will be duly noted.
 Get to work!!

Guisseppifrutti and Cesare leave. The Master shoots back a
 nasty but polite glare.

LEONARDO
Grind all this?

RAFEALO
Yeah. You grind it.

Rafealo snaps his fingers. Francesco runs up with Rafealo's grinding mortar. Rafealo gives it to Leonardo. Luigi and Francesco follows Rafealo out of the room.

RAFEALO
It's quite an honor.

LUIGI
Shouldn't we be helping him?

RAFEALO
Well if you really want to.

Rafealo pushes Luigi into the workroom. Rafealo snaps his fingers and Francesco carries Rafealo's shoes like a good little slave.

Leonardo picks up a rock and crushes it in the mortar.

LEONARDO
Why does he keep doing this to me?

LUIGI
He's bigger?

Luigi does the same. It becomes very tedious. They look at each other. Leonardo throws a rock against the wall and it shatters.

LEONARDO
I thought I had it rough at the Bread Academy.

Luigi's eyes light up.

LUIGI
You were in the Bread Academy?

LEONARDO
Three days.

Leonardo stops throwing rocks when he sees a heavy wire stick in the workroom. He picks it up and makes a spring shape. He plays with the spring shape while Luigi talks.

LUIGI
I would simply die to go to the Bread Academy!

Leonardo sits on the spring, bounces rocks off the spring, bounces the spring around. Luigi grind rocks slowly and methodically, making neat piles on the table.

LEONARDO

I would die to stay out.

LUIGI

Art school was father's idea.

LEONARDO

Baker's school was my father's idea... But I'm an artist... and an inventor. Make bread... all day, one loaf at a time?

LUIGI

(dreamy)

One loaf at a time... feel the warm dough in your hands the smells... The bread... I can't draw. I just can't.

LEONARDO

I kinda noticed. That's OK. I can't bake. I prefer springs to bread.

The spring bounqs high into the air and then lands.

LUIGI

But you can't eat springs.

LEONARDO

I wonder what they eat at the palace?

LUIGI

Not gruel, that's certain.

They both look hungry as their stomachs growl.

EXT. VERROCHIO STUDIOS - DEAD OF NIGHT

Moonless night. Guiseppifrutti and Cesare haul a sack up to the edge of the moat. The Master takes out some rope from the sack and hands it to Cesare.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

The rope routine, Cesare is the better way. You've done it before.

Cesare ties it around his waist, looking concerned.

There's a tree nearby. He points to the tree. The Master nods yes. Cesare climbs the not so sturdy looking tree.

Guisseppifrutti hands Cesare the bomb package. The wall is too high and far away.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Hold the bomb steady, now
push off the tree trunk, let's
get a good swing going. Say
your rosery, Verrochio!

Cesare pushes off the branch and swings back and forth. His legs wiggle, swish, flail every which way. He twirls in a circle until he's twisted up in the rope.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Your sacrifice will be duly
noted.

A light flickers on in Verrochio's upper chamber. A head leans over the window sill.

VERROCHIO

Pesky rodents.

Terrified, Guisseppifrutti takes the bag and runs away leaving Cesare to dangle. He passes an animal trap.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Leonardo, is joyfully caught up in a rock-crushing experiment. Rocks are flying everywhere. Luigi ducks out of the line of fire.

LEONARDO

This spring works great
for rocks. I can calculate
the trajectory of descent.
Height and speed...

Luigi ducks as the rock boings up and then falls to the floor, shattering. The floor is littered.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - ROOT CELLAR

Guisseppifrutti climbs into the root cellar. Cesare limping and bruised is stuck in the tiny door. He struggles through. Guisseppifrutti rushes to clean up his clothes.

INT. THE WORKROOM

Guisseppifrutti steps into the broken pigment rocks strewn around the floor, under nut crackers, under spittoons, statues, etc.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

What is this mess!!??

LEONARDO

We were ah, just trying to find a better way to grind pigments, Master. I thought it would help.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

(incredulous)

Think? In my school nobody thinks! They work. There is only one way. The hard way. Back and forth!

LEONARDO

Yes, Sir.

EXT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS COURTYARD - DAY

Guisseppifrutti and Cesare peer over a roughly drawn plan of a catapult. There is a half-made catapult nearby.

In the b.g. a WOOD CHOPPING noise echoes off the walls. The teacher fiddles with the catapult. It doesn't work right. He gets annoyed.

Leonardo carries an axe and a load of fire wood on his back. He walks by the Master and stops to watch.

LEONARDO

(exhausted)

A spring would make it fling farther... ah, Sir.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Spring? I knew that. What do you take me for, a milkmaid? What could you possibly know about these things? Keep chopping. And no thinking.

LEONARDO

It worked with the rocks. Responsible. I'll do as I'm told... feet on the ground.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Cesare, how come you didn't think of a spring?

Leonardo staggers off with the wood. Guiseppifrutti pulls on a part. The part breaks and the catapult falls apart.

Off in a corner, Mona Lisa watches and stifles a laugh.

INT. WORK ROOM - DAY

Guiseppifrutti holds the broken catapult part. Cesare hands Leonardo a bag of coins and a large list.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Stick to the list, Leonardo.

Leonardo reads the list and gets handed the part.

LEONARDO

Fifty red Chinese tiles.
Ten pounds of horse hair.
Seven pounds of plaster, the cheap kind. Arabian sand paper?
What's this? Catapult repair Guild. What's that?

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Yes. I need it. I have a... catapult tournament coming up. Florence Allstars. I need this part fixed.

LEONARDO

Oh. You mean the cantilever.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Of course I mean that. You doubting my knowledge of engineering? Shameful. The youth of today. Now GO!

LEONARDO

Why, no sir. never. Sir. I'll be back very soon.

Leonardo takes the list and the catapult part and rushes off with Crow circling overhead.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Make a note, Cesare - it's called a cantisomething.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Leonardo pulls a wagon down the street. Crow bobs along on his shoulder.

LEONARDO

This time I'll be perfectly responsible.

CROW

I'm hungry.

Crow flies high into the air, makes a circle and swoops down.

DOWN THE STREET

Mona Lisa is pushing her traveling gadget cart, covered with wares.

Crow lands on a bag of birdseed. He pecks it open and seed drops out. Mona Lisa smiles and pets the bird.

MONA LISA

Little thief. That friend of yours around?

Crow suddenly flies off. Mona Lisa follows him.

Leonardo and Mona Lisa end up where the roads meet. They smile and look shy.

MONA LISA

Oh hello. I followed your bird. It's a lovely day.

LEONARDO

Yes. Wonderful cloud formations.

MONA LISA

Going somewhere, Leonardo?

LEONARDO

Buying supplies. I have to be quick. Please the Master.

MONA LISA

Want help? I'm very good at negotiating.

LEONARDO

Well, I could use the help. I have to stick to the list. Right Crow?

CROW
Sounds boring...

Mona Lisa smiles at Leonardo and his one-way conversation with the bird.

MONA LISA
Do you always consult
your bird?

LEONARDO
Well, yes. I always do.
He's my best friend.

Mona Lisa and Leonardo pull their wagons towards the Mercato Vecchio.

EXT. MERCATO VECCHIO - DAY

There's a PARTY in progress. Mona stops her cart and excitedly yanks Leonardo's shirt to make him follow her.

A roudy Autumnal Equinox celebration overflows the square. The two kids wade through the crowd.

LEONARDO
All they do around here
is have parties.

MONA LISA
This is Florence, silly.
What else do you do in
Florence?

She joins in on a snake-like procession of costumed DANCERS. Flutes and mandolins fill the air with MUSIC. Leonardo gets pulled in by Mona Lisa.

The human chain twists around until there's uproarious chaos. Leonardo and Mona Lisa break free and fall into a pile of hay bales set up by a small stage.

MONA LISA
I'm dizzy.

LEONARDO
That was fun.

A fierce MONSTER, dripping drool ambles on the stage. A festooned KNIGHT struts around proudly while three frightened ladies cower by a fireplace. The Knight thrusts his sword into the monster. It falls down dead.

MONA LISA
Ahh! It's dead!

LEONARDO
Don't have an attack. It's
fake.

MONA LISA
I KNEW that. So... what
are we shopping for?

LEONARDO
(muses)
Really scared, were you?
Here's the list.

Mona Lisa unrolls the list.

MONA LISA
Why do we need to buy a
part for a catapult?

LEONARDO
Big tournament coming up.

MONA LISA
Catapult tournament?
Got any ducats?

Leonardo empties the coin bag. There's ten ducats.

LEONARDO
Well...

MONA LISA
Never get all this stuff
with that. This job calls
for the Mona Method.

EXT. MERCATO VECCHIO - MERCHANT'S ROW - DAY

Mona Lisa sets up her gadget cart in the plaza.

MONA LISA
Leave it to me, I can
sell a Hun a haircut.
(getting showy)
Step right up my ladies
and lord gentlemen.

PEOPLE congregate around the cart. An OLD BEGGAR man sits
in the plaza with a cup. Leonardo sees him and starts to
draw. Mona Lisa gets out the beard cutter.

MONA LISA
It's a miracle! Behold. It's
better than the Red Sea.

She goes to the old man and starts cutting his long, greasy, straggly hair and foot long beard.

The hair flies everywhere.

Leo looks up from the paper and then starts erasing.

The subject keeps changing and he keeps changing the picture.

Mona Lisa makes a final cut and smiles satisfied.

The old man suddenly looks neat. Old but tidy.

The crowd is impressed and hold out bags of coins. Mona Lisa takes the money, passes out beard cutters.

A WEALTHY GENTLEMAN, standing for some time behind Leonardo, leans over the boy's shoulder and studies the drawing carefully.

GENTLEMEN

Almost as good as Verrochio.
Go to school lad?

LEONARDO

Guisseppifrutti Studios.

GENTLEMEN

(dismayed)

Good luck. Here is one
florin. Get a transfer.

LEONARDO

Thank you, my Lord!

Leonardo gives the drawing to the man. The man walks on to other booths. Leonardo proudly shows his money to Mona Lisa. Mona Lisa comes over.

MONA LISA

You drew that old man?

LEONARDO

Yes and I sold it.

MONA LISA

Why not give some of it to
the beggar?

LEONARDO

But I did all the work.

MONA LISA
Well.. he did all the
posing. That's work.
You should give him a coin.
Can't you see he's hungry.

Leonardo hastily gives the beggar a sketch.

Puzzled, the old man thanks him, then crumples it up to
fill a hole in his shoe.

Mona Lisa shrugs.

MONA LISA
Well... that's a start.

They stand by a fountain. The fountain has a mermaid
sitting on a rock with a garland of garlic around her
neck. Water spews from her mouth crookly and misses the
water basin at her feet. Leonardo looks curiously at the
fountain as Crow alights on his shoulder.

Just then, Toscanelli walks through the market place
carrying an armload of maps. Mona Lisa runs after him.

MONA LISA
Maestro Toscanelli.
Wait up!

He turns around.

TOSCANELLI
Good day to you, Mona
of Lisa. Need a map?

Leonardo starts looking at the maps, forgetting his
manners. Mona Lisa nudges him.

MONA LISA
We're looking... my
your beard is getting
so long.

TOSCANELLI
No. I'm not cutting it.
Say Boy, find work?

LEONARDO
Yes in an art school.
I'm hunting supplies
for my new Master. Do
you know where I can
find Arabian sand paper?

TOSCANELLI
 Some dangerous stuff.
 Yes, past the camels,
 turn right and go into
 the blue tent. Beware.

Toscanelli winks at Leonardo as he walks away, maps in hand.

TOSCANELLI
 Maps of famous Mongol
 Hoards, find the camp
 of Ghengis Khan...

Leonardo and Mona Lisa walk past FOREIGN TRADERS, a collection of scary individuals and their scary and unusual wares.

LEONARDO AND MONA LISA SHOP - MONTAGE

1. THE BLUE TENT

A CHINESE TILE MERCHANT, old, skinny and shriveled, smokes a hookah on a pillow. In front of him are several assortments of blue and red tiles.

Leonardo and Mona Lisa stop to look.

MONA LISA
 (gushing)
 The blue tiles are simply
 wonderful.

LEONARDO
 Red. Master wants red.

CROW
 What does he know?

LEONARDO
 Red. It's my neck.

CROW
 Where's your sense of
 adventure? Take the blue.

2. THE ARABIAN SAND PAPER STAND

A hastily written sign hangs on a pole which reads -
 OUT FOR A HOOKAH BREAK.

MONA LISA
 They're closed.

LEONARDO
I wonder what it is?
Let's go.

MONA LISA
I know where we can get
good horse hair.

Mona Lisa gives him her crooked smile.

3. HORSE STABLE

The horseman chases the two kids from the barn.

4. PLASTER DEALER

Leonardo and Mona Lisa carry huge sacks of plaster. The Plaster Dealer proudly holds his new gadget.

5. MULE STABLE

Leonardo chases a mule's tail with a pair of scissors. Mona Lisa laughs off in a safe corner.

6. FOOD SELLER

Leonardo counts the last coins. Their carts are filling up with things.

LEONARDO
I'm starving... ah you
too? Share some bread?

LEONARDO AND MONA LISA

Sit together on a wall eating bread. She moves closer to him, he doesn't notice, he's busy thinking. She looks at him dreamily and sighs.

EXT. GUILD REPAIR SHOP ROW

A row of noisy, dirty repair shops, steamy, sweaty men with anvils and fires, horseshoes, molten metal.

INT. CATAPULT REPAIR GUILD SHOP

Several hairy-armed MEN tend a fire. The place is littered with catapults in stages of repair. A huge catapult sits alone, looking ominous. A sign reads - TROJAN WAR. REAL CHEAP. It's broken.

Leonardo shows the SHOP OWNER Guiseppifrutti's broken catapult part.

LEONARDO
I need this fixed.

SHOP OWNER
This cantilever needs a new spring. I have just the one.

There are springs galore. Leonardo sees the spring on the huge catapult and takes out his notebook.

LEONARDO
That spring. How much?

SHOP OWNER
Two ducats. Real beauty.

Leonardo looks at Crow.

LEONARDO
What do you think?

CROW
Perfect.

LEONARDO
He says it's just right.
I'll take it.

The Shop Owner turns to Mona Lisa who just shrugs and smiles her smile.

SHOP OWNER
The bird...

He dismantles the spring and gives it to Leonardo.

Leonardo pays the Owner and loads them into the cart.

They leave the shop.

Just then, an OLD ARAB with a sack comes running through the street. Angry shoppers chase after him. Leonardo questions a BYSTANDER.

LEONARDO
What did he do?

BYSTANDER
He's being run out of town. Arabian sand paper. Only a fool would buy such fraudulent material.

LEONARDO

What does it do?

BYSTANDER

He'd tried to sabotage
the city by scratching
all our fine wood up.

EXT. CITY STREET - MUCH LATER ON

Mona Lisa pushes her gadget cart over the noisy stone
cobblestones. Leonardo's cart is next to her. Leonardo
looks at Mona Lisa's drawings attached to the gadget
cart.

LEONARDO

I have never seen a
cow flying before. And
why is your face square
in this one?

He takes down a drawing.

MONA LISA

I like it that way.
I saw it in a dream.

LEONARDO

It's not done. Not
scientific.

MONA LISA

That from the one who
gave us doughnut holes
and fish bread.

LEONARDO

I had a real fish for
a model.

MONA LISA

And for the dough things
you observed holes?

Leonardo stops walking. He looks at her.

LEONARDO

(shocked)

Why didn't I think of
that? No.

He starts walking again. The shock has passed.

MONA LISA

Well...

LEONARDO

Allright... I admit...
you have a right to your
ahh... style. But it will
never catch on. No one will
ever understand unrealistic
art. But if you must, at least
draw the cow so it looks right.

Mona Lisa looks pleased.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A PARK - NIGHT

They sit in a rose garden surrounded by fire flies.
Leonardo takes a glass jar and catches the fire flies.
Now they have light to sit by. The full moon hangs above.
Crow nibbles on Mona Lisa's bird seed.

MONA LISA

Ever wonder what the moon
is made of? I think... it's
made from pearls.

LEONARDO

Where do the pearls come from?
No... it's got to be water. It
reflects light like water does.

MONA LISA

I prefer pearls. Master
Toscanelli says the earth
rotates around the moon.
So do I.

LEONARDO

I think it goes around the sun.
But Friar Bardini says it doesn't
move. I have the bruise to prove it.

MONA LISA

At least you went to school.

LEONARDO

You never did?

Mona Lisa sadly shakes her head no. He awkwardly hands
her the jar.

MONA LISA

For me?

LEONARDO

(sheepish)

I, ah didn't want you to
get stuck in the dark.

MONA LISA

I believe in you, I really
do, Leonardo.

He smiles shly.

LEONARDO

Yeah? I believe in your
dream of flying cows,
Mona Lisa.

Together they watch the moon and the time slips away.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - NIGHT

Leonardo and the apprentice boys, apprehensive, watch as
Guisseppifrutti picks a blue tile from the cart. On the
floor is the plaster bags and the catapult part.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

You know what I do to boys
who don't Stick To The List?

LEONARDO

No, Sir.

LUIGI

Not that, Master.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

What did I hear. Thinking?

INT. "THE HOLE" - NIGHT

Leo and Luigi huddle together in the dingy cubicle, no
bigger than a confessional. There's only one candle
burning. A huge spidery crack covers a stone wall.

LEONARDO

Shouldn't said anything.
But I'm glad for the company.

LUIGI

I've been here before. Like
my second home.

LEONARDO
For what? Rats and spiders?

A spider walks by. Leonardo plays with it. Luigi jumps.

LUIGI
I hate it here!

The crack in the candle light flickers. Leonardo thinks.

LEONARDO
The crack in the wall.
I see a flock of birds.
See the one with the sore
wing? He's flying crooked.

Luigi squints at it. The magic doesn't happen.

LUIGI
It's just a crack. Poor
plaster job. Too much
water in the mix. 1 to
2 that's the best. A
good buckets worth would
do.

LEONARDO
I like the crack. I like
it that way. Heh...

LUIGI
Tell me more about Baker's
school.

LEONARDO
Did you know the ratio of
butter to flour determines
whether bread can be fish
shaped successfully?

LUIGI
The teacher there must be
mad.

LEONARDO
(hesitates)
He was quite mad when I left.

LUIGI
Oh. I hope it's not catching.

HOURS LATER

Cesare pokes his head through the door.

CESARE

Master says to come out.

INT. WORK ROOM - LATER ON

Alone in the work room, Leonardo and Luigi huddle over a stack of drawings. Luigi looks sheepish as Leonardo intently studies them. Leonardo picks up a charcoal and fixes one picture. Unsure, he looks over to Luigi, Luigi sees the change and smiles. Leonardo looks happy.

Rafealo comes in, sees them and scowls. He takes his seat at the bench. There's a tense moment between him and Leonardo. Rafealo leans over to Leonardo.

RAFEALO

Helping stupid here with his work. Oh... back to the Hole or maybe...

Rafealo whispers to Leonardo just as Guiseppifrutti flounces in. Leonardo looks like "you want me to do what?" as Guiseppifrutti cracks the floor with his cane for attention.

INT. WORK ROOM - LATER

A very distorted reflection of a face admiring itself. The face pulls back and comes into focus.

Guiseppifrutti arranges his hair and straightens the Roman wreath. The Roman toga hardly covers his skinny legs, sits on a plaster horse.

At the workshop window, Mona Lisa cranes her head to see as she draws.

Leonardo and the boys sketch him as he straddles the horse, mugging a serious pose with a giant sponge.

Guiseppifrutti looks back into the mirror catching another glimpse of himself.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

You are so fortunate to have my perfect proportions to work from.

LEONARDO

Draws Guiseppifrutti, concentrating on his nose.

THE IMAGE ON THE PAPER EMERGES

Guisseppifrutti's nose grows and grows and grows... it encircles the classroom round and round, like a boa constrictor that is encircling its prey.

LEONARDO

(gasps)

Oh, no!

THE IMAGE FROM THE PAPER GETS SUCKED BACK INTO THE PAPER.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

What is it?

LEONARDO

Forgive me, Master. I gasped uh, in awe of your perfect proportions!

Guisseppifrutti gets up and comes over, snatches the paper.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

(pissed off)

You can be in awe of them while you mop the entire alley!

Rafealo smiles at Leonardo as he leaves.

EXT. SCHOOL ALLEY - DAY

Leonardo furiously mops the alley. Peering out the window, the teacher is smugly satisfied. He turns back to his lecture.

Leonardo takes a sack and climbs up to a high window overlooking the classroom.

He attaches Mona Lisa's homemade rope ladder and lowers himself down to the classroom window.

Guisseppifrutti, his back to the window, lectures.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

That dirty boy is no better than an ignorant savage.

Leonardo is above the Master's hat. He reaches his hand through the window and gingerly drops bird seed on the Master's hat brim.

INT. WORKSHOP

The apprentices stifle their amusement while Master Guiseppifrutti struts around, blissfully unaware of the growing pile of seed in his hat.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
History will record that
Truth was born in the works
of Guiseppifrutti...

He stops talking. The boys shake their heads, barely containing themselves.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
You find this amusing?

A SCRATCHING sound drifts through the open window. Guiseppifrutti quickly leaves the room with the seed bouncing around in the hat.

EXT. ALLEY - LEONARDO

With split-second timing, Leonardo operates the lift mechanism on the ladder and scrambles to an upper window.

The school flag hangs nearby. Leonardo rips it down.

He deftly parachutes back into the alley.

He hides the flag and runs back to the mop.

Guiseppifrutti rushes into the alley.

Leonardo is busily mopping the alley.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Hmmm... carry on.

Guiseppifrutti's hat leaves a trail of birdseed as he walks away.

LEONARDO'S P.O.V.

Through the school window, Rafealo nods his approval.

INT. WORKSHOP - LATER

Alone in the workshop, Leonardo puts the finishing touches on a Rube-Goldberg looking machine. A series of gears and rock crushing contraptions WHIR and CREAK as he drops rocks into a big tub attached to a pipe.

The crushed rocks get mixed with oil at the other end. A paint mixer is born.

INT. WORKSHOP - THE NEXT DAY

The Landlord presses Guiseppifrutti for an answer as an armed Florentine GUARD stands by.

LANDLORD
Well... did you finish
this grand commission
you claim you have?

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Why yes, you'll have your
money tomorrow. Do you
take me for a laggard?

LANDLORD
I'm a gentlemen and I'd
rather not say.
(clipped)
Good day!

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Watches contemptuously as the Landlord and his guard leave.

INT. WORKSHOP - LATER

Guiseppifrutti storms into the work area and stops before the wooden bathtub framework. Cesare stumbles over paint buckets. The Master muses.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Once again I must endure
the ignorance of this woefully
insipid populace. Cesare, get
to work.

Cesare struggles to unstick a bucket from his foot. Guiseppifrutti hands him a trowel of plaster.

Cesare starts lobbing on plaster. An errant mouse walking on the framework gets plastered down and forgotten. The Master snickers quietly as he leaves the room.

INT. WORKSHOP - LATER ON

Cesare ushers the apprentice boys into the room. The Master's dark eyes stare coldly at them.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

This project must be finished
by tommorrow! Do you understand?
By any means. Don't fail me.

The boys look at the neatly plastered bathtub. Etched in the dry plaster is a rough outline of a drawing, filled in with Roman numerals.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

I made it easy for you...
you worthless... but where's
Leonardo? He couldn't be done
with the paint.

There is a finished supply of paint nearby. The Master looks around. Rafealo points to a tarp.

RAFEALO

Look under there, Master.
Leonardo's cut school.

Guisseppifrutti lifts the tarp. The odd paint grinding machine confuses, then enrages him. He touches the machine and accidentally activates the start mechanism. The gears WHIR. His hat gets caught in a gear. Unable to free his hat, the Master knocks over the machine, breaking it. Luigi gasps, shocked and dismayed. Francesco hides.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

What is this abomination and
made from school property?
When I get my hands on him.

Guisseppifrutti storms off. Luigi glares at Rafealo, totally disgusted.

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - SAME TIME

Leonardo and Mona Lisa walk lazily down the road. Crow bobs along on Mona Lisa's arm.

LEONARDO

I can't wait to see the
Master's face when he
hears how fast I made
his paint. He thought
it would take days.

MONA LISA

No doubt he'll be swept
away by your brilliance.
I have an idea.

LEONARDO
Oh, really... I didn't
know girls had ideas...

Mona Lisa pokes him playfully in the ribs. Crow gets
jostled around.

CROW
Watch it.

MONA LISA
I want to show you something.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - GIANT OAK TREE - DAY

Leonardo and Mona Lisa come to a knarly oak tree. Mona
Lisa plops herself in the thick grass.

MONA LISA
I come here when I'm
lonely. I can think here.
It's my thinking tree.

LEONARDO
At home I have a thinking
fountain... a thinking...
(trailing off)
Well, alot of things.

He hangs his head. Mona Lisa regards him sweetly.

MONA LISA
Cheer up. Things could
be worse.

LEONARDO
How can I make my father
proud of me? I can't seem
to make anybody happy.

MONA LISA
I'm happy. Because of
you.

LEONARDO
You mean it? Here that
Crow?

CROW
Mushy stuff.

Mona Lisa tries hard to listen in on their conversation
but only smiles, a little perplexed.

Above, the tree branches spread out in a dense canopy of
leaves. Leonardo looks, his eyes searching the foliage.

LEONARDO
I believe there's a whole
other world up there.

MONA LISA
(sighing)
Where dreams come true.

LEONARDO
What do you dream about,
Lisa?

MONA LISA
I want to be somebody.
Happiness... a great
gadget I can sell.

LEONARDO
I want to be free...
Let's go...

MONA LISA
Where?

LEONARDO
To the other world.

Leonardo scribbles a picture of a door. He takes the
picture and attaches it to the tree.

MONA LISA
Leonardo, so silly.

Holding her hand and with Crow on his shoulder, Leonardo
leads Mona Lisa to the door picture and they...

GET SUCKED INTO THE DRAWING...

The door opens, Leonardo and Mona Lisa walk through it.

They enter the inside of the branches, a jungle of
colorful flowers on a mossy branch yards wide. It's more
like a garden path made with bark.

MONA LISA
My God, Leo. Is this your
imagination we're in?

LEONARDO
And yours.

Wading through the feathery branches, they find a meadow
up ahead.

They enter the meadow...

LEONARDO

In this world, we can
see what we think. I
see my flying machine.

Suddenly his bike-looking gismo with wings flies past
him. Astounded, Mona Lisa ducks for cover.

MONA LISA

Bless me. My turn...
My gadget... my make-up
toilette for ladies.

A fuzzy-looking thing with brushes and mirrors floats by.

LEONARDO

What is it?

MONA LISA

Powder puff tray. Hair...
something for hair. And
skin.

LEONARDO

Skin is interesting. The
machine needs a skin.

Mona Lisa's invention takes shape. Hair brushes sprout
out. Leonardo's flying bike flies around the "Toilette".
Suddenly a skin appears over the bike's frame.

MONA LISA

That should work. But we
need to entertain the
Courtiers as they primp.

A cognac bottle and brandy snifter appear. The bottle
pours a swig of brandy into the glass. The glass is
served on a tray to Mona Lisa. She takes it.

LEONARDO

(impressed)

So, Archimedes, what do
you call this?

MONA LISA

Courtier's Toilette.
The hit of the 15th
Century.

LEONARDO

And you've been working
on this without me?

Mona Lisa sets the brandy glass back on the tray.

MONA LISA

In my head. I could make
a fortune.

LEONARDO

Don't you mean we? You'll
need my engineering skills.

MONA LISA

Like with the bread fish?

LEONARDO

(pretends to be insulted)

The big spring I bought.
Under the pedals with a
strap to secure it.

The spring appears. The flying machine suddenly gains
power and flies around.

Suddenly the flying machine and the Courtier's Toilette
get out of control and start chasing the kids.

Mona Lisa is almost mowed down by her own creation.

MONA LISA

Help me, Leonardo!

Leonardo grabs her and runs for the tree branch path.

THEY GET SUCKED OUT OF THE PAPER

EXT. THE TREE

Leonardo and Mona Lisa fall into the grass and back under
the tree.

LEONARDO

Ouch. Got to watch those
pictures.

MONA LISA

(speechless)

Ahh...uhh.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - EVENING

Leonardo tip-toes into the studio. A hand reaches out and
snags him by the shirt collar.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Out playing again I see.
While my other hard-working
and loyal apprentices slaved
away all day to complete the
bathtub.

The completed bathtub, painted in a hideously bright and
clashing scheme, rests on a packing rig and tied with a
bow. Leonardo rubs his eyes. It is ugly.

LEONARDO

I'm sorry. I'm very
sorry. I finished the
paint, I was done.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Using school property!!
Cutting school!!

Guisseppifrutti snaps his finger. The other apprentices
cower obediently. Rafealo and Leonardo exchange hostile
glances.

EXT. VERROCHIO STUDIOS - DEAD OF NIGHT

Guisseppifrutti and Cesare set up the catapult across from
Verrochio's moat. Cesare pulls a bomb from a burlap sack.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

This catapult was crafted
from the sturdiest Florentine
iron. I know it will work.

Guisseppifrutti sets the trigger mechanism. He carefully
lays the bomb on the catapult.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Verrochio, prepare for the
end.

He trips the trigger and covers his ears, waiting.

Cesare hides under a bush.

The trigger mechanism SPROINGS apart, parts fly
everywhere.

The bomb rolls off and rolls under Guisseppifrutti's feet.

Cesare waits.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

(to Cesare)

You idiot! Just throw it!!

Guiseppifrutti pulls Cesare from the bush and hands him the bomb.

Cesare throws the bomb with all his might.

The bomb SPLASHES into the moat where it makes a watery FIZZLE splat.

Verrochio's studio lantern flickers on.
Guiseppifrutti grabs Cesare and scampers off.

The Master steps into an open animal trap. He hobbles off with a woode box stuck to his foot.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - NIGHT

Rafealo walks alone. He hears a SNORTING noise coming from the basement. He looks down the stairs. It's pitch black. He bounds down the stairs.

RAFEALO

What the?

INT. BASEMENT

A sticky oozy goo runs along the floor. Rafealo follows it, without thinking. The snorting gets louder.

A pair of blood-shot eyes stare at him from the dark.

Rafealo stops and freezes. Before him is a hideous creature with contorted body parts and it blows steam from it's mouth.

Rafealo trips on the goo and lands near the monster. A hideous claw falls on him. He screams and scurries to get up. From the dark an axe falls down almost hitting him.

The monster shakes his head and the claw reaches out. Rafealo is caught. He's white with fear.

RAFEALO

AAhh!! Help me!! It's
going to eat me!!

His voice carries throughout the basement, echoes up the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN

Luigi, Francesco and Leonardo wash dishes. The scream vibrates off the pots. They run out.

INT. THE BASEMENT

Leonardo runs down the stairs, mop in hand.

He lunges towards the monster and whaps its head with the mop handle. The head goes flying. Rafealo jumps up.

RAFEALO

I almost got eaten!!
You saved me.

Leonardo holds up the head and sticks it on the mop handle. Luigi inspects the monster carcass - several dead animal pieces sewn together.

He looks at Leonardo. A grin crosses his face.

Rafealo, half-way up the stairs, looks back. His terror turns to realization.

INT. SCHOOL - LATER

Leonardo displays the monster head. Rafealo comes up to him fists rolled up, ready to fight. White-knuckled.

He glares at Leonardo.

RAFEALO

I should flatten you...

Francesco lets out a puppyish whimper. Luigi hides behind the closest chair and holds his breath.

LEONARDO

Go ahead... I'm ready...

Suddenly, Rafealo's face turns red. But then, the fists come down.

LUIGI

Phh... that was close.

EXT. ALLEY BY THE SCHOOL - THE NEXT DAY

A hand uncovers the flying machine buried under old canvasses. Leonardo reveals the flying machine to his gawking audience. Leonardo regards Rafealo, warily.

LEONARDO
Live and let live?

RAFEALO
Sure, Leonardo.

EXT. A BRIDGE OVER THE ARNO RIVER - MORNING

A beautiful summer morning. A breeze whips up the dogwood trees.

Leonardo and Mona Lisa haul the flying machine and safety gear to the middle of the bridge. Crow flies behind making lazy circles.

LEONARDO
Isn't this fun, Mona?

MONA LISA
It's a lovely day, Leo.

Mona Lisa unpacks the safety gear... filled goatskin water bags tied together, a helmet and a parachute made from the school flag. She's all business.

Leonardo examines the water bag contraption. She gives him a smirk as he frowns at it.

MONA LISA
I call them water wings.

LEONARDO
You want me to wear this?

MONA LISA
Safety first.

Leonardo puts on the wings and helmet. He gets into the flying machine.

LEONARDO
It's just me and the.. the river.

He starts pedaling towards an open spot in the wall towards the open sky.

Mona Lisa clasps her hands and prays.

MONA LISA
Hail Mary... go Leo go!

LEONARDO

A grim, determined look, tense but ecstatic. The flying machine careens towards the hole in the wall.

THE FLYING MACHINE

Flies off the bridge, teeters in midair and heads for the river. SPLASH. He crashes.

Leonardo sputters in the water, swims back to shore, dragging the flying machine.

Mona Lisa rushes to the river bank.

LEONARDO
(mortified)
I was sure it would fly.

MONA LISA
Well, the water wings worked.

She pats him on the back as they shlep the wreckage away.

INT. THE HOLE

The door is thrown open. Leonardo gets tossed on his backside into the filthy cubicle and lands on somebody.

RAFEALO
Watch it!

Rafealo lights a meager torch. Francesco plays with the dripping water. Luigi makes pretend bread from mud and dripping water. Leonardo still wet, is puzzled.

LEONARDO
What are you doing here?

RAFEALO
He wanted to know where you went. We covered for you.

LUIGI
It's OK. See my nice bread molds. Made it from the mud. No problem. Did you fly?

LEONARDO
(downhearted)
No. You did that, for me?

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - WORK ROOM - SAME TIME

Guisseppifrutti furiously paces in front of a collection of objects on the floor. The broken flying machine and the Courtier's Toilette lay in the pile.

INT. HOLE

The door flies open again.

CESARE

The Master wants to see you,
Leonardo.

INT. WORK ROOM

Cesare drags Leonardo by the ear. He fights to get away.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

WE have rules here. You
don't steal from the teacher.
(a black heart)
People have been known to
DISSAPEAR when they have
transgressed this rule.

Cesare goes out. He returns with Mona Lisa kicking and punching the old servant.

MONA LISA

Let go of me!

She rushes to Leonardo's side. The gig is up. Comrades in arms, surrounded by the offending contraband.

LEONARDO

Yes sir. WE can explain.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Such a young lad. Your
whole life before you. Such
a pity I must send you to
the marble quarry!!

Leo shakes with fear.

LEONARDO

Not the marble quarry. That's
for criminals. Please!

Mona Lisa breaks free from Cesare's hairy grip.

MONA LISA

WE were doing it for you
sir, for the school, for
your... illustrious name.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

As for you... you'll be
sent so far away, even
Toscanelli's maps won't find
you!!

Cesare takes both of them by the neck and starts dragging
them away.

MONA LISA

You wouldn't throw the
salesman without the
product. I'll just fold
up my wares... get them
out of your way.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Yes, remove these stupid
contraptions from my sight.

Mona Lisa folds up the Courtier's Toilet invention. The
bird comes out which releases a tiny flying machine which
plays music while catapulting colored flares.

She tries to grab it it but it flies around, bouncing off
the walls, scratching furniture, nicking statues.

It buzzes into the brim of Guiseppifrutti's immense hat
where it stays.

LEONARDO

It's it's my fault.
Just a silly trinket
to amuse the courtiers.
Still a few flaws. I'll
fix it.

Leonardo nervously reaches for the toy but Guiseppifrutti
quickly takes off the hat and shakes the thing loose.
He grabs it first.

Colored flares POOF in his face before falling to the
floor.

Guiseppifrutti scowls at first annoyed then he stops,
deep in thought. A slow swarmy smile breaks over his
face.

Picking up the flying machine, his eyes light up with a
maniacal gleam.

Mona Lisa waits, ready to run, ready to hit the Master with a nearby chair.

Cesare watches from behind the drapes.

Guisseppifrutti clears his throat. He turns to the boy with a plastered on smile.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Ahh... like I was saying...
Such a bright lad... such
talent, I always knew...

He wraps a long skinny arm around Leonardo. The boy winces. Drops of perspiration roll down his cheek. His heart races.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

You ARE the...the light of
my life. Dear Leonardo...
This... flying toy is is
more than the sum of all my
works. Always knew you had
it in you... right, Cesare?

Cesare looks confused.

CESARE

Right, Master.

Mona Lisa is outraged. She picks up the chair.

MONA LISA

You were getting ready to
ship him off to the to marble
quarry!! YOU, YOU animal!!

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Hit me with a chair? Tsk...
I was just kidding. Don't
you recognize an intentional
jest when you hear one?
Can't you SEE how much I, I
love this boy? Like a son...

LEONARDO

Does this mean you're
not sending me to the
marble quarry and...
Mona Lisa can stay?

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

(totally repentent)
May God strike me down
if I EVER gave you the
impression to the contrary.

He puts his other hand on Leonardo's shoulder like a very attentive father, waiting to hang on every word.

LEONARDO

Well...

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Dear boy, just tell me what your heart desires. ANYTHING.

LEONARDO

Well.. Just a minute ago you were ready to kill me. How do know this isn't a trick.

Guisseppifrutti cuddles the flying toy like a great treasure. He almost swoons.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

I never lie. Perish that thought.

Mona Lisa folds her arms, disgusted.

LEONARDO

I've been trying to fly.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

(interrupts)

Is that what you were up to. Such a little scamp you are...

(sincerely lies)

I have it! I'll help you. A flying machine. I mean you and I... Those Medici boys, my busom friends, owe me a favor. I'll support you in every way. Spare no... just think of it. The first human flying machine. We'll be famous. Remembered...

LEONARDO

Remembered?

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Yes... The team of Master Guisseppifrutti and Leonardo da Guisseppifrutti.

LEONARDO

But... I'm from Vinci.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Hush. Do you want them to know you're from Vinci?

Mona Lisa listens irrate. She can't contain herself.

MONA LISA
I don't believe a word of
this!!

Guisseppifrutti motions to Cesare.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Would you please take this
girl... to the kitchen. Give
her some food. WE have to talk.

Cesare leads the protesting Mona Lisa away.

Guisseppifrutti links arms with Leonardo and strolls over
to the window and peers out.

Leonardo somewhat dazed by the change, holds his little
bird toy.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
The world could be ours.

INT. THE HOLE - SOME TIME LATER

Rafealo, Luigi and Francesco emerge from the stinking
"Hole", stiff and sore.

INT. MONA LISA'S HIDEAWAY HOME

Leonardo excitedly rips the sealing wax from a parchment
letter.

MONA LISA
It came today.

LEONARDO
It's good news. I know it.

He reads. Optimism turns to acute despair.

LEONARDO

Swelling up with emotion, a tear forms and rolls down his
cheek.

LEONARDO
I can't go home. Ever!

EXT. A WALL BY THE SCHOOL - DAY

A pall of desparation hangs over Leonardo as he crouches on a wall and stares through blood-shot eyes at the city.

LEONARDO

What should I do, Crow?

CROW

It's the chance of a lifetime.

LEONARDO

Yeah... of course...
chance of a life time.

INT. WORK ROOM

Guisseppifrutti and Leonardo look over Leonardo's flying machine drawings on a table.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

I am so happy you've decided to enlist my help in your venture.

LEONARDO

(resigned)

I'm going to throw myself in it. You'll see.

INT. HALL BY THE WORK ROOM

Rafealo stops by the door, watching Guisseppifrutti as he puts his arm around Leonardo. The sight confuses and hurts him. The teenager slinks off, dejected once more.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Luigi piles fire wood into the stove. A rusty soup pot boils over. He throws a lid on it. There's a heap of potatoes on the floor.

Francesco tries to cut potatoes but keeps cutting the table instead. He makes several attempts at holding the potato with his hands, then he tries his elbow, then he tries his foot.

Luigi looks on and shrugs. Dinner may never get done.

LUIGI

What next, Francesco?

Francesco finds a loose nail and then a brick. He nails the potato to the table and peels it. It works.

LUIGI
You gonna do that with
all the potatoes?

Rafealo storms into the kitchen, angry.

RAFEALO
I should have flattened
him when I had the chance!

Luigi puts down the wood. His first reaction is to run. He sucks in his gut. It must be done.

LUIGI
You know I'm growing very
weary of you, Rafealo.

Rafealo turns to Luigi, shocked. His mouth opens. Luigi holds a piece of wood and waits.

RAFEALO
What did you say?

LUIGI
(screwing up courage)
You heard me the first time.
So what's your problem?

RAFEALO
(dumbfounded)
What do you care!

He runs out. Luigi hugs a potato, then Francesco.

LUIGI
I talked back to him.
I did it!

EXT. MERCADO VECCHIO - DAY

Leonardo and Mona Lisa walk through the market place. Crow nestles in Leonardo's arms.

MONA LISA
I can't believe you'd
fall for his line, that
magot.

LEONARDO
It's my big chance. Don't
you want me to... ?

MONA LISA

Yes... I want you to fly. You're... you're my friend. It's just...

LEONARDO

Don't worry. We're in this together.

MONA LISA

Promise?

Leonardo stops walking. He looks at her.

LEONARDO

I promise.

They find themselves standing in front of the poor boy selling Guiseppifrutti statues. The boy holds up a statue.

BOY

Buy a statue of a great artist?

Mona Lisa looks away. Leonardo whispers to the boy.

LEONARDO

Someday, these will be worth a fortune.

BOY

Why?

Mona Lisa tugs on Leonardo's shirt sleeve. Crow gets jostled off.

CROW

(to Leonardo)

What ever happened to true genius risks all?

LEONARDO

(to Mona Lisa)

True genius risks all.

MONA LISA

What ever happened to keep your feet on the ground?

LEONARDO

What difference does it make now? I can't go home.

Leonardo walks faster into the crowd, leaving Mona Lisa to catch up.

MONA LISA
It makes all the difference.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - WORK ROOM - DAY

Guisseppifrutti struts in front of the apprentice boys. He takes Leonardo by the arm and puts him on display.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Today, lads, we are about
embark upon a new venture.
We're going into the flying
business.

RAFEALO
Flying business?

LEONARDO
The Master's going to
build my machine.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
And we'll work night and
day til we get it done.
Doesn't that sound fun?

The three apprentice boys reluctantly nod yes.

EXT. OUT IN THE STREET - DAY

Leonardo and Guisseppifrutti run through the street with toy flying machines and kites. Some fly. Some drag.

Cesare picks up the dragging ones.

Rafealo, Luigi, and Francesco tag along like loose cogs.

EXT. ALLEY - SAME TIME

Mona Lisa watches the commotion from a hiding place. She sighs as she fiddles with her Courtier's Toilette.

INT. MONA LISA'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Mona Lisa fastens another hair brush to the Toilette. It falls off. She's surrounded by brushes, mirrors, springs, and a crude picture.

Leonardo babbles on. She tries to listen.

LEONARDO

It was great, amazing!
We should have it built
before no time. Aren't
you happy?

MONA LISA

The big Fair is coming
up. I want to get my
Toilette made before then.
Could you help me?

LEONARDO

Of course. You captured your
tree vision real well.

MONA LISA

No thanks to you.

Leonardo gazes through a glass fragment. The light
casts rainbows on the walls. He holds up a red glass
bauble. Everything turns pink.

LEONARDO

Just think some day people
will travel through the air.
And I did it.

MONA LISA

Mr. Smarty Britches.

LEONARDO

You shouldn't be jealous.

MONA LISA

I feel for your father.

LEONARDO

Looks through a glass darkly. The joy fades away.

INT. WORK ROOM - DAY

Guiseppifrutti and Leonardo have a partially built
contraption. Guiseppifrutti sweeps his brimmed hat off,
gently sets it on Leonardo, where it sinks to his nose.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

My protage. But... you'll
never have a cranium as
big as mine.

Rafealo, Luigi and Francesco haul in another load of
plaster and fill up their Guiseppifrutti molds.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
 We'll need more statues.
 Because your wonderful
 Master has a plan.

LEONARDO
 What is it, Sir?

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
 Patience my boy. patience.

EXT. OUT IN THE STREET - AFTERNOON

Leonardo pushes the cart back to the school. It's filled with metal wires and canvas. Crow hovers overhead.

Rafealo jumps out from behind fruit stand.

RAFEALO
 I thought you were one of
 us. I let you into our circle.

LEONARDO
 Yeah... after suffering
 through your tricks,
 Rafealo. I just wanted
 to belong. That's all.

Leonardo pushes the wagon past Rafealo.

RAFEALO
 Nobody ever belongs to
 anything.

LEONARDO
 Who says?

He walks faster. Rafealo kicks at the ground.

RAFEALO
 I say.

INT. BOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Leonardo sits by the open window. Crow pecks at a bug.

LEONARDO
 What would I do without
 you, Crow, my busom pal?

CROW
 Talk to a goat?

EXT. FLORENCE STREET - THE NEXT DAY

Guisseppifrutti parades his band of apprentice boys through the busy city street. A psychotic Pied Piper.

The Master waves a hand at the people.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Look around you. This is the Dark Ages. Mean, dirty ugly, UNFRUITFUL! Just think of me as a missionary... you are like ah... little missionaries, out to save the world.

Francesco stops and takes an apple from a fruit cart. Annoyed, the VENDOR scolds him. Francesco does some charades, pointing to Guisseppifrutti. Leonardo, seeing this throws a coin the vendor's way, placating him. Luigi leads Francesco away from the food.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

So I've decided to stage a flying exhibition... big fireworks, the whole thing.

LEONARDO

A real show...not jumping off a roof?

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Ah... no. Something less tacky.

Leonardo, beaming and with his shirt buttoned wrong, is studied by the Master.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

I must do something about your image.

Rafealo, Luigi and Francesco suddenly feeling self-conscious, straighten their dirty shirts.

Guisseppifrutti, ignoring his students, walks ahead with Leonardo.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Mona Lisa confronts Leonardo.

MONA LISA

I thought you were going to help me?

He takes out his sketch book and flips to a page.

LEONARDO
I'll check my schedule.
Tomorrow between three
and three-fifteen.

MONA LISA
Fifteen minutes?!!

She storms off. He looks puzzled.

INT. WORK ROOM - COLD RAINY DAY

Rafealo, Luigi and Francesco, sweaty and exhausted, lift another heavy metal bar and melt it to the flying machine frame with a dab of molten lead.

Outside, a fierce rain pelts the windows and the wind HOWLS.

Leonardo leans against a metal bar and stares upwards into the flying machine skeleton.

THE SHAPES BEGIN TO RUN TOGETHER...

A surrealistic plaza where phantom-like faces emerge from a crowd and gaze into the sky.

Leonardo, in a gold suit, rides in a luminescent flying machine. He swoops down and dive bombs the crowds with fire works that are really fire flies...

AN ANNOYED VOICE BOOMS THROUGH THE CLOUDS...

RAFEALO (VO)
Quit dreaming! You're knocking
over the frame!

Leonardo snaps to. Ignoring Rafealo, he grabs the nearest paint palate and furiously mixes colors.

LEONARDO
I'm going to paint the
flying machine so it will
glow, luminescent against
the sky, reflecting the
sunset. Like a vision!

RAFEALO
(unimpressed)
Swell.

Outside, a rain-drenched WOMAN with a basket, KNOCKS at the front door.

Guisseppifrutti leaves the work room.

Francesco rushes to the window. He's excited.

LUIGI

That's Francesco's mother.
Today's his birthday.

INT. STUDIO FRONT DOOR

Guisseppifrutti opens the door. The woman shivers and smiles to him.

FRANCESCO'S MOTHER

Master Guisseppifrutti,
it's Francesco's birthday.
I brought him gifts. May
I have a few minutes?

INT. WORK ROOM

Leonardo watches through the window. Guisseppifrutti's angry voice carries to the work room.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

NO!!!

Francesco whimpers. Leonardo leaves the room.

INT. STUDIO FRONT DOOR

Leonardo goes to Guisseppifrutti.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

I'm sorry, but there's no
time. History is in the
making.

He waves to Leonardo.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Shut the door, Leonardo.
Get back to work.

LEONARDO

(hesitating)
Pardon me, Master...
but it would only take a
second.

Guisseppifrutti flies into a rage.

Frightened, Francesco's mother runs away into the night.

 GUISEPPIFRUTTI
 Here, you have the chance
 of a lifetime to a be a
 part of the greatest moment
 ever to pass and you DARE
 question my authority?
 The genius that has made
 you all you are? Without
 my benevolence you are
 nothing, nothing.

Leonardo reluctantly closes the door.

INT. WORK ROOM

Guisseppifrutti and Leonardo return. Francesco cries softly in the corner. Luigi consoles him.

Crow flies down from the rafters, SQUAWKS loudly.

Glwering, Guisseppifrutti snatches Crow from the air.

 GUISEPPIFRUTTI
 Gotcha!!

 LEONARDO
 What are you doing?

 GUISEPPIFRUTTI
 What I should have done
 sooner.

He leaves the work room, Crow squawking angrily.

EXT. THE COURTYARD

Guisseppifrutti sets Crow down in the rain-soaked courtyard with the pigeons.

 GUISEPPIFRUTTI
 You are a bird. You live
 with birds!

He storms off. Crow looks at a pigeon.

 CROW
 I hate pigeons.

INT. WORK ROOM

Guisseppifrutti returns and finds Leonardo staring out the window, looking mortified.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

I had to do it. that loud,
dirty farm crow will spoil
your image.

He leaves the room.

The time seems like hours...

He comes back with a cage and large brimmed hat.

He holds out the cage. There's a parakeet in it. He plops the hat on Leonardo.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

If you must have a bird, a
parakeet is more suitable.
(soto voca)

Now, you look like me. Yes.
Yes.

Leonardo picks up the paint palate. He looks confused.

LEONARDO

I don't remember what I...
was ah... doing.
I need Crow.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

(soothes)

Soon, the whole world will
be at your feet. Don't waste
your time with this luminescent
hogwash - just splash on some
red paint... with huge gold
letters - Guisseppifrutti Studios.
Now that's impressive!

EXT. THE PLAZA -DAY

Florentines trudge through the rain puddles left from the rain. Everything is washed in brilliant sunlight.

A wagon pulled by Guiseppifrutti's three apprentice boys trundles into the plaza, heavy-laden with timber.

Leonardo walks up front with Guiseppifrutti.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
It's a shame I had to sell the horse.

LEONARDO
Small sacrifice for destiny.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
(pleased)
Absolutely right. Absolutely.

Rafealo and Luigi sweat and strain with the wagon.

RAFEALO
I hate him, Luigi.

Luigi looks forlorned.

Guiseppifrutti struts around the plaza.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
The fireworks display will be off the flying machine like in your toy.

LEONARDO
Can we do that?

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Son.. we can do ANYTHING.
Today we'll build the platform where the flying machine will rest...

From where he stands, Verrochio's studio tower and moat sticks out like a sore thumb.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Like a proud bird of prey.

Guiseppifrutti quickly walks off to the side where Cesare is leaning on a wall, snoozing. The Master kicks him.

CESARE
Ahh... yes sir.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Did you bring them?

CESARE
I forgot.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Dimwit. WE must get them.

Guisseppifrutti approaches the boys unloading wood.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Must to leave you for a bit.
I have to talk to the Prince
about some... the food.
Leonardo, you're in charge.

The Master and Cesare rush off.

Leonardo struts around in his Guisseppifrutti hat.

LEONARDO
Let's not delay... history's
in the making.

Rafealo fumes.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - PRIVATE SALON

Guisseppifrutti runs up the stairs. He starts tossing
thing off the tables looking for something.

He finds it. A blueprint. He spreads out the blueprint by
the Florence City model.

BLURPRINT

A crudely drawn picture of a flying machine over
Verrochio's tower. Things are falling from the plane.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Drat. If only I had Leonardo
to figure this bomb throwing
thing. We'll have to guess.

Cesare picks up a small round ball. The Master takes it
from him, panicked.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
Chinese Whammy is UNSTABLE!!

He gingerly places the Chinese Whammy on a pedastal where it resembles a lethal Fabrage Egg minus the frillies.

Guiseppifrutti folds up the blueprint and hands it to Cesare. Cesare tucks it under his cap.

They rush down the stairs,

EXT. SCHOOL

Guiseppifrutti and Cesare slink away from the school. A breeze knocks Cesare's hat off. He puts it back on. The blueprint stays on the ground.

MONA LISA

Comes by with her gadget cart. She picks up the dropped paper and tosses it in the back of the cart.

The paper bounces around in the back until a breeze picks it up and carries it away.

EXT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - COURTYARD

The paper blows into the courtyard.

Crow looks at the paper. Something to read.

Without warning, a hungry pigeon flies down, grabs the folded blueprint and flies away.

Crow flaps his wings and all the pigeons take off.

CROW

Nuisances.

MONA LISA

Pushes her gadget cart down a city street.

MONA LISA'S POV

Up ahead, an angry Guiseppifrutti smacks Cesare on the head with his hat.

She ducks behind some MONKS. The Master's muted, angry voice carries on the wind.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
You lost the plan. It just
flew away I guess. The bomb
plans were... lost. Dimwit!!

The girl startles at the word bomb. Mona Lisa follows the
Master.

She watches as they enter the Plaza.

MONA LISA
What bombs?

EXT. MERCADO VECCHIO - LATER ON

Leonardo is overloaded with supplies.

Mona Lisa wades through the shoppers to him.

MONA LISA
I have to talk to you!

LEONARDO
Where can I get fireworks
around here?

MONA LISA
Forget that. I overheard
the Master talking about
bomb plans.

LEONARDO
That's crazy. Why would he
do that? No bombs scheduled.

MONA LISA
I heard it. I don't know
why. Something's wrong.

LEONARDO
Nothing's wrong. I know.
You're jealous. That's all.

MONA LISA
I am not!! I'll find out
what he's talking about.
Meet me at noon under the
stairs, tomorrow. I'll
prove... something!

LEONARDO
Prove what?

Mona Lisa runs off.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI'S PRIVATE SALON - STAIRS

Mona Lisa, trembling with fear, stealthly tiptoes up the dark stairs.

She holds one tiny candle that casts creepy shadows over the stone walls. She shivers.

Slowly, she pushes open the door. It CREAKS softly.

INT. SALON - MONA LISA

Shudders at the sight of the primitive catapults, ratty slingshots, rows of statuary, and the ornate apothecary jars.

Mona Lisa holds her breath and walks in.

She inspects the statues with the broken noses, a hammer on a table... noses on the floor...

The Florence City Model...

The rows of gun powder and runs her fingers over the labels...

MONA LISA
(tiny whisper)
Big Poof, Chinese Whammy,
House Blend...

On a table she finds the tiny toy catapult and little balls. She touches the catapult. A spring SPROINGS. She quickly sets it down.

Next to it is a drawing... fireworks with small objects attached. The objects are labeled with the word - BOMB.

She walks to the bomb on the pedastal.

MONA LISA
What is this?

She looks into the city model, her eyes following over the tiny roof tops to one moat and tower labled, Verrochio Studios, with the broken walls and little balls scattered around.

MONA LISA
He wants to destroy
Verrochio's Studio?
Why?

Without hesitation she grabs the drawing and runs down the stairs.

EXT. THE PLAZA - SAME TIME

Guisseppifrutti foists his arm around Leonardo.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
 Son, can I call you son...
 I've always wanted to know
 more about the movement
 of objects through the
 air. Angle and such.
 It's so interesting.

LEONARDO
 You mean trajectory.
 I love it, too.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
 Yes... that's it. Hmmm,
 I have a question...

They stroll off.

MONA LISA

Hides in a doorway, bites her lip and frets. She fingers
 the drawing, now tucked in her sleeve.

EXT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - COURTYARD - NEXT DAY

MONA LISA
 What can we do, Crow?
 We're losing him.

CROW
 He needs ME.

Mona Lisa holds Crow.

EXT. THE PLAZA - SAME TIME

Leo adjusts the hinges on the flying machine wing flaps.

Guisseppifrutti muses over the seats inside.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
 What are these levers for?

LEONARDO
 Oh... I call them ejection
 levers. I invented them...
 in case we have to, you know,
 leave the flying machine.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

(queezy)

Leave it?

LEONARDO

It's a safety feature...

(softly to himself)

She...

Guisseppifrutti pats Leonardo on the back.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

I think of everything.

LEONARDO

Master... I ah, forgot
the lever adjuster pedal.
Can I go get it?

INT. MONA'S LISA'S HIDEOUT - NOON

Mona Lisa waits with the bomb picture. She turns over the sand timer.

MONA LISA

I'll wait another ten minutes.

The sand runs down...

EXT. A STREET - SAME TIME

Leo slowly walks down an alley.

LEONARDO

Meet her at noon. She's
been staring at the moon
too long. Bombs...

He starts to turn around.

INT. MONA LISA'S HIDEOUT

The sand timer runs out. She regards the stolen paper.

MONA LISA

He's not coming. I just
know it. I better return
this. The Master... now!

She scurries from her hideout.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI'S PRIVATE SALON - LATER

Mona Lisa takes the paper from her sleeve and places it back on the table. She sighs.

MONA LISA

I did it.

She tiptoes to the stairs...

Heavy FOOTSTEPS pound the stone steps.

Mona Lisa flings herself behind a heavy red drape.

Guisseppifrutti and Cesare enter the room.

The Master flings himself into his big chair.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

This is so easy. He told me the best way to drop the firework bombs... such a lad. Young Leonardo's eager incompetence in constructing fireworks caused poor Master Verrochio's studio to fall down... shame.

CESARE

Shame.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

And with that charleton, Verrochio gone, the light of Guisseppifrutti Fruitfulness will enlighten those... stupid citizens.

MONA LISA BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Holds still, listens. She fights to hold back her anger.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Picks up his catapult toy. He aims it at the model and shoots. The ball flies off and hits the curtain.

MONA LISA

The curtain moves, the ball bounces off her. She freezes in fear.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Shoots another ball at the model and misses. It almost hits Cesare. then, it whaps into the curtain.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

What's wrong with my catapult?

CESARE

I'll get another one.

He trundles over to a cabinet. He trips on a ball and falls into the curtain. Cesare is suddenly rolled up in the curtain with Mona Lisa.

MONA LISA

(terror-stricken)

Ehhh!!!

CESARE

(terror-stricken)

There's a monster in the drape, Master!!

Guisseppifrutti jumps from the chair and yanks the curtain and Cesare off the floor. He rips the drape.

Mona Lisa tumbles out and lands in a heap. The Master grabs her by the dress and pulls her up.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE.

MONA LISA

Let me GO!!

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Tsk, tsk. People who spy on me have been known to disappear.

MONA LISA

You're using Leonardo to blow up Verrochio's studio! Coward, why don't you do it yourself? Too scared?

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

(growling)

NEVER... Tie her up!!

Cesare ties up Mona Lisa with the ripped drapes.

EXT. TWO MONKS WITH A WHEELBARROW - LATER

Two monks push a wheelbarrow down an alley. The wheelbarrow is stuffed with a lumpy sack.

INT. THE WHEELBARROW

Mona Lisa finds a hole in the wheelbarrow and opens a bag of birdseed she has hidden in her dress. She drops the seeds through the hole. They land on the ground.

INT. A ROOM IN A DARK TOWER - LATER

Guiseppifrutti and Cesare take off their monk outfits and unload the wheelbarrow. The Master unties the bag and Mona Lisa falls out onto the dirty floor.

MONA LISA

You'll never get away with this!

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Of course I will. I'm Guiseppifrutti.

EXT. THE SAME ALLEY - LATER

Crow picks up the bird seed. He flies off.

EXT. THE TOWER WINDOW

Crow flies around the tower. He lands on the window sill.

Mona Lisa with a ball and chain attached to her ankle, hobbles to the window.

She extends her hand. Crow hops into it.

Mona Lisa presses her face against the bars and talks to Crow.

MONA LISA

You found me at last.
Get him quick, Crow!!

Crow flies off.

Mona Lisa watches out the window and sniffles.

EXT. THE PLAZA - THE DAY BEFORE THE BIG FLIGHT

Leonardo polishes the finished flying machine on the platform.

Cesare shuffles up with a rolled up parchment.

CESARE

There's a note here for you.

Leonardo eagerly unrolls it.

LEONARDO

(crestfallen)

I've been hired to operate machinery for a traveling ballet troupe. Will try to get back for the big day. Mona Lisa.

He gives the letter to Cesare. Leonardo picks up a giant spring sitting on the platform. He attaches the spring to the start-up mechanism.

LEONARDO

Won't be the same without Mona.

EXT. THE PLAZA - THE DAY OF THE FLIGHT

A large object on a platform. There's a bright brocade cover over the object. The surroundings are grandly decorated and festive.

A huge banner flies on a tower - BIRD OF PREY. SEE IT TODAY. BIG SHOW.

A CROWD gathers. Trumpets BLARE. A circus atmosphere.

Suddenly the crowd parts.

A grand procession snakes through the sea of people. PRINCE COSIMO DE MEDICI and his son, LORENZO, walk up to the special dias and sit down in the special chairs.

LEONARDO AND GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Walk through the crowd and towards the dias.

They bow to the prince and his son.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Today is the gretest day
in history... Behold.

THE CROWD

In the crowd, Leonardo's Vinci friends and family watch.

Ser Piero and Albiera ride up on their horses and
dismount.

SER PIERO

A bag of mixed emotions, gazes at his son on the dias.

LEONARDO

Spots his father. Suddenly he's filled with dread mixed
with intense passion. This is his show. He walks up to
the brocade drape, pulls a rope. The flying machine is
unveiled.

The crowd is hushed by the strange new sight.

LEONARDO

(to Guiseppifrutti)

Have you seen Mona Lisa yet?

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

She's a flighty thing.
History is marching on
and so should you!

Leonardo puts on the funny looking safety helmet made
from goatskin wine flasks.

He offers Guiseppifrutti a helmet but Guiseppifrutti
refuses.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

It would flatten my curls.

Waving to the crowd, Guiseppifrutti and Leonardo climb
into the flying machine which resembles a helicopter.

TRACKING SHOT OF CROW

Crow flies down from a high distance like a dive bomber
towards Leonardo. Guiseppifrutti slaps the bird away.

Crow hovers over Leonardo. Leonardo grabs Crow and holds
him.

LEONARDO
You're interrupting.

CROW
Pay attention!

Crow flies off towards the window of the tower where Mona Lisa is held.

EXT. THE TOWER WINDOW

Mona Lisa pulls at the window bars. One is loose. She yanks it out.

She climbs out the window and onto the ledge with her leg chain dragging.

EXT. THE PLAZA

Leonardo's gaze is drawn up to Crow, flying around the window.

EXT. THE TOWER WINDOW

Teetering on the ledge, Mona Lisa yells to the crowd.

MONA LISA
It's a trick!!

EXT. THE PLAZA

Leonardo gasps in horror.

LEONARDO
You said she was working
for a traveling troupe!

Guiseppifrutti climbs into the helicopter.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
I caught her stealing. Now
let's get this thing in the air
before we look like fools!

EXT. THE TOWER WINDOW

Mona Lisa wobbles.

She slips.

She gets up, then slips again.

Without warning, a gust of wind knocks her off the ledge.

She falls... stops.

Stops in mid-air, saved by the chain on her leg. The ball is momentarily caught on the bars of the window.

MONA LISA

(frightened)

The fire works...
they're bombs!!

The ball slides, she slides.

LEONARDO

Hears the words drifting down over the crowd noise.
He's shocked and turns to Guiseppifrutti.

EXT. THE PLAZA

Guiseppifrutti tightens the giant spring starting device.
He tries to start the helicopter.

Leonardo jumps on Guiseppifrutti and tries to take the spring. They wrestle for it.

Leonardo gets the spring away and leaps from the flying machine.

Guiseppifrutti can't catch him.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Stop him, Cesare!

Cesare tries to grab the boy.

Leonardo takes a metal vase from a flower vendor and reflects light into Cesare's eyes. Cesare squints.

Guiseppifrutti and Leonardo duck and dodge around the flying machine.

Leonardo trips Guiseppifrutti with the flying machine's anchor rope.

Leonardo runs towards the school.

EXT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS

Guiseppifrutti and Cesare chase after Leonardo and enter the studio courtyard.

Leonardo, the spring in his hand, runs faster.

Cesare blocks the doorway.

Leonardo climbs up on a wall and runs along the top.

Guisseppifrutti is on the ground pointing to the wall.

Cesare climbs on the wall.

He falls off into a bale of hay.

Leonardo shimmies up a drain spout.

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI'S PRIVATE SALON - WINDOW

Leonardo climbs through the window into the Master's room. Before him is a broken catapult, the Courtier's Toilette, a rope ladder, parts of the paint mixing machine, all jumbled in a heap.

He finds the gun powder collection.

He lights a candle and waits with the jar of Chinese Whammy.

Guisseppifrutti and Cesare run up the stairs. They stop.

LEONARDO

Come any closer and I'll
blow us all up.

The candle goes out. Guisseppifrutti lunges forward.

Leonardo picks up the egg-beater gizmo from the paint mixer and aims it at Guisseppifrutti.

Guisseppifrutti scoffs.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Fool! That thing is useless!

Guisseppifrutti lunges towards Leonardo.

LEONARDO

You're right.

Tossing the egg beater, he grabs the courtier's toilette pour steamer.

The steamer sprays water all over the floor.

Guisseppifrutti lunges again. He slips around, losing his balance. He falls down, cursing.

LEONARDO
That worked rather well.

He finds his rope ladder in the pile and takes it.

He gets the Master's broken catapult and the Courtier's Toilette gadget's facial proportion measuring tool,

He hauls the catapult onto the outside balcony.

EXT. BALCONY

He sets up the catapult.

Leonardo calculates with the measuring tool.

LEONARDO
Angle, distance... add
gravity...

INT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI'S SALON

Guiseppifrutti and Cesare are slipping on the floor, tripping over each other and getting tangled up in things.

EXT. BALCONY

Leonardo aims the catapult towards Mona Lisa in the tower. Then he realizes... it's broken.

He attaches the giant start up spring from the flying machine.

He picks up a bust of Guiseppifrutti, gets on the platform.

Leonardo drops the statue on its trip wire.

Leonardo is catapulted into the air and is zooming towards the tower.

Guiseppifrutti looks on pissed off, sputtering incoherantly.

EXT. TRACKING SHOT - LEONARDO FLIES THROUGH THE AIR

THE CROWD

Craning up to see the human flying ball as he lands on the tower ledge.

EXT. THE TOWER WINDOW

Mona Lisa hangs precariously.

The ball is about to give away.

Leonardo catches his breath and lands on the window ledge. He secures the chain to a sturdy rod.

He pulls her up to safety.

She hugs him and gives a kiss. The crowd CHEERS.

Leonardo looks down over as Guiseppifrutti take the spring from the catapult. He runs inside.

EXT. THE PLAZA

Guiseppifrutti runs through the plaza towards the flying machine.

EXT. THE TOWER WINDOW

Leonardo and Mona Lisa's eyes meet.

MONA LISA

Good luck.

Leonardo takes out the rope ladder, hands one end to Mona Lisa who secures it to the same iron rod.

Leonardo hurls the rope ladder.

It catches in a grating of a second story window near the school.

Leonardo maneuvers along the rope, hand over hand, to the balcony of another tower.

EXT. OTHER TOWER BALCONY

He climbs onto the balcony. He's close to the flying machine.

Below him, Guiseppifrutti is getting ready to put the spring in.

EXT. THE FLYING MACHINE

Guiseppifrutti has the spring in. The flying machine lifts off. He lets loose a maniacal laugh.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

I did it. I did it!!

The machine floats into the air and rises up to the level of the balcony.

EXT. OTHER TOWER BALCONY

The flying machine hovers close-by. Leonardo and the Master are eye to eye.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Everyone's watching. Be the fool and they'll certainly NEVER give you another chance. Come now, let's FLY!

For a moment, Leonardo hesitates. His life passes before him - Mona Lisa, his father, the crowd look at him.

He sees the bombs in the flying machine. Decision time.

LEONARDO

Stop or I'll destroy the machine!!!

Hovering closer to the balcony, Guiseppifrutti scoffs.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Destroy our masterpiece? Never!

He points down to the crowd where the local historian writes in the book. Leonardo looks down, sighs.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

See? The Historian is already writing in the Book of Time. Don't you want some credit, too? It's your dream, Leonardo.

Sweat pours down Leonardo's brow. The words pierce his heart.

Eying his Master evenly, he steps into the flying machine and takes the controls. The Master smirks.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI

I knew you'd make the right choice.

Leonardo winks at Mona Lisa.

LEONARDO

Suddenly jerks the controls. The flying machine goes into a upward spin.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
What the devil...?

LEONARDO
Jump if you want to live.

Guiseppifrutti thinks then sees the flying machine heading for a tower.

Leonardo grabs Guiseppifrutti and pushes him from the flying machine.

They plummet down...

THE FLYING MACHINE

Out of control, CRASHES into a tower. It explodes into a FIREBALL.

LEONARDO AND GUISEPPIFRUTTI

Land in a canopy. The dream is dead.

Leonardo slides out. Guiseppifrutti collects his wits.

GUISEPPIFRUTTI
It's all gone!!!

LEONARDO

Alone, rushes through the crowd towards the tower. The crowd BOOS him. He ignores their taunts.

THE MEDICI PRINCE

Stands on the dias, his hand outstretched, implores the crowd. His teenage son, Lorenzo stands also.

PRINCE COSIMO
This is not what you all think. This young lad has prevented certain destruction to the city. He should be praised, not chastised. Hail, young Leonardo!!

The crowd does an about face. They start to cheer.

CROWD

Oh, hail.

General praising and shouting approvals.

Leonardo's face lights up.

EXT. THE PLAZA

The Prince waves to his Guards. They march to the canopy where Guiseppifrutti is frantically trying to get out of. He's arrested.

Another dispatch of Guards follow Leonardo to the tower.

Leonardo bolts into the tower.

MONA LISA AND LEONARDO

Rush to each other and hug, happy kids.

SER PIERO

Pushes his way through the crowd towards his son.

Leonardo and Ser Piero stop in the crowd. The world stand still.

Leonardo hangs his head. Ser Piero reaches out takes his son's fine face and turns it up. His fatherly love pours down like rain. The war is over. Leonardo relieved, smiles. He knows.

PRINCE COSIMO

Waves a hand at a Guard. The guard escorts Leonardo and his father.

They stand before the dias. Cosimo pauses, then speaks slowly.

PRINCE COSIMO

You are a valiant lad.
What do you want. We'll
give you anything for the
wonderous flying machine.

Crow flies over and looks down. Leonardo looks up.

CROW

If I can do it, so can you.

LEONARDO

No... I can't, I can't.

(to Cosimo)

I'll think it over.

He turns to his father and Mona Lisa. He walks away.

EXT. GUISEPPIFRUTTI STUDIOS - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Leonardo stands over a bonfire. Rafealo, Francesco and Luigi watch as Leonardo throws in the flying machine plans and the broken machine into the fire.

Mona Lisa pulls Ser Piero into the courtyard. Verrochio is right behind.

Mona Lisa is horrified.

MONA LISA

What are you doing?

LEONARDO

Setting things right.
I can't build it. Not
if it can be used as
a weapon. I'm sorry.

Leonardo turns to his father and gives him the little sketchpad that he got before. His father draws him into his arms. A tear fall down his cheek.

SER PIERO

Your dream...

Verrochio comes forward, not such a grand man, but humble.

VERROCHIO

He confessed to everything.
You saved my studio... and
Florence.

(pause)

There must be some way I can
repay.

LEONARDO

(thinking)

My friends here. Now Rafealo,
he's good. And there's Luigi.

RAFEALO

Without you, Leonardo?

LUIGI
But Sir... I, I don't...

LEONARDO
He wants to be a baker.

Francesco looks sadly at Leonardo. He tries to speak.

LEONARDO
He wants to go home.

VERROCHIO
But what do you want, son?

LEONARDO
I want to go home, too.
Call me in a few years?

Verrochio happily slaps the boy on the back.

Leonardo and Mona Lisa's eyes meet. She smiles her crooked smile.

LEONARDO
Master Verrochio, Sir...
Do you teach girls?

Verrochio thinks. He's never thought of it.

EXT. THE VINCI COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A glorious spring day. Leonardo and Mona Lisa loll about under a tree. Leonardo doodles on paper.

LEONARDO
This Courtier's gadget
needs work.

MONA LISA
Leonardo... Do you think
we'll ever be remembered?

LEONARDO
(laughing)
Who are we kidding. No
one will remember two
crazy dreamers like us.
So... where to?

Leonardo draws a picture of Crow.

Mona Lisa points to the horizon.

MONA LISA
That a way.

THEY GET SUCKED INTO THE PAPER

Atop Crow's back the duo flys over the countryside.

Mona Lisa smiles her smile.

LEONARDO

That wierd look again.

Leonardo draws her with a big toothy smile.

MONA LISA

I think you need to work
on that smile a little bit more...

They sail into the sunset...

FADE OUT:

THE END

BA DEEP BA DEEP - THAT'S ALL FOLKS!!!