

PARTIES BY LEO

Written by

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INT. LARGE DINNING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: The Three Snails, Restaurant, Italy 1492

LEONARDO DA VINCI, 40, sits at a coarse wooden table, in front of him are ten bowls, each with the same contents, anaemic pasta in little bow shapes.

He selects the nearest and inserts his little finger, smells the sauce and then pops a bow in his mouth, grimaces.

ROBERTO (O.S.)
Yes, yes, I'll tell him.

ROBERTO, 30s, fine velvet attire and jaunty hat, bustles in, hands gesticulating dramatically.

LEO
I'm not finished.

Roberto looks at the bowls, at Leo and back.

ROBERTO
They're all the same.

LEO
No, each dish is spiced to my exacting specifications.

ROBERTO
No, the chef just tells you that.

Leo laughs

LEO
Thank god for that, at least I've just created one awful dish, not ten.

Roberto tries the one nearest him. spits it out.

ROBERTO
Have you been making unreasonable demands of chef again?

Leo shakes his head, but his blushes suggest otherwise.

ROBERTO
Strange, there was a distinct hint of bodily fluids in that bowl.

LEO
That's it, I'm going to kill him.

Roberto grabs his hand, stops him and extends the life of the chef for at least another day.

ROBERTO
No time for that, I've got you a fantastic new job.

LEO
Remember our chat?

ROBERTO
Of course, but I'm afraid you're still not my type.

LEO
Not that one, the jobs one.

Roberto lets out a sigh of relief.

ROBERTO
This is different.

LEO
So when I said no more wedding planning or parties?

ROBERTO
I heard you.

LEO
That I wanted to concentrate on my inventions and art?

ROBERTO
Check, totally got you, all over it.

LEO
So the new job isn't another party?

Roberto's turn to frown.

ROBERTO
You said no more *wedding parties*.

LEO
And?

ROBERTO
It's not a wedding, it's an amazing birthday party.

Leo puts his head in his hands.

LEO
What am I going to do with you?

ROBERTO
Remember our chat, not doing that
either.

Leo laughs.

ROBERTO
There is a good bit though.

Leo raises a quizzical eyebrow.

ROBERTO
Duke Giovanni loved the revolving
planets at his wedding --

LEO
That was years ago.

ROBERTO
Exactly, but he wants something
similar for the twins.

Leo slams his fists down on the table.

LEO
A kids party?

ROBERTO
And the best bit...

LEO
There is one?

ROBERTO
The Duke wants to theme it around
your inventions!

EXT. DUKE GIOVANNI'S, GARDENS - DAY

A long decorated table sits on the lawn, set for one hundred
guests, chairs on just one side, facing the house.

DUKE GIOVANNI, 30s, large hooked nose and dressed as
flamboyantly as Harlequin, watches wooden crates go by.

DUKE GIOVANNI
So Leo, what's in that box?

LEO

Jack.

They both laugh.

DUKE GIOVANNI

No devils here thank you very much.

DUCHESS ISABELLA, 20s, brunette, very enigmatic smile, stunning gown, exits the house joins them.

LEO

How long till they arrive?

The Duchess pulls her sleeve back and aligns her wrist-based sundial with the sun above.

DUCHESS ISABELLA

About an hour.

The Duke pulls back his sleeve to reveal a matching sundial.

DUKE GIOVANNI

These are so great. We're only late now if it's cloudy.

LEO

Thank you, shame the town criers union have had them banned.

DUCHESS ISABELLA

How's the lunar version coming along?

LEO

Waxes and wanes. They'll eclipse the day versions when I crack it though.

EXT. DUKE GIOVANNI'S, GARDENS - LATER

A hundred kids, ages five to fifteen, create absolute havoc.

Some sit at the table and guzzle down on the banquet before them, some throw the banquet at those opposite or anyone else within range for that matter.

A few run in circles around the table, sugar overdose in full effect. Some complain to their parents who line the borders of the garden nearest the palace.

MATTEO and LORENZO, 10, identical twins, duck when any stray food flies their way, but otherwise, they ignore their guests completely.

Off to the side, Leo sits at an easel and speed paints.

DUKE GIOVANNI
How's it coming along?

LEO
It'd help if they sat still.

DUKE GIOVANNI
They're kids, that'll never happen.

Leo nods but looks glum.

DUKE GIOVANNI
May I?

Leo turns his easel slightly. The painting shows the long table, kids eating, talking to each other, generally ignoring the twins who sit serenely in the middle of it all like aloof saints.

DUKE GIOVANNI
That's amazing.

LEO
Given me a great idea for a new painting, religious themed.

Roberto saunters over to join them, Duchess in tow.

ROBERTO
Is it time for the cake?

DUKE GIOVANNI
Everything ready with it?

The Duchess nods.

DUCHESS ISABELLA
The Castrato is inside now.

DUKE GIOVANNI
Great, let's get it out then.

Roberto runs off shouting orders in an over-enthusiastic manner, arm gesticulating to the point of dislocation.

Moments later a team of small white horses pull a huge and ornate cake from around the corner of the house.

The kids take their seats and clap the arrival of yet more sugary food.

DUKE GIOVANNI
Hope this is as good as the planets.

Leo smiles and nods.

The horses stop at the table, the kids hush in anticipation.

The top of the cake flies off and LINO, seventeen, is catapulted into the air, landing gracefully on the table.

Lino bows to the twins and begins to sing in a voice so sweet that the birds in the garden pause to listen too.

DUKE GIOVANNI
Amazing, how'd you do that.

LEO
Ah, it's nothing, just some maths.

Lino finishes with a flourish, the kids and parents applaud enthusiastically as Lino takes his bows.

DUCHESS ISABELLA
Okay children, now it's playtime.

Servants take their cue to pull the sheets from Leo's inventions that are dotted around the garden.

To one side is a huge Anemometer, already turning slowly on the light breeze. In front of it a table of mini versions for the kids to take home later.

Aimed out over the gardens, a giant crossbow is readied. In the BG a servant pulls the sheet from a massive target. At the ornamental pond servants unpack water walking skins.

A flying machine that looks like a wooden bird, with wings outstretched, stands side by side with a contraption that looks like a weird corkscrew.

Lastly, a pair of wooden Knights, robotic ones, begins to fight each other as pulleys and gears twist and turn.

DUKE GIOVANNI
Well... what are you waiting for?

The kids cheer and charge off in all directions.

The Duke turns to Leo.

DUKE GIOVANNI
Pretty damn spectacular Leo.

Roberto approaches.

ROBERTO
Sire, we've installed the parachutes
on the roof.

Leo's face goes ashen.

LEO
Say what?

ROBERTO
The parachutes, well you can't use
them on the ground now, can you?

LEO
But they're just prototypes.

The Duchess interrupts.

DUCHESS ISABELLA
Parachutes, what are they?

LEO
If they work, then people can fall
gracefully and safely from the sky.

DUKE GIOVANNI
And if they don't?

LEO
Probably less graceful, very much
more splatty.

ROBERTO
Should I?

LEO
Yes, get them down quick.

The Duchess raises an arm up to shield her eyes from the sun, looks around the garden.

DUCHESS ISABELLA
Where are the birthday boys?

DUKE GIOVANNI
Probably walking on water.

DUCHESS ISABELLA
No, I can't see them.

All four of them scan the garden for the twins. And then...

TWINS (O.C.)
Mum, Dad, look at us.

The adults all look up to the voices.

The twins stand on the edge of the roof, draped in linen.

DUKE GIOVANNI
No!

The boys don't hear, step forward, ready.

Leo runs for the house, Roberto a few steps behind.

INT. DUKE GIOVANNI'S PALACE, STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Leo and Roberto sprint upstairs, two and three at a time.

As they race past a window, a streak of white flashes down.

ROBERTO
Was that?

Leo runs quicker still.

EXT. DUKE GIOVANNI'S PALACE, ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Leo runs to the edge, Roberto in close attendance.

LEO
We're fucked.

ROBERTO
Well, you did want out of the party
planning business.

Leo peers over the side of the roof. The boys lie on the ground, parachute under them, unopened.

Gravity and fate have conspired to have Matteo land on top of Lorenzo, obscuring Lorenzo's face entirely.

But all four arms and legs are visible, overlaid on each other, outstretched in a star shape.

LEO
Still, gives me another great idea
for a painting.

FADE OUT