

"AMADEUS"

by

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Final Draft

1823

INT. STAIRCASE OUTSIDE OLD SALIERI'S SALON - NIGHT -

and in
English

Total darkness. We hear an old man's voice, distinct
distress. It is OLD SALIERI. He uses a mixture of
and occasionally Italian.

OLD SALIERI

Mozart! Mozart! Mozart. Forgive me!
Forgive your assassin! Mozart!

see
stairs.
the
side is
and
is
is
and
candles
house,
scuttles
salon

A faint light illuminates the screen. Flickeringly, we
an eighteenth century balustrade and a flight of stone
We are looking down into the wall of the staircase from
point of view of the landing. Up the stair is coming a
branched candlestick held by Salieri's VALET. By his
Salieri's COOK, bearing a large dish of sugared cakes
biscuits. Both men are desperately worried: the Valet
thin and middle-aged; the Cook, plump and Italian. It
very cold. They wear shawls over their night-dresses
clogs on their feet. They wheeze as they climb. The
throw their shadows up onto the peeling walls of the
which is evidently an old one and in bad decay. A cat
swiftly between their bare legs, as they reach the
door.

voice

The Valet tries the handle. It is locked. Behind it the
goes on, rising in volume.

OLD SALIERI

Show some mercy! I beg you. I beg
you! Show mercy to a guilty man!

The Valet knocks gently on the door. The voice stops.

VALET

Open the door, Signore! Please! Be good now! We've brought you something special. Something you're going to love.

Silence.

VALET

Signore Salieri! Open the door. Come now. Be good!

now,
opened.

The voice of Old Salieri continues again, further off and louder. We hear a noise as if a window is being

OLD SALIERI

Mozart! Mozart! I confess it! Listen! I confess!

Valet
cake
down the

The two servants look at each other in alarm. Then the hands the candlestick to the Cook and takes a sugared from the dish, scrambling as quickly as he can back stairs.

NIGHT

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE SALIERI'S HOUSE - VIENNA -

drivers,
dancing
Snow
foot,
are
or
parties.
house.
stands
haired
dressing

The street is filled with people: ten cabs with five children, fifteen adults, two doormen, fifteen couples and a sled and three dogs. It is a windy night. Snow is falling and whirling about. People are passing on holding their cloaks tightly around them. Some of them are revelers in fancy dress: they wear masks on their faces or hanging around their necks, as if returning from parties. Now they are glancing up at the facade of the old house. The window above the street is open and Old Salieri stands there calling to the sky: a sharp-featured, white-haired Italian over seventy years old, wearing a stained dressing gown.

OLD SALIERI

Mozart! Mozart! I cannot bear it any longer! I confess! I confess what I did! I'm guilty! I killed you! Sir I confess! I killed you!

out,
shawl.

The door of the house bursts open. The Valet hobbles holding the sugared cake. The wind catches at his

OLD SALIERI
Mozart, perdonami! Forgive your assassin! Piet^! Piet^! Forgive your assassin! Forgive me! Forgive! Forgive!

VALET
(looking up to the window)
That's all right, Signore! He heard you! He forgave you! He wants you to go inside now and shut the window!

have

Old Salieri stares down at him. Some of the passersby now stopped and are watching this spectacle.

VALET
Come on, Signore! Look what I have for you! I can't give it to you from down here, can I?

away
Through
onlookers

Old Salieri looks at him in contempt. Then he turns back into the room, shutting the window with a bang. the glass, the old man stares down at the group of in the street. They stare back at him in confusion.

BYSTANDER
Who is that?

VALET
No one, sir. He'll be all right. Poor man. He's a little unhappy, you know.

inside the

He makes a sign indicating 'crazy,' and goes back house. The onlookers keep staring.

CUT TO:

INT. LANDING OUTSIDE OLD SALIERI'S SALON - NIGHT

hand,
panting.

The Cook is standing holding the candlestick in one the dish of cakes in the other. The Valet arrives,

VALET
Did he open?

knocks The Cook, scared, shakes his head: no. The Valet again
on the door.

VALET

Here I am, Signore. Now open the door.

He eats the sugared cake in his hand, elaborately and
noisily.

VALET

Mmmm - this is good! This is the most delicious thing I ever ate, believe me! Signore, you don't know what you're missing! Mmmm!

We hear a thump from inside the bedroom.

VALET

Now that's enough, Signore! Open!

We hear a terrible, throaty groaning.

VALET

If you don't open this door, we're going to eat everything. There'll be nothing left for you. And I'm not going to bring you anything more.

blood He looks down. From under the door we see a trickle of
of flowing. In horror, the two men stare at it. The dish
cakes falls from the Cook's hand and shatters.

servants run He sets the candlestick down on the floor. Both
and the at the door frantically - once, twice, three times -
frail lock gives. The door flies open.

Symphony Immediately, the stormy, frenzied opening of Mozart's
servants No. 25 (the Little G Minor) begins. We see what the
see.

INT. OLD SALIERI'S SALON - NIGHT

open Old Salieri lies on the floor in a pool of blood, an
alive. razor in his hand. He has cut his throat but is still
glimpse the He gestures at them. They run to him. Barely, we
forte- room - an old chair, old tables piled with books, a
the piano, a chamber-pot on the floor - as the Valet and

bleeding

Cook struggle to lift their old Master, and bind his
throat with a napkin.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

servants,

Twenty-five dancing couples, fifty guests, ten
full orchestra.

in

As the music slows a little, we see a Masquerade Ball
progress. A crowded room of dancers is executing the
slow

portion of a dance fashionable in the early 1820's.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SALIERI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

carried

As the fast music returns, we see Old Salieri being
placed

out of his house on a stretcher by two attendants, and
middle-

in a horse-drawn wagon under the supervision of a
gets in

aged doctor in a tall hat. This is DOCTOR GULDEN. He
the

beside his patient. The driver whips up the horse, and
wagon dashes off through the still-falling snow.

MONTAGE:

EXT. FOUR STREETS OF VIENNA AND

INT. THE WAGON - NIGHT

city.

The wagon is galloping through the snowy streets of the
blankets,

Inside the conveyance we see Old Salieri wrapped in
Doctor

half-conscious, being held by the hospital attendants.
the

Gulden stares at him grimly. The wagon arrives outside
General Hospital of Vienna.

CUT TO:

INT. A HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON

down

A wide, white-washed corridor. Doctor Gulden is walking
Chaplain at

it with a priest, a man of about forty, concerned, but
several

somewhat self-important. This is Father VOGLER,
All

the hospital. In the corridor as they walk, we note
patients -- some of them visibly disturbed mentally.

dark patients wear white linen smocks. Doctor Gulden wears a
frock-coat; Vogler, a cassock.

DOCTOR GULDEN
He's going to live. It's much harder
to cut your throat than most people
imagine.

They stop outside a door.

DOCTOR GULDEN
Here we are. Do you wish me to come
in with you?

VOGLER
No, Doctor. Thank you.

Vogler nods and opens the door.

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

chairs, a
Vogler
looking out
door
A bare room - one of the best available in the General
Hospital. It contains a bed, a table with candles,
small forte-piano of the early nineteenth century. As
enters, Old Salieri is sitting in a wheel-chair,
the window. His back is to us. The priest closes the
quietly behind him.

VOGLER
Herr Salieri?

his
and
later
Old Salieri turns around to look at him. We see that
throat is bandaged expertly. He wears hospital garb,
over it the Civilian Medal and Chain with which we will
see the EMPEROR invest him.

OLD SALIERI
What do you want?

VOGLER
I am Father Vogler. I am a Chaplain
here. I thought you might like to
talk to someone.

OLD SALIERI
About what?

VOGLER
You tried to take your life. You do
remember that, don't you?

OLD SALIERI
So?

VOGLER

In the sight of God that is a sin.

OLD SALIERI

What do you want?

VOGLER

Do you understand that you have sinned? Gravely.

OLD SALIERI

Leave me alone.

VOGLER

I cannot leave alone a soul in pain.

OLD SALIERI

Do you know who I am? You never heard of me, did you?

VOGLER

That makes no difference. All men are equal in God's eyes.

OLD SALIERI

Are they?

VOGLER

Offer me your confession. I can offer you God's forgiveness.

OLD SALIERI

I do not seek forgiveness.

VOGLER

My son, there is something dreadful on your soul. Unburden it to me. I'm here only for you. Please talk to me.

OLD SALIERI

How well are you trained in music?

VOGLER

I know a little. I studied it in my youth.

OLD SALIERI

Where?

VOGLER

Here in Vienna.

OLD SALIERI

Then you must know this.

an

He propels his wheelchair to the forte-piano, and plays unrecognizable melody.

VOGLER

I can't say I do. What is it?

OLD SALIERI

I'm surprised you don't know. It was a very popular tune in its day. I wrote it. How about this?

He plays another tune.

OLD SALIERI

This one brought down the house when we played it first.

He plays it with growing enthusiasm.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STAGE OF AN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - 1780'S

about
Persian
florid

We see the pretty soprano KATHERINA CAVALIERI, now twenty-four, dressed in an elaborate mythological costume, singing on stage. She's near the end of a very aria by Salieri. The audience applauds wildly.

1823

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON -

OLD SALIERI

(taking his hands off
the keys)

Well?

VOGLER

I regret it is not too familiar.

OLD SALIERI

Can you recall no melody of mine? I was the most famous composer in Europe when you were still a boy. I wrote forty operas alone. What about this little thing?

Kleine
a

Slyly he plays the opening measure of Mozart's Eine Nachtmusik. The priest nods, smiling suddenly, and hums a little with the music.

VOGLER

Oh, I know that! That's charming! I didn't know you wrote that.

OLD SALIERI

I didn't. That was Mozart. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. You know who that is?

VOGLER
Of course. The man you accuse yourself
of killing.

OLD SALIERI
Ah - you've heard that?

VOGLER
All Vienna has heard that.

OLD SALIERI
(eagerly)
And do they believe it?

VOGLER
Is it true?

OLD SALIERI
Do you believe it?

VOGLER
Should I?

A very long pause. Salieri stares above the priest,
seemingly
lost in his own private world.

VOGLER
For God's sake, my son, if you have
anything to confess, do it now!
Give yourself some peace!

A further pause.

VOGLER
Do you hear me?

OLD SALIERI
He was murdered, Father! Mozart!
Cruelly murdered.

Pause.

VOGLER
(almost whispering)
Yes? Did you do it?

Suddenly Old Salieri turns to him, a look of extreme
innocence.

OLD SALIERI
He was my idol! I can't remember a
time when I didn't know his name!
When I was only fourteen he was
already famous. Even in Legnago -
the tiniest town in Italy - I knew
of him.

CUT TO:

1780'S

EXT. A SMALL TOWN SQUARE IN LOMBARDY, ITALY - DAY -

square.
playing a
running

There are twelve children and twenty adults in the
We see the fourteen-year-old Salieri blindfolded,
game of Blindman's Bluff with other Italian children,
about in the bright sunshine and laughing.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)

I was still playing childish games
when he was playing music for kings
and emperors. Even the Pope in Rome!

CUT TO:

INT. A SALON IN THE VATICAN - DAY - 1780'S

seated in
harpsichord
churchmen.
smirking

We see the six-year-old MOZART, also blindfolded,
a gilded chair on a pile of books, playing the
for the POPE and a suite of CARDINALS and other
Beside the little boy stands LEOPOLD, his father,
with pride.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)

I admit I was jealous when I heard
the tales they told about him. Not
of the brilliant little prodigy
himself, but of his father, who had
taught him everything.

harpsichord
removes
eyes.
Leopold
applaud.

The piece finishes. Leopold lowers the lid of the
and lifts up his little son to stand on it. Mozart
the blindfold to show a pale little face with staring
Both father and son bow. A Papal Chamberlain presents
with a gold snuff box whilst the cardinals decorously
Over this scene Old Salieri speaks.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)

My father did not care for music. He
wanted me only to be a merchant,
like himself. As anonymous as he
was. When I told how I wished I could
be like Mozart, he would say, Why?
Do you want to be a trained monkey?
Would you like me to drag you around
Europe doing tricks like a circus
freak? How could I tell him what

music meant to me?

CUT TO:

EXT. A COUNTRY CHURCH IN NORTH ITALY - DAY - 1780'S

Stabat
Serene music of the Italian Baroque - Pergolesi's
Mater - sung by a choir of boys with organ
accompaniment.
We see the outside of the 17th-century church sitting
in the wide landscape of Lombardy: sunlit fields, a dusty,
white road, poplar trees.

INT. THE CHURCH AT LEGNAGO - DAY - 1780'S

old
The music continues and swells. We see the twelve-year-
the Salieri seated between his plump and placid parents in
heavy- congregation, listening in rapture. His father is a
the looking, self-approving man, obviously indifferent to
over music. A large and austere Christ on the cross hangs
the altar. Candles burn below his image.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)

Even then a spray of sounded notes
could make me dizzy, almost to
falling.

and
The boy falls forward on his knees. So do his parents
Christ the other members of the congregation. He stares up at
who stares back at him.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)

Whilst my father prayed earnestly to
God to protect commerce, I would
offer up secretly the proudest prayer
a boy could think of. Lord, make me
a great composer! Let me celebrate
your glory through music - and be
celebrated myself! Make me famous
through the world, dear God! Make me
immortal! After I die let people
speak my name forever with love for
what I wrote! In return I vow I will
give you my chastity - my industry,
my deepest humility, every hour of
my life. And I will help my fellow
man all I can. Amen and amen!

see
The music swells to a crescendo. The candles flare. We

benignly. the Christ through the flames looking at the boy

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)
And do you know what happened? A
miracle!

INT. DINING ROOM IN THE SALIERI HOUSE - DAY - 1780'S

pulls
Salieri
chin.
handing
black,
his
there is
All
pummeling

CU, a large cooked fish on a thick china plate. Camera
back to show the Salieri family at dinner. Father
sits at the head of the table, a napkin tucked into his
Mother Salieri is serving the fish into portions and
them round. Two maiden aunts are in attendance, wearing
and of course the young boy. Father Salieri receives
plate of fish and starts to eat greedily. Suddenly
a gasp - he starts to choke violently on a fish bone.
the women get up and crowd around him, thumping and
him, but it is in vain. Father Salieri collapses.

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON -

1823

OLD SALIERI
Suddenly he was dead. Just like that!
And my life changed forever. My mother
said, Go. Study music if you really
want to. Off with you! And off I
went as quick as I could and never
saw Italy again. Of course, I knew
God had arranged it all; that was
obvious. One moment I was a frustrated
boy in an obscure little town. The
next I was here, in Vienna, city of
musicians, sixteen years old and
studying under Gluck! Gluck, Father.
Do you know who he was? The greatest
composer of his time. And he loved
me! That was the wonder. He taught
me everything he knew. And when I
was ready, introduced me personally
to the Emperor! Emperor Joseph - the
musical king! Within a few years I
was his court composer. Wasn't that
incredible? Imperial Composer to His
Majesty! Actually the man had no ear
at all, but what did it matter? He
adored my music, that was enough.
Night after night I sat right next
to the Emperor of Austria, playing
duets with him, correcting the royal
sight-reading. Tell me, if you had

been me, wouldn't you have thought God had accepted your vow? And believe me, I honoured it. I was a model of virtue. I kept my hands off women, worked hours every day teaching students, many of them for free, sitting on endless committees to help poor musicians - work and work and work, that was all my life. And it was wonderful! Everybody liked me. I liked myself. I was the most successful musician in Vienna. And the happiest. Till he came. Mozart.

CUT TO:

DAY - INT. THE ARCHBISHOP OF SALZBURG'S RESIDENCE - VIENNA - 1780'S

Gypsy members of with bassoons, - are the the chairs

A grand room crowded with guests. A small group of musicians is playing in the background. Thirteen the Archbishop's orchestra - all wind players, complete 18th-century wind instruments: elaborate-looking basset horns, etc. and wearing their employer's livery laying out music on stands at one end of the room. At the other end is a large gilded chair, bearing the arms of ARCHBISHOP OF SALZBURG. A throng of people is standing, talking, and preparing to sit upon the rows of waiting to hear a concert.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)

One day he came to Vienna to play some of his music at the residence of his employer, the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg. Eagerly I went there to seek him out. That night changed my life.

turned-cut walking

We see Salieri, age thirty-one, a neat, carefully man in decent black clothes and clean white linen, walking through the crowd of guests. We follow him.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)

As I went through the salon, I played a game with myself. This man had written his first concerto at the age of four; his first symphony at seven; a full-scale opera at twelve. Did it show? Is talent like that

written on the face?

Salieri We see shots of assorted young men staring back at
as he moves through the crowd.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)
Which one of them could he be?

Then
pastries
delights,
Suddenly a servant bearing a large tray of cakes and
stalks past. Instantly riveted by the sight of such
Salieri follows him out of the Grand Salon.

INT. A PALACE CORRIDOR - DAY - 1780'S

aloft.
The servant marches along bearing his tray of pastries
Salieri follows him.

The servant turns into:

INT. BUFFET ROOM IN THE PALACE - DAY - 1780'S

with
is,
his
room.
Salieri's POV: several tables, dressed to the floor
cloths are loaded with many plates of confectionery. It
in fact, Salieri's idea of paradise! The servant puts
tray down on one of the tables and withdraws from the

INT. A PALACE CORRIDOR - DAY - 1780'S

servant.
buffet
room.
Salieri turns away so as not to be noticed by the
As soon as the man disappears, Salieri sneaks into the

INT. BUFFET ROOM IN THE PALACE - DAY - 1780'S

He
feast of
by a
of a
balls,
him.
Salieri enters the room and looks about him cautiously.
is salivating with anticipation as he stares at the
sweet things. His attention is attracted in particular
huge pile of dark chocolate balls arranged in the shape
pineapple. He reaches out a hand to steal one of the
but at the same moment he hears giggling coming toward
He ducks down behind the pastry table.

straight
room,
a
Constanze has
tiny
crawling
cat.
under
a
Mozart

A girl - CONSTANZE - rushes into the room. She runs across it and hides herself behind one of the tables. After a beat of total silence, MOZART runs into the room, stops, and looks around. He is age twenty-six, wearing a fine wig and a brilliant coat with the insignia of the Archbishop of Salzburg upon it. He is puzzled; Constanze has disappeared.

Baffled, he turns and is about to leave the room, when Constanze suddenly squeaks from under the cloth like a mouse. Instantly Mozart drops to all fours and starts crawling across the floor, meowing and hissing like a naughty cat. Watched by an astonished Salieri, Mozart disappears under the cloth and obviously pounces upon Constanze. We hear a high-pitched giggle, which is going to characterize Mozart throughout the film.

CUT TO:

instruments;
his
COLLOREDO,
self-
scarlet
ARCO.
sits.
music.
approaches
whispers

INT. PALACE GRAND SALON - DAY - 1780'S

The throng is mostly seated. The musicians are in their places, holding their various exotic-looking wind instruments; the candles are all lit. A Majordomo appears and bangs his staff on the floor for attention. Immediately COLLOREDO, Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg enters. He is a small self-scarlet important figure of fifty in a wig, surmounted by a skullcap. He is followed by his Chamberlain, the Count ARCO. Everyone stands. The Archbishop goes to his throne and sits. His guests sit also. Arco gives the signal to start the music. Nothing happens. Instead, a wind musician gets up, approaches the Chamberlain and whispers in his ear. Arco in turn whispers to the Archbishop.

ARCO
Mozart is not here.

COLLOREDO
Where is he?

ARCO
They're looking for him, Your Grace.

INT. A PALACE CORRIDOR - DAY - 1780'S

going
Three servants are opening doors and looking into rooms
off the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE GRAND SALON - DAY - 1780'S

Archbishop.
murmur
The guests are turning around and looking at the
The musicians are watching. There is puzzlement and a
of comment. The Archbishop tightens his lip.

COLLOREDO
(to Arco)
We'll start without him.

INT. PALACE BUFFET ROOM - DAY - 1780'S

reaches
giggling as
Mozart is on his knees before the tablecloth, which
to the floor. Under it is Constanze. We hear her
he talks.

MOZART
Miaouw! Miaouw! Mouse-woose? It's
Puss-wuss, fangs-wangs. Paws-claws.
Pounce-bounce!

her
He grabs her ankle. She screams. He pulls her out by
leg.

CONSTANZE
Stop it. Stop it!

They roll on the floor. He tickles her.

CONSTANZE
Stop it!

MOZART
I am! I am! I'm stopping it - slowly.
You see! Look, I've stopped. Now we
are going back.

He tries to drag her back under the table.

CONSTANZE
No! No! No!

MOZART

Yes! Back! Back! Listen - don't you know where you are?

CONSTANZE

Where?

MOZART

We are in the Residence of the Fartsbishop of Salzburg.

CONSTANZE

Fartsbishop!

She laughs delightedly, then addresses an imaginary Archbishop.

CONSTANZE

Your Grace, I've got something to tell you. I want to complain about this man.

MOZART

Go ahead, tell him. Tell them all. They won't understand you anyway.

CONSTANZE

Why not?

MOZART

Because here everything goes backwards. People walk backwards, dance backwards, sing backwards, and talk backwards.

CONSTANZE

That's stupid.

MOZART

Why? People fart backwards.

CONSTANZE

Do you think that's funny?

MOZART

Yes, I think it's brilliant. You've been doing it for years.

He gives a high pitched giggle.

CONSTANZE

Oh, ha, ha, ha.

MOZART

Sra-I'm-sick! Sra-I'm sick!

CONSTANZE

Yes, you are. You're very sick.

MOZART

No, no. Say it backwards, shit-wit. Sra-I'm-sick Say it backwards!

CONSTANZE
(working it out)
Sra-I'm-sick. Sick - kiss I'm - my
Kiss my! Sra-I'm-sick - Kiss my arse!

MOZART
Em iram! Em iram!

CONSTANZE
No, I'm not playing this game.

MOZART
No, this is serious. Say it backwards.

CONSTANZE
No!

MOZART
Just say it - you'll see. It's very
serious. Em iram! Em iram!

CONSTANZE
Iram - marry Em - marry me! No, no!
You're a fiend. I'm not going to
marry a fiend. A dirty fiend at that.

MOZART
Ui-vol-i-tub!

CONSTANZE
Tub - but i-tub - but I vol - love
but I love ui - You. I love you!

The mood becomes suddenly softer. She kisses him. They
embrace. Then he spoils it.

MOZART
Tish-I'm tee. What's that?

CONSTANZE
What?

MOZART
Tish-I'm-tee.

CONSTANZE
Eat

MOZART
Yes.

CONSTANZE
Eat my - ah!

music
the
Shocked, she strikes at him. At the same moment the
starts in the salon next door. We hear the opening of
Serenade for Thirteen Wind Instruments, K.

MOZART

My music! They've started! They've
started without me!

He leaps up, disheveled and rumpled and runs out of the
room.

Salieri watches in amazement and disgust.

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE CORRIDOR - DAY - 1780'S

The music is louder. Mozart hastens towards the Grand
Salon
goes.
away from the buffet room, adjusting his dress as he

INT. GRAND SALON - DAY - 1780'S

The opening of the Serenade is being tentatively
conducted
as
with
is
and
by the leader of the wind-musicians. Guests turn around
Mozart appears - bowing to the Archbishop - and walks
an attempt at dignity to the dais where the wind band
playing. The leader yields his place to the composer
Mozart smoothly takes over conducting.

Constanze, deeply embarrassed, sneaks into the room and
seats
herself at the back.

INT. PALACE BUFFET ROOM - DAY - 1780'S

The music fades down. Salieri stands shocked from his
almost in
inadvertent eavesdropping. After a second he moves
a trance toward the door; the music dissolves.

INT. GRAND SALON - DAY - 1780'S

Mozart is conducting the Adagio from his Serenade (K.
361),
squeezebox
door
Mozart.
guiding the thirteen wind instrumentalists. The
opening of the movement begins. Salieri appears at the
at the back of the salon. He stares in disbelief at

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)

So that was he! That giggling, dirty-
minded creature I'd just seen crawling
on the floor. Mozart. The phenomenon
whose legend had haunted my youth.
Impossible.

closed -
Finally
Salieri

The music swells up and Salieri listens to it with eyes
amazed, transported - suddenly engulfed by the sound.
it fades down and away and changes into applause.
opens his eyes.

also
looking at

The audience is clearly delighted. Mozart bows to them,
delighted. Colloredo rises abruptly, and without
Mozart or applauding and leaves the Salon. Count Arco
approaches the composer. Mozart turns to him, radiant.

ARCO
Follow me, please. The Archbishop
would like a word.

MOZART
Certainly!

He follows Arco out of the room, through a throng of
admirers.

INT. ANOTHER PALACE CORRIDOR - DAY - 1780'S

who is
steals

Mozart and Arco walk side by side. They pass Salieri
staring at Mozart in fascination. As they disappear, he
toward the music stands, unable to help himself.

MOZART
Well, I think that went off remarkably
well, don't you?

ARCO
Indeed.

MOZART
These Viennese certainly know good
music when they hear it.

ARCO
His Grace is very angry with you.

MOZART
What do you mean?

They arrive at the door of Colloredo's private
apartment.

ARCO
You are to come in here and ask his
pardon.

Arco opens the door.

INT. ARCHBISHOP'S PRIVATE ROOM - DAY - 1780'S

them

The Archbishop is sitting, chatting to guests. Among
are several ladies. Arco approaches him obsequiously.

ARCO

Your Grace.

COLLOREDO

Ah, Mozart. Why?

MOZART

Why what, sir?

COLLOREDO

Why do I have to be humiliated in
front of my guests by one of my own
servants?

MOZART

Humiliated?

COLLOREDO

How much provocation am I to endure
from you? The more license I allow
you, the more you take.

The company watches this scene, deeply interested.

MOZART

If His Grace is not satisfied with
me, he can dismiss me.

COLLOREDO

I wish you to return immediately to
Salzburg. Your father is waiting for
you there patiently. I will speak to
you further when I come.

MOZART

No, Your Grace! I mean with all
humility, no. I would rather you
dismissed me. It's obvious I don't
satisfy.

COLLOREDO

Then try harder, Mozart. I have no
intention of dismissing you. You
will remain in my service and learn
your place. Go now.

He extends his hand to be kissed. Mozart does it with a
furious grace, then leaves the room. As he opens the

door we

see:

INT. PALACE CORRIDOR - DAY - 1780'S

A group of people who have attended the concert, among

them

Constanze, are standing outside the private apartment.

At

sight of the composer they break into sustained
applause. Mozart is suddenly delighted. He throws the door wide
open
so that the guests can see into the private apartment
where the Archbishop sits - and he can see them. Colloredo is
clearly discomfited by this reception of his employee.
He smiles and bows uneasily, as they include him in the
small
ovation.
Mozart stands in the corridor, out of the Archbishop's
line
of sight, bowing and giggling, and encouraging the
applause
for the Archbishop with conducting gestures. Suddenly
and irritated, Colloredo signs to Arco, who steps forward
shuts the door, ending the applause.

INT. PALACE GRAND SALON - DAY - 1780'S

Salieri, in this vast room, is standing and looking at
the
full score of the Serenade. He turns the pages back to
the
slow movement. Instantly, we again hear its lyrical
strains.

CU, Salieri, reading the score of the Adagio in
helpless
fascination. The music is played against his
description of
it.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)

Extraordinary! On the page it looked
nothing. The beginning simple, almost
comic. Just a pulse - bassoons and
basset horns - like a rusty
squeezebox. Then suddenly - high
above it - an oboe, a single note,
hanging there unwavering, till a
clarinet took over and sweetened it
into a phrase of such delight! This
was no composition by a performing
monkey! This was a music I'd never
heard. Filled with such longing,
such unfulfillable longing, it had
me trembling. It seemed to me that I
was hearing a voice of God.

Suddenly the music snaps off. Mozart stands before him
as he
lays down the score.

MOZART

Excuse me!

room.
little

He takes the score, bows, and struts briskly out of the
Salieri stares uncomprehendingly after the jaunty
figure.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)

But why?

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 1823

OLD SALIERI

Why? Would God choose an obscene
child to be His instrument? It was
not to be believed! This piece had
to be an accident. It had to be!

INT. PALACE DINING ROOM - DAY - 1780'S

frugal
dapper
but
and
of
the
grave
and
pens
is

At the table sits the EMPEROR JOSEPH II, eating his
dinner and sipping goat's milk. He is an intelligent,
man of forty, wearing a military uniform. Around him
standing, are his Chamberlain, JOHANN VON STRACK: stiff
highly correct. COUNT ORSINI-ROSENBERG: a corpulent man
sixty, highly conscious of his position as Director of
Opera. BARON VON SWIETEN, the Imperial Librarian: a
but kindly and educated man in his mid-fifties. FIRST
KAPELLMEISTER GIUSEPPE BONNO: very Italian, cringing
time-serving, aged about seventy. And Salieri, wearing
decorous black, as usual.
At a side-table, two Imperial secretaries, using quill
and inkstands, write down everything of importance that
said.

JOSEPH

How good is he, this Mozart?

VON SWIETEN

He's remarkable, Majesty. I heard an
extraordinary serious opera of his
last month. Idomeneo, King of Crete.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

That? A most tiresome piece. I heard
it, too.

VON SWIETEN

Tiresome?

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

A young man trying to impress beyond his abilities. Too much spice. Too many notes.

VON SWIETEN

Majesty, I thought it the most promising work I've heard in years.

JOSEPH

Ah-ha. Well then, we should make some effort to acquire him. We could use a good German composer in Vienna, surely?

VON STRACK

I agree, Majesty, but I'm afraid it's not possible. The young man is still in the pay of the Archbishop.

JOSEPH

Very small pay, I imagine. I'm sure he could be tempted with the right offer. Say, an opera in German for our National Theatre.

VON SWIETEN

Excellent, sire!

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

But not German, I beg your Majesty! Italian is the proper language for opera. All educated people agree on that.

JOSEPH

Ah-ha. What do you say, Chamberlain?

VON STRACK

In my opinion, it is time we had a piece in our own language, sir. Plain German. For plain people.

He looks defiantly at Orsini-Rosenberg.

JOSEPH

Ah-ha. Kapellmeister?

BONNO

(Italian accent)

Majesty, I must agree with Herr Dirretore. Opera is an Italian art, solamente. German is - scusate - too bruta for singing, too rough.

JOSEPH

Ah-ha. Court Composer, what do you say?

SALIERI

I think it is an interesting notion

to keep Mozart in Vienna, Majesty.
It should really infuriate the
Archbishop beyond measure - if that
is your Majesty's intention.

JOSEPH

You are cattivo, Court Composer.
(briskly, to Von Strack)
I want to meet this young man.
Chamberlain, arrange a pleasant
welcome for him.

VON STRACK

Yes, sir.

JOSEPH

Well. There it is.

INT. BEDROOM IN SALIERI'S APARTMENT - DAY - 1780'S

study.
above
figure
his
and
he
composing,
quill,
wig.

A somber room which serves both as a bedroom and a
We see a four-poster bed. Also, a marble mantelpiece
which hangs a handsome cross in olivewood, bearing the
of a severe Christ. Opposite this image sits Salieri at
desk, on which stands a pile of music paper, quill pens
ink. On one side of him is an open forte-piano on which
occasionally tries notes from the march he is
with some difficulty. He scratches notes out with his
and ruffles his hair - which we see without a powdered
There is a knock at the door.

SALIERI

Si.

appears
napkin.

A servant admits LORL, a young lower-class girl, who
carrying a basket in which is a box covered with a
She has just come from the baker's shop.

SALIERI

Ah! Here she comes. Fraulein Lorl,
good morning.

LORL

Good morning, sir.

SALIERI

What have you got for me today? Let
me see.

box. Greedily he unwraps the napkin and lifts the lid on the

SALIERI

Ah-ha! Siena macaroons - my favourites. Give my best thanks to the baker.

LORL

I will, sir.

He takes a biscuit and eats.

SALIERI

Thank you. Are you well today, Fraulein Lorl?

LORL

Yes, thank you, sir.

SALIERI

Bene! Bene!

is She gives a little curtsey, flattered and giggling and
plays shown out. Salieri turns back to his work, chewing. He
pleased through a complete line of the march. He smiles,
with the result.

SALIERI

Grazie, Signore.

fireplace, and He inclines his head to the Christ above the
which starts to play the whole march, including the phrase
pleased him.

INT. A WIGMAKER'S SHOP - VIENNA - DAY - 1780'S

Mozart, The march continues on the forte-piano as we see
wig. On seated in front of a mirror, wearing an extravagant
holding either side of him stands a SALESMAN, one of them
first another wig, equally extravagant. Mozart takes off the
extremely wig, to reveal his own blonde hair, of which he is
proud, and hands it back.

MOZART

And the other one?

pulls a The Salesman puts the second wig on his head. Mozart
face of doubt in the mirror.

MOZART

And the other one?

the He takes it off and the other Salesman replaces it with
first wig on his head.

MOZART

Oh, they're both so beautiful, I
can't decide. Why don't I have two
heads?

He giggles. The music stops.

INT. GRAND SALON - THE ROYAL PALACE - DAY - 1780'S

Joseph A door opens. We glimpse in the next room the Emperor
standing bidding goodbye to a group of military officers
around a table.

JOSEPH

Good, good, good.

awaits He turns and comes into the salon, where another group
Bonno, Von him. It consists of Von Strack, Orsini-Rosenberg,
chairs Swieten and Salieri. The room contains several gilded
dotted about, and a forte-piano.

JOSEPH

Good morning, gentlemen.

All bow and say, Good morning, Your Majesty!

JOSEPH

(to Von Strack)

Well, what do you have for me today?

VON STRACK

Your Majesty, Herr Mozart -

JOSEPH

Yes, what about him?

VON STRACK

He's here.

JOSEPH

Ah-ha. Well. There it is. Good.

SALIERI

Majesty, I hope you won't think it
improper, but I have written a little
March of Welcome in his honour.

He produces a paper.

JOSEPH
What a charming idea. May I see?

SALIERI
(handing it over)
It's just a trifle, of course.

JOSEPH
May I try it?

SALIERI
Majesty.

first
The Emperor goes to the instrument, sits and plays the
bars of it. Quite well.

JOSEPH
Delightful, Court Composer. Would
you permit me to play it as he comes
in?

SALIERI
You do me too much honour, Sire.

JOSEPH
Let's have some fun.
(to the waiting
Majordomo)
Bring in Herr Mozart, please. But
slowly, slowly. I need a minute to
practice.

himself
The Majordomo bows and goes. The Emperor addresses
to the march. He plays a wrong note.

SALIERI
A-flat, Majesty.

JOSEPH
Ah-ha!

INT. PALACE CORRIDOR - VIENNA - DAY - 1780'S

marching
one of
Taking his instructions literally, the Majordomo is
very slowly toward the salon door. He is followed by a
bewildered Mozart, dressed very stylishly and wearing
the wigs from the perruquier.

INT. ROYAL PALACE GRAND SALON - DAY - 1780'S

Joseph finishes the march. The door opens.

MAJORDOMO
Herr Mozart.

played
Mozart comes in eagerly. Immediately the march begins,

fiercely
the
itself.

by His Majesty. All the courtiers stand, listening with admiration. Joseph plays well, but applies himself to the manuscript. Mozart, still bewildered, regards the scene, but does not seem to pay attention to the music. It finishes and all clap obsequiously.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG
Bravo, Your Majesty!

VON STRACK
Well done, Sire!

the
the

The Emperor rises, pleased with himself. He snatches the manuscript off the stand and holds it in his hand for the rest of the scene.

JOSEPH
Gentlemen, gentlemen, a little less enthusiasm, I beg you. Ah, Mozart.

knees, and
fervour.

He extends his hand. Mozart throws himself to his knees, and to Joseph's discomfort kisses the royal hand with fervour.

MOZART
Your Majesty!

JOSEPH
No, no, please! It is not a holy relic.

(raising Mozart up)
You know we have met already? In this very room. Perhaps you won't remember it, you were only six years old.

(to the others)
He was giving the most brilliant little concert here. As he got off the stool, he slipped and fell. My sister Antoinette helped him up herself, and do you know what he did? Jumped straight into her arms and said, Will you marry me, yes or no?

helps

Embarrassed, Mozart bursts into a wild giggle. Joseph helps him out.

JOSEPH
You know all these gentlemen, I'm sure.

Von Strack and Bonno nod.

JOSEPH
The Baron Von Swieten.

VON SWIETEN
I'm a great admirer of yours, young
man. Welcome.

MOZART
Oh, thank you.

JOSEPH
The Director of our Opera. Count
Orsini-Rosenberg.

MOZART
(bowing excitedly)
Oh sir, yes! The honour is mine.
Absolutely.

Orsini-Rosenberg nods without enthusiasm.

JOSEPH
And here is our illustrious Court
Composer, Herr Salieri.

SALIERI
(taking his hand)
Finally! Such an immense joy. Diletto
straordinario!

MOZART
I know your work well, Signore. Do
you know I actually composed some
variations on a melody of yours?

SALIERI
Really?

MOZART
Mio caro Adone.

SALIERI
Ah!

MOZART
A funny little tune, but it yielded
some good things.

JOSEPH
And now he has returned the
compliment. Herr Salieri composed
that March of Welcome for you.

MOZART
(speaking expertly)
Really? Oh, grazie, Signore! Sono
commosso! E un onore per mo
eccezionale. Compositore brillante
e famosissimo!

He bows elaborately. Salieri inclines himself, dryly.

SALIERI

My pleasure.

JOSEPH

Well, there it is. Now to business.
Young man, we are going to commission
an opera from you. What do you say?

MOZART

Majesty!

JOSEPH

(to the courtiers)

Did we vote in the end for German or
Italian?

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

Well, actually, Sire, if you remember,
we did finally incline to Italian.

VON STRACK

Did we?

VON SWIETEN

I don't think it was really decided,
Director.

MOZART

Oh, German! German! Please let it be
German.

JOSEPH

Why so?

MOZART

Because I've already found the most
wonderful libretto!

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

Oh? Have I seen it?

MOZART

I - I don't think you have, Herr
Director. Not yet. I mean, it's quite
n - Of course, I'll show it to you
immediately.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

I think you'd better.

JOSEPH

Well, what is it about? Tell us the
story.

MOZART

It's actually quite amusing, Majesty.
It's set - the whole thing is set
in a - in a -

He stops short with a little giggle.

JOSEPH

Yes, where?

MOZART

In a Pasha's Harem, Majesty. A Seraglio.

JOSEPH

Ah-ha.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

You mean in Turkey?

MOZART

Exactly.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

Then why especially does it have to be in German?

MOZART

Well not especially. It can be in Turkish, if you really want. I don't care.

He giggles again. Orsini-Rosenberg looks at him sourly.

VON SWIETEN

(kindly)

My dear fellow, the language is not finally the point. Do you really think that subject is quite appropriate for a national theatre?

MOZART

Why not? It's charming. I mean, I don't actually show concubines exposing their! their! It's not indecent!

(to Joseph)

It's highly moral, Majesty. It's full of proper German virtues. I swear it. Absolutely!

JOSEPH

Well, I'm glad to hear that.

SALIERI

Excuse me, Sire, but what do you think these could be? Being a foreigner, I would love to learn.

JOSEPH

Cattivo again, Court Composer. Well, tell him, Mozart. Name us a German virtue.

MOZART

Love, Sire!

SALIERI

Ah, love! Well of course in Italy we know nothing about that.

laugh

The Italian faction - Orsini-Rosenberg and Bonno - discreetly.

MOZART

No, I don't think you do. I mean watching Italian opera, all those male sopranos screeching. Stupid fat couples rolling their eyes about! That's not love - it's just rubbish.

amusement.

An embarrassed pause. Bonno giggles in nervous

MOZART

Majesty, you choose the language. It will be my task to set it to the finest music ever offered a monarch.

Pause. Joseph is clearly pleased.

JOSEPH

Well, there it is. Let it be German.

turns

He nods - he has wanted this result all the time. He and makes for the door. All bow. Then he becomes aware of the manuscript in his hand.

JOSEPH

Ah, this is yours.

Mozart does not take it.

MOZART

Keep it, Sire, if you want to. It is already here in my head.

JOSEPH

What? On one hearing only?

MOZART

I think so, Sire, yes.

Pause.

JOSEPH

Show me.

Emperor.

Mozart bows and hands the manuscript back to the others, except for Salieri, gather around the manuscript held by the

deadly

King. Mozart plays the first half of the march with accuracy.

MOZART

(to Salieri)

The rest is just the same, isn't it?

of a

He plays the first half again but stops in the middle phrase, which he repeats dubiously.

MOZART

That really doesn't work, does it?

All the courtiers look at Salieri.

MOZART

Did you try this? Wouldn't it be just a little more -?

He plays another phrase.

MOZART

Or this - yes, this! Better.

so
later in
with
a
He
with a

He plays another phrase. Gradually, he alters the music that it turns into the celebrated march to be used The Marriage of Figaro, Non Piu Andrai. He plays it increasing abandon and virtuosity. Salieri watches with a fixed smile on his face. The court watches, astonished. He finishes in great glory, takes his hands off the keys gesture of triumph - and grins.

INT. BEDROOM IN SALIERI'S APARTMENT - DAY - 1780'S

desk,

We see the olivewood cross. Salieri is sitting at his staring at it.

SALIERI

Grazie, Signore.

sits

There is a knock at the door. He does not hear it, but on. Another knock, louder.

SALIERI

Yes?

Lorl comes in.

LORL

Madame Cavalieri is here for her lesson, sir.

SALIERI

Bene.

He gets up and enters:

INT. MUSIC ROOM IN SALIERI'S APARTMENT - DAY - 1780'S

twenty
wearing
Lorl

KATHERINA CAVALIERI, a young, high-spirited soprano of
is waiting for him, dressed in a fashionable dress and
on her head an exotic turban of satin, with a feather.
exits.

CAVALIERI

(curtseying to him)

Maestro.

SALIERI

Good morning.

CAVALIERI

(posing, in her turban)

Well? How do you like it? It's
Turkish. My hairdresser tells me
everything's going to be Turkish
this year!

SALIERI

Really? What else did he tell you
today? Give me some gossip.

CAVALIERI

Well, I heard you met Herr Mozart.

SALIERI

Oh? News travels fast in Vienna.

CAVALIERI

And he's been commissioned to write
an opera. Is it true?

SALIERI

Yes.

CAVALIERI

Is there a part for me?

SALIERI

No.

CAVALIERI

How do you know?

SALIERI

Well even if there is, I don't think
you want to get involved with this
one.

CAVALIERI

Why not?

SALIERI

Well, do you know where it's set, my dear?

CAVALIERI

Where?

SALIERI

In a harem.

CAVALIERI

What's that?

SALIERI

A brothel.

CAVALIERI

Oh!

SALIERI

A Turkish brothel.

CAVALIERI

Turkish? Oh, if it's Turkish, that's different. I want to be in it.

SALIERI

My dear, it will hardly enhance your reputation to be celebrated throughout Vienna as a singing prostitute for a Turk.

He seats himself at the forte-piano.

CAVALIERI

Oh. Well perhaps you could introduce us anyway.

SALIERI

Perhaps.

He plays a chord. She sings a scale, expertly. He strikes off. He plays another chord. She starts another scale, then breaks off.

CAVALIERI

What does he look like?

SALIERI

You might be disappointed.

CAVALIERI

Why?

SALIERI

Looks and talent don't always go together, Katherina.

CAVALIERI

(airily)

Looks don't concern me, Maestro.
Only talent interests a woman of
taste.

next He strikes the chord again, firmly. Cavalieri sings her
exercises scale, then another one, and another one, doing her
orchestral in earnest. As she hits a sustained high note the
Il accompaniment in the middle of Martern Aller Arten from
Seraglio comes in underneath and the music changes from
exercises to the exceedingly florid aria.

not We DISSOLVE on the singer's face, and she is suddenly
Turkish merely turbaned, but painted and dressed totally in a
manner, and we are on:

INT. OPERA STAGE - VIENNA - 1780'S

addressing The heroine of the opera (Cavalieri) is in full cry
the Pasha with scorn and defiance.

the The house is full. Watching the performance - which is
and conducted by Mozart from the clavier in the midst of
orchestra - we note Von Strack, Orsini-Rosenberg, Bonno
Von Swieten, all grouped around the Emperor, in a box.

and In another box we see an overdressed, middle-aged woman
three girls, one of whom is Constanze. This is the

formidable MADAME WEBER and her three daughters, Constanze, JOSEFA

and SOPHIE. All are enraptured by the spectacle and Madame

Weber is especially enraptured by being there at all. Not so,
stage. Salieri, who sits in another box, coldly watching the

Doch Cavalieri is singing Martern aller Arten from the line
du bist entschlossen.

CAVALIERI

Since you are determined, Since you
are determined, Calmly, with no
ferment, Welcome - every pain and
woe. Bind me then - compel me! Bind
me then - compel me! Hurt me. Break
me! Kill me! At last I shall be freed
by death!

composer
with
over

After a few moments of this showy aria, with the
and the singer staring at each other - he conducting
elaborately for her benefit, and she following his beat
rapturous eyes - the music fades, and Salieri speaks
it.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)
There she was. I had no idea where
they met - or how - yet there she
stood on stage for all to see. Showing
off like the greedy songbird she
was. Ten minutes of ghastly scales
and arpeggios, whizzing up and down
like fireworks at a fairground.

Music up again for the last 30 bars of the aria.

CAVALIERI
(singing)
Be freed at last by death! Be freed
at last by death! At last I shall be
freed By! Death!

Before the orchestral coda ends, cut to:

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 1823

Through the window we see that night has fallen.

OLD SALIERI
Understand, I was in love with the
girl. Or at least in lust. I wasn't
a saint. It took me the most
tremendous effort to be faithful to
my vow. I swear to you I never laid
a finger on her. All the same, I
couldn't bear to think of anyone
else touching her - least of all the
Creature.

CUT

BACK TO:

INT. THE OPERA HOUSE - VIENNA - NIGHT - 1780'S

us.
with

The brilliant Turkish finale of Seraglio bursts over
All the cast is lined up on stage. Mozart is conducting
happy excitement.

CAST OF SERAGLIO
(singing)
Pasha Selim May he Live forever!
Ever, ever, ever, ever! Honour to
his regal name! Honour to his regal
name! May his noble brow emblazon

Glory, fortune, joy and fame! Honour
be to Pasha Selim Honour to his regal
name! Honour to his regal name!

vigorously
curtains
He
again
descend,

The curtains fall. Much applause. The Emperor claps
and - following his lead - so do the courtiers. The
part. Mozart applauds the singers who applaud him back.
He
skips up onto the stage amongst them. The curtains fall
again
as they all bow. In the auditorium, the chandeliers
descend,
filling it with light.

INT. OPERA HOUSE STAGE - VIENNA - NIGHT - 1780'S

in
approaching
Strack,
follow

The curtains are down, and an excited hubbub of singers
in
costume surround Mozart and Cavalieri, all excited and
approaching
chattering. Suddenly a hush. The Emperor is seen
Strack,
from the wings, lit by flunkies holding candles. Von
follow
Orsini-Rosenberg and Von Swieten, amongst others,
him. Also Salieri. The singers line up. Joseph stops at
Cavalieri who makes a deep curtsey.

JOSEPH

Bravo, Madame. You are an ornament
to our stage.

CAVALIERI

Majesty.

JOSEPH

(to Salieri)

And to you, Court Composer. Your
pupil has done you great credit.

INT. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - VIENNA - NIGHT - 1780'S

MADAME WEBER

Let us pass, please! Let us pass at
once! We're with the Emperor.

FLUNKY

I am sorry, Madame. It is not
permitted.

MADAME WEBER

Do you know who I am?

(pointing to Constanze)

This is my daughter. I am Frau Weber.
We are favoured guests!

FLUNKY

I am sorry, Madame, but I have my
orders.

MADAME WEBER

Call Herr Mozart! You call Herr Mozart immediately! This is insupportable!

CONSTANZE

Mother, please!

MADAME WEBER

Go ahead, Constanze. Just ignore this fellow.

(pushing her)

Go ahead, dear!

FLUNKY

(barring the way)

I am sorry, Madame, but no! I cannot let anyone pass.

MADAME WEBER

Young man, I am no stranger to theatres. I'm no stranger to insolence!

CUT

BACK TO:

INT. OPERA HOUSE STAGE - VIENNA - NIGHT - 1780'S

All are applauding Cavalieri. The Emperor turns to Mozart.

JOSEPH

Well, Herr Mozart! A good effort. Decidedly that. An excellent effort! You've shown us something quite new today.

Mozart bows frantically: he is over-excited.

MOZART

It is new, it is, isn't it, Sire?

JOSEPH

Yes, indeed.

MOZART

And German?

JOSEPH

Oh, yes. Absolutely. German. Unquestionably!

MOZART

So then you like it? You really like it, Your Majesty?

JOSEPH

Of course I do. It's very good. Of course now and then - just now and then - it gets a touch elaborate.

MOZART

What do you mean, Sire?

JOSEPH

Well, I mean occasionally it seems to have, how shall one say?

(he stops in difficulty; to Orsini-Rosenberg)

How shall one say, Director?

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

Too many notes, Your Majesty?

JOSEPH

Exactly. Very well put. Too many notes.

MOZART

I don't understand. There are just as many notes, Majesty, as are required. Neither more nor less.

JOSEPH

My dear fellow, there are in fact only so many notes the ear can hear in the course of an evening. I think I'm right in saying that, aren't I, Court Composer?

SALIERI

Yes! yes! er, on the whole, yes, Majesty.

MOZART

(to Salieri)

But this is absurd!

JOSEPH

My dear, young man, don't take it too hard. Your work is ingenious. It's quality work. And there are simply too many notes, that's all. Cut a few and it will be perfect.

MOZART

Which few did you have in mind, Majesty?

Pause. General embarrassment.

JOSEPH

Well. There it is.

of
by
spectacle.

Into this uncomfortable scene bursts a sudden eruption of noise and Madame Weber floods onto the stage, followed by her daughters. All turn to look at this amazing spectacle.

MADAME WEBER

Wolfi! Wolfi, my dear!

absurd
at
curtsey.

She moves toward Mozart with arms outstretched in an
theatrical gesture, then sees the Emperor. She stares
him, mesmerized, her mouth open, unable even to

MADAME WEBER

Oh!

Mozart moves forward quickly.

MOZART

Majesty, this is Madame Weber. She
is my landlady.

JOSEPH

Enchanted, Madame.

MADAME WEBER

Oh, Sire! such an honour! And, and,
and these are my dear daughters.
This is Constanze. She is the fiancée
of Herr Mozart.

news.

Constanze curtsies. CU, of Cavalieri, astonished at the
CU, of Salieri, watching her receive it.

JOSEPH

Really? How delightful. May I ask
when you marry?

MOZART

Well - Well we haven't quite received
my father's consent, Your Majesty.
Not entirely. Not altogether.

He giggles uncomfortably.

JOSEPH

Excuse me, but how old are you?

MOZART

Twenty-six.

JOSEPH

Well, my advice is to marry this
charming young lady and stay with us
in Vienna.

MADAME WEBER

You see? You see? I've told him that,
Your Majesty, but he won't listen to
me.

away
Cavalieri is glaring at Mozart. Mozart looks hastily
from her.

MADAME WEBER

Oh, Your Majesty, you give such
wonderful - such impeccable - such
royal advice. I - I - May I?

instead.
She attempts to kiss the royal hand, but faints
The Emperor contemplates her prone body and steps back
a
pace.

JOSEPH

Well. There it is. Strack.

his
He nods pleasantly to all and leaves the stage, with
Chamberlain. All bow.

the
her
second,
Weber.
Cavalieri turns with a savage look at Mozart and leaves
stage the opposite way, to her dressing room, tossing
plumed head. Salieri watches. Mozart stays for a
indecisive whether to follow the soprano or help Madame

CONSTANZE

(to Mozart)

Get some water!

Weber.
He hurries away. The daughters gather around Madame

INT. CAVALIERI'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT - 1780'S

taking the
her.
Katherina sits fuming at her mirror. A dresser is
pins out of her wig as she stares straight ahead of
Mozart sticks his head round the door.

MOZART

Katherina! I'll tell you what I'm
going to do. I'm going to write
another aria for you. Something even
more amazing for the second act. I
have to get some water. Her mother
is lying on the stage.

CAVALIERI

Don't bother!

MOZART

What?

CAVALIERI

Don't bother.

MOZART
I'll be right back.

He dashes off.

INT. OPERA HOUSE STAGE - VIENNA - NIGHT - 1780'S

crowd
carrying
turmoil

Constanze and Mozart make their way quickly through a
of actors in turbans and caftans, and stagehands
bits of the dismantled set of Seraglio. We see all the
of backstage after a performance.

water.
the
stage.

A fireman passes Mozart carrying a small bucket of
Mozart snatches it from him and pushes his way through
crowd to Madame Weber, who still lies prone on the

throws
shock.

Mozart pushes through the crowd surrounding her and
water on her face. She is instantly revived by the
Constanze assists her to rise.

CONSTANZE
Are you all right?

Instead of being furious, Madame Weber smiles at them
rapturously.

MADAME WEBER
Ah, what an evening! What a wise man
we have for an Emperor. Oh, my
children!
(with sudden, hard
briskness)
Now I want you to write your father
exactly what His Majesty said.

The activity continues to swirl around them.

MOZART
You should really go home now, Frau
Weber. Your carriage must be waiting.

MADAME WEBER
But aren't you taking us?

MOZART
I have to talk to the singers.

MADAME WEBER
That's all right; we'll wait for
you. Just don't take all night.

INT. CAVALIERI'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT - 1780'S

very

Cavaliere, still in costume, is marching up and down,
agitated.

CAVALIERI

Did you know? Had you heard?

SALIERI

What?

CAVALIERI

The marriage!

SALIERI

Well, what does it matter to you?

CAVALIERI

Nothing! He can marry who he pleases.
I don't give a damn.

herself.

She catches him looking at her and tries to compose

CAVALIERI

How was I? Tell me honestly.

SALIERI

You were sublime.

CAVALIERI

What did you think of the music?

SALIERI

Extremely clever.

CAVALIERI

Meaning you didn't like it.

Mozart comes in unexpectedly.

MOZART

Oh - excuse me!

CAVALIERI

Is her mother still lying on the
floor?

MOZART

No, she's fine.

CAVALIERI

I'm so relieved.

She seats herself at her mirror and removes her wig.

SALIERI

Dear Mozart, my sincere
congratulations.

MOZART
Did you like it, then?

SALIERI
How could I not?

MOZART
It really is the best music one can
hear in Vienna today. Don't you agree?

CAVALIERI
Is she a good fuck?

MOZART
What??

CAVALIERI
I assume she's the virtuoso in that
department. There can't be any other
reason you'd marry someone like that.

Salieri looks astonished. There is a knock on the door.

CAVALIERI
Come in!

The door opens. Constanze enters.

CONSTANZE
Excuse me, Wolfi. Mama is not feeling
very well. Can we leave now?

MOZART
Of course.

CAVALIERI
No, no, no, no. You can't take him
away now. This is his night. Won't
you introduce us, Wolfgang?

MOZART
Excuse us, Fraulein. Good night,
Signore.

looks
out of
Mozart hurries Constanze out of the door. Cavalieri
after them as they go, her voice breaking and rising
control.

CAVALIERI
You really are full of surprises,
aren't you? You are quite
extraordinary, you little shit!

Salieri's
She turns and collapses, crying with rage, into
arms. We focus on him.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)
At that moment I knew beyond any

doubt. He'd had her. The Creature
had had my darling girl.

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 1820'S

The old man speaks passionately to the priest.

OLD SALIERI

It was incomprehensible. What was
God up to? Here I was denying all my
natural lust in order to deserve
God's gift and there was Mozart
indulging his in all directions -
even though engaged to be married! -
and no rebuke at all! Was it possible
I was being tested? Was God expecting
me to offer forgiveness in the face
of every offense, no matter how
painful? That was very possible. All
the same, why him? Why use Mozart to
teach me lessons in humility? My
heart was filling up with such hatred
for that little man. For the first
time in my life I began to know really
violent thoughts. I couldn't stop
them.

VOGLER

Did you try?

OLD SALIERI

Every day. Sometimes for hours I
would pray!

INT. SALIERI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY - 1780'S

The young Salieri is kneeling in desperation before the
Cross.

SALIERI

Please! Please! Send him away, back
to Salzburg. For his sake as well as
mine.

CU, Christ staring from the Cross.

CUT

BACK TO:

DAY -
INT. AUDIENCE HALL - ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE - SALZBURG -
1780'S

Archbishop

Arco

handsome man

We see Leopold kneeling now not to the Cross but to
Colloredo, sitting impassively on his throne. Count
stands beside him. Leopold is a desperate, once-
of sixty, now far too much the subservient courtier.

COLLOREDO

No! I won't have him back.

LEOPOLD

But he needs to be here in Salzburg, Your Grace. He needs me and he needs you. Your protection, your understanding.

COLLOREDO

Hardly.

LEOPOLD

Oh sir, yes! He's about to make the worst mistake of his life. Some little Viennese slut is trying to trick him into marriage. I know my son. He is too simple to see the trap - and there is no one there who really cares for him.

COLLOREDO

I'm not surprised. Money seems to be more important to him than loyalty or friendship. He has sold himself to Vienna. Let Vienna look out for him.

LEOPOLD

Sir -

COLLOREDO

Your son is an unprincipled, spoiled, conceited brat.

LEOPOLD

Yes, sir, that's the truth. But don't blame him. The fault is mine. I was too indulgent with him. But not again. Never again, I promise! I implore you - let me bring him back here. I'll make him give his word to serve you faithfully.

COLLOREDO

And how will you make him keep it?

LEOPOLD

Oh, sir, he's never disobeyed me in anything. Please, Your Grace, give him one more chance.

COLLOREDO

You have leave to try.

LEOPOLD

Oh, Your Grace - I thank Your Grace!
I thank you!

In deepest gratitude he kisses the Archbishop's hand.

He

fortissimo
theme

motions Leopold to rise. We hear the first dark
chord which begins the Overture to Don Giovanni: the
associated with the character of the Commendatore.

LEOPOLD (V.O.)

My dear son.

The second fortissimo chord sounds.

INT. A BAROQUE CHURCH - DAY - 1780'S

down,
voice

We see a huge CU, of Mozart's head, looking front and
as if reading his father's letter. We hear Leopold's
over this image, no longer whining and anxious, but
impressive.

LEOPOLD (V.O.)

I write to you with urgent news. I
am coming to Vienna. Take no further
steps toward marriage until we meet.
You are too gullible to see your own
danger. As you honour the father who
has devoted his entire life to yours,
do as I bid, and await my coming.

MOZART

I will.

kneeling
Madame
Among
BARONESS

The camera pulls back to see that he is in fact
beside Constanze. A PRIEST faces them. Behind them are
Weber, Josefa and Sophie Weber, and a very few others.
them, a merry looking lady in bright clothes: the
WALDSTADTEN.

PRIEST

And will you, Constanze Weber, take
this man, Wolfgang to be your lawful
husband?

CONSTANZE

I will.

PRIEST

I now pronounce you man and wife.

heard.
Weber
and

The opening kyrie of the great Mass in C Minor is
Mozart and Constanze kiss. They are in tears. Madame
and her daughters look on approvingly. The music swells
continues under the following:

1780'S

INT. A ROOM IN LEOPOLD'S HOUSE - SALZBURG - NIGHT -

alone
his
will not
letter
mementos of
made
presented
we
the
Nannerl
picture

There is a view of a castle in background. Leopold sits in his room. He is reading a letter from Wolfgang. At feet are his trunks, half-packed for the journey he now take. We hear Mozart's voice reading the following and we see, as the camera roves around the room, the young prodigy's early life: the little forte-piano for him; the little violin made for him; an Order to him. We see a little starling in a wicker cage. And see portraits of the boy on the walls, concluding with familiar family portrait of Wolfgang and his sister seated at the keyboard with Leopold standing, and the of their mother on the wall behind them.

MOZART (V.O.)

Most beloved father, it is done. Do not blame me that I did not wait to see your dear face. I knew you would have tried to dissuade me from my truest happiness and I could not have borne it. Your every word is precious to me. Remember how you have always told me Vienna is the City of Musicians. To conquer here is to conquer Europe! With my wife I can do it. I vow I will become regular in my habits and productive as never before. She is wonderful, Papa, and I know that you will love her. And one day soon when I am a wealthy man, you will come and live with us, and we will be so happy. I long for that day, best of Papas, and kiss your hand a hundred thousand times.

letter

The music of the Mass fades as Leopold crumples the in his hand.

EXT. THE IMPERIAL GARDENS - VIENNA - DAY - 1780'S

a
tending
ride

Salieri stands waiting, hat in hand. Beside him stands a royal servant. Behind him, gardeners are glimpsed the shrubs and bushes along a grassy ride. Down this

Joseph
on
beside
his
sack
and
Salieri

are seen cantering two people on horseback: the Emperor and his niece, the PRINCESS ELIZABETH. They are mounted on glossy horses. The Princess rides side-saddle. Running beside her is a panting groom. The Emperor rides elegantly; his niece, a dumpy little Hapsburg girl of sixteen, like a sack of potatoes. As they draw level with Salieri they stop, and the groom holds the head of the Princess' horse. Salieri bows respectfully.

JOSEPH

Good morning, Court Composer. This is my niece, the Princess Elizabeth.

SALIERI

Your Highness.

Out of breath, the Princess nods nervously.

JOSEPH

She has asked me to advise her on a suitable musical instructor. I think I've come up with an excellent idea.

He smiles at Salieri.

SALIERI

Oh, Your Majesty, it would be such a tremendous honour!

JOSEPH

I'm thinking about Herr Mozart. What is your view?

Salieri's face falls, almost imperceptibly.

SALIERI

An interesting idea, Majesty. But -

JOSEPH

Yes?

SALIERI

You already commissioned an opera from Mozart.

JOSEPH

And the result satisfies.

SALIERI

Yes, of course. My concern is to protect you from any suspicion of favouritism.

JOSEPH

Ah-ha. Favouritism. But I so want Mozart.

SALIERI

I'm sure there is a way, Majesty. Some kind of a little contest. I could perhaps put together a small Committee, and I could see to it naturally that it will select according to Your Majesty's wishes.

JOSEPH

You please me, Court Composer. A very clever idea.

SALIERI

(bowing)

Sire.

JOSEPH

Well. There it is.

runs He rides on. The groom releases her horse's head, and
on after the Princess.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBERLAIN VON STRACK'S STUDY - DAY - 1780'S

stands Von Strack sits stiffly behind his gilded desk. Mozart
before him, trembling with anger.

MOZART

What is this, Herr Chamberlain?

VON STRACK

What is what?

MOZART

Why do I have to submit samples of my work to some stupid committee? Just to teach a sixteen-year-old girl.

VON STRACK

Because His Majesty wishes it.

MOZART

Is the Emperor angry with me?

VON STRACK

On the contrary.

MOZART

Then why doesn't he simply appoint me to the post?

VON STRACK

Mozart, you are not the only composer
in Vienna.

MOZART
No, but I'm the best.

VON STRACK
A little modesty would suit you
better.

MOZART
Who is on this committee?

VON STRACK
Kapellmeister Bonno, Count Orsini-
Rosenberg and Court Composer Salieri.

MOZART
Naturally, the Italians! Of course!
Always the Italians!

VON STRACK
Mozart -

MOZART
They hate my music. It terrifies
them. The only sound Italians
understand is banality. Tonic and
dominant, tonic and dominant, from
here to Resurrection!
(singing angrily)
Ba-ba! Ba-ba! Ba-ba! Ba-ba! Anything
else is morbid.

VON STRACK
Mozart -

MOZART
Show them one interesting modulation
and they faint. Ohime! Morbidezza!
Morbidezza! Italians are musical
idiots and you want them to judge my
music!

VON STRACK
Look, young man, the issue is simple.
If you want this post, you must submit
your stuff in the same way as all
your colleagues.

MOZART
Must I? Well, I won't! I tell you
straight: I will not!

CUT TO:

1780'S

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - VIENNA - DAY -

marching up The room is very small and untidy. Constanze is
and down it, upset. Mozart is lying on the bed.

CONSTANZE

I think you're mad! You're really
mad!

MOZART

Oh, leave me alone.

CONSTANZE

One royal pupil and the whole of
Vienna will come flocking. We'd be
set up for life!

MOZART

They'll come anyway. They love me
here.

CONSTANZE

No, they will not. I know how things
work in this city.

MOZART

Oh yes? You always know everything.

CONSTANZE

Well, I'm not borrowing any more
money from my mother, and that's
that!

MOZART

You borrowed money from your mother?

CONSTANZE

Yes!

MOZART

Well, don't do that again!

CONSTANZE

How are we going to live, Wolfi? Do
you want me to go into the streets
and beg?

MOZART

Don't be stupid.

CONSTANZE

All they want to see is your work.
What's wrong with that?

MOZART

Shut up! Just shut up! I don't need
them.

CONSTANZE

This isn't pride. It's sheer
stupidity!

She glares at him, almost in tears.

CUT TO:

INT. SALIERI'S MUSIC ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON - 1780'S

singing
Salieri is giving a lesson to a girl student, who is
the Italian art song, Caro Mio Ben.

There is a knock on the door.

SALIERI

Yes.

A SERVANT enters.

SERVANT

Excuse me, sir, there is a lady who
insists on talking to you.

SALIERI

Who is she?

SERVANT

She didn't say. But she says it's
urgent.

SALIERI

(to the pupil)

Excuse me, my dear.

Salieri goes into the salon.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SALON - LATE AFTERNOON - 1780'S

stuffed
chords
drops
Constanze stands, closely veiled, holding a portfolio
with manuscripts. The singing lesson ends, with two
on the instrument. Salieri enters the salon. Constanze
him a shy curtsy.

CONSTANZE

Excellency!

SALIERI

Madame. How can I help you?

Shyly, she unveils.

SALIERI

Frau Mozart?

CONSTANZE

That's right, Your Excellency. I've

come on behalf of my husband. I'm -
I'm bringing some samples of his
work so he can be considered for the
royal appointment.

SALIERI

How charming. But why did he not
come himself?

CONSTANZE

He's terribly busy, sir.

SALIERI

I understand.

He takes the portfolio and puts it on a table.

SALIERI

I will look at them, of course, the
moment I can. It will be an honour.
Please give him my warmest.

CONSTANZE

Would it be too much trouble, sir,
to ask you to look at them now?
While I wait.

SALIERI

I'm afraid I'm not at leisure this
very moment. Just leave them with
me. I assure you they will be quite
safe.

CONSTANZE

I - I really cannot do that, Your
Excellency. You see, he doesn't know
I'm here.

SALIERI

Really?

CONSTANZE

My husband is a proud man, sir. He
would be furious if he knew I'd come.

SALIERI

Then he didn't send you?

CONSTANZE

No, sir. This is my own idea.

SALIERI

I see.

CONSTANZE

Sir, we really need this job. We're
desperate. My husband spends far
more than he can ever earn. I don't
mean he's lazy - he's not at all -
he works all day long. It's just!
he's not practical. Money simply

slips through his fingers, it's really ridiculous, Your Excellency. I know you help musicians. You're famous for it. Give him just this one post. We'd be forever indebted!

A short pause.

SALIERI

Let me offer you some refreshment. Do you know what these are?

He indicates a dish piled high with glazed chestnuts.

SALIERI

Cappezzoli di Venere. Nipples of Venus. Roman chestnuts in brandied sugar. Won't you try one? They're quite surprising.

her
He offers her the dish. She takes one and puts it in mouth. He watches carefully.

CONSTANZE

Oh! They're wonderful.

gold
He takes one himself. We notice on his finger a heavy signet-ring.

CONSTANZE

Thank you very much, Your Excellency.

SALIERI

Don't keep calling me that. It puts me at such a distance. I was not born a Court Composer, you know. I'm from a small town, just like your husband.

He smiles at her. She takes another chestnut.

SALIERI

Are you sure you can't leave that music, and come back again? I have other things you might like.

CONSTANZE

That's very tempting, but it's impossible, I'm afraid. Wolfi would be frantic if he found those were missing. You see, they're all originals.

SALIERI

Originals?

CONSTANZE

Yes.

portfolio
is

A pause. He puts out his hand and takes up the
from the table. He opens it. He looks at the music. He
puzzled.

SALIERI
These are originals?

CONSTANZE
Yes, sir. He doesn't make copies.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 1823

The old man faces the Priest.

OLD SALIERI
Astounding! It was actually beyond
belief. These were first and only
drafts of music yet they showed no
corrections of any kind. Not one.
Do you realize what that meant?

Vogler stares at him.

OLD SALIERI
He'd simply put down music already
finished in his head. Page after
page of it, as if he was just taking
dictation. And music finished as no
music is ever finished.

INT. SALIERI'S SALON - LATE AFTERNOON - 1780'S

begins

CU, The manuscript in Mozart's handwriting. The music
to sound under the following:

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)
Displace one note and there would be
diminishment. Displace one phrase,
and the structure would fall. It was
clear to me. That sound I had heard
in the Archbishop's palace had been
no accident. Here again was the very
voice of God! I was staring through
the cage of those meticulous ink-
strokes at an absolute, inimitable
beauty.

collage of
Salieri and
sits
walks

The music swells. What we now hear is an amazing
great passages from Mozart's music, ravishing to
to us. The Court Composer, oblivious to Constanze, who
happily chewing chestnuts, her mouth covered in sugar,

dropping
rough
and
circles

around and around his salon, reading the pages and them on the floor when he is done with them. We see his agonized and wondering face: he shudders as if in a and tumbling sea; he experiences the point where beauty great pain coalesce. More pages fall than he can read, scattering across the floor in a white cascade, as he the room.

Mass in
unable
head.

Finally, we hear the tremendous Qui Tollis from the C Minor. It seems to break over him like a wave and, to bear any more of it, he slams the portfolio shut. Instantly, the music breaks off, reverberating in his He stands shaking, staring wildly. Constanze gets up, perplexed.

CONSTANZE
Is it no good?

A pause.

SALIERI
It is miraculous.

CONSTANZE
Oh yes. He's really proud of his work.

Another pause.

CONSTANZE
So, will you help him?

Salieri tries to recover himself.

SALIERI
Tomorrow night I dine with the Emperor. One word from me and the post is his.

CONSTANZE
Oh, thank you, sir!

-
away.

Overjoyed, she stops and kisses his hand. He raises her and then clasps her to him clumsily. She pushes herself

SALIERI
Come back tonight.

CONSTANZE
Tonight?

SALIERI

Alone.

CONSTANZE

What for?

SALIERI

Some service deserves service in return. No?

CONSTANZE

What do you mean?

SALIERI

Isn't it obvious?

They stare at one another: Constanze in total disbelief.

SALIERI

It's a post all Vienna seeks. If you want it for your husband, come tonight.

CONSTANZE

But! I'm a married woman!

SALIERI

Then don't. It's up to you. Not to be vague, that is the price.

He glares at her.

SALIERI

Yes.

He leaves the room. Constanze stares after him, horrified.

The servant enters. Shocked and stunned, Constanze goes down an her knees and starts picking up the music from the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 1823

CU, Father Vogler, horrified.

OLD SALIERI

Yes, Father. Yes! So much for my vow of chastity. What did it matter? Good, patient, hard-working, chaste - what did it matter? Had goodness made me a good composer? I realized it absolutely then - that moment: goodness is nothing in the furnace of art. And I was nothing to God.

VOGLER
(crying out)
You cannot say that!

OLD SALIERI
No? Was Mozart a good man?

VOGLER
God's ways are not yours. And you are not here to question Him. Offer him the salt of penitence. He will give you back the bread of eternal life. He is all merciful. That is all you need to know.

OLD SALIERI
All I ever wanted was to sing to Him. That's His doing, isn't it? He gave me that longing - then made me mute. Why? Tell me that. If He didn't want me to serve Him with music, why implant the desire, like a lust in my body, then deny me the talent? Go on, tell me! Speak for Him!

VOGLER
My son, no one can speak for God.

OLD SALIERI
Oh? I thought you did so every day. So speak now. Answer me!

VOGLER
I do not claim to unravel the mysteries. I treasure them. As you should.

OLD SALIERI
(impatiently)
Oh yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! Always the same stale answers!
(intimately to the priest)
There is no God of Mercy, Father. Just a God of torture.

CUT TO:

INT. SALIERI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1780'S

Salieri sits at his desk, staring up at the cross.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)
Evening came to that room. I sat there not knowing whether the girl would return or not. I prayed as I'd never prayed before.

SALIERI
Dear God, enter me now. Fill me with

one piece of true music. One piece with your breath in it, so I know that you love me. Please. Just one. Show me one sign of your favour, and I will show mine to Mozart and his wife. I will get him the royal position, and if she comes, I'll receive her with all respect and send her home in joy. Enter me! Enter me! Please! Te imploro.

stares
hear a
servant

Long, long silence. Salieri stares at the cross. Christ back at him impassively. Finally in this silence we faint knocking at the door. Salieri stirs himself. A servant appears.

SERVANT
That lady is back, sir.

SALIERI
Show her in. Then go to bed.

The Servant bows and leaves. We follow him through:

INT. MUSIC ROOM IN SALIERI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1780'S

The Servant crosses it and enters:

INT. SALON IN SALIERI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1780'S

before,
her.
girl,

Constanze is sitting on an upright chair, veiled as the portfolio of music on her lap. Through the far door leading from the hall, another servant is peering at The first servant joins him and shuts the door on the leaving her alone.

We
Nervously she

We stay with her. The clock ticks on the mantelpiece. hear an old carriage pass in the street below. lifts her veil and looks about her.

pale and
rises to
to put

Suddenly Salieri appears from the music room. He is very tight. They regard each other. She smiles and greet him, affecting a relaxed and warm manner, as if him at his ease.

CONSTANZE
Well, I'm here. My husband has gone to a concert. He didn't think I would enjoy it.

A pause.

CONSTANZE

I do apologize for this afternoon.
I behaved like a silly girl. Where
shall we go?

SALIERI

What?

CONSTANZE

Should we stay here? It's a charming
room. I love these candlesticks.
Were they here earlier? I didn't
notice them I suppose I was too
nervous.

As she talks, she extinguishes the candles in a pair of
Venetian candelabra and subsequently other candles

around

the room.

CONSTANZE

Wolfgang was given some candlesticks
by King George in England, but they
were only wood. Oh, excuse me. Let's
not talk about him. What do you think
of this? It's real lace. Brussels.

She turns and takes off her shawl.

CONSTANZE

Well, it's much too good for every
day. I keep saying to Wolfi, don't
be so extravagant. Presents are
lovely, but we can't afford them.
It doesn't do any good. The more I
tell him, the more he spends. Oh,
excuse me! There I go again.

She picks up the portfolio.

CONSTANZE

Do you still want to look at this?
Or don't we need to bother anymore?
I imagine we don't, really.

She looks at him inquiringly, and drops the portfolio
floor; pages of music pour out of it. Instantly we hear

on the

a

massive chord, and the great Qui Tollis from the Mass

in C

Minor fills the room. To its grand and weighty sound,
Constanze starts to undress, watched by the horrified

Salieri.

Between him and her, music is an active presence,

hurting

and baffling him. He opens his mouth in distress. The

music

pounds in his head. The candle flickers over her as she

removes her clothes and prepares for his embrace.
Suddenly he cries out.

SALIERI

Go! Go! Go!

He snatches up the bell and shakes it frantically, not
stopping until the two servants we saw earlier appear
at the door. The music stops abruptly. They stare at the
appalled and frightened Constanze, who is desperately trying to
cover her nakedness.

SALIERI

Show this woman out!

Constanze hurls herself at him.

CONSTANZE

You shit! You shit! You rotten shit!

He seizes her wrists and thrusts her back. Then he
leaves the room quickly, slamming the door behind him.
Constanze turns and sees the two servants goggling at her in the
room.

CONSTANZE

What are you staring at?

Wildly, she picks up the candelabrum and throws it at
them. It shatters on the floor.

INT. SALIERI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1780'S

CU, Salieri standing, his eyes shut, shaking in
distress. He opens them and sees Christ across the room, staring
at him from the wall.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)

From now on, we are enemies, You and
I!

CUT TO:

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 1823

The old man is reliving the experience. Vogler looks at
him, horrified.

OLD SALIERI

Because You will not enter me, with

all my need for you; because You
scorn my attempts at virtue; because
You choose for Your instrument a
boastful, lustful, smutty infantile
boy and give me for reward only the
ability to recognize the Incarnation;
because You are unjust, unfair,
unkind, I will block You! I swear
it! I will hinder and harm Your
creature on earth as far as I am
able. I will ruin Your Incarnation.

CUT

BACK TO:

INT. SALIERI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1780'S
CU, the fireplace. In it lies the olivewood Christ on
the
cross, burning.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)
What use after all is Man, if not to
teach God His lessons?

The cross flames up and disintegrates. Salieri stares
at it.

CUT TO:

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1780'S
The front door bursts open. Mozart stumbles in,
followed by
EMMANUEL SCHIKANEDER, three young actresses, and
another
man, all fairly drunk. Schikaneder (who appears
everywhere
accompanied by young girls) is a large, fleshy,
extravagant
man of about thirty-five.

MOZART
Stanzi! Stanzi! Stanzi-Manzi!

The others laugh.

MOZART
Sssh!

SCHIKANEDER
(imitating Mozart)
Stanzi-Manzi-Banzi-Wanzi!

MOZART
Sssh! Stay here.

He walks unsteadily to the bedroom door and opens it.

SCHIKANEDER

(to the girls, very
tipsy)
Sssh! You're dishgrashful!

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1780'S

who
Constanze lies in bed, her back turned to her husband,
comes into the room and shuts the door.

MOZART
(playfully)
Stanzi? How's my mouse? Mouse-wouse?
I'm back - puss-wuss is back!

red
She turns around abruptly. She looks dreadful; her eyes
with weeping. Mozart is shocked.

MOZART
Stanzi!

starts
He approaches the bed and sits on it. Immediately she
crying again, desperately.

MOZART
What's the matter? What is it?
Stanzi!

crying
He holds her and she clings to him in a fierce embrace,
a flood of tears.

MOZART
Stop it now. Stop it. I've brought
some friends to meet you. They're
next door waiting. Do we have anything
to eat? They're all starving.

CONSTANZE
Tell them to go away. I don't want
to see anybody.

MOZART
What's the matter with you?

CONSTANZE
Tell them to go!

MOZART
Sssh. What is it? Tell me.

CONSTANZE
No!

MOZART
Yes!

CONSTANZE
I love you! I love you!

neck. She starts crying again, throwing her arms around his

CONSTANZE

I love you. Please stay with me. I'm
frightened.

INT. THE ROYAL PALACE - DINING ROOM - DAY - 1780'S

drink. Joseph sits eating. A butler serves him goat's milk to
hand. Joseph is holding a memorandum from Salieri in his
Salieri stands before him.

JOSEPH

I don't think you understand me,
Court Composer.

SALIERI

Majesty, I did. Believe me, it was a
most agonizing. decision. But finally,
I simply could not recommend Herr
Mozart.

JOSEPH

Why not?

SALIERI

Well, Sire, I made some inquiries in
a routine way. I was curious to know
why he had so few pupils. It is rather
alarming.

JOSEPH

Oh?

and With a gesture Joseph dismisses the butler, who bows
leaves the room.

SALIERI

Majesty, I don't like to talk against
a fellow musician.

JOSEPH

Of course not.

SALIERI

I have to tell you, Mozart is not
entirely to be trusted alone with
young ladies.

JOSEPH

Really?

SALIERI

As a matter of fact, one of my own
pupils - a very young singer - told
me she was - er - well!

JOSEPH

Yes?

SALIERI

Molested, Majesty. Twice, in the course of the same lesson.

A pause.

JOSEPH

Ah-ha. Well. There it is.

INT. SALIERI'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - VIENNA - DAY -

1780'S

up

Salieri has just returned from the palace and is coming the staircase. He is met by his servant.

SERVANT

Sir, there is a Herr Mozart waiting for you in the salon.

Salieri is plainly alarmed.

SALIERI

What does he want?

SERVANT

He didn't say, sir. I told him I didn't know when you would be back, but he insisted on waiting.

SALIERI

Come with me. And stay in the room.

He mounts the stairs.

INT. SALIERI'S APARTMENT - SALON - DAY - 1780'S

Salieri

belligerently,

Mozart is waiting for Salieri, holding a portfolio. approaches him nervously. Mozart stands not but humbly.

SALIERI

Herr Mozart, what brings you here?

MOZART

Your Excellency, you requested some specimens of my work. Here they are. I don't have to tell you how much I need your help. I truly appreciate your looking at these. I have pressures on me - financial pressures. As you know, I'm a married man now.

SALIERI

So you are. How is your pretty wife?

MOZART

She is well. She is - well, actually, I'm about to become a father! She only told me last night. You are the first to know.

SALIERI

I'm flattered. And congratulations to you, of course.

MOZART

So you see, this post is very important to me right now.

Salieri looks at him in distress.

SALIERI

Why didn't you come to me yesterday, Mozart? This is a most painful situation. Yesterday I could have helped you. Today, I can't.

MOZART

Why? Here is the music. It's here. I am submitting it humbly. Isn't that what you wanted?

SALIERI

I have just come from the palace. The post has been filled.

MOZART

Filled? That's impossible! They haven't even seen my work. I need this post. Please, can't you help me? Please!

SALIERI

My dear Mozart, there is no one in the world I would rather help, but now it is too late.

MOZART

Whom did they choose?

SALIERI

Herr Sommer.

MOZART

Sommer? Herr Sommer? But the man's a fool! He's a total mediocrity.

SALIERI

No, no, no: he has yet to achieve mediocrity.

MOZART

But I can't lose this post, I simply can't! Excellency, please. Let's go to the palace, and you can explain

to the Emperor that Herr Sommer is an awful choice. He could actually do musical harm to the Princess!

SALIERI

An implausible idea. Between you and me, no one in the world could do musical harm to the Princess Elizabeth.

of
goes
Mozart chuckles delightedly. Salieri offers him a glass white dessert and a spoon. Mozart takes it absently and on talking.

MOZART

Look, I must have pupils. Without pupils I can't manage.

SALIERI

You don't mean to tell me you are living in poverty?

MOZART

No, but I'm broke. I'm always broke. I don't know why.

SALIERI

It has been said, my friend, that you are inclined to live somewhat above your means.

MOZART

How can anyone say that? We have no cook, no maid. We have no footman. Nothing at all!

SALIERI

How is that possible? You give concerts, don't you? I hear they are quite successful.

MOZART

They're stupendously successful. You can't get a seat. The only problem is none will hire me. They all want to hear me play, but they won't let me teach their daughters. As if I was some kind of fiend. I'm not a fiend!

SALIERI

Of course not.

MOZART

Do you have a daughter?

SALIERI

I'm afraid not.

MOZART

Well, could you lend me some money till you have one? Then I'll teach her for free. That's a promise. Oh, I'm sorry. I'm being silly. Papa's right - I should put a padlock on my mouth. Seriously, is there any chance you could manage a loan? Only for six months, eight at most. After that I'll be the richest man in Vienna. I'll pay you back double. Anything. Name your terms. I'm not joking. I'm working on something that's going to explode like a bomb all over Europe!

SALIERI

Ah, how exciting! Tell me more.

MOZART

I'd better not. It's a bit of a secret.

SALIERI

Come, come, Mozart; I'm interested. Truly.

MOZART

Actually, it's a big secret. Oh, this is delicious! What is it?

SALIERI

Cream cheese mixed with granulated sugar and suffused with rum. Crema al Mascarpone.

MOZART

Ah. Italian?

SALIERI

Forgive me. We all have patriotic feelings of some kind.

MOZART

Two thousand, two hundred florins is all I need A hundred? Fifty?

SALIERI

What exactly are you working on?

MOZART

I can't say. Really

SALIERI

I don't think you should become known in Vienna as a debtor, Mozart. However, I know a very distinguished gentleman I could recommend to you. And he has a daughter. Will that do?

INT. MICHAEL SCHLUMBERG'S HOUSE - MORNING - 1780'S

dogs, at
a
plumed
of a
friendly and
leaping and

Hysterical barking and howling. The hall is full of
least five, all jumping up and dashing about and making
terrific racket. Mozart, dandified in a new coat and a
hat for the occasion, has arrived to teach at the house
of a
prosperous merchant, MICHAEL SCHLUMBERG. Bluff,
coarse-looking, he stands in his hall amidst the
barking animals, greeting Mozart.

SCHLUMBERG

Quiet! Quiet! Quiet! Down there,
damn you.

(to Mozart)

Welcome to you. Pay no attention,
they're impossible. Stop it, you
willful things! Come this way. Just
ignore them. They're perfectly
harmless, just willful. I treat them
just like my own children.

MOZART

And which one of them do you want me
to teach?

SCHLUMBERG

What? Ha-ha! That's funny - I like
it. Which one, eh? You're a funny
fellow.

(shouting)

Hannah! Come this way.

He leads Mozart through the throng of dogs into a salon
furnished with comfortable middle-class taste.

SCHLUMBERG

Hannah!

FRAU SCHLUMBERG appears: an anxious woman in middle
life.

SCHLUMBERG

(to Mozart)

You won't be teaching this one either.
She's my wife.

MOZART

(bowing)

Madame.

SCHLUMBERG

This is Herr Mozart, my dear. The
young man Herr Salieri recommended
to teach our Gertrude. Where is she?

FRAU SCHLUMBERG

Upstairs.

SCHLUMBERG

Gertrude!

FRAU SCHLUMBERG

You can't be Herr Mozart!

MOZART

I'm afraid I am.

SCHLUMBERG

Of course, it's him. Who do you think it is?

FRAU SCHLUMBERG

I've heard about you for ages! I thought you must be an old man.

SCHLUMBERG

Gertrude!

FRAU SCHLUMBERG

It's such an honour for us to have you here, Herr Mozart. And for Gertrude.

SCHLUMBERG

People who know say the girl's got talent. You must judge for yourself. If you think she stinks, say so.

FRAU SCHLUMBERG

Michael, please! I'm sure you will find her most willing, Herr Mozart. She's really very excited. She's been preparing all morning.

MOZART

Really?

FRAU SCHLUMBERG

Ah, now! Here she comes.

girl
curled.
GERTRUDE SCHLUMBERG appears in the doorway: an awkward
of fifteen in her best dress, her hair primped and
She is exceedingly nervous.

MOZART

Good morning, Fraulein Schlumberg.

SCHLUMBERG

Strudel, this is Herr Mozart. Say good morning.

Gertrude giggles instead.

FRAU SCHLUMBERG

(to Mozart)

Perhaps a little refreshment first?
A little coffee, or a little
chocolate?

MOZART

I'd like a little wine, if you have
it.

FRAU SCHLUMBERG

Wine?

SCHLUMBERG

Quite right. He's going to need it.
(calling and clapping
his hands)

Klaus! A bottle of wine. Prestissimo!
Now let's go to it. I've been waiting
all day for this.

He leads the way into:

INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY - 1780'S

him.

A forte-piano is open and waiting. All the dogs follow

After them come Mozart Frau and Fraulein Schlumberg. To
Mozart's dismay, husband and wife seat themselves quite
formally on a little narrow sofa, side by side.

SCHLUMBERG

(To the dogs)

Now sit down all of you and behave.

Zeman, Mandi, absolutely quiet!

(to a young beagle)

Especially you, Dudelsachs - not one
sound from you.

The dogs settle at their feet. Husband and wife smile
encouragingly at each other.

SCHLUMBERG

Come on, then. Up and at it!

girl

Mozart gestures to the music bench. Reluctantly, the

sits at the instrument. Mozart sits beside her.

MOZART

Now, please play me something. Just
to give me an idea. Anything will
do.

GERTRUDE

(to parents)

I don't want you to stay.

FRAU SCHLUMBERG

That's all right, dear. Just go ahead,
as if we weren't here.

GERTRUDE

But you are here.

SCHLUMBERG
Never mind, Strudel. It's part of
music, getting used to an audience.
Aren't I right, Herr Mozart?

MOZART
Well, yes! on the whole. I suppose.
(to Gertrude)
How long have you been playing,
Fraulein?

FRAU SCHLUMBERG
Just one year.

MOZART
Who was your teacher?

FRAU SCHLUMBERG
I was. But she quite outgrew the
little I could show her.

MOZART
Thank you, Madame.
(to Gertrude)
Come on now - courage. Play me
something you know.

keyboard In response the wretched girl just stares down at the
without playing a note. An awkward pause.

MOZART
Perhaps it would be better if we
were left alone. I think we're both
a little shy.

Husband and wife look at each other.

SCHLUMBERG
Nonsense. Strudel's not shy. She's
just willful! You give into her now,
you'll be sorry later. Strudel -
play.

Silence. The girl sits unmoving. Schlumberg bellows:

SCHLUMBERG
I said play!

FRAU SCHLUMBERG
Michael!

MOZART
Perhaps if I were to play a little
first, it might encourage the
Fraulein.
(to the girl)
Why don't you let me try the
instrument? All right?

They
raises
howls
feet

Suddenly the girl rises. Mozart smiles at the parents.
smile nervously back. Mozart slides along the bench,
his hands and preludes over the keys. Instantly a dog
loudly. Startled, Mozart stops. Schlumberg leaps to his
and goes over to the beagle.

SCHLUMBERG

Stop that, Dudelsachs! Stop it at
once!

(to Mozart)

Don't let him disturb you. He'll be
all right. He's just a little willful
too. Please, please - play. I beg
you.

howls

Mozart resumes playing. This time it is a lively piece,
perhaps the Presto Finale from the K. 450. The dog
immediately.

SCHLUMBERG

Stop it! STOP!

Mozart stops.

SCHLUMBERG

No, not you. I was talking to the
dog. You keep playing. It's most
important. He always howls when he
hears music. We've got to break them
of the habit. Play, please. Please!

howls

Amazed, Mozart starts to play the Rondo again. The dog
louder.

SCHLUMBERG

That's it. Now keep going, just keep
going.

(to the beagle)

Now you stop that noise, Dudelsachs,
you stop it this instant! This
instant, do you hear me? Keep going,
Herr Mozart, that's it. Go on, go
on!

Schlumberg

Mozart plays on. Suddenly the dog falls silent.
smiles broadly.

SCHLUMBERG

Good, good, good! Very good dog!
Very, very good Dudelsachs.

(to his wife, snapping
his fingers)

Quick, quick, dear, bring his biscuit.

brings
He
silent

The wife scurries to get a jar of biscuits. A servant
in an open bottle of wine and a full glass on a tray.
puts it down beside Mozart as Schlumberg addresses the
dog with deepest affection.

SCHLUMBERG

Now guess who's going to get a nice
reward? Clever, clever Dudi.

greedily.

He gives the biscuit to the dog who swallows it
Mozart stops playing and stands up.

SCHLUMBERG

It's a miracle, Herr Mozart!

MOZART

(barely controlling
himself)

Well, I'm a good teacher. The next
time you wish me to instruct another
of your dogs, please let me know.
Goodbye, Fraulein, goodbye, Madame!
goodbye, Sir!

him in

He bows to them and leaves the room. They look after
puzzled astonishment.

FRAU SCHLUMBERG

What a strange young man.

SCHLUMBERG

Yes. He is a little strange.

EXT. A BUSY STREET IN VIENNA - DAY - 1780'S

making
hawkers,
ribbons.
played on

A cheerful scene. We see Mozart strutting and beaming,
his way through the crowd of porters, carriers and
sellers of sausages and pastries, vendors of hats and
Horses and carriage clatter past him. His mood is best
expressed by a bubbling version of Non piu Andrai
the forte-piano.

house.

Still in the same mood, he enters the door of his own

INT. MOZART'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY - 1780'S

opening
march

Suddenly, he stops. He looks up the stairs. The grim
chords from the Overture to Don Giovanni cut across the

the
its
possession.
held
rushes
figure's

from Figaro. What he sees, looking up the stairs, is a menacing figure in a long, grey cape and dark grey hat, standing on the landing. The light comes from behind figure so that we see only its silhouette as it unfolds arms towards Mozart in an alarming gesture of possession. It takes a beat in which the air of sinister mystery is held before Mozart realizes who it is. Then, as the music continues, he hastily sets down the bottle of wine and joyfully up the stairs and hurls himself into the arms.

MOZART

Papa! PAPA!

Both men embrace. The music slowly fades.

INT. MOZART'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - 1780'S

tidied
many
white
an
His
health.

A cramped, low-ceilinged little room which nobody has for ages. We see music lying everywhere. Also there are empty wine bottles; musical instruments - among them a mandolin, a viola, a forte-piano with the black and white keys reversed - books and abandoned plates of food. Mozart clasps his father's arms. Leopold is now seen as an aging, travel-stained man in clothes that need repair. His face is lined, and he is obviously not in perfect health.

MOZART

Why are you here?

LEOPOLD

Am I not welcome?

MOZART

Of course, welcome! Welcome ten thousand times. Papa! my Papa!

He kisses his hands.

LEOPOLD

You're very thin. Does she not feed you, this wife of yours?

the

Mozart ducks away and fetches his father's bags from landing.

MOZART

Feed? Well, of course she feeds me.
She stuffs me like a goose all day
long. She's the best cook in the
world. I mean, since Mama. Just wait,
you'll see.

LEOPOLD
Is she not here?

MOZART
I don't know. Stanzi? Stanzi!

Leopold looks about him at the mess in the room.

LEOPOLD
Do you always live like this?

MOZART
Oh, yes. Oh, I mean no - not exactly
like this. I mean today - just today,
Stanzi - I remember now. She had to
go - yes! She had to help her mother.
Yes, she's like that. Her mother's a
very sweet woman, you'll see.

of the He carries the bag across the room and opens the door
bedroom. Constanze lies in bed. She sits up, startled.

MOZART
Oh! I didn't know you were home.
Stanzi, this is my father.

Constanze, who looks ill and tired, stares at Leopold.
Leopold stares back from the doorway.

MOZART
We'll wait, we'll wait. Why don't
you get up now, darling?

He closes the door again.

MOZART
She's very tired, poor creature.
You know me: I'm a real pig. It's
not so easy cleaning up after me.

LEOPOLD
Don't you have a maid?

MOZART
Oh we could, if we wanted to, but
Stanzi won't hear of it. She wants
to do everything herself.

LEOPOLD
How is your financial situation?

MOZART
It couldn't be better.

LEOPOLD

That's not what I hear.

MOZART

What do you mean? It's wonderful.
Really, it's - it's marvelous! People
love me here.

LEOPOLD

They say you're in debt.

MOZART

Who? Who says that? Now that's a
malicious lie!

LEOPOLD

How many pupils do you have?

MOZART

Pupils?

LEOPOLD

Yes.

MOZART

Yes.

LEOPOLD

How many?

MOZART

I don't know. It's not important. I
mean, I don't want pupils. They get
in the way. I've got to have time
for composition.

LEOPOLD

Composition doesn't pay. You know
that.

MOZART

This one will.

He picks up some pages of manuscript.

LEOPOLD

What's that?

MOZART

Oh, let's not talk about it.

LEOPOLD

Why not?

MOZART

It's a secret.

LEOPOLD

You don't have secrets from me.

MOZART

It's too dangerous, Papa. But they're going to love it. Ah, there she is!

dressing
hair.

Constanze comes into the room. She is wearing a gown and has made a perfunctory attempt to tidy her hair. We see that she is clearly pregnant.

MOZART

My Stanzi - look at her! Isn't she beautiful? Come on now, confess, Papa. Could you want a prettier girl for a daughter?

CONSTANZE

Stop it, Wolfi. I look dreadful. Welcome to our house, Herr Mozart.

MOZART

He's not Herr Mozart. Call him Papa.

LEOPOLD

I see that you're expecting.

CONSTANZE

Oh, yes.

LEOPOLD

When, may I ask?

CONSTANZE

In three months! Papa.

MOZART

Isn't that marvelous? We're delighted.

LEOPOLD

Why didn't you mention it in your letters?

MOZART

Didn't I? I thought I did. I'm sure I did.

He gives a little giggle of embarrassment.

CONSTANZE

May I offer you some tea, Herr Mozart?

MOZART

Tea? Who wants tea? Let's go out! This calls for a feast. You don't want tea, Papa. Let's go dancing. Papa loves parties, don't you?

CONSTANZE

Wolfi!

MOZART

What? How can you be so boring?

Tea!

CONSTANZE

Wolfi, I think your father's tired.
I'll cook us something here.

LEOPOLD

Thank you. That'll be fine. Don't
spend any money on me.

MOZART

Why not? Oh, come, Papa! What better
way could I spend it than on you? My
kissable, missable, suddenly visible
Papa!

(K.539)

song
and
part

The jaunty tune of Ich Mochte Wohl Der Kaiser sein
sounds through all the following. This is an alternate
from Il Seraglio: a very extroverted tune for baritone
orchestra and a prominent part for bass drum. The vocal
should be arranged for trumpet.

EXT. STREET IN VIENNA - DAY - 1780'S

couples

Mozart and Constanze with Leopold between them. We see
shopping.

INT. A COSTUME SHOP - VIENNA - DAY - 1780'S

masquerades.

kinds.

mask.

This is a shop where one can buy costumes for

It is filled with extravagant costumes of various

Wolfgang is wearing a costume, a mask pushed up on his
forehead; Constanze is wearing a little white velvet

assistants to

to

is cut

Amidst the merriment, Leopold is helped by two

put on a dark grey cloak and a dark grey tricorne hat,

which is attached a full mask of dark grey. Its mouth

into a fixed upward smile.

He turns and looks at his son through this mask.

CUT

STRAIGHT TO:

INT. A LARGE PARTY ROOM - VIENNA - NIGHT - 1780'S

are

of

We are in the full whirl of a Masquerade Ball. Couples

dancing around dressed in fantastic costumes. The music

balustrade

the

Bacchus:

leaves

actresses

as

cloak

across

go,

corner,

to

goes

domino

and

Ich Mochte Wohl Der Kaiser sein increases in volume and persists. We see the musicians thumping it out on a

above the dancers. A steer is being roasted. Through

bobbing crowd we see a group, headed by the figure of

this is Schikaneder in a Greek costume, wearing vine

in his hair. He is accompanied by his usual trio of

and three other men. Constanze as Columbine and Mozart

Harlequin are pulling Leopold by the hand of his dark

and smiling mask. This whole group threads its way

the crowded room and disappears through a door. As they

they are watched by Salieri, standing alone in a

wearing ordinary evening clothes. He turns away hastily

avoid being seen by them.

As soon as they disappear into the far room, Salieri

quickly to a lady in the corner who is giving guests

masks off a tray. He quickly takes a small black mask

puts it on.

CUT TO:

INT. A GROTTO ROOM NEXT DOOR - NIGHT - 1780'S

candles.

Schikaneder:

fades to

which

plays. The

which has

dancing

music

who

with

A fantastic room designed as a rocky grotto, lit by

A forte-piano to one side is being played by

the music of Ich Mochte Wohl Der Kaiser sein cross-

another tune. This is Vivat Bacchus from Il Seraglio

Schikaneder, dressed as Bacchus, is humming as he

music is actually accompanying a game of Forfeits,

begun. Five couples (the group we have just seen) are

in the middle of a ring made by nine chairs. When the

stops they will each have to find a chair, and the one

fails must pay a forfeit.

Constanze is dancing with Leopold; Mozart is dancing

dancing
together -
a
is

one of the actresses; the two other actresses are
with two other gentlemen; and two children dance
a little boy and a little girl. The scene is watched by
circle of bystanders; among them - from the doorway -
Salieri.

scramble
chair,
possession of
over-
and
But

Schikaneder stops playing. Immediately the couples
for the chairs. Leopold and Constanze meet on the same
bumping and pushing at each other to get sole
it. To the amusement of the people around, the chair
balances and they both end up on the floor. Constanze
immediately gets up again, sets the chair on its feet,
tries to pretend she was sitting in it all the time.
Schikaneder calls out from the forte-piano.

SCHIKANEDER

No, no! You both lost. You both lost.
You both have to forfeit. And the
penalty is you must exchange your
wigs.

children
mask
takes

People are delighted by the idea of this penalty. The
jump up and down with excitement. The three actresses
immediately surround Leopold, reaching for his hat and
and wig, whilst he tries to hold on to them. Mozart
off Constanze's wig - an absurd affair with side-curls.
Constanze laughingly surrenders it.

LEOPOLD

No, please! This is ridiculous! No,
please!

which
face
on
wig
head.

Despite his protests an actress takes off his hat, to
the smiling mask is attached, to reveal his outraged
showing a very different expression underneath. Another
actress snatches off his wig to reveal very sparse hair
the old man's head. The third actress takes Constanze's
from Mozart and attempts to put it on his father's

LEOPOLD

No, really!

MOZART

(calling to him)
This is just a game, Papa.

Constanze echoes him with a touch of malice in her voice.

CONSTANZE
This is just a game, Papa!

Laughingly, the bystanders take it up, especially the children.

BYSTANDERS
This is just a game, Papa!

succeeds
Everybody
Leopold's
a
he
wig.
to
leaves
Seeing
As Leopold glares furiously about him, the actress in getting Constanze's wig firmly onto his head. bursts into applause. Delightedly, Constanze puts on wig, hat and mask: from the waist up she now looks like a weird parody of Leopold in the smiling grey mask, and looks like a weird parody of her in the silly feminine wig. Schikaneder starts to play again, and the couples start to dance. Leopold angrily takes off Constanze's wig and the circle; his partner, Constanze, is left alone. Seeing this, Mozart leaves his partner and catches his father entreatingly by the arm.

MOZART
Oh no, Papa, please! Don't spoil the fun. Come on. Here, take mine.

uncovered
somewhat
He
the
onto
chairs;
Schikaneder
He takes off his own wig and puts it on Leopold's head. The effect, if not as ridiculous, is still bizarre, since Wolfgang favours fairly elaborate wigs. He takes Constanze's wig from his father. As this happens, the music stops again. Mozart gently pushes his father down onto a nearby chair; the others scramble for the other chairs and he is left as the Odd Man Out. He giggles. Schikaneder calls out to Leopold from the keyboard.

SCHIKANEDER
Herr Mozart, why don't you name your son's penalty?

Applause.

MOZART

Yes, Papa, name it. Name it. I'll do anything you say!

LEOPOLD

I want you to come back with me to Salzburg, my son.

SCHIKANEDER

What did he say? What did he say?

MOZART

Papa, the rule is you can only give penalties that can be performed in the room.

LEOPOLD

I'm tired of this game. Please play without me.

MOZART

But my penalty. I've got to have a penalty.

All the bystanders are watching.

SCHIKANEDER

I've got a good one. I've got the perfect one for you. Come over here.

Mozart runs over to the forte-piano, and Schikaneder surrenders his place at it.

SCHIKANEDER

Now, I want you to play our tune - sitting backwards.

Applause.

MOZART

Oh, that's really too easy. Any child can do that.

Amused sounds of disbelief.

SCHIKANEDER

And a fugue in the manner of Sebastian Bach.

smiles
He
with his
task.
treble,

Renewed applause at this wicked extra penalty. Mozart at Schikaneder - it is the sort of challenge he loves. He defiantly puts on Constanze's wig and seats himself back to the keyboard. Before the astonished eyes of the company he proceeds to execute this absurdly difficult task. His right hand plays the bass part, his left hand the treble,

brilliant
been

and with this added difficulty he improvises a
fugue on the subject of the tune to which they have
dancing.

nearer
some of
Leopold

Attracted by this astonishing feat, the players draw
to the instrument. So does Salieri, cautiously, with
the bystanders. Constanze watches him approach. Only
sits by himself, sulking.

call out

The fugue ends amidst terrific clapping. The guests
to Mozart.

GUESTS

Another! Do another! Someone else.

MOZART

Give me a name. Who shall I do?
Give me a name.

GUESTS

Gluck! Haydn! Frederic Handel!

CONSTANZE

Salieri! Do Salieri!

at

SMASH CUT: Salieri's masked face whips around and looks
her.

MOZART

Now that's hard. That's very hard.
For Salieri one has to face the right
way around.

Then,
parody.

Giggling, he turns around and sits at the keyboard.
watched by a highly amused group, he begins a wicked

his
danced,
a
essence
starts
Salieri
looks

He furrows his brow in mock concentration and closes
eyes. Then he begins to play the tune to which they
in the most obvious way imaginable, relying heavily on
totally and offensively unimaginative bass of tonic and
dominant, endlessly repeated. The music is the very
of banality. The bystanders rock with laughter. Mozart
to giggle wildly. Through this excruciating scene,
stares at Constanze, who suddenly turns her head and
challengingly back at him.

adding a
this
suddenly
stands
his
howl

Mozart's parody reaches its coarse climax with him fart noise instead of notes to end cadences. He builds up, urged on in his clowning by everyone else, until he stops and cries out. The laughter cuts off. Mozart stands up, clutching his behind as if he has made a mess in breeches. The momentary hush of alarm is followed by a howl of laughter.

CU, Salieri staring in pain.

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 1823

his

CU, The old man is shaking at the very recollection of humiliation.

OLD SALIERI
Go on. Mock me. Laugh, laugh!

CUT

BACK TO:

INT. GROTTA - NIGHT - 1780'S

wearing

A repetition of the shot of Mozart at the forte-piano, Constanze's wig and emitting a shrill giggle.

CUT TO:

INT. SALIERI'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1780'S

small
the
the

Salieri sits at his desk. He holds in his hand the black party mask and stares in hatred at the place on wall where the crucifix used to hang. Faintly we see the mark of the cross.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)
That was not Mozart laughing, Father.
That was God. That was God! God
laughing at me through that obscene
giggle. Go on, Signore. Laugh. Rub
my nose in it. Show my mediocrity
for all to see. You wait! I will
laugh at You! Before I leave this
earth, I will laugh at You! Amen!

INT. MOZART'S WORKROOM - DAY - 1780'S

It is littered with manuscripts. In the middle stands a

IV

dreamily

manuscript

world

creation.

billiard table. The beautiful closing ensemble from Act of Figaro: Ah, Tutti contenti! Saremo cosi plays in the background. Standing at the billiard table, Mozart is hearing the music and playing shots on the table. From time to time he drifts over to a piece of paper and jots down notes. He is very much in his own world of composition and the billiard balls are an aid to Presently, however, we hear a knocking at the door.

CONSTANZE

(outside the door)

Wolfi! Wolfgang!

The music breaks off.

MOZART

What is it?

He opens the door.

CONSTANZE

There's a young girl to see you.

MOZART

What does she want?

CONSTANZE

I don't know.

MOZART

Well, ask her!

CONSTANZE

She won't talk to me. She says she has to speak to you.

MOZART

Oh, damn!

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY - 1780'S

stands

bedroom

Constanze

Mozart comes out. Framed in the doorway from outside Lorl, the maid we noticed in Salieri's house. From his Leopold peeps out to watch. Mozart goes to the girl. Constanze follows.

MOZART

Yes?

LORL

Are you Herr Mozart?

MOZART

That's right.

LORL

My name is Lorl, sir. I'm a maidservant. I was asked to come here and offer my services to you.

MOZART

What?

LORL

They'll be paid for by a great admirer or yours who wishes to remain anon - anonymous.

CONSTANZE

What do you mean? What admirer?

LORL

I can't tell you that, ma'am.

MOZART

Are you saying that someone is paying you to be our maid and doesn't want us to know who he is?

LORL

Yes. I can live in or out just as you wish.

Mozart turns to his father.

MOZART

Papa, is this your idea?

LEOPOLD

Mine?

him

The old man emerges from his bedroom. His son looks at delightedly.

MOZART

Are you playing a trick on me?

LEOPOLD

I never saw this girl in my life.
(to Lorl)
Is this a kind of joke?

LORL

Not at all, sir. And I was told to wait for an answer.

LEOPOLD

Young woman, this won't do at all. My son can't possibly accept such an offer, no matter how generous, unless he knows who is behind it.

LORL

But I really can't tell you, sir.

LEOPOLD

Oh, this is ridiculous.

CONSTANZE

What is ridiculous? Wolfi has many admirers in Vienna. They love him here. People send us gifts all the time.

LEOPOLD

But you can't take her without reference. It's unheard of!

CONSTANZE

Well, this is none of your business.
(to Lorl)
Whoever sent you is going to pay, no?

LORL

That's right, ma'am.

LEOPOLD

So now we are going to let a perfect stranger into the house?

Constanze looks furiously at him, then at Lorl.

CONSTANZE

Who is we? Who is letting who?
(to Lorl)
Could you please wait outside?

LORL

Yes, ma'am.

Lorl goes outside and closes the door. Constanze turns
on Leopold.

CONSTANZE

Look, old man, you stay out of this. We spend a fortune on you, more than we can possibly afford, and all you do is criticize, morning to night. And then you think you can -

MOZART

Stanzi!

CONSTANZE

No, it's right he should hear. I'm sick to death of it. We can't do anything right for you, can we?

LEOPOLD

Never mind. You won't have to do anything for me ever again. I'm

leaving!

MOZART

Papa!

LEOPOLD

Don't worry, I'm not staying here to be a burden.

MOZART

No one calls you that.

LEOPOLD

She does. She says I sleep all day.

CONSTANZE

And so you do! The only time you come out is to eat.

LEOPOLD

And what do you expect? Who wants to walk out into a mess like this every day?

CONSTANZE

Oh, now I'm a bad housekeeper!

LEOPOLD

So you are! The place is a pigsty all the time.

CONSTANZE

(to Mozart)

Do you hear him? Do you?

Explosively she opens the door.

CONSTANZE

(to Lorl)

When can you start?

LORL

Right away, ma'am.

CONSTANZE

Good! Come in. You'll start with that room there.

(indicating Leopold's room)

It's filthy!

back
is

She leads the maid into Leopold's room. Mozart steals into his workroom and gently closes the door. Leopold is left alone.

LEOPOLD

Sorry, sorry! I'm sorry I spoke! I'm just a provincial from Salzburg. What do I know about smart Vienna?

Parties all night, every night.
Dancing and drinking like idiot
children!

INT. MOZART'S WORKROOM - DAY - 1780'S

father's
Mozart stands trying to blot out the noise of his
shouting from the next room.

LEOPOLD (O.S.)

Dinner at eight! Dinner at ten! Dinner
when anyone feels like it! If anyone
feels like it!

Act IV
greet the
languidly
table: he
The ensemble of Ah, Tutti contenti! Saremo cosi from
of Figaro resumes, coming to his aid and rising to
listener with its serene harmonies. Relieved, Mozart
picks up his cue and plays a shot on the billiard
is sucked back into his own world of sound.

INT. SALIERI'S SALON - NIGHT - 1780'S

cloak,
confidentially.
The music fades. We see Lorl, dressed in a walking
sitting before a desk, talking to someone

LORL

They're out every night, sir. Till
all hours.

biscuits.
A hand comes into frame offering a plate of sugared
On its finger we see the gold signet ring belonging to
Salieri.

LORL

(taking one)
Oh, thank you, sir.

SALIERI

Do any pupils come to the house?

LORL

Not that I've seen.

SALIERI

Then how does he pay for all this?
Does he work at all?

LORL

Oh, yes, sir, all day long. He never
leaves the house until evening. He
just sits there, writing and writing.
He doesn't even eat.

SALIERI

Really? What is it he's writing?

LORL

Oh, I wouldn't know that, sir.

SALIERI

Of course not. You're a good girl.
You're very kind to do this. Next
time you're sure they'll be out of
the house, let me know, will you?

Confused, the girl hesitates. He hands her a pile of
coins.

LORL

Oh, thank you, sir!

She accepts them, delighted.

EXT. MOZART'S HOUSE - VIENNA STREET - AFTERNOON -
1780'S

The final movement of Mozart's Piano Concerto in E-flat
(K. 482) begins. To its lively music, the door of the house
bursts open and a grand forte-piano augmented with a pedal is
carried out of it by six men, who run off with it down the
street.
Following them immediately appear Wolfgang, Constanze
and Leopold, all three dressed for an occasion. They climb
into a waiting carriage which drives off after the forte-
piano.
As soon as it goes, Lorl appears in the doorway,
peering slyly around to see that they are out of sight. Then
she shuts the door and hurries off in the opposite
direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN ORNAMENTAL GARDEN - VIENNA - AFTERNOON - 1780'S

An outdoor concert is being given. Mozart is actually
playing the final movement of his E-flat concerto with an
orchestra.
Listening to him is a sizable audience, including the
Emperor,
flanked by Strack and Von Swieten.

The crowd is in a happy and appreciative mood: it is a
delightful open-air scene. We hear the gayest and most
complex

plays passage. Leopold and Constanze listen to Mozart, who
little his own work brilliantly. We stay with this scene for a
while and then

CUT TO:

EXT. VIENNA STREET - AFTERNOON - 1780'S

sitting up A carriage clopping through the streets. Lorl is
glimpse on the box beside the driver. Inside the vehicle, we
the figure of Salieri.

EXT. AN ORNAMENTAL GARDEN - VIENNA - 1780'S

interlude in We hear more of the concerto. Perhaps the slow
playing the last movement of K. 482. Mozart is conducting and
in a reflective mood. Abruptly we

CUT TO:

EXT. MOZART' S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON - 1780'S

The Lorl is opening the door admitting Salieri. They go in.
door shuts.

INT. MOZART'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - 1780'S

The room is considerably tidier as a result of Lorl's ministrations. Salieri stands looking about him with tremendous curiosity.

LORL

I think I've found out about the money, sir.

SALIERI

Yes what?

gold She opens a drawer in a sideboard. Inside we see one
with snuff box: it is the one we saw Mozart being presented
as a child in the Vatican.

LORL

He kept seven snuff boxes in here. I could swear they were all gold. And now look there's only one left. And inside, sir, look - I counted them - tickets from the pawnshop. Six of them.

Salieri turns to look around him.

SALIERI
Where does he work?

LORL
In there, sir.

crosses
She points across the room to the workroom. Salieri
and goes in alone.

INT. MOZART'S WORKROOM - AFTERNOON - 1780'S

holies'
ball; a
important
manuscripts,
touches
its
were
falls
them
Salieri enters the private quarters of Amadeus. He is
immensely excited. He moves slowly into the 'holy of
picking up objects with great reverence - a billiard
discarded wig; a sock; a buckle - then objects more
to him. Standing at Mozart's desk, strewn with
he picks up Mozart's pen and strokes the feather. He
the inkstand. He lays a finger on the candlestick with
half-expired candle. He touches each object as if it
the memento of a beloved. He is in awe. Finally his eye
on the sheets of music themselves. Stealthily he picks
up.

CU, The pages.

is the
hand.
We see words set to music. Against each line of notes
name of a character: Contessa, Susanna, Cherubino. Then
another page - the title page - written in Mozart's

Francese in
Le Nozze di Figaro Comedia per musica tratta dal
quattro atti.

CU, The word Figaro.

CU, Salieri. He stares amazed.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORNAMENTAL GARDEN - VIENNA - AFTERNOON - 1780'S

Concerto (K.
loud
Mozart is playing the cadenza and coda of Piano
482). He completes the work with a flourish. There is

comes
applause. The Emperor rises and all follow suit. Mozart
down to be greeted by him.

JOSEPH
Bravo, Mozart. Most charming. Yes,
indeed. Clever man.

MOZART
Thank you, Sire!

VON SWIETEN
Well done, Mozart. Really quite fine.

MOZART
Baron!

Leopold
He sees his wife and father standing by in the crowd.
is signaling insistently.

MOZART
Majesty, may I ask you to do me the
greatest favour?

JOSEPH
What is it?

MOZART
May I introduce my father? He is on
a short visit here and returning
very soon to Salzburg. He would so
much like to kiss your hand. It would
make his whole stay so memorable for
him.

JOSEPH
Ah! By all means.

royal
Leopold comes forward eagerly and fawningly kisses the
hand.

LEOPOLD
Your Majesty.

Constanze curtsies.

JOSEPH
Good evening.
(to Leopold)
We have met before, Herr Mozart.

LEOPOLD
That's right, Your Majesty. Twenty
years ago. No, twenty-two! twenty-
three! And I remember word for word
what you said to me. You said - you
said --

He searches his memory.

JOSEPH

Bravo?

LEOPOLD

No! Yes, 'bravo,' of course 'bravo'!
Everybody always says 'bravo' when
Wolfi plays. Like the King of England.
When we played for the King of
England, he got up at the end and
said, 'Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!' three
times. Three bravo's. And the Pope
four! Four bravo's from the Holy
Father, and one 'bellissimo.'

All the courtiers around are looking at him.

MOZART

Father -

LEOPOLD

Hush! I'm talking to His Majesty.
Your Majesty, I wish to express only
one thing - that you who are the
Father of us all, could teach our
children the gratitude they owe to
fathers. It is not for nothing that
the Fifth Commandment tells us:
'Honour your Father and Mother, that
your days may be long upon the earth.'

JOSEPH

Ah-ha. Well. There it is.

CUT TO:

INT. ORSINI-ROSENBERG'S STUDY - DAY - 1780'S

The Director sits at his table with Salieri and Bonno.

SALIERI

I've just learned something that
might be of interest to you, Herr
Director.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

Yes?

SALIERI

Mozart is writing a new opera. An
Italian opera.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

Italian?

BONNO

Aie!

SALIERI

And that's not all. He has chosen

for his subject, Figaro. The Marriage of Figaro.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG
You mean that play?

SALIERI
Exactly.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG
He's setting that play to music?

SALIERI
Yes.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG
You must be mad.

BONNO
What is this Marriage of Figaro?

ORSINI-ROSENBERG
It's a French play, Kapellmeister.
It has been banned by the Emperor.

BONNO
Hah!

He crosses himself, wide-eyed with alarm.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG
Are you absolutely sure?

SALIERI
I've seen the manuscript.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG
Where?

SALIERI
Never mind.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMBERLAIN VON STRACK'S STUDY - DAY - 1780'S

VON STRACK
I know we banned this play, but
frankly I can't remember why. Can
you refresh my memory, Herr Director?

ORSINI-ROSENBERG
For the same reason, Herr Chamberlain,
that it was banned in France.

VON STRACK
Oh yes, yes. And that was?

ORSINI-ROSENBERG
Well, the play makes a hero out of a

valet. He outwits his noble master and exposes him as a lecher. Do you see the implications? This would be, in a grander situation, as if a Chamberlain were to expose an Emperor.

VON STRACK

Ah.

CUT TO:

INT. THE EMPEROR'S STUDY - DAY - 1780'S

Swieten,
lackey
The Emperor stands in the middle of the room in close conversation with Von Strack, Orsini-Rosenberg, Von and Bonno. Salieri is not present. A door opens and a lackey announces:

LACKEY

Herr Mozart.

They all turn. Mozart approaches, rather apprehensively, and kisses Joseph's hand.

JOSEPH

Sit down, gentlemen, please.

a
They all sit, save Mozart. The room suddenly looks like a tribunal. Joseph is in a serious mood.

JOSEPH

Mozart, are you aware I have declared the French play of Figaro unsuitable for our theatre?

MOZART

Yes, Sire.

JOSEPH

Yet we hear you are making an opera from it. Is this true?

MOZART

Who told you this, Majesty?

JOSEPH

It is not your place to ask questions. Is it true?

MOZART

Well, yes, I admit it is.

JOSEPH

Would you tell me why?

MOZART

Well, Majesty, it is only a comedy.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

What you think, Mozart, is scarcely the point. It is what His Majesty thinks that counts.

MOZART

But, Your Majesty -

JOSEPH

(motioning him to be silent)

Mozart, I am a tolerant man. I do not censor things lightly. When I do, I have good reason. Figaro is a bad play. It stirs up hatred between the classes. In France it has caused nothing but bitterness. My own dear sister Antoinette writes me that she is beginning to be frightened of her own people. I do not wish to see the same fears starting here.

MOZART

Sire, I swear to Your Majesty, there's nothing like that in the story. I have taken out everything that could give offense. I hate politics.

JOSEPH

I think you are rather innocent, my friend. In these dangerous times I cannot afford to provoke our nobles or our people simply over a theatre piece.

The others look at their king solemnly, all save Mozart.

MOZART

But, Majesty, this is just a frolic. It's a piece about love.

JOSEPH

Ah, love again.

MOZART

But it's new, it's entirely new. It's so new, people will go mad for it. For example, I have a scene in the second act - it starts as a duet, just a man and wife quarreling. Suddenly the wife's scheming little maid comes in unexpectedly - a very funny situation. Duet turns into trio. Then the husband's equally screaming valet comes in. Trio turns into quartet. Then a stupid old gardener - quartet becomes quintet, and so on. On and on, sextet, septet,

octet! How long do you think I can sustain that?

JOSEPH

I have no idea.

MOZART

Guess! Guess, Majesty. Imagine the longest time such a thing could last, then double it.

JOSEPH

Well, six or seven minutes! maybe eight!

MOZART

Twenty, sire! How about twenty? Twenty minutes of continuous music. No recitatives.

VON SWIETEN

Mozart -

MOZART

(ignoring him)

Sire, only opera can do this. In a play, if more than one person speaks at the same time, it's just noise. No one can understand a word. But with music, with music you can have twenty individuals all talking at once, and it's not noise - it's a perfect harmony. Isn't that marvelous?

VON SWIETEN

Mozart, music is not the issue here. No one doubts your talent. It is your judgment of literature that's in question. Even with the politics taken out, this thing would still remain a vulgar farce. Why waste your spirit on such rubbish? Surely you can choose more elevated themes?

MOZART

Elevated? What does that mean? Elevated! The only thing a man should elevate is - oh, excuse me. I'm sorry. I'm stupid. But I am fed up to the teeth with elevated things! Old dead legends! How can we go on forever writing about gods and legends?

VON SWIETEN

(aroused)

Because they do. They go on forever - at least what they represent. The eternal in us, not the ephemeral. Opera is here to ennoble us. You and me, just as much as His Majesty.

BONNO

Bello! Bello, Barone. Veramente.

MOZART

Oh, bello, bello, bello! Come on now, be honest. Wouldn't you all rather listen to your hairdressers than Hercules? Or Horatius? Or Orpheus? All those old bores! people so lofty they sound as if they shit marble!

VON SWIETEN

What?

VON STRACK

Govern your tongue, sir! How dare you?

Beat. All look at the Emperor.

MOZART

Forgive me, Majesty. I'm a vulgar man. But I assure you, my music is not.

JOSEPH

You are passionate, Mozart! But you do not persuade.

MOZART

Sire, the whole opera is finished. Do you know how much work went into it?

BONNO

His Majesty has been more than patient, Signore.

MOZART

How can I persuade you if you won't let me show it?

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

That will do, Herr Mozart!

MOZART

Just let me tell you how it begins.

VON STRACK

Herr Mozart -

MOZART

May I just do that, Majesty? Show you how it begins? Just that?

A slight pause. Then Joseph nods.

JOSEPH

Please.

Mozart falls on his knees.

MOZART

Look! There's a servant, down on his knees. Do you know why? Not from any oppression. No, he's simply measuring a space. Do you know what for? His bed. His wedding bed to see if it will fit.

He giggles.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERA HOUSE - DAY - 1780'S

Mozart sits on stage at a harpsichord rehearsing the singers taking the parts of Figaro and Susanna in the opening bars of the first act of The Marriage of Figaro. We watch Figaro measuring the space for his bed on the floor, singing and Susanna looking on, trying on the Countess' hat.

CUT TO:

INT. SALIERI'S SALON - DAY - 1780'S

Orsini-Rosenberg and Bonno are sitting with Salieri.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

Well, Mozart is already rehearsing.

SALIERI

Incredible.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

The Emperor has given him permission.

BONNO

Si, si! Veramente.

SALIERI

Well, gentlemen, so be it. In that case I think we should help Mozart all we can and do our best to protect him against the Emperor's anger.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

What anger?

SALIERI

About the ballet.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

Ballet? What ballet?

SALIERI

Excuse me - didn't His Majesty specifically forbid ballet in his opera?

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

Yes, absolutely. Is there a ballet in Figaro?

SALIERI

Yes, in the third act.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OPERA HOUSE - DAY - 1780'S

It is a full orchestral rehearsal. Mozart is conducting from the harpsichord with his hands; he does not use a baton.

The singers are all in practice clothes, not costumes. We are in the Act III and we hear the recitativo exchange just before the march begins. Orsini-Rosenberg and Bonno sit watching chairs.

Suddenly the march starts. Peasants and friends start to dance in and at the same moment, Orsini-Rosenberg gets up and comes down to Mozart. He is accompanied by an anxious Bonno.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

Mozart! Herr Mozart, may I have a word with you please. Right away.

MOZART

Certainly, Herr Director.

He signals to the cast to break off.

MOZART

Five minutes, please!

The company disperses, curious. The musicians look at Orsini-Rosenberg.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

Did you not know that His Majesty has expressly forbidden ballet in his operas?

MOZART

Yes, but this is not a ballet. This is a dance at Figaro's wedding.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG
Exactly. A dance.

MOZART
But surely the Emperor didn't mean
to prohibit dancing when it's part
of the story.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG
It is dangerous for you to interpret
His Majesty's edicts. Give me your
score, please.

Mozart hands him the score from which he is conducting.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG
Thank you.

He rips out a page. Bonno watches in terror.

MOZART
What are you doing?

He rips out three more.

MOZART
What are you doing, Herr Director?

ORSINI-ROSENBERG
Taking out what you should never
have put in.

He goes on tearing the pages determinedly.

CUT TO:

INT. SALIERI'S SALON - DAY - 1780'S

A servant opens the door to announce.

SERVANT
Herr Mozart.

rises
Mozart brushes past him straight towards Salieri, who
to greet him. The little man is near hysterics.

MOZART
Please! Please. I've no one else to
turn to. Please!

He grabs Salieri.

SALIERI
Wolfgang, what is it? Sta calmo, per
favore. What's the matter?

MOZART
It's unbelievable! The Director has

actually ripped out a huge section
of my music. Pages of it.

SALIERI

Really? Why?

MOZART

I don't know. They say I've got to
re-write the opera, but it's perfect
as it is. I can't rewrite what's
perfect. Can't you talk to him?

SALIERI

Why bother with Orsini-Rosenberg?
He's obviously no friend of yours.

MOZART

Oh, I could kill him! I mean really
kill him. I actually threw the entire
opera on the fire, he made me so
angry!

SALIERI

You burned the score?

MOZART

Oh no! My wife took it out in time.

SALIERI

How fortunate.

MOZART

It's not fair that a man like that
has power over our work.

SALIERI

But there are those who have power
over him. I think I'll take this up
with the Emperor.

MOZART

Oh, Excellency, would you?

SALIERI

With all my heart, Mozart.

MOZART

Thank you! Oh, thank you.

He kisses Salieri's hand.

SALIERI

(withdrawing it;

imitating the Emperor)

No, no, no, Herr Mozart, please.

It's not a holy relic.

Mozart giggles with relief and gratitude.

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 1823

OLD SALIERI

I'm sure I don't need to tell you I said nothing whatever to the Emperor. I went to the theatre ready to tell Mozart that His Majesty had flown into a rage when I mentioned the ballet, when suddenly, to my astonishment, in the middle of the third act, the Emperor - who never attended rehearsals - suddenly appeared.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - DAY - 1780'S

The Emperor steals in surreptitiously with Von Strack, his finger to his lips. He motions everyone not to rise, and slips into a chair behind Salieri, Orsini-Rosenberg and Bonno. The three conspirators look at each other wide-eyed. The recitativo summons up the march, but instead there is silence. Mozart lays down his baton. The musicians lay down their instruments. The celebrants of Figaro's wedding come in with a few pitiful dance steps, in procession, only to come presently to a halt, lacking their music. The singers try to go on singing, but they have no cues from their conductor or from the accompaniment. Everyone on stage looks lost, though they attempt to go on with the story for a while. Consternation grows on the faces of the conspirators. Mozart glances back at the group seated in the theatre. Finally, the Emperor speaks, in a whisper.

JOSEPH

What is this? I don't understand.
Is it modern?

BONNO

Majesty, the Herr Director, he has removed a ballet that would have occurred at this place.

JOSEPH

Why?

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

It is your regulation, Sire. No ballet in your opera.

Mozart strains to hear what they are saying but cannot.

JOSEPH

Do you like this, Salieri?

SALIERI

It is not a question of liking, Your Majesty. Your own law decrees it, I'm afraid.

JOSEPH

Well, look at them.

ground to

We do look at them. The spectacle on stage has now a complete halt.

JOSEPH

No, no, no! This is nonsense. Let me hear the scene with the music.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

But, Sire -

JOSEPH

Oblige me.

Orsini-Rosenberg acknowledges his defeat.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

Yes, Majesty.

sits

Orsini-Rosenberg rises and goes down to where Mozart anxiously with the musicians, watching his approach.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

Can we see the scene with the music back, please?

MOZART

Oh yes, certainly. Certainly, Herr Director!

indicate his

He looks back deliriously at Salieri, trying to indicate his gratitude. Salieri acknowledges with a slight and subtle nod.

Orsini-Rosenberg returns to his king.

MOZART

Ladies and gentlemen, we're going from where we stopped. The Count: Anches so. Right away, please!

The singers scatter offstage to begin the scene again.

JOSEPH

(to Orsini-Rosenberg)

What I hoped by that edict, Director,
was simply to prevent hours of dancing
like in French opera. There it is
endless, as you know.

ORSINI-ROSENBERG

Quite so, Majesty.

hands.
happy
cut
celebrants

CUT BACK TO Mozart at the forte-piano, raising his
The musicians raise their bows. With a flourish the
composer begins a reprise of the scene which had been
out. The music of the march begins faintly; the
of Figaro's wedding start to enter as the Count and the
Countess sit in their chairs.

Emperor's
suddenly,
march, we

In the theatre we see increasing pleasure on the
face, sullenness and defeat on the courtiers'. Then,
without interruption, on a crescendo repeat of the

CUT TO:

INT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - 1780'S

Von
Madame
wear
costume.
The
restored

The theatre is brilliantly lit for the first public
performance of Figaro. Everybody is there: the Emperor,
Strack, Bonno Orsini-Rosenberg, Von Swieten, even
Weber and her daughters in a box. The musicians all
imperial livery; the actors on stage are now in
Mozart, conducting, wears his Order of the Golden Spur.
company wheels in and around to the music of the
march, which reaches a triumphant climax.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 1823

OLD SALIERI

(to Vogler)

So Figaro was produced in spite of
me. And in spite of me, a wonder was
revealed. One of the true wonders of
art. The restored third act was bold
and brilliant. The fourth was a
miracle.

(Ah, The descending scale of strings in the final ensemble
Tutti contenti. Saremo cosi) fades in.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - 1780'S

We see the tableau on stage with the Count kneeling to
the Countess. All are singing.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)

I saw a woman disguised in her maid's
clothes hear her husband speak the
first tender words he has offered
her in years, only because he thinks
she is someone else. I heard the
music of true forgiveness filling
the theatre, conferring on all who
sat there a perfect absolution. God
was singing through this little man
to all the world - unstoppable -
making my defeat more bitter with
each passing bar.

CU, Salieri in his box, tears on his cheeks. He watches
the ensemble and we listen to it for a long moment. Finally
it fades, but continues underneath the following:

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 1823

OLD SALIERI

And then suddenly - a miracle!

CUT

BACK TO:

INT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - 1780'S

The ensemble reaches its climax, and fades away to the
very quiet, slow chords immediately preceding the boisterous
final chord. Salieri becomes aware that some of the audience
are asleep and many more are apathetic. In the near silence
we see the Emperor yawn behind his hand. Those nearby look
at him. Orsini-Rosenberg smiles.

CUT

BACK TO:

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 1823

OLD SALIERI

Father, did you know what that meant?
With that yawn I saw my defeat turn
into a victory. And Mozart was lucky

the Emperor only yawned once. Three yawns and the opera would fail the same night; two yawns, within a week at most. With one yawn the composer could still get -

CUT TO:

INT. SALIERI'S SALON - DAY - 1780'S

Mozart is pacing up and down. Salieri is listening sympathetically.

MOZART

Nine performances! Nine! That's all it's had - and withdrawn.

SALIERI

I know; it's outrageous. Still, if the public doesn't like one's work one has to accept the fact gracefully.

MOZART

But what is it they don't like?

SALIERI

Well, I can speak for the Emperor. You made too many demands on the royal ear. The poor man can't concentrate for more than an hour and you gave him four.

MOZART

What did you think of it yourself? Did you like it at all?

SALIERI

I think it's marvelous. Truly.

MOZART

It's the best opera yet written. I know it! Why didn't they come?

SALIERI

I think you overestimate our dear Viennese, my friend. Do you know you didn't even give them a good bang at the end of songs so they knew when to clap?

MOZART

I know, I know. Perhaps you should give me some lessons in that.

SALIERI

(fuming)

I wouldn't presume. All the same, if it wouldn't be imposing, I would like you to see my new piece. It would be a tremendous honour for me.

MOZART
Oh no, the honour would be all mine.

SALIERI
(bowing)
Grazie, mio caro, Wolfgang!

MOZART
Grazie, a lei, Signor Antonio!

He bows too, giggling.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - 1780'S

Ormus.
reception
near
Persian
is
Rosenberg,
cries

A performance of Salieri's grand opera, Axur: King of Deafening applause from a crowded house. We see the of the aria which we saw Cavalieri singing on the stage the start of the film. Cavalieri, in a mythological costume, is bowing to the rapturous throng; below her Salieri. We see the Emperor, Von Strack, Orsini-Bonno and Von Swieten, all applauding. We hear great of 'Salieri! Salieri!' and 'Bravo!' and 'Brava!'

CU, Salieri looking at the crowd with immense pleasure. Then suddenly at:

Behind
before

CU, Mozart standing in a box and clapping wildly. him, seated, are Schikaneder and the three girls we saw in Mozart's apartment.

still

CU, Salieri staring fixedly at Mozart, then Mozart clapping, apparently with tremendous enthusiasm.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)
What was this? I never saw him excited before by any music but his own.
Could he mean it?

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 1823

OLD SALIERI
(to Vogler)
Would he actually tell me my music had moved him? Was I really going to hear that from his own lips? I found myself actually hurrying the tempo of the finale.

CUT

BACK TO:

INT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - 1780'S

Ormus.
and
rejoicing

Salieri conducting the last scene from Axur: King of
On stage we see a big scene of acclamation: the hero
heroine of the opera accepting the crown amidst the
of the people. The decor and costumes are mythological
Persian. The music is utterly conventional and totally
uninventive.

and
to
face.

CU, Mozart watching this in his box, with Schikaneder
the three actresses. He passes an open bottle of wine
them. He is evidently a little drunk, but keeps a poker
face.

joins
leaves the

The act comes to an end. Great applause in which Mozart
in, standing and shouting 'Bravo! Bravo!' Then he
box with Schikaneder and the girls.

INT. CORRIDOR OF THE OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - 1780'S

MOZART
(to Schikaneder)
Well?

SCHIKANEDER
(mock moved)
Sublime! Utterly sublime!

MOZART
That kind of music should be
punishable by death.

Schikaneder laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE OF THE OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - 1780'S

distance.
Chain.

A crowd of people rings Salieri at a respectful
The Emperor is holding out the Civilian Medal and

JOSEPH
I believe that is the best opera yet
written, my friends. Salieri, you
are the brightest star in the musical
firmament. You do honour to Vienna
and to me.

his
but
up.

Salieri bows his head. Joseph places the chain around neck. The crowd claps. Salieri makes to kiss his hand, Joseph restrains him, and passes on. Cavalieri, smiling adoringly, gives him a deep curtsey, and he raises her

him.

The crowd all flock to Salieri with cries and words of approval. All want to shake his hand. They tug and pat

there.

But he has eyes for only one man - he looks about him, searching for him and then finds him. Mozart stands

Eagerly Salieri moves to him.

SALIERI

Mozart. It was good of you to come.

MOZART

How could I not?

SALIERI

Did my work please you?

MOZART

How could it not, Excellency?

SALIERI

Yes?

MOZART

I never knew that music like that was possible.

SALIERI

You flatter me.

MOZART

Oh no! One hears such sounds and what can one say, but - Salieri!

Salieri smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1780'S

by
gingerly.
room,
breaks

Explosive laughter as Mozart and Schikaneder enter the apartment, very pleased with themselves and accompanied the three actresses. The front door opens, very Mozart, still rather drunk, sticks his head into the anxious not to make a noise. He sees the strangers and into a smile.

MOZART

Oh. Everybody's here! We've got
guests. Good. I've brought some more.

He opens the door wide to admit Schikaneder and the
girls.

MOZART

We'll have a little party. Come in.
Come in. You know Herr Schikaneder?
(to a girl)
This is! a very nice girl.

CONSTANZE

(standing up)
Wolfi.

MOZART

Yes, my love?

CONSTANZE

These gentlemen are from Salzburg.

MOZART

Salzburg. We were just talking about
Salzburg.

(to the two men,
jubilantly)

If you've come from my friend the
Fartsbishop, you've arrived at just
the right moment. Because I've got
good news for him. I'm done with
Vienna. It's over, finished, done
with! Done with! Done with!

CONSTANZE

Wolfi! Your father is dead.

MOZART

What?

CONSTANZE

Your father is dead.

Giovanni The first loud chord of the Statue scene from Don
sounds. Mozart stares.

INT. AN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - 1780'S

figure of The second chord sounds. On stage we see the huge
arms and the Commendatore in robes and helmet, extending his
pointing in accusation.

INT. AN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - 1780'S

The second chord sounds.

wall of
the
at Don
servant

On stage we see a huge nailed fist crash through the
a painted dining room set. The giant armoured statue of
COMMENDATORE enters pointing his finger in accusation
Giovanni who sits at the supper table, staring - his
Leporello quaking with fear under the table.

THE COMMENDATORE
(singing)
Don Giovanni!

a
The figure advances on the libertine. We see Mozart
conducting, pale and deeply involved. Music fades down
little.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)
So rose the dreadful ghost in his
next and blackest opera. There on
the stage stood the figure of a dead
commander calling out 'Repent!
Repent!'

back
the
The music swells. We see Salieri standing alone in the
of a box, unseen, in semi-darkness. We also see that
theatre is only half full. Music fades down.

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)
And I knew - only I understood -
that the horrifying apparition was
Leopold, raised from the dead.
Wolfgang had actually summoned up
his own father to accuse his son
before all the world. It was
terrifying and wonderful to watch.

the
in the
Music swells up again. We watch the scene on stage as
Commendatore addresses Giovanni. Then back to Salieri
box. Music down again.

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 1823

OLD SALIERI
Now a madness began in me. The madness
of a man splitting in half. Through
my influence I saw to it Don Giovanni
was played only five times in Vienna.
But in secret I went to every one of
those five - all alone - unable to
help myself, worshipping sound I
alone seemed to hear.

INT. AN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - 1780'S

OLD SALIERI (V.O.)

And hour after hour, as I stood there,
understanding even more clearly how
that bitter old man was still
possessing his poor son from beyond
the grave, I began to see a way - a
terrible way - I could finally triumph
over God, my torturer.

gripped by
artificial
Hell.
Music swells. On stage Don Giovanni is seized and
the Statue's icy hand. Flames burst from obviously
rocks. Demons appear and drag the libertine down to
The scene ends.
CU, Salieri, staring wide-eyed.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHIKANEDER'S THEATRE - VIENNA - NIGHT - 1780'S
We see huge and attractive posters and billboards
advertising
one
Schikaneder's troupe. The camera concentrates on the
one
which reads as follows:

EMMANUEL SCHIKANEDER
Impresario de luxe
PRESENTS
The Celebrated
SCHIKANEDER TROUPE OF PLAYERS
IN
An Evening of
PARODY
Music! Mirth! Magic!
ALL SONGS AND SPEECHES WRITTEN
BY
EMMANUEL SCHIKANEDER
who personally will appear in every scene!

CUT TO:

INT. SCHIKANEDER'S THEATRE - NIGHT - 1780'S
Noise; smoke; the audience is sitting at tables for an
evening
now
are
are
situations and
heard.
of vaudeville. Mozart, Constanze and their son Karl,
about two years old, and sitting on his mother's lap,
watching a parody scene by Schikaneder's troupe. They
rowdy, bawdy and silly, incorporating motifs,
tunes from Mozart's operas which we have seen and

plates Before them on the table are bottles of wine and beer,
of sausages, etc.

THE PARODY

Don On stage we see a set which parodies the dining room in
Giovanni's palace, shown before.

I), Schikaneder as Don Giovanni is dancing with the three
handing actresses to the minuet from Don Giovanni (end of Act
played by a quartet of tipsy musicians. Leporello is
around wine on a tray.

The Suddenly there is a tremendous knocking from outside.
panic. music slithers to a stop. All look at each other in
One Leporello drops his tray with a crash. All go quiet.
table more knock is heard. Then all musicians, actresses, Don
table Giovanni and Leporello make a dash to hide under the
shakes which is far too small to accommodate them all. The
rocks. Schikaneder is pushed out. He is terrified. He
elaborately. Three more knocks are heard; louder.

SCHIKANEDER

Who is it?

One more knock.

SCHIKANEDER

C-c-c-come in!

Giovanni In the pit a chromatic scale from the Overture to Don
more turns into a anticipatory vamp. This grows more and
the menacing until the whole flat representing the wall at
back falls down.

ridiculous An absurd pantomime horse gallops in. It has a
miniature expression, and is manned by four men inside. Standing
Commendatore. precariously on its back is a dwarf, wearing a
version of the armour and helmet worn by the
He sings in a high, nasal voice:

COMMENDATORE

(singing)

Don Giovannnnnnnnnni!

He
to
He tries to keep his balance as he trots in, but fails.
falls off onto the stage. He beats at the horse, trying
to get back on.

COMMENDATORE

Down! Down!

his
Bewildered, the horse looks about him, but cannot see
small rider who is below his level of sight.

COMMENDATORE

I'm here! I'm here!

locate
wings.
shoulders
The horse, amidst laughter from the audience, fails to
him. Exasperated, the dwarf signals to someone in the
A tall man strides out carrying a see-saw; on his
stands another man.

There is
raised end
the
Don
and
The dwarf stands on the lowered end of the see-saw.
a drum roll and the man above jumps down onto the
and the Commendatore is abruptly catapulted back onto
horse, only backwards so that he is facing away from
Giovanni. The two men bow to the applauding audience,
retire off-stage.

face
The Commendatore tries to extend his arms in the proper
menacing attitude, and at the same time turn around to
Don Giovanni. This he finds difficult.

COMMENDATORE

(singing)

Don Giovannnnnnnnni!

SCHIKANEDER

Who the devil are you? What do you
want?

COMMENDATORE

(singing)

I've come to dinnnnnner!

SCHIKANEDER

Dinner? How dare you? I am a nobleman.
I only dine with people of my own
height.

COMMENDATORE

Are you drunk? You invited me. And
my horse. Here he is. Ottavio!

again. The horse takes a bow. The dwarf almost falls off

COMMENDATORE

Whoa! Whoa! Stop it!

time. The three girls rush to his aid and reach him just in

put They sing in the manner of the Tree Ladies later to be
into The Magic Flute.

FIRST LADY

(running and singing)

Be careful!

SECOND LADY

(running and singing)

Be careful!

THIRD LADY

(running and singing)

Be careful!

ALL THREE TOGETHER

(close harmony)

Hold tight now!

They grab him.

COMMENDATORE

(angry)

Leave me alone! Stop it! I'm a famous
horseman.

OTTAVIO

And I'm a famous horse!

sing, He gives the ladies a radiant smile. The three ladies
as before, in close harmony.

FIRST LADY

(singing)

He's adorable!

SECOND LADY

(singing)

Adorable!

THIRD LADY

(singing)

Adorable!

and An orchestral chord. The three ladies turn to Ottavio
sing to him.

THREE LADIES

(singing together)

Give me your hoof, my darling, And
I'll give you my heart! Take me to
your stable, And never more we'll
part!

OTTAVIO

(singing: four male
voices)

I'm shy and very bashful. I don't
know what to say.

THREE LADIES

(singing together)

Don't hesitate a second. Just answer
yes and neigh.

Ottavio neighs loudly, and runs at the girls.

COMMENDATORE

(speaking)

Stop it. What are you doing? Remember
who you are! You're a horse and they
are whores.

Boos from the audience.

SCHIKANEDER

(speaking)

This is ridiculous. I won't have any
of it. You're turning my house into
a circus!

soprano

A trapeze sails in from above. On it stands a grand
wearing an elaborate Turkish costume, like a parody of
Cavalleri's in *Il Seraglio*. She comes in singing a mad
coloratura scale in the manner of Martern aller Arten.

SCHIKANEDER

(speaking)

Shut up. Women, women, women! I'm
sick to death of them.

He marches off stage.

SOPRANO

(singing dramatically)

Dash me! Bash me! Lash me! Flay me!
Slay me! At last I will be freed by
death!

COMMENDATORE

Shut up.

SOPRANO

(swinging and singing)

Kill me! Kill me! Kill me! Kill me!
At last I shall be freed by death.
At last I shall be freed by dea -

thrusts
of the
eight
water.
was
miniature

The Commendatore pulls out his sword, reaches up and
her through with it. The soprano collapses on the bar
trapeze. The audience applauds. At the same moment
dwarves march in bearing a huge cauldron of steaming
They sing as they march to the sound of the march that
cut from Act III of Figaro. They are dressed as
copies of the chorus in that scene except that they are
wearing cooks' hats.

EIGHT DWARVES

(singing)

We're going to make a soprano stew!
We're going to make a soprano stew!
And when you make a soprano stew!
Any stupid soprano will do! Any stew-
stew-stew-stew-stew! Any stewpid
soprano will do!

The
the

They set the giant pot down in the middle of the stage.
trapeze with the dead soprano is still swinging above
stage.

overture
tremolando.
a
string

We hear the chromatic scale from the Don Giovanni
again, repeated and repeated, only now fast and
To this exciting vamp Schikaneder suddenly rides in on
a
real horse, waving a real sword. With this he cuts the
of the trapeze, and the soprano falls into the pot. A
tremendous splash of water. Schikaneder rides out. More
applause.

climb
labeled

All the dwarves produce long wooden cooking spoons and
up the sides of the pot. The three girls produce
bottles from under their skirts. The first is SALT.

FIRST LADY

(singing)

Behold!

PEPPER

SECOND LADY

(singing)

Behold!

She sneezes.

AND SCHNAPPS

THIRD LADY
(singing)
Behold!

She hiccups.

They throw them into the pot.

COMMENDATORE
(speaking to the
dwarves)
How long does it take to cook a
soprano?

DWARVES
(all together)
Five hours, five minutes, five
seconds.

COMMENDATORE
(speaking)
I can't wait that long. I'm starving!

OTTAVIO
(speaking; four voices)
So am I.

Schikaneder marches in as Figaro.

SCHIKANEDER
(singing to the tune
of Non piu ante)
In the pot, I have got a good dinner.
Not a sausage or stew, but a singer.
Not a sausage or stew but a singer.
Is the treat that I'll eat for my
meat!

COMMENDATORE
Oh shut up. I'm sick to death of
that tune.

CU, Mozart laughing delightedly with the audience.

THE THREE GIRLS
(singing again to the
horse)
Give me your hoof, my darling, and
I'll give you my heart.

COMMENDATORE
Shut up. I'm sick of that one too.

climb,
Nachtmusik.
All the dwarves climb up the rim of the pot. As they
they all hum together the opening of Eine Kleine

COMMENDATORE
And that one, too!

the The soprano rises, dripping with water in the middle of
pot.

SOPRANO
(singing)
Oil me! Broil me! Boil me!

their All the dwarves beat her back down into the pot with
long wooden spoons.

SOPRANO
(from inside the pot)
Soil me! Foil me! Spoil me!

HORSE
I can't eat her. Sopranos give me
hiccups. I want some hay!

FIRST LADY
(singing to Schikaneder)
Hey!

SECOND LADY
(singing to Schikaneder)
Hey!

THIRD LADY
(singing to Schikaneder)
Hey!

SCHIKANEDER
Hey what?

ALL THREE LADIES
(singing to La oi
daram)
Give him some hay, my darling, and
I'll give you my heart!

COMMENDATORE
Shut up.

SCHIKANEDER
Leporello! We want some hay -
prestissimo! Leporello - where are
you?

under it The table is raised in the air by Leporello sitting
on a bale of hay.

FIRST LADY
(singing to horse)
Behold!

SECOND LADY
(singing to horse)
Behold!

THIRD LADY
(singing to horse)
Behold!

to Ottavio the horse gives a piercing neigh and runs down
the hay.

COMMENDATORE
(holding on)
Hey! Hey! Watch out!

swings The vamp starts again vigorously. The horse's rear-end
to around on a hinge to turn his hind-quarters straight on
springs the audience. The rest of him stays sideways. His tail
hiding up in the air to reveal a lace handkerchief modestly
his arsehole.

it, Schikaneder offers him a handful of hay. The horse eats
The and out the other end comes a long Viennese sausage.
and out audience roars with laughter. Another handful of hay
large of the other end falls a string of sausages. Then a
his pie, crust and all. Then a shower of iced cakes!
Suddenly - silence. Schikaneder produces an egg from
pocket. Ottavio the horse rears up in disgust.

COMMENDATORE
Whoa! Whoa, Ottavio! Whoa!

pops the Leporello pries open the horse's mouth. Schikaneder
the egg into it. A breathless pause as a drum roll builds
tension, up and up and up, and then suddenly out of the
horse's rear-end flies a single white dove.

Wild applause.

start It flies into the audience. Immediately all the cast
humming the lyrical finale from Figaro: Tutti Contenti.
More and more doves fly out from the wings and fill the
theatre. Everybody picks up the sausages and cakes and
begins to eat. The end of the sketch is unexpectedly lyrical
and magical, and then, suddenly, the tempo changes and the
coarse strains of Ich Mochte wohl Der Kaiser take over and the
whole

company is dancing, frantically. A general dance as the curtain falls.

is
bow
he
audience
stage,
old

It rises immediately. The audience - including Mozart - delighted. They applaud vigorously. Schikaneder takes a amongst his troupe. Among much whistling and clapping, finally jumps off the stage and strides through the toward the table where Mozart sits with his family. On a troupe of bag pipers immediately appears to play an German tune. Some of the audience joins in singing it.

SCHIKANEDER

Well, how do you like that?

been

Mozart is smiling; he has been amused. Constanze has less amused and is looking apprehensive.

MOZART

Wonderful!

(indicating his baby
son)

He liked the monkey, didn't you?

SCHIKANEDER

Yes, well, it's all good fun.

MOZART

I liked the horse.

of

Schikaneder sits at the table, and drinks from a bottle wine.

SCHIKANEDER

Isn't he marvelous? He cost me a bundle, that horse, but he's worth it. I tell you, if you'd played Don Giovanni here it would have been a great success. I'm not joking. These people aren't fools. You could do something marvelous for them.

MOZART

I'd like to try them someday. I'm not sure I'd be much good at it.

SCHIKANEDER

'Course you would. You belong here, my boy, not the snobby Court. You could do anything you felt like here - the more fantastic the better! That's what people want, you know: fantasy. You do a big production, fill it with beautiful magic tricks and you'll

be absolutely free to do anything you want. Of course, you'd have to put a fire in it, because I've got the best fire machine in the city and a big flood - I can do you the finest water effects you ever saw in your life. Oh, and a few trick animals. You'd have to use those.

MOZART

Animals?

SCHIKANEDER

I tell you I picked up a snake in Dresden last week - twelve foot long - folds up to six inches, just like a paper fan. It's a miracle.

Mozart laughs.

SCHIKANEDER

I'm serious. You write a proper part for me with a couple of catchy songs, I'll guarantee you'll have a triumph-de-luxe. Mind you, it'll have to be in German.

MOZART

German!

SCHIKANEDER

Of course! What else do you think they speak here?

MOZART

No, no, I love that. I'd want it to be in German. I haven't done anything in German since Seraglio.

SCHIKANEDER

So there you are. What do you say?

CONSTANZE

How much will you pay him?

SCHIKANEDER

Ah. Well. Ah,

(to Mozart)

I see you've got your manager with you. Well, Madame, how about half the receipts?

MOZART

Half the receipts! Stanzi!

CONSTANZE

I'm talking about now. How much will you give him now? Down payment?

SCHIKANEDER

Down payment? Who do you think I am?

The Emperor? Whoops, I have to go.

He rises in haste for his next number.

SCHIKANEDER

Stay where you are. You're going to like this next one. We'll speak again. Triumph-de-luxe, my boy!

He winks at Mozart and disappears toward the stage.

Mozart

looks after him, enchanted.

CONSTANZE

You're not going to do this?

MOZART

Why not? Half the house!

CONSTANZE

When? We need money now. Either he pays now, or you don't do it.

MOZART

Oh, Stanzi.

CONSTANZE

I don't trust this man. And I didn't like what he did with your opera. It was common.

MOZART

(to Karl)

Well, you liked it, didn't you? Monkey-flunki-punki.

CONSTANZE

Half the house! You'll never see a penny. I want it here, in my hand.

MOZART

(dirty)

Stanzi-manzi, I'll put it in your hand!

CONSTANZE

Shut up! I'll not let you put anything in my hand until I see some money.

He giggles like a child.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHLUMBERG HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 1780'S

from

Dogs are barking wickedly. Michael Schlumberg comes in

his salon. Mozart stands there looking very unwell and bewildered. He is also drunk, but making a careful

attempt

to keep his composure.

SCHLUMBERG

Herr Mozart. What a surprise. What can I do for you?

MOZART

Is my pupil still anxious to learn the art of music?

SCHLUMBERG

Well, your pupil is married and living in Mannheim, young man.

MOZART

Really? Perhaps your dear wife might care to profit from my instruction?

SCHLUMBERG

What is this, Mozart? What's the matter with you?

MOZART

Well. Since it appears nobody is eager to hire my services, could you favour me with a little money instead?

SCHLUMBERG

What for?

MOZART

If a man cannot earn, he must borrow.

SCHLUMBERG

Well, this is hardly the way to go about it.

MOZART

No doubt, sir. But I am endowed with talent, and you with money. If I offer mine, you should offer yours.

Pause.

SCHLUMBERG

I'm sorry. No.

MOZART

Please. I'll give it back, I promise. Please, sir.

SCHLUMBERG

My answer is no, Mozart.

CU, Mozart. His voice becomes mechanical.

MOZART

Please. Please. Please. Please.
Please. Please.

CUT TO:

INT. THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY - DAY - 1790'S

Von Swieten and Salieri stand close together. Several scholars and students are examining scrolls and manuscripts at the other end of the room.

VON SWIETEN

(keeping his voice down)

This is embarrassing, you know. You introduced Mozart to some of my friends and he's begging from practically all of them. It has to stop.

SALIERI

I agree, Baron.

VON SWIETEN

Can't you think of anyone who might commission some work from him? I've done my best. I got him to arrange some Bach for my Sunday concerts. He got a fee - what I could afford. Can't you think of anyone who might do something for him?

SALIERI

No, Baron, no. I'm afraid Mozart is a lost cause. He has managed to alienate practically the whole of Vienna. He is constantly drunk. He never pays his debts. I can't think of one person to whom I dare recommend him.

VON SWIETEN

How sad. It's tragic, isn't it? Such a talent.

SALIERI

Indeed. Just a moment - as a matter of fact I think I do know someone who could commission a work from him. A very appropriate person to do so. Yes.

The opening measures of the Piano Concerto in D Minor steal in.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COSTUME SHOP - VIENNA - DAY - 1790'S

Constanze
it,
the
emerges
he
shop.
snowy

This is exactly the same shop which Mozart and
visited with Leopold. Now Salieri's servant stands in
waiting. We see a few other customers being served by
staff: renting masks, costumes, etc. One of the staff
from the back of the shop carrying a large box, which
hands to Salieri's servant. The servant leaves the
shop. Through the window we see him hurrying away through the
street full of passers-by, carriages, etc.

INT. SALIERI'S APARTMENT - DUSK - 1790'S

opens
dark
now
into a
and
alarming
swells

The D Minor Concerto continues. Salieri, alone, eagerly
opens the box from the costume shop and takes out the same
dark cloak and hat that Leopold wore to the masquerade, only
now attached to the hat is a dark mask whose mouth is cut
into a frown, not a laugh. It presents a bitter and menacing
expression. He puts on the cloak, the hat and the mask
and turns his back. Suddenly we see the assembled and
alarming image reflected in a full-length mirror. The music
swells darkly.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SNOWY STREET IN VIENNA - DUSK - 1790'S

the
lively
wear

As the tutti of the D Minor Concerto continues, we see
Salieri, dressed in this menacing costume, dark against
the snow, stalking through a street which is otherwise
lively with people going to various festivities. Some of them
wear frivolous carnival clothes.

INT. MOZART'S LIVING ROOM - DUSK - 1790'S

really
cramps.
he
violent

Mozart sits writing at a table. He appears now to be
really quite sick. His face expresses pain from his stomach
cramps. There is a gentle knock at the door. He rises, goes to
he door and opens it. Immediately there is a SHOCK CUT:
The dark, frowning mask stares at him and at us. The
violent

Salieri in D Minor chord which opens Don Giovanni is heard.
costume stands in the doorway.

SALIERI
Herr Mozart?

The second chord sounds and fades. Mozart stares in
panic.

SALIERI
I have come to commission work from
you.

MOZART
What work?

SALIERI
A Mass for the dead.

MOZART
What dead? Who is dead?

SALIERI
A man who deserved a Requiem Mass
and never got one.

MOZART
Who are you?

SALIERI
I am only a messenger. Do you accept?
You will be paid well.

MOZART
How much?

Salieri extends his hand. In it is a bag of money.

SALIERI
Fifty ducats. Another fifty when I
have the Mass. Do you accept?

Almost against his will, Mozart takes the money.

MOZART
How long will you give me?

SALIERI
Work fast. And be sure to tell no
one what you do. You will see me
again soon.

He turns away. Mozart closes the front door. Instantly
we hear the opening of the Requiem Mass (also in D Minor).
Mozart turns and looks up at the portrait of his father
on the wall. The portrait stares back. Constanze opens the
door from the bedroom. She sees him staring up.

CONSTANZE
Wolfi? Wolfi!

He looks at her with startled eyes. The music breaks
off.

CONSTANZE
Who was that?

MOZART
No one.

CONSTANZE
I heard voices.

He gives a strange little giggle.

CONSTANZE
What's the matter?

She sees the bag of money.

CONSTANZE
What's that? Oh!
(pouncing on it)
Who gave you this? How much is it?
Wolfi, who gave you this?

MOZART
I'm not telling you.

CONSTANZE
Why not?

MOZART
You'd think I was mad.

He stares at her. She stares at him.

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - 1823

Old Salieri is now wildly animated, totally driven by
his
confession to Vogler.

OLD SALIERI
My plan was so simple, it terrified
me. First I must get the Death Mass
and then achieve the death.

Vogler stares at him in horror.

VOGLER
What?

OLD SALIERI
His funeral - imagine it! The
Cathedral, all Vienna sitting there.
His coffin, Mozart's little coffin
in the middle. And suddenly in that

silence, music. A divine music bursts out over them all, a great Mass of Death: Requiem Mass for Wolfgang Mozart, composed by his devoted friend Antonio Salieri. What sublimity! What depth! What passion in the music! Salieri has been touched by God at last. And God, forced to listen. Powerless - powerless to stop it. I at the end, for once, laughing at Him. Do you understand? Do you?

VOGLER

Yes.

OLD SALIERI

The only thing that worried me was the actual killing. How does one do that? How does one kill a man? It's one thing to dream about it. It's very different when you have to do it, with your own hands.

Dies He raises his own hands and stares at them. The raging
Irae from Mozart's Requiem Mass bursts upon us.

CUT TO:

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1790'S
Mozart sits working frantically at this demonic music.
His whole expression is one of wildness and engulfing
fever. He pours wine down his throat, spilling it, and grimaces
as it hits his stomach. All around him are manuscripts.
There is a banging at the front door. Mozart does not
hear it; the music raves on. Another knocking comes, louder.
Constanze appears from the bedroom and stares at her
even distracted husband. The knocking is repeated again,
more violently and insistently.

CONSTANZE

Wolfi. Wolfi!

enormous He looks at her. The music breaks off. Silence. An
bang at the door startles him.
Constanze moves to open it.

MOZART

No. Don't answer it!

CONSTANZE

Why?

Mozart springs up. He is clearly terrified.

MOZART

Tell him I'm not here. Tell him I'm
working on it. Come back later.

He runs out of the room, into his workroom, and shuts the
door.
Now a little scared herself, Constanze goes to the front
door
and opens it cautiously. Schikaneder stands there,
floridly
dressed as usual. Lort is seen peeking out from the
kitchen.

SCHIKANEDER

Am I interrupting something?

CONSTANZE

Not at all.

SCHIKANEDER

(peering into the room)
Where's our friend?

CONSTANZE

He's not in. But he's working on it.
He said to tell you.

SCHIKANEDER

I hope so. I need it immediately.

He pushes her into the room.

SCHIKANEDER

Is he happy with it?

He sees the manuscript on the table, and goes to it
eagerly.

SCHIKANEDER

Is this it?

He picks up a page without waiting for a reply.

SCHIKANEDER

What the devil is this? Requiem Mass?
Does he think I'm in the funeral
business?

Schikaneder
Mozart opens the workroom door. We see him as
sees him: wild-eyed, extremely pale and strange.

MOZART

Leave that alone!

SCHIKANEDER

Wolfe!

MOZART

Put it down!

SCHIKANEDER

What is this?

MOZART

Put it down, I said! It's nothing for you.

SCHIKANEDER

Oh! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! What have you got for me? Is it finished?

MOZART

What?

SCHIKANEDER

What? The vaudeville, what'd you think?

MOZART

Yes.

SCHIKANEDER

Can I see it?

MOZART

No.

SCHIKANEDER

Why not?

MOZART

Because there's nothing to see.

He giggles triumphantly. Schikaneder stares at him.

SCHIKANEDER

Look, I asked you if we could start rehearsal next week and you said yes.

MOZART

Well, we can.

SCHIKANEDER

So let me see it. Where is it?

Mozart, with a bright, rather demented smile presents his head to Schikaneder.

MOZART

Here. It's all right here, in my noodle. The rest is just scribbling. Scribbling and bibbling. Bibbling and scribbling. Would you like a drink?

He giggles. Schikaneder suddenly grabs his lapels.

SCHIKANEDER

Look, you little clown, do you know
how many people I've hired for you?
Do you know how many people are
waiting?

CONSTANZE

Leave him alone!

SCHIKANEDER

I'm paying these people. Do you
realize that?

CONSTANZE

He's doing his best.

SCHIKANEDER

I'm paying people just to wait for
you. It's ridiculous!

CONSTANZE

You know what's ridiculous? Your
libretto, that's what's ridiculous.
Only an idiot would ask Wolfi to
work on that stuff!

SCHIKANEDER

Oh yes? And what's so intelligent
about writing a Requiem?

CONSTANZE

Money! Money!

SCHIKANEDER

You're mad! She's mad, Wolfi.

CONSTANZE

Oh yes, and who are you? He's worked
for Kings. For the Emperor.

(shouting)

Who are you?

speaks to Schikaneder suddenly takes Mozart by the arms, and
him with intense appeal.

SCHIKANEDER

Listen, Wolfi. Write it. Please.
Just write it down. On paper. It's
no good to anyone in your head. And
fuck the Death Mass.

INT. SALIERI'S SALON - DAY - 1790'S

A frightened and tearful Lorch sits before Salieri.

SALIERI

Now calm yourself. Calm. What's the
matter with you?

LORL

I'm leaving. I'm not working there anymore. I'm scared!

SALIERI

Why? What has happened?

LORL

You don't know what it's like. Herr Mozart frightens me. He drinks all day, then takes all that medicine and it makes him worse.

SALIERI

What medicine?

LORL

I don't know. He has pains.

SALIERI

Where?

LORL

Here, in his stomach. They bend him right over.

SALIERI

Is he working?

LORL

I'm frightened, sir. Really! When he speaks, he doesn't make any sense. You know he said he saw - he said he saw his father. And his father's dead.

SALIERI

Is he working?

LORL

I suppose so. He sits there all he time, doing some silly opera.

SALIERI

(startled)

Opera? Opera!

LORL

Please don't ask me to go back again. I'm frightened! I'm very, very frightened.

SALIERI

(insistently)

Are you sure it's an opera?

music

The Overture to The Magic Flute begins grandly. To the
of the slow introduction, we see:

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1790'S

camera
down

The room, lit by a few candles, appears dirty. The
shows us again Leopold's portrait on the wall, looking
upon a scene of disorder.

apron,

Papers litter the table; dirty dishes are piled in the
fireplace; on the forte-piano lies Mozart's Masonic
woven with symbols. To the more lyrical passage of the
introduction, we see Mozart take up a candle and enter:

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1790'S

Mozart
he
son
little
the
Mozart

We watch him stand beside Constanze, who lies asleep.
now looks very ill; his wife appears worn out. Tenderly
touches her hair. Then he moves to the cot where his
Karl lies asleep and kneels, pulls up the child's
blanket and for a moment lays his own head down beside
boy's. Constanze opens her eyes and stares at him.
rises and returns to:

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1790'S

fugue
alone:
portrait,
an

The Introduction ends and suddenly the brilliant fast
begins. Instantly Mozart starts to dance to it, all
gleefully, like a child. He looks up at his father's
and makes a silly, rude gesture at it. He is, briefly,
irresponsible and happy boy again.

The
door.
the
stranger.

Then suddenly there is a gentle knocking at the door.
music fades down. Warily, Mozart crosses and opens he
The familiar dark chords from Don Giovanni cut across
happy music. It ends. Before him stands the masked

MOZART

I don't have it yet. It's not
finished. I'm sorry, but I need more
time.

SALIERI

Are you neglecting my request?

MOZART

No, no! I promise you, I'll give you

a wonderful piece - the best I ever
can!

He turns and looks. Constanze has come into the living
room.

Nervously, Mozart indicates her.

MOZART

This is my wife, Stanzi. I've been
sick, but I'm all right now. Aren't
I?

CONSTANZE

Oh yes, sir. He's all right. And
he's working on it very hard.

MOZART

Give me two more weeks. Please.

Salieri contemplates them both.

SALIERI

The sooner you finish, the better
your reward. Work!

He turns and goes down the stairs. Mozart shuts the
door; he
closes his eyes in fear.

CONSTANZE

Wolfi, I think you really are going
mad. You work like a slave for that
idiot actor who won't give you a
penny and here. This is not a ghost!
This is a real man who puts down
real money. Why on earth don't you
finish it?

He will not look at her or reply.

CONSTANZE

Give me one reason I can understand.

MOZART

I can't write it!

CONSTANZE

Why not?

MOZART

It's killing me.

He looks at her suddenly.

CONSTANZE

No, this is really awful. You're
drunk, aren't you? Be honest - tell
me - you've been drinking. And I'm
so stupid I stay here and listen to
you!

Suddenly she starts to cry.

CONSTANZE

It's not fair! I worry about you all the time. I try to help you all I can and you just drink and talk nonsense and - and frighten me! It's not fair!

Her tears flow. Mozart looks at her helplessly.

MOZART

Go back to bed.

CONSTANZE

Please! Let me sit here. Let me stay here with you. I promise I won't say all word. I'll just be here, so you know no one's going to hurt you. Please, please!

She sits down tearfully, staring at him.

and
down.
table.
quietly.
and
changes
the
We hear the Rex Tremendai Majestatis from the Requiem
see on the wall the portrait of Leopold Mozart looking
The camera pans slowly downward from it back to the
Mozart is writing the music. He looks up and sees that
Constanze is fast asleep in her chair. Mozart gets up
He puts on his hat and cloak, takes a bottle of wine
tiptoes from the house. Without stopping, the music
from the heavy Requiem to the light-hearted patter of
Papa-Papa duet from The Magic Flute.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHIKANEDER'S SUMMER HOUSE - NIGHT - 1790'S

the
a
about in
Schikaneder
bird-
Absurdly,
necks.
This little wooden structure stands in a courtyard in
tenement by the Weiden. Inside, we see a table, chairs,
forte-piano, bottles and a chaos of papers. Strewn
the chairs are the three actresses, giggling.
and Mozart, both drunk, are singing the duet of the two
people. The actor sings Papageno and the composer, in a
soprano voice, sings Papagena at the keyboard.
they end up rubbing noses and fall on each other's

EXT. VIENNA STREET - NIGHT - 1790'S

snow.
apartment
Mozart, drunk and happy, staggers back through the
There are a few people about. He goes into his
building.

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - DAY - 1790'S

room
bed;
He comes through the door and stares across the living
at an open bedroom door. Puzzled, he crosses.
The bedroom is also empty. We see Constanze's empty
Karl's empty bed; empty closets.

MOZART

Stanzi? Stanzi-marini-bini?

He looks about him, puzzled.

INT. FRAU WEBER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - 1790'S

completely
speech.
Frau Weber sits grimly talking. Mozart sits also,
exhausted and passive under the rain of her constant

FRAU WEBER

She's not coming back, you know.
She's gone for good. I did it and
I'm proud of it. 'Leave,' I said.
'Right away! Take the child and go,
just go. Here's the money! Go to the
Spa and get your health back - that's
if you can.' I was shocked. Shocked
to my foundation. Is that my girl?
Can that be my Stanzi? The happy
little moppet I brought up, that
poor trembling thing? Oh, you monster!
No one exists but you, do they? You
and your music! Do you know how often
she's sat in that very chair, weeping
her eyes out of her head because of
you? I warned her. 'Choose a man,
not a baby,' I said. But would she
listen? Who listens? 'He's just a
silly boy,' she says. Silly, my arse.
Selfish - that's all you are. Selfish!
Selfish, selfish, selfish, selfish,
selfish.

shrill
of
And with a scream Madame Weber's voice turns into the
packing coloratura of the second act aria of the Queen
the Night, in The Magic Flute.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHIKANEDER'S THEATRE - NIGHT - 1790'S

On stage we see the QUEEN OF THE NIGHT fantastically
costumed,
sings,
from
audience of
sits:
furiously urging her daughter to kill Sarastro. As she
we see the interior of the theatre, now re-arranged
when we last visited it to watch the Cabaret. An
ordinary German citizens stands in the pit area, or
they are rapt and excited.

The theatre also possesses boxes; some of these show
closed
private
curtains - their inhabitants presumably engaged in
intimacies. In one of them sits Salieri.

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT

(singing furiously)

A hellish wrath within my heart is
seething! Death and destruction Flame
around my throne! If not by thee
Sarastro's light be extinguished.
Then be thou mine own daughter never
more! Rejected be forever! So sundered
be forever All the bonds of kin and
blood! Hear! Hear! Hear God of
Vengeance! Hear thy Mother's vow!

Thunder and lightning. She disappears amidst tremendous
applause from the audience.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE THEATRE - NIGHT - 1790'S

On the poster for The Magic Flute, the name Emmanuel
Schikaneder should appear very, very large and the name
of
Mozart quite small:

I. & R. priv. Weiden Theatre
The Actors of the Imperial and Royal
Privileged Theatre of the Weiden
Have the honour to perform
THE MAGIC FLUTE
A Grand Opera in Two Acts
By
Emmanuel Schikaneder
(The Cast List)

The music is by Herr Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Herr
Mozart

and
today
out of respect for a gracious and honourable Public,
from friendship for the author of this piece, will
direct the orchestra in person.

of
wears
for
The book of the opera, furnished with two copperplates,
which is engraved Herr Schikaneder in the costume he
for the role of Papageno, may be had at the box office
30 kr.

THEATRE -
NIGHT -1790'S
Prices of admission are as usual To begin at 7 o'clock
INT. STAGE, AUDITORIUM AND WINGS OF SCHIKANEDER'S

Ein
through
We CUT TO the scene immediately before Papageno's song,
Madchen oder Weibchen. Papageno, played by Schikaneder,
dressed in his costume of feathers, is trying to get
a mysterious door. A voice calls from within.

VOICE

Go back!

Papageno recoils.

PAPAGENO

Merciful Gods! If only I knew by
which door I came in.

(to audience)

Which was it? Was it this one? Come
on, tell me!

VOICE

Go back!

Papageno recoils.

PAPAGENO

Now, I can't go forward and I can't
go back. Oh, this is awful!

He weeps extravagantly.

take
stealthily
Papageno
In the pit, Mozart indicates to the first violinist to
over as conductor. He slips from his place and goes
backstage. We follow him. Over the scene we hear
being addressed by the First Priest in stern tones.

FIRST PRIEST

(on stage)

Man, thou hast deserved to wander

forever in the darkest chasms of the earth. The gentle Gods have remitted thy punishment, but yet thou shalt never feel the Divine Content of the consecrated ones.

PAPAGENO

Oh well, I'm not alone in that. Just give me a decent glass of wine - that's divine content enough for me.

earth. Laughter. An enormous goblet of wine appears out of the

stand We follow Mozart into the wings. Actors and actresses
and around in fantastic costumes. We see a flying chariot
door of parts of a huge snake lying about. Also the scenery
pediment. a temple with the word 'Wisdom' inscribed on the
glockenspiel Mozart walks to where there stands a keyboard
it. with several manuals, and a musician waiting to play

Silently Mozart indicates that he wishes to play the instrument himself.

the On stage Schikaneder is being addressed haughtily by
First Priest.

FIRST PRIEST

Man, hast thou no other desire on earth, but just to eat and drink?

PAPAGENO

(Schikaneder)

Well!

Laughter from the audience.

PAPAGENO

Well, actually I do have a rather weird feeling in my heart. Perhaps it's just indigestion. But you know, I really would like - I really do want - something even nicer than food and drink. Now what on earth could that be?

laugh. He stares at the audience and winks at them. They

It Now Papageno's aria (Ein Madchen oder Weibchen) begins.
bells, is interpolated, as he pretends to play his magic
by with the glockenspiel actually being played off-stage

Mozart
situation
watches

Mozart. Schikaneder looks into the pit and does not see
conducting. He looks into the wings and realizes the
with amusement. He sings joyfully and the audience
entranced.

ANDANTE

A sweetheart or a pretty little wife
is Papageno's wish. A willing,
billing, lovey dovey Would be My
most tasty little dish. Be my most
tasty little dish! Be my most tasty
little dish!

ALLEGRO

Then that would be eating and drinking
I'd live like a Prince without
thinking. The wisdom of old would be
mine - A woman's much better than
wine! Then that would be eating and
drinking! The wisdom of old would be
mine - A woman's much better than
wine. She's much better than wine!
She's much better than wine!

ANDANTE

(encore, lightly, as
before)

A sweetheart or a pretty little wife
is Papageno's wish. A willing,
billing, lovey dovey Would be My
most tasty little dish.

ALLEGRO

I need to net one birdie only And I
will stop feeling so lonely. But if
she won't fly to my aid, Then into a
ghost I must fade. I need to net one
birdie only But if she won't fly to
my aid, Then into a ghost I must
fade. To a ghost I must fade! To a
ghost I must fade!

ANDANTE

(encore)

A sweetheart or a pretty little wife
is Papageno's wish. A willing,
billing, lovey dovey Would be My
most tasty little dish.

ALLEGRO

At present the girls only peck me.
Their cruelty surely will wreck me.
But one little beak in my own, And
I'll up to heaven be flown! At present
the girls only peck me. But one little
beak in my own, And I'll up to heaven
be flown. Up to heaven be flown! Up
to heaven be flown!

point of
then
flourishes
and
comes. He
commotion.
a
signals to
At

At certain moments we see the stage from Salieri's
view: Schikaneder singing, then pretending to play; and
we see Mozart playing the glockenspiel with great
in the wings. Then, suddenly, the actor mimes playing,
no sound comes. He mimes again, but still nothing
looks offstage in anxiety; there is evidently some
People are looking down on the floor. The song comes to
near-halt. Schikaneder stares. Then the comedian
the deputy conductor to pick up the song and finish it.
this moment Salieri gets up and hastily leaves his box.

CUT TO:

tattered
representing a
worriedly

has
holding
saying,
carriage.
by a

INT. WINGS OF SCHIKANEDER'S THEATRE - NIGHT - 1790'S
We see the actress playing Papagena, wearing an old
cloak and about to tie a little painted cloth
hideous old woman over her face. She is looking
down at Mozart, who is lying unconscious on the floor.
A few people around him are trying to revive him. One
put a wet handkerchief around his temples. Another is
a small bottle of smelling salts. There are voices
'Doctor! Take him to a dressing room. Someone call a
Take him home.' Etc. Papagena is urged to go on stage
distracted stage manager. Suddenly we hear the voice of
Salieri.

SALIERI

I'll take care of him.

He steps forward.

SALIERI

I have a carriage. Excuse me.

up
and
this

The actors step back respectfully. He stoops and picks
the frail composer in his arms. Mozart is quite limp
Salieri has to fling his arms around his own neck. All

performing is watched nervously by Schikaneder on stage whilst
his scene with Papagena as an ugly old woman.

UGLY OLD WOMAN
Here I am, my angel.

PAPAGENO
(appalled)
What? Who the devil are you?

UGLY OLD WOMAN
I've taken pity on you, my angel. I
heard your wish.

PAPAGENO
Oh. Well, thank you! How wonderful.
Some people get all the luck.

painting pretty Audience laughter. The actress raises the little
cloth with the ugly old face on it to show her own
young one to the audience. More laughter.

UGLY OLD WOMAN
Now you've got to promise me
faithfully you'll remain true to me
forever. Then you'll see how tenderly
your little birdie will love you.

PAPAGENO
(nervous)
I can't wait.

UGLY OLD WOMAN
Well, promise then.

PAPAGENO
What do you mean - now?

UGLY OLD WOMAN
Of course now. Right away, before I
get any older.

Laughter.

PAPAGENO
Well, I don't know! I mean you're a
delicious, delightful, delectable
little bird, but don't you think you
might be just a little tough?

UGLY OLD WOMAN
(amorously)
Oh, I'm tender enough for you, my
boy. I'm tender enough for you.

Laughter.

EXT. SCHIKANEDER'S THEATRE - NIGHT - 1790'S

consciousness,
the
A waiting sedan chair. Mozart has recovered
but looks exceedingly ill. Salieri has set him down in
the
winter's night. Snow is falling.

MOZART
What happened? Is it over?

SALIERI
I'm taking you home. You're not well.

MOZART
No, no. I have to get back. I have -

sedan.
strides
candle
He starts to collapse again. Salieri helps him into the
The door is shut. The chair sets off and Salieri
beside it, through the mean street. A lantern with a
swings from the chair.

from the
arms
complete
of
porter
INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1790'S
The door opens. Salieri enters carrying the lantern
sedan chair. He is followed by Mozart, carried in the
of one of the porters. The room is now really in
disarray. The table is piled high with music: the pages
the Requiem lie amongst many empty wine bottles. The
carries Mozart into

clothes
broken
INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1790'S
This room is miserably neglected. The bed is unmade,
lie about on the floor. A sock has been stuck into the
pane of one window.

lights
food
It is
belongs
The porter lays Mozart down on the bed as Salieri
candles from the lantern to reveal plates of half-eaten
and other signs left by a man whose wife has departed.
obviously very cold. Another very small bed nearby
to the child, Karl.

SALIERI
(handing the porter
the lantern)
Thank you. Go.

The porter leaves the room. Mozart stirs.

MOZART
(vaguely singing)
Papa! Papa!

He
He opens his eyes and sees Salieri staring down at him.
smiles.

SALIERI
Come now.

shoes
He helps him to sit up and takes off his coat and his
and puts a coverlet around him.

SALIERI
Where is your wife?

MOZART
Not here! She's not well, either.
She went to the Spa.

SALIERI
You mean she's not coming back?

MOZART
You're so good to me. Truly. Thank
you.

SALIERI
No, please.

MOZART
I mean to come to my opera. You are
the only colleague who did.

him.
He struggles to loosen his cravat. Salieri does it for

SALIERI
I would never miss anything that you
had written. You must know that.

MOZART
This is only a vaudeville.

SALIERI
Oh no. It is a sublime piece. The
grandest operone. I tell you, you
are the greatest composer known to
me.

MOZART
Do you mean that?

SALIERI
I do.

MOZART

I have bad fancies. I don't sleep well anymore. Then I drink too much, and think stupid things.

SALIERI

Are you ill?

MOZART

The doctor thinks I am. But -

SALIERI

What?

MOZART

I'm too young to be so sick.

starts

There is a violent knocking at the front door. Mozart and looks around wildly.

SALIERI

Shall I answer it?

MOZART

No! No, it's him!

SALIERI

Who?

MOZART

The man. He's here.

SALIERI

What man?

The knocking increases in loudness, terrifying Mozart.

MOZART

Tell him to go away. Tell him I'm still working on it. Don't let him in!

Salieri moves to the door.

MOZART

Wait! Ask him if he'd give me some money now. Tell him if he would, that would help me finish it.

SALIERI

Finish what?

MOZART

He knows. He knows!

Salieri leaves the room.

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1790'S

Salieri goes to the front door and opens it to reveal

theatre.
cloak,
the
up as

Schikaneder, who has obviously come straight from the
He still wears his bird make-up and under his street
his feathered costume is clearly seen. He has with him
three actresses, also looking anxious and also in make-
the three attendants in The Magic Flute.

SCHIKANEDER
Herr Salieri.

SALIERI
Yes, I am looking after him.

SCHIKANEDER
Can we come in?

SALIERI
Well, he's sleeping now. Better not.

SCHIKANEDER
But he's all right?

SALIERI
Oh, yes. He's just exhausted. He
became dizzy, that's all. We should
let him rest.

SCHIKANEDER
Well, tell him we were here, won't
you?

SALIERI
Of course.

SCHIKANEDER
And say everything went wonderfully.
A triumph-de-luxe - say that! Tell
him the audience shouted his name a
hundred times.

SALIERI
Bene.

SCHIKANEDER
I'll call tomorrow.

SALIERI
Yes.
(to the actresses)
And congratulations to all of you.
It was superb.

ACTRESSES
Thank you! Thank you, Excellency!

Schikaneder produces a bag of money.

SCHIKANEDER

Oh, by the way, give him this. This is his share. That should cheer him up, eh?

SALIERI

Yes, indeed. Goodnight to you all now. It was perfection - truly!

ACTRESSES

(delighted)

Goodnight, Your Excellency.
Goodnight!

They bob and curtsey. Schikaneder stares at Salieri, uneasily, vaguely suspicious. Salieri smiles back at him and shuts the door. He stays for a moment, thinking. He contemplates the money.

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1790'S

Mozart is sitting up in bed, staring at the door. It opens. Salieri returns. He holds in his hand the bag of money.

MOZART

What happened?

Salieri pours the coins out of the bag onto the coverlet.

SALIERI

He said to give you this. And if you finish the work by tomorrow night, he will pay you another hundred ducats.

Mozart looks at the coins astonished.

MOZART

Another? But that's too soon! Tomorrow night? It's impossible! Did he say a hundred?

SALIERI

Yes. Can I - could I help you, in any way?

MOZART

Would you? Actually, you could.

SALIERI

My dear friend, it would be my greatest pleasure.

MOZART

But you'd have to swear not to tell a soul. I'm not allowed.

SALIERI

Of course.

MOZART

You know, it's all here in my head.
It's just ready to be set down. But
when I'm dizzy like this my eyes
won't focus. I can't write.

SALIERI

Then, let us try together. I'd regard
it as such an honour. Tell me, what
is this work?

MOZART

A Mass. A Mass for the Dead.

CUT TO:

INT. A SMALL DANCE HALL - BADEN - NIGHT - 1790'S

waltz

Trivial dance music is playing. Constanze is doing a
with a young OFFICER in military uniform. At the moment
we see her, she stops abruptly, as if in panic.

OFFICER

What is it?

CONSTANZE

I want to go!

OFFICER

Where?

CONSTANZE

I want to go back to Vienna.

OFFICER

Now?

CONSTANZE

Yes!

OFFICER

Why?

CONSTANZE

I feel wrong. I feel wrong being
here.

OFFICER

(laying a hand on her
arm)

What are you talking about?

CUT TO:

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1790'S

The
necks of
paper,
so
fever.
desire
them.

Mozart is sitting up in bed, propped against pillows. coins lie on the coverlet; many candles burn in the bottles. Salieri, without coat or wig, is seated at an improvised worktable. On it are blank sheets of music quills, and ink. Also the score of the Requiem Mass as far composed. Mozart is bright-eyed with a kind of fever. Salieri is also possessed with an obviously feverish desire to put down the notes as quickly as Mozart can dictate them.

MOZART

Where did I stop?

SALIERI

(consulting the
manuscript)

The end of the Recordare - Statuens
in parte dextra.

MOZART

So now the Confutatis. Confutatis
Maledictis. When the wicked are
confounded. Flammis acribus addictis.
How would you translate that?

SALIERI

Consigned to flames of woe.

MOZART

Do you believe in it?

SALIERI

What?

MOZART

A fire which never dies. Burning one
forever?

SALIERI

Oh, yes.

MOZART

Strange!

SALIERI

Come. Let's begin.

He takes his pen.

SALIERI

Confutatis Maledictis.

MOZART

We ended in F Major?

SALIERI

Yes.

MOZART

So now - A minor. Suddenly.

Salieri writes the key signature.

MOZART

The Fire.

SALIERI

What time?

MOZART

Common time.

swiftly
obviously
speed,
mind.

Salieri writes this, and continues now to write as
and urgently as he can, at Mozart's dictation. He is
highly expert at doing this and hardly hesitates. His
however, can never be too fast for Mozart's impatient

MOZART

Start with the voices. Basses first.
Second beat of the first measure -
A.

(singing the note)

Con-fu-ta-tis.

(speaking)

Second measure, second beat.

(singing)

Ma-le-dic-tis.

(speaking)

G-sharp, of course.

SALIERI

Yes.

MOZART

Third measure, second beat starting
on E.

(singing)

Flam-mis a-cri-bus ad-dic-tis.

(speaking)

And fourth measure, fourth beat - D.

(singing)

Ma-le-dic-tis, flam-mis a-cri-bus ad-
dic-tis.

(speaking)

Do you have that?

SALIERI

I think so.

MOZART

Sing it back.

line.
in on Salieri sings back the first six measures of the bass
After the first two measures a chorus of basses fades
the soundtrack and engulfs his voice. They stop.

MOZART

Good. Now the tenors. Fourth beat of
the first measure - C.

(singing)

Con-fu-ta-tis.

(speaking)

Second measure, fourth beat on D.

(singing)

Ma-le-dic-tis.

(speaking)

All right?

SALIERI

Yes.

MOZART

Fourth measure, second beat - F.

(singing)

Flam-mis a-cri-bus ad-dic-tis, flam-
mis a-cri-bus ad-dic-tis.

it and His voice is lost on the last words, as tenors engulf
the take over the soundtrack, singing their whole line from
the beginning, right to the end of the sixth measure where
the basses stopped, but he goes on mouthing the sounds with
them. Salieri writes feverishly. We see his pen jotting down
the notes as quickly as possible: the ink flicks onto the
page. The music stops again.

MOZART

Now the orchestra. Second bassoon
and bass trombone with the basses.
Identical notes and rhythm.

(He hurriedly hums
the opening notes of
the bass vocal line)

The first bassoon and tenor trombone -

SALIERI

(labouring to keep up)

Please! Just one moment.

impatently. Mozart glares at him, irritated. His hands move
Salieri scribbles frantically.

MOZART

It couldn't be simpler.

SALIERI
(finishing)
First bassoon and tenor trombone -
what?

MOZART
With the tenors.

SALIERI
Also identical?

MOZART
Exactly. The instruments to go with
the voices. Trumpets and timpani,
tonic and dominant.

bassoon
bassoon and
line.
bare and
stops

He again hums the bass vocal line from the beginning,
conducting. On the soundtrack, we hear the second
and bass trombone play it with him and the first
tenor trombone come in on top, playing the tenor vocal
line. We also hear the trumpets and timpani. The sound is
grim. It stops at the end of the sixth measure. Salieri
writing.

SALIERI
And that's all?

MOZART
Oh no. Now for the Fire.
(he smiles)
Strings in unison - ostinato on all -
like this.

He sings the urgent first measure of the ostinato.

MOZART
(speaking)
Second measure on B.

He sings the second measure of the ostinato.

MOZART
(speaking)
Do you have me?

SALIERI
I think so.

MOZART
Show me.

ostinato.
Salieri sings the first two measures of the string

MOZART

(excitedly)

Good, good - yes! Put it down. And the next measures exactly the same, rising and rising - C to D to E, up to the dominant chord. Do you see?

voice
As Salieri writes, Mozart sings the ostinato from the beginning, but the unaccompanied strings overwhelm his on the soundtrack, playing the first six bars of their agitated accompaniment. They stop.

SALIERI

That's wonderful!

MOZART

Yes, yes - go on. The Voca Me. Suddenly sotto voce. Write that down: sotto voce, pianissimo. Voca me cum benedictis. Call me among the blessed.

He is now sitting bolt upright, hushed and inspired.

MOZART

C Major. Sopranos and altos in thirds. Altos on C. Sopranos above.

(singing the alto part)

Vo-ca, vo-ca me, vo-ca me cum be-ne-dic-tis.

SALIERI

Sopranos up to F on the second 'Voca'?

MOZART

Yes, and on 'dictis'.

SALIERI

Yes!

He writes feverishly.

MOZART

And underneath, just violins - arpeggio.

7,8,9).
He sings the violin figure under the Voca Me (Bars

MOZART

(speaking)

The descending scale in eighth notes, and then back suddenly to the fire again.

He sings the ostinato phrase twice.

MOZART

(speaking)

And that's it. Do you have it?

SALIERI

You go fast!

MOZART

(urgently)

Do you have it?

SALIERI

Yes.

MOZART

Then let me hear it. All of it. The whole thing from the beginning - now!

snatches
singing.
music
end of

The entire Confutatis bursts over the room, as Mozart the manuscript pages from Salieri and reads from it, Salieri sits looking on in wondering astonishment. The music continues right through the following scenes, to the end of the movement.

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - WINTER NIGHT - 1790'S

on

A carriage is driving fast through the night. Snow lies on the countryside.

INT. THE CARRIAGE NIGHT - 1790'S

Constanze
the

The carriage is filled with passengers. Among them and Karl, her young son. They are sleepless and sway to motion of the vehicle.

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1790'S

urgently.
sits
is

Mozart lying in bed exhausted, but still dictating We do not hear what he is saying to Salieri, who still writing assiduously. Mozart is looking very sick: sweat pouring from his forehead.

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - WINTER NIGHT - 1790'S

the

The carriage, moving through the night, to the sound of music.

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1790'S

stop.

Mozart still dictating; Salieri still writing without

EXT. VIENNA STREET - DAWN - 1790'S.

with
takes

The carriage has arrived. Constanze and her son alight
other passengers. Postillions attend to the horses. She
her boy's hand. It is a cold wintry dawn.

The music stutters to a close. End of the Confutatis.

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1790'S

MOZART

Do you want to rest a bit?

SALIERI

Oh no. I'm not tired at all.

MOZART

We'll stop for just a moment. Then
we'll do the Lacrimosa.

SALIERI

I can keep going, I assure you.
Shall we try?

MOZART

Would you stay with me while I sleep
a little?

SALIERI

I'm not leaving you.

MOZART

I am so ashamed.

SALIERI

What for?

MOZART

I was foolish. I thought you did not
care for my work - or me. Forgive
me. Forgive me!

Mozart closes his eyes. Salieri stares at him.

EXT. VIENNA STREET - WINTRY DAWN - 1790'S

hand

Constanze and Karl approach along the cobbled street,
in hand toward their house. Snow lies in the street.

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN - 1790'S

of the
small bed
cramped

Mozart lies asleep in the bed, holding the last pages
manuscript. Salieri lies across from him on Karl's
in his shirt sleeves and waistcoat. The child's bed is
obviously too small for him and he is forced in to a

position.

EXT. MOZART'S APARTMENT HOUSE - DAWN - 1790'S

Constanze and Karl arrive at the door. They enter.

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAWN - 1790'S

previously
looks

It is as disordered as before, save that the table, littered with pages, is now completely bare. Constanze at it with surprise and enters the bedroom.

INT. MOZART'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN - 1790'S

nearby
from
does
ineptly,
look

Mozart is asleep in the bed. Salieri is dozing on the child's bed. The room is full of the trailing smoke guttering and guttered candles. Startled by Constanze's entrance and her young son, Salieri scrambles up. As he so, he attempts to button his waistcoat, but does it so that the vestment becomes bunched up, making him absurd.

CONSTANZE

What are you doing here?

SALIERI

Your husband is ill, ma'am. He took sick. I brought him home.

CONSTANZE

Why you?

SALIERI

I was at hand.

CONSTANZE

Well, thank you very much. You can go now.

SALIERI

He needs me, ma'am.

CONSTANZE

No, he doesn't. And I don't want you here. Just go, please.

SALIERI

He asked me to stay.

CONSTANZE

And I'm asking you -

sees

She notices a movement from the bed. Mozart wakes. He

she
Constanze and smiles with real joy. Forgetting Salieri,
goes to her husband.

CONSTANZE

Wolfi, I'm back. I'm still very angry
with you, but I missed you so much.

She throws herself on the bed.

CONSTANZE

I'll never leave you again. If you'll
just try a little harder to be nice
to me. And I'll try to do better,
too. We must. We must! This was just
silly and stupid.

the
She hugs her husband desperately. He stares at her with
obvious relief, not able to speak. Suddenly she sees
manuscript in his hand.

CONSTANZE

What is this?

She looks at it and recognizes it.

CONSTANZE

Oh no, not this. Not this, Wolfi!
You're not to work on this ever again!
I've decided.

Salieri
on
She takes it from his weak hand. At the same moment
reaches out his hand to take it and add it to the pile
the table.

and
Mozart
coins
them,
She stares at him, trying to understand - suspicious
frightened and at the same time unable to make a sound.
makes a convulsive gesture to reclaim the pages. The
brought by Salieri fall on the floor. Karl runs after
laughing.

CONSTANZE

(to Salieri)

This is not his handwriting.

SALIERI

No. I was assisting him. He asked
me.

CONSTANZE

He's not going to work on this
anymore. It is making him ill. Please.

She extends her hand for the Requiem, as she stands up.

Salieri hesitates.

CONSTANZE

(hard)

Please.

With extreme reluctance - it costs him agony to do it - Salieri hands over the score of the Requiem to her.

CONSTANZE

Thank you.

in the
lid,
stretches

She marches with the manuscript over to a large chest room, opens it, throws the manuscript inside, shuts the locks it and pockets the key. Involuntarily Salieri out his arms for the lost manuscript.

SALIERI

But - but - but -

She turns and faces him.

CONSTANZE

Good night.

He stares at her, stunned.

CONSTANZE

I regret we have no servants to show you out, Herr Salieri. Respect my wish and go.

SALIERI

Madame, I will respect his. He asked me to stay here.

the

They look at each other in mutual hatred. She turns to bed. Mozart appears to have gone to sleep again.

CONSTANZE

Wolfi?

(louder)

Wolfi?

coins on
from
husband's
dead.

She moves to the bed. The child is playing with the the floor. Faintly we hear the start of the Lacrimosa the Requiem. Salieri watches as she touches her hand. As the music grows, we realize that Mozart is

apprehension.

CU, Constanze staring wide-eyed in dawning

CU, Salieri also comprehending hat he has been cheated.

The music rises.

CU, The child on the floor, playing with the money.

CUT TO:

1790'S

EXT. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL - VIENNA - A RAINY DAY -

small
raw, wet
borne
They
the
Constanze and
Sophie,
off.

The Lacrimosa continues through all of the following: a group of people emerges from the side door into the day, accompanying a cheap wooden coffin. The coffin is borne by a gravedigger and Schikaneder in mourning clothes. They load it onto a cart, drawn by a poor black horse. All the rest are in black, also: Salieri, Von Swieten, her son, Karl, Madame Weber and her youngest daughter and even Lorl, the maid. It is drizzling. The cart sets off.
The group follows.

CUT TO:

1790'S

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CITY WALLS OF VIENNA - RAINY DAY -

following
its
the
moves
growing

The group has already passed beyond the city limits the miserable cart. The Lacrimosa accompanies them with measured thread.

the
moves
growing

The drizzle of rain has now become heavy. One by one, group breaks up and shelters under the trees. The cart on toward the cemetery, alone, followed by nobody, more and more distant. They watch it go.

water
her, but
Madame

Salieri and Von Swieten shake hands mournfully, the soaking their black tall hats. Schikaneder is in tears. Constanze is near collapse. Salieri moves to assist she turns away from him, seeking the arm of Cavalieri. Weber takes Karl's hand.

CUT

The music builds to its climax on Dona Eis Pacem! We
back to:

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING - 1823

Morning light fills the room. Old Salieri sits weeping convulsively, as the music stops. Tears stream down his face.

Vogler watches him, amazed.

VOGLER

Why? Why? Why? Why add to your misery by confessing to murder? You didn't kill him.

OLD SALIERI

I did.

VOGLER

No, you didn't!

OLD SALIERI

I poisoned his life.

VOGLER

But not his body.

OLD SALIERI

What difference does that make?

VOGLER

My son, why should you want all Vienna to believe you a murderer? Is that your penance? Is it?

OLD SALIERI

No, Father. From now on no one will be able to speak of Mozart without thinking of me. Whenever they say Mozart with love, they'll have to say Salieri with loathing. And that's my immortality - at last! Our names will be tied together for eternity - his in fame and mine in infamy. At least it's better than the total oblivion he'd planned for me, your merciful God!

VOGLER

Oh my son, my poor son!

OLD SALIERI

Don't pity me. Pity yourself. You serve a wicked God. He killed Mozart, not I. Took him, snatched him away, without pity. He destroyed His beloved rather than let a mediocrity like me get the smallest share in his glory. He doesn't care. Understand that. God cares nothing for the man He denies and nothing either for the man He uses. He broke Mozart in half when He'd finished with him, and

threw him away. Like an old, worn
out flute.

EXT. CEMETERY OF ST. MARX - LATE AFTERNOON - 1790'S

The rain has eased off. A LOCAL PRIEST with two boy
acolytes
body is
lifted out of the cheap pine box in a sack.
We see that the grave contains twenty other such sacks.
The
gravedigger throws the one containing Mozart amongst
the
others. An assistant pours quicklime over the whole
pile of
them. The acolytes swing their censers.

LOCAL PRIEST

The Lord giveth. The Lord taketh
away. Blessed be the name of the
Lord.

CUT

BACK TO:

INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING - 1823

OLD SALIERI

Why did He do it? Why didn't He kill
me? I had no value. What was the
use, keeping me alive for thirty-two
years of torture? Thirty-two years
of honours and awards.

He tears off the Civilian Medal and Chain with which
the
Emperor invested him and has been wearing the whole
time and
throws it across the room.

OLD SALIERI

Being bowed to and saluted, called
'distinguished - distinguished
Salieri' - by men incapable of
distinguishing! Thirty-two years of
meaningless fame to end up alone in
my room, watching myself become
extinct. My music growing fainter,
all the time fainter, until no one
plays it at all. And his growing
louder, filling the world with wonder.
And everyone who loves my sacred art
crying, Mozart! Bless you, Mozart.

The door opens. An attendant comes in, cheerful and
hearty.

ATTENDANT

Good morning, Professor! Time for

the water closet. And then we've got
your favourite breakfast for you -
sugar-rolls.

(to Vogler)

He loves those. Fresh sugar-rolls.

stares Salieri ignores him and stares only at the priest, who
back.

OLD SALIERI

Goodbye, Father. I'll speak for you.
I speak for all mediocrities in the
world. I am their champion. I am
their patron saint. On their behalf
I deny Him, your God of no mercy.
Your God who tortures men with
longings they can never fulfill. He
may forgive me: I shall never forgive
Him.

out He signs to the attendant, who wheels him in his chair
of the room. The priest stares after him.

INT. CORRIDOR OF THE HOSPITAL - MORNING

smocks,
nurses
procession -
is
hands to
The corridor is filled with patients in white linen
all taking their morning exercise walk in the care of
and nuns. They form a long, wretched, strange
some of them are clearly very disturbed. As Old Salieri
pushed through them in his wheelchair, he lifts his
them in benediction.

OLD SALIERI

Mediocrities everywhere, now and to
come: I absolve you all! Amen! Amen!
Amen!

us the
hear,
Funeral
Finally, he turns full-face to the camera and blesses
audience, making the Sign of the Cross. Underneath we
stealing in and growing louder, the tremendous Masonic
Music of Mozart.

On the last four chords, we

FADE

OUT:

THE END