

VIRTUOSO

pilot episode

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pre-prep draft

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YOUNG PEOPLE gather around a CAMPFIRE somewhere in Spain a beach, woods or a field], COOKING FISH [OR GAME], DRINKING WINE, SMOKING HASHISH, enjoying life. Spaniards, other Europeans, Arabs and Africans move to the music; this is maybe the 18th century equivalent of a rave. *

PAN across a handful of YOUNG MEN, playing drums - primitive BONGOS, a MILITARY FIELD DRUM, a ROCK on the bottom of a WOODEN PAIL - to FIND A YOUNG AFRICAN WOMAN playing a DJEMBE DRUM. She's beautiful, sexy, focused on: *

ISIDORO Aguilas (21) PLAYS GUITAR. Dark Mediterranean features, a little buzzed, completely unaware of himself as he plays. His eyes meet hers... he smiles... and now he is playing only for her, seducing her... and she is clearly willing to be seduced. A lovely, clear WOMAN'S VOICE SINGS IN FRENCH - a melody that COMPLEMENTS the other MUSIC played by Franz/Leopold/Isidoro, which CONTINUES over: *

4 INT. DELACROIX APARTMENTS - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT 1. 4 *

Once as chic as bourgeoisie could be, now it feels a little threadbare and worn around the edges. LAURENT Delacroix (40s) and his wife ÉMILIE (40s), watching something we can't see, from a massive BED. Laurent sits on edge; Émilie is bedridden. Once vibrant and full of life, now she is stricken with PARALYSIS: one complete side of her body is mostly frozen, and what is not paralyzed is subject to ticks and spasms. She smiles - with difficulty - as she and her husband Laurent listen to: *

CLOSE ON **MARIE Delacroix (18)**, SINGING, beautiful, self-conscious, insecure. But her voice is amazing. *

Marie smiles, makes mock dramatic gestures, feels a little silly. Her parents watch, proud. She catches sight of -

HER POV: ÉMILIE'S HAND, SHAKING uncontrollably. *

OFF MARIE, as she closes her eyes. Her mother's disability terrifies her.

5 INT. ITALIAN MONASTERY - CHAPEL - VERONA - NIGHT 1. 5 *

CLOSE ON **BATTISTA Gallo (15)** SINGING IN LATIN. His ethereal VOICE is high and pure and arresting; the melody he sings harmonizes perfectly with Marie's - who along with FRANZ'S VIOLIN, LEONID'S CELLO, and ISIDORO'S GUITAR - CONTINUES AS SCORE. OTHER VOICES in the same range join his - PULL BACK to REVEAL BATTISTA is one of four BOYS ages 8 to 15, all castrati, singing in chapel. MONKS sit on benches, listening. *

ON FRATE ABRAMO (50s), a monk with an incredibly kind face; he watches Battista sing, moved. *

They make eye contact, hold it for a moment, before Battista looks away. *

MUSIC BUILDS as we CUT BACK AND FORTH (on the beat) between FRANZ - LEONID - ISIDORO - MARIE - BATTISTA - then MUSIC CHANGES KEY AND RHYTHM on the CUT TO:

6

INT. VON FAUST RESIDENCE - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT 1.

6

FROM OVERHEAD: A YOUNG MAN in EXPENSIVE CLOTHES plays PIANO - something gorgeous. His fingers fly across the keys - he's quite remarkable - and his PIANO TRACK fits perfectly within SCORE. TILT DOWN to REVEAL HIS FACE:

This is **HEINRICH von Faust (25)**, intelligent, detached, blessed with aristocratic good looks which are beginning to fray around the edges - too much carousing? He builds to a finish and all MUSIC ENDS on a SMASH CUT TO: *

MAIN TITLES

[Note: Sequences like this will occur often on this show, mixing classical music - or original music written to feel authentic to the period - with contemporary musical elements/beats to create something sexy and hypnotic, playing over cinematic sequences that are cut to the music, kinetically amplifying score. Like music videos, they can range all over the map stylistically - different film stocks, grains, camera speeds, shutter speeds, color palette, all determined by the music that drives the sequence.

Some examples, for tone and feel -

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nkcm5cT9gGI&index=7&list=RD93x6nURAI FM>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=09RUuTAM2H0>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mJ_fkW5j-t0

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NCaH-qQTWpk>

Caveat: Characters are always performing music in the story, i.e., actors do not look at camera, or suddenly find themselves on the great wall of China.]

OVER BLACK:

LEOPOLD (O.C.)
Congratulations.

7

INT. ACADEMY - CHAPEL - DAY 10.

7

CLOSE ON FRANZ, now clean and well-dressed, listening to the unseen Emperor. Preoccupied, he tries hard to follow. *

LEOPOLD (O.C.)
You are the first class of the
Academy of Musical Excellence, a
dream of my late brother's.

CLOSE ON LEONID, relaxed but alert. Watching. Learning.

LEOPOLD (O.C.) (CONT'D)
And as admirable a dream as that
may be, it is one I do not share.

Composer **Antonio SALIERI (40s)** stands at the back of the nave of a small CHAPEL, watching. Salieri is serious, focused, has a generally genial disposition. His clothes are well-made but not pretentious. *

The six STUDENTS - FRANZ, LEONID, ISIDORO, MARIE, BATTISTA, HEINRICH - are spread throughout the nave, also standing in the presence of *

Emperor LEOPOLD II (40s) addresses the students from the chancel. Clad in Imperial finery, his delicate features give him a sensitive, unassuming look, but his speech and bearing is that of a man who knows he is the most powerful man wherever he goes.

Standing several steps behind him is his chief advisor **Count ROSENBERG (50s)**, intelligent but anxious, as if every moment is an emergency. A fiercely competitive man whose power only comes from attending to men of greater power, which he resents the hell out of. *

LEOPOLD (CONT'D)
So I will be watching this school
closely - and I look to you five -

SALIERI
Six. Your Majesty.

Leopold shoots a look at Salieri; he doesn't like to be interrupted. Rosenberg clearly disapproves. Salieri couldn't care less. *

LEOPOLD
You six, to help me understand why
this mattered so much to Joseph.

CLOSE ON ISIDORO, listening. Makes sense to him.

LEOPOLD (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I loved my brother deeply, and I
want to give him his legacy. But.

CLOSE ON MARIE, listening, smiling at no one in particular,
which is her default setting in public.

LEOPOLD (O.C.) (CONT'D)
It must be a legacy that is worthy,
and admirable. Something that
actually works.

*
*

ARCHBISHOP Christoph von Trautson (40s) watches the
proceedings from the pulpit. Rosy-cheeked, dressed in
ecclesiastical garb, smiles benignly.

*

LEOPOLD (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Unlike many of his well-intentioned
but questionable ideas in life.

CLOSE ON BATTISTA, who seems amused by the proceedings.

*

LEOPOLD (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I will not burden the Treasury with
an investment that returns nothing
to Austria.

CLOSE ON HEINRICH. He looks like he hasn't slept much. Stares
at the ceiling, bored.

LEOPOLD (O.C.) (CONT'D)
To do so would be irresponsible.

Count Rosenberg nods approvingly.

*

LEOPOLD (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Therefore. It is up to you young
gentlemen -

The Archbishop smiles, surveying the students.

LEOPOLD (O.C.) (CONT'D)
- and young lady -

ON THE STUDENTS, restless.

LEOPOLD (O.C.) (CONT'D)
- to bring this idea to fruition.
Otherwise, I will have no recourse
but to dissolve it.

OFF SALIERI. Not happy to hear this. We HEAR APPLAUSE. SMASH
TO BLACK.

*

IN THE BACKGROUND, Heinrich sits at a piano, absentmindedly PLAYING the *Allegro con spirito* from Muzio Clementi's SONATA OP. 33, NO. 3. We HEAR a MAN GRUNTING from the upper floors. Heinrich looks up, stops playing. The GRUNTING continues. He glances over at his mother, she seems oblivious. He gets up - *

13 INT. VON FAUST RESIDENCE - LANDING/HALLWAY/MAID'S ROOM - 13
NIGHT 1.

Heinrich stealthily climbs the last few stairs, positions himself outside a DOOR. We HEAR a MAN GRUNTING from inside, and a WOMAN'S VOICE whispering nervously -

BIRGIT (O.C.)
Hurry - put it back in -

Heinrich very quietly PUSHES OPEN THE DOOR slightly and looks through the crack at -

HIS POV: Heinrich's father, **BARON Friedhelm von Faust (60s)** stands behind BIRGIT (20), a chambermaid who is bent over her skirts hitched up to allow him better access. The Baron, wearing plenty of WHITE FACE POWDER and ROUGE, stops thrusting, fumbles with his crotch - *

BIRGIT (CONT'D)
Did it go soft again...?

BARON
Only because you are so repugnant!
(slaps her)
You would cause the devil's own staff to wither like a prune. *

BIRGIT
I am sorry, *mein herr*.
(unsure)
We are... finished? *

BARON
For now. Next time, I hope you will prove more enthusiastic. *

He pulls up his breeches, as Heinrich shuts the door. LINGER ON HEINRICH, expressionless.

FRENCH ARISTOCRAT (O.C.)
(in French, **subtitled**)
I had heard your melodies were common and uninspired - *

[NOTE: All dialogue in **bold** is another language, **subtitled**.] *

14

INT. PARIS OPERA HOUSE - GRAND STAIRWAY - LATER - NIGHT 1. 144 *

Salieri, exhausted, descends the staircase, surrounded by a crowd of well-wishers and wannabes, some of whose COSTUMES and WIGS push the limits of decorum. Most men and women beyond their twenties wear differing amounts of WHITE POWDER; some look stark and beautiful, others look frightening, all are unknowingly being poisoned by lead and mercury. Lips are excessively rouged, eyebrows darkened. Ladies' FANS FLUTTER as it's the middle of summer. The HUNDREDS OF BURNING CANDLES illuminating things are not helping either. *

One particular ARISTOCRAT has his arm around Salieri, speaking intimately as if they are dear old friends, which judging by the look on Salieri's face, they are not. *

ARISTOCRAT
- so tonight I was pleasantly surprised - *

SALIERI
Monsieur, I am indeed flattered. *

He's uncomfortable with how close the Aristocrat's face is to his. This guy smells bad. *

ARISTOCRAT
- as I am still hearing some of your melodies in my head - *

The Aristocrat HUMS loudly. *

SIGMUND (O.C.)
Hopfkapellmeister Salieri? *

REVEAL SIGMUND (30), at the foot of the stairs. He wears the uniform of the Austrian Imperial Guard, which he takes very seriously. *

SIGMUND (CONT'D)
I bring you a letter from his Imperial Majesty Joseph the Second, Holy Roman Emperor. *

Salieri's admirers MURMUR, impressed. Sigmund opens a LEATHER POUCH very officially, retrieves a SEALED LETTER. Hands it to Salieri, who opens it and reads. A deep sadness comes over him. *

15

INT. DELACROIX APARTMENTS - NIGHT 1. 15 *

FROM OVERHEAD: Marie stares up at us, unable to sleep. SHE SITS UP - *

FOLLOW MARIE, clad only in her CHEMISE, as she walks silently into the drawing room, with its massive BED in the middle. Her father sleeps, SNORING, but her mother is awake and they make eye contact. Marie is the first to break it. She sits on a settee, curls up like a cat, tries to get comfortable, but she's too restless. She gets up, wanders to one of the FLOOR-TO-CEILING WINDOWS, pulls back the drape...

OFF MARIE, staring at the empty street below.

16 EXT. SOMEWHERE IN SPAIN - DAY 2.

16

The African Woman watches Isidoro, GUITAR slung over his back via a strap made of ROPE, as he packs his meager belongings into SADDLEBAGS on his HORSE.

ISIDORO
(Spanish)
Where do you go next?

AFRICAN WOMAN
I don't know yet. Perhaps Egypt. I want to see the pyramids.
(kisses him, then)
Why don't you come with me?

Isidoro smiles, mounts the horse.

ISIDORO
I must return to my village and see if my mother is well.

AFRICAN WOMAN
Is she sick?

ISIDORO
She is crazy. She believes that devils talk to her. Believe me, I would much rather go with you to Egypt.

He LAUGHS, then gallops off. She watches him go, smiling.

ABRAMO (O.C.)
(Italian)
I certainly see the logic in Gentile's argument -

17 EXT. ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 2.

17

Battista walks with Frate Abramo, guiding a GOAT with a ROPE LEASH.

They walk through a forest, or across a field, somewhere green. They both wear WIDE-BRIMMED HATS and pass a LEATHER WINESKIN back and forth, drinking from it. *

ABRAMO

- but... I am convinced there is something more profound than logic. Can logic write poetry? Feel grief? Or joy? Sometimes, Battista, logic seems merely mathematics. *

(off Goat's BLEAT)

See? Isabella agrees. *

BATTISTA

Frate, I wonder, does any of it ultimately matter? Philosophy? *

(off Abramo's amused look) *

I look at our Isabella, and I know she does not question if her life is pre-determined or not. She just lives. Now. In God's perfect world. *

ABRAMO

So... goats are nobler than man? *

BATTISTA

What creature is not nobler than man? That is a topic for debate. *

Abramo LAUGHS, passes the WINESKIN to Battista. We HEAR HORSES' HOOVES ON PAVEMENT -

18 INT. IMPERIAL COACH - DAY 2.

18 *

CLOSE ON THE OPENED LETTER in Salieri's hand: *

Antonio, please come. I am dying - J II *

Salieri stares at the letter, sad. Looks out the window. *

Sigmund sits across from him. Suddenly blurts: *

SIGMUND

I hope you won't take offense at my being so bold, Herr Salieri, but your new opera is a masterpiece. *

SALIERI

(smiles) *

You are a follower of music, young man? Who are your favorite composers? *

SIGMUND
Maestro Salieri, Your Majesty.

Salieri enters, but instead of bowing, he opens his arms, and Joseph hugs him tightly. Sigmund exits, pulls the door shut behind him. *

SALIERI
My dearest friend. *

JOSEPH
Good God, man, it took you long enough! I could've died fifty times and then died fifty more. *

(holds up vial) *

Laudanum?

SALIERI
(shocked)
I will decline. If it pleases you.

JOSEPH
Don't be such a bluenose. If I had known how rejuvenating for the soul it was, I would have taken it my entire life. *

SALIERI
I was under the impression you were gravely ill - *

JOSEPH
Oh, but I am, Antonio. I am dying. *

(LAUGHS) *

And my reign has been a farce! I championed education! An end to serfdom! Tolerance of religions besides Catholicism! That's where I made my biggest mistake. Do not defy the Church, Antonio. And never, under any circumstances, should you trust that libidinous swine Archbishop von Trautson. Did you say yes to the laudanum or not?

SALIERI
I -

JOSEPH
But all I will be remembered for is this idiotic war against the Turks. Mother was right. I am a fucking idiot. Honestly, do you know what I intend to be engraved on my tomb? *

(MORE)

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JOSEPH (CONT'D)

"Here lies one who failed at all he
undertook."

SALIERI

Joseph. You know that is not true.

JOSEPH

The only thing I ever mastered is
the piano. Which is why I want the
Academy as my legacy.

SALIERI

Academy?

JOSEPH

(suddenly melancholy)

Soon I will be dust. Leader of the
most modern and civilized society
in history, yet how did I affect
the world?

SALIERI

Your generosity has improved many
lives, including my own. I was only
fifteen when Florian Gassmann,
introduced us and you asked me to
play for you, do you remember?

JOSEPH

I do indeed.

(LAUGHS)

You called me "Your Excellency."

SALIERI

You made me part of your chamber
music ensemble. At fifteen. I would
not be where I am today, were it
not for you.

Joseph stares at Salieri, his eyes unfocused. Then:

JOSEPH

(epiphany)

Now I remember why I called for
you! I want to create an Academy of
Music, for the finest young
musicians in all Europe. Vienna
will claim them as its own. And
you, Antonio, shall teach them.

OFF SALIERI, surprised - and shaken. He clearly does not want
to teach.

21 INT. LEONID'S ROOMS - DAY 2.

21

Leonid sits with his CELLO, plays some technical exercises. Starts to let himself go, plays more aggressively. We HEAR the DOOR BEING UNLOCKED, it opens and Jürgen WILHELM (40s) enters with a COVERED BASKET. Leonid stands.

LEONID
Herr Wilhelm.

WILHELM
Herr Belarusov. I've just come from market. I brought you potatoes and purple cabbages and a chicken, just plucked.

He sets the basket on the table, Leonid lifts the cover up and inspects the contents. Turns to Wilhelm, pleased.

LEONID
Danke -

*

WILHELM PUSHES HIM UP AGAINST THE WALL AND KISSES HIM aggressively. Initially surprised, Leonid starts to kiss Wilhelm back. JUMP TO:

22 INT. LEONID'S ROOMS - BEDCHAMBER - LATER - DAY 2.

22

ON LEONID'S FACE, as he's being fucked by Wilhelm. His mind is elsewhere.

*

SLIGHTLY WIDER: Leonid is still wearing his shirt, legs in the air as Wilhelm thrusts atop him. Wilhelm clocks Leonid's ambivalence, stops thrusting. SLIDES OUT OF FRAME, going down on Leonid -

*

ON LEONID'S FACE, as any ambivalence swiftly disappears.

*

JOSEPH (O.C.)
We must wrest the crown of musical dominance from the Italians!

23 INT. THE HOFBURG - EMPEROR'S BEDCHAMBER - LATER - DAY 2.

23

Sigmund still stands at attention by the door. Salieri reclines on a couch, stares at the ceiling, troubled. Joseph paces, yammering on, which he's been doing for a while.

*

JOSEPH
It is blasphemy for such a crude race to -
(MORE)

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JOSEPH (CONT'D)

(realizes)

You, of course -

SALIERI

(knows what's coming)

I am the exception, yes.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

- are the exception.

*
*
*

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

You've always been a better teacher
than a composer, unlike Mozart -

*

SALIERI

(stands)

It is late. I should go home to my
wife.

*

JOSEPH

You would choose that melancholy
cow over me? I'll wager she doesn't
even know you are back from Paris.
How was your opera received, by the
way?

*

SALIERI

There were seven curtain calls -

JOSEPH

You will stay here tonight. And
tomorrow we will convince Leopold
to become a patron to our cause.

SALIERI

(firm)

Majesty. I must refuse you. I no
longer teach. Those days are over.

*
*
*

A beat. Joseph approaches Salieri, kneels by him.

*

JOSEPH

You know, it is often said one of
the major tragedies of your son's
death is the world also lost its
best music teacher that day.

*
*
*
*
*

This is intensely personal. Salieri stands.

*

SALIERI

There is no joy left in it for me.
It only reminds me of what is lost.

*
*
*

Joseph sees his vulnerability, seems to relent. Then:

*

JOSEPH *
We all must face our fears, *
Antonio. While we still can. *

SALIERI *
(angry) *
My life is mine, Joseph. *

JOSEPH *
(erupts) *
I am staring into the very eyes of *
death! *

A beat. *

JOSEPH (CONT'D) *
You just said yourself it was my *
patronage that led to your status, *
did you not? So clearly you owe me *
a debt. *

Salieri eyes Joseph, struggles to keep his anger hidden. *

JOSEPH (CONT'D) *
Antonio. You were never happier *
than when teaching. It's time for *
you to be happy again. *

He RINGS A BELL; the door opens and Sigmund enters, holds the *
door open for Salieri, who bows deeply, then heads out, *
pissed. Joseph is already adding more laudanum to his wine. *

24 INT. DELACROIX APARTMENTS - DRAWING ROOM - DAY 3. 24 *

CLOSE ON A SPOON dipping into a a SOUP TUREEN - FOLLOW THE
SPOON as it lifts to Émilie Delacroix's twisted mouth.

LAURENT (O.C.) *
(French) *
"I began to realize that beauty was *
the least of your qualities." *

Émilie is propped up in bed; a maid, GIGI (20s), feeds her *
SOUP as Laurent READS ALOUD from *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* by *
Pierre Choderlos de Laclos. Marie sits on the settee. She's *
smiling, but she hates being there and feels guilty about it. *

LAURENT (CONT'D)
"I became fascinated by your
goodness. I was drawn in by it. I
didn't understand what was
happening to me."

He reads directly to Émilie. She looks back at him with love in her eyes, smiling, although with her affliction, it looks more like a grimace. *

LAURENT (CONT'D)

"And it was only when I began to feel actual, physical pain whenever you left the room that it finally dawned on me: I was in love."

OFF MARIE, Wishing she were anywhere but here. We HEAR a HORSE'S HOOVES - *

25 EXT. - SOMEWHERE IN SPAIN - DAY 3. 25 *

Late afternoon. ISIDORO gallops away from us. *

26 EXT. VILLAGE - SPAIN - A SHORT TIME LATER - DAY 3. 26 *

ISIDORO'S POV: The HORSE WALKS SLOWLY through the village street. People look at us, they all seem sad to see us. *

REVEAL ISIDORO, riding, feeling a sense of foreboding.

ON A DEAD WOMAN, late 30s, looks older, who has been HUNG BY THE NECK from a tree. Her face is swollen and discolored; HER EYES HAVE BEEN PECKED OUT by birds.

OVER HER SHOULDER: Isidoro approaches on horseback, staring at her, stunned.

27 INT. VON FAUST RESIDENCE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY 3. 27 *

The Baroness is seated exactly where we last saw her, doing needlepoint, but she wears a different dress. Heinrich enters, barefoot, wearing breeches with no stockings. His shirt is open and he looks hung over. He RINGS A BELL. *

HEINRICH *

What time is it? *

His mother glances at an ornate clock well within his view. *

BARONESS *

Half past two. *

HEINRICH *

Oh, it's early. *

Birgit enters, curtsies. *

BIRGIT
Yes, sir?

*
*

HEINRICH
Birgit, might I have a glass of
that wine from Bourgogne? And might
it be the same rich red as your
most succulent lips?

*
*
*
*
*

Shocked, Birgit looks at the Baroness, who seems oblivious.
Birgit LAUGHS, scurries out. Heinrich studies his mother.

*
*

HEINRICH (CONT'D)
You've changed costume.

*
*

BARONESS
I have.

*
*

The door opens and the Baron enters. A BUTLER appears to take
his hat and cloak.

*
*

BARON
They say Joseph is dying.

*

BARONESS
(frightened)
Will that have an impact on us?

BARON
Of course, to our benefit. I much
prefer Leopold. He's no sentimental
fool like Joseph. Whom Count
Rosenberg told me has become
addicted to laudanum.

*
*

BARONESS
(intrigued)
Laudanum!

BARON
Leopold, on the other hand, is the
personification of manly virtue. A
lover of the hunt, of drink, of
tobacco, women, and war.

(LAUGHS)
After we routed the Prussians at
Dittersbach, Leopold and I wagered
on who could bed the most whores in
one night. I won handily, and me
twenty years his senior! But of
course I told him he won.

*
*

HEINRICH

I hope he will not be inclined to start any new wars.

*

BARON

War would be good for you. Teach you a thing or two.

*

HEINRICH

Like how to die?

BARON

Like you can die, no matter how young you are. Especially when you behave as licentious as you do.

BARONESS

(giggles)

This conversation has taken a decidedly morbid turn!

BARON

Be quiet.

*

(to Heinrich)

You are going to die, you know. Just like the rest of us. It will happen.

HEINRICH

Which is why I intend to enjoy my youth while still in possession of it, by partaking of all the pleasures created by God. If that makes me licentious, so be it.

*

*

28

EXT. VIENNA STREET - LATER - DAY 3.

28

*

We're in a wealthy neighborhood: fashionably dressed people are out and about. FRANZ NIMBLY CLIMBS DOWN THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING AND DROPS GRACEFULLY TO THE GROUND, startling the people around him. He grins apologetically, quickly pulls the case off his back, opens it, pulls out his VIOLIN and STARTS TO PLAY, leaving the violin case at his feet open for people to drop coins in.

*

HE PLAYS SOMETHING SPIRITED, putting his whole body into it. But PEOPLE ON THE STREET PASS HIM BY, wondering what this clearly penniless young man is doing in their midst, and resenting him for the discomfort he makes them feel about their own privilege. A POLICEMAN approaches, GRABS FRANZ BY THE ARM.

*

*

*

*

*

POLICEMAN *
Be on your way, whelp. *

FRANZ *
(shakes him off) *
Don't you like music here? *

POLICEMAN *
We don't like beggars here. *

FRANZ *
I'm not a fucking beggar. *

POLICEMAN *
If you don't leave of your own *
accord, I'm going to hurt you. *

Franz tenses; he could be ready for a fight... but the open *
violin case at his feet is empty. He picks it up, gives the *
Policeman one last fuck-you glare, turns and walks away. *

29 INT. VILLAGE - SPAIN - NIGHT 3. 29 *

Isidoro, shell-shocked, sits with the village PRIEST, who *
wears a WINESKIN over his robe and might be drunk. His *
mother's body still hangs from the nearby tree. *

ISIDORO *
(in Spanish, subtitled)
Why did no one cut her down...?

SPANISH PRIEST
People are afraid to go near her *
body. They thought she was a witch. *

ISIDORO *
My mother was mad. She was no *
witch. *

SPANISH PRIEST
She spoke of consorting with
devils.

ISIDORO
That only existed in her head!
(weeps, then)
At least her soul is at peace now.

SPANISH PRIEST
(gently)
Suicide is a mortal sin, my son.
She resides in Hell.

The Priest looks at him, compassionate. Isidoro stands. *

ISIDORO *

**Get out of my sight before I kill
you.** *

The Priest sees he means business, stands. *

ISIDORO (CONT'D) *

Wait. Give me your wineskin. *

The Priest does so, scurries off. Isidoro takes a big drink from the WINESKIN. Steels himself for what he has to do next. *

30 EXT. VILLAGE - SPAIN - NIGHT 3. 30 *

ISIDORO HAS CLIMBED THE TREE; he hugs the branch from which his MOTHER'S BODY hangs, uses a KNIFE to SAW through the rope. A CROW LANDS on the branch above, watches him. He looks at it, uncomfortable - it opens its beak to REVEAL TINY JAGGED TEETH. BLOODY teeth. *

Isidoro stares up at the crow, alarmed - then THE ROPE IS CUT THROUGH and HIS MOTHER'S BODY FALLS TO THE GROUND. He looks down at it, on the ground below. Until now, he's only felt shock; now he feels grief. He weeps. *

The crow watches him curiously, then FLIES OFF. *

31 INT. MONASTERY - BATTISTA'S ROOM - VERONA - NIGHT 3. 31 *

Battista lies sleeping under a BLANKET on his PALLET in his tiny cell. REVEAL FRATE ABRAMO, seated on the only chair in the room, holding a lit CANDLE. Watching Battista sleep. *

ON BATTISTA, waking, sensing his presence. He sits up, looks at Frate Abramo. *

ABRAMO

(a whisper)

Per favore...?

Battista is frozen for a moment, then gets out of bed, stands there in his nightshirt. Frate Abramo watches him, expectant. Finally, BATTISTA STARTS TO SING something in Latin.

Frate Abramo just sits and listens, mesmerized by the castrato's high, oddly beautiful voice. In awe of God's infinite wonder.

LEOPOLD

That is not true. Your reign will
be remembered as an era of the
noblest ideas and respect for the
common man.

*

Joseph stares at Leopold, his eyes unfocused.

JOSEPH

Tell him, Salieri.

All turn to Salieri, who can't believe he's being put on the
spot like this. He composes himself.

*

SALIERI

His Imperial Majesty would like to
create an Academy of Music, to
train the brightest talents from
all Europe.

A beat.

ROSENBERG

And who exactly would be in charge
of this training?

JOSEPH

Salieri.

*

SALIERI

I assure you this was no
contrivance of mine, Count
Rosenberg. I believe it should be
Mozart. Or Haydn.

*

*

*

JOSEPH

You will not be inclined to match
Haydn's salary from Eszterháza. And
Mozart, for all his piety, is a
known libertine and would set a
terrible example. Salieri is
Hopfkapellmeister. He enjoys
teaching and he's unmatched at it.

*

*

*

*

*

*

A beat. Leopold looks to Rosenberg. Joseph turns to the
Archbishop, milks it.

*

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

(to Archbishop)

Your Grace, can you not influence
my brother to grant a dying man's
final wish? A man who is still
technically his sovereign?

ARCHBISHOP

The "enlightened" view these days
is that mankind is possessed of
free will. I am afraid only your
brother can influence his own
decision, Your Majesty.

JOSEPH

(to Leopold, weeping)

I've known since boyhood how much
you hate me. But please, show pity
to me this once...

*
*
*

LEOPOLD

As you said yourself, you are not
dead yet!

JOSEPH

I abdicate! You are now Emperor,
and I but a loyal subject, Majesty.

He bows, then drops to his knees, while continuing to weep,
making Leopold extremely uncomfortable. Salieri watches,
stone-faced, wondering if it's not all an act.

*
*
*

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Give me something that tells the
world I was here. That I loved
music.

*
*
*
*

LEOPOLD

(folds)

Fine.

*

He KNOCKS on the door, which is opened by Sigmund, who was
standing guard outside.

*
*

ROSENBERG

Your Majesty -

*

LEOPOLD

(sharply)

Not now, Count Rosenberg!

He heads out before Joseph can beg him for anything else.
Rosenberg shoots Salieri a look, follows him out. The
Archbishop smiles kindly at Salieri and Joseph.

*
*
*

ARCHBISHOP

Congratulations.

He leaves, followed by Sigmund, who pulls the door shut
behind him. Joseph immediately stops crying, turns to
Salieri, who glares at him.

*
*

JOSEPH

(intense)

You must promise me, you will make
sure they keep true to their word.

SALIERI

(you asshole)

Majesty. You are forcing me to do
something that will bring me
misery.

*
*
*

JOSEPH

Unfortunately, Antonio, our
destinies are rarely what we would
choose them to be. Perhaps I could
have been a composer, had I not
been born to my peculiar fate.

*
*
*
*
*

Salieri is silent, furious. Joseph smiles sadly.

*

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

You will be grateful to me, in
time. Now please go, I am tired.

*
*

Salieri bows and exits hastily. Joseph starts weeping again,
adds more laudanum to his wine.

*
*

35

INT. VON FAUST RESIDENCE - MAID'S ROOM - DAY 4.

35

*

Birgit is in bed; someone is moving between her legs, under
the sheets. She throws back her head and CRIES OUT as she
climaxes; Heinrich emerges from under the sheets, LAUGHING.

HEINRICH

Hush! What if Father were to hear?

BIRGIT

(breathless)

That stinking old goat? I wish he
would. He says his difficulty is
because I am so repulsive.

*
*

HEINRICH

(kisses her tenderly)

You are many things, dear girl, but
repulsive is not one of them.

Birgit slides out from under him. Starts to dress.

BIRGIT

I should be in the kitchen already.
Frau Beerbaum will be scolding me
all day.

HEINRICH

I shall command her not to do so.

BIRGIT

No! The other servants cannot know of this!

HEINRICH

Then I will remain silent, *liebbling*. But promise we will make love again, as soon as possible?

BIRGIT

I will be finished with my duties at nine this evening.

HEINRICH

Nine it is. Here. I will meet you.

BIRGIT

(finishes dressing,
giggles)

You called me *liebbling*.

She slips out, shuts the door behind her. LINGER on Heinrich, lying back against the pillow, thinking.

36

INT. DELACROIX APARTMENTS - DAY 4.

36

IN THE DRAWING ROOM: Marie, wearing only her chemise, sits on a chair, in front of the window, bathed in sunlight as she gazes out at the street below. She suddenly stands, turns and looks at Émilie, who looks back at her. It's a charged look. Marie leaves the room; Émilie becomes visibly upset. JUMP TO:

Marie stands in front of a MIRROR, as a sleepy Gigi dresses her. JUMP CUTS tell us how complicated it was to get dressed in 1790: being LACED into STAYS; PANNIERS being hung on hips; a SKIRT descending from above onto her. Being laced once again into the BODICE of her best GOWN - which is visibly worn, but was clearly quite expensive when it was first made. And finally, a SILK-COVERED HAT. Marie practices smiling in the mirror, then looking serious.

37

EXT. PARISIAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 4.

37

Marie walks along an urban boulevard, trying to act more confident than she feels, which is not at all. Around her, TRADERS and PEDDLERS hawk their wares, STREET ENTERTAINERS juggle, perform acrobatics, DOGS roam.

She notices a GENTLEMAN staring at her from across the street; he's in his thirties, fashionable, handsome. He smiles at her; she blushes, smiles back, then quickly looks away... then looks back at him. He tips his hat at her, grins. She smiles and bats her eyes, LAUGHS. Her heart's beating fast, and she doesn't know exactly what she's doing, all she knows is it feels fantastic to so totally be the focus of his attention... until HE STARTS ACROSS THE STREET TOWARD HER. Suddenly panicked, she turns and runs, almost colliding with a WOMAN selling BROOMS. *

BROOM SELLER
(French, disgusted) *
That frock cost more than I will *
see this year. *

Marie is embarrassed, shamed. Turns, eager to get out of there, almost collides with the Gentleman she just flirted with. He smiles, places his hand on her forearm. *

GENTLEMAN *
Excusez-moi, mademoiselle -

Terrified, Marie yanks her arm away, as if burned. Both the Gentleman and the Broom Seller look at her, surprised by her behavior; the Broom Seller LAUGHS. Marie turns and runs back toward her house, embarrassed and on the verge of tears. Runs directly into -

LAURENT pulls her to him, hugs her tightly, relieved but still angry.

LAURENT *
Are you out of your mind?

He grabs her shoulders, gets in her face, intense.

LAURENT (CONT'D) *
Without a chaperone? And dressed as *
you are, advertising your wealth, *
or what's left of it? Are you *
begging to be assaulted?

He takes her by the hand, pulls her away roughly. *

LAURENT (CONT'D) *
How many times do I have to tell *
you? The street is not safe. Think *
of what happened to your mother.

OFF MARIE, as her face goes dark. Wounded. We HEAR a CELLO playing (if you can call it that) the *Rondo* from Anton Kraft's CELLO SONATA OP. 1, NO. 3. *

38

INT. LEONID'S ROOMS - DRAWING ROOM - DAY 4.

38 *

Leonid's student OSKAR (12), dressed in the finest clothes of the day and wearing a powdered WIG, PLAYS HIS CELLO lackadaisically. He's terrible. Leonid paces, annoyed. *

LEONID

Keep your thumb bent on the frog...
No, no, your up bows and down bows
should be like brush strokes,
painting onto a canvas...

(can't take it anymore)

Oskar. Stop. Please. Have you
practiced at all since our last
lesson?

OSKAR

I have no interest in becoming a
better cellist. *

LEONID

Shall I inform your father you no
longer wish to take lessons?

OSKAR

I have already done so, on numerous
occasions. I doubt he'll respond
any differently to you. And don't
you need the money?

LEONID

(you spoiled brat)

Do you have any idea how many
people would be grateful beyond
words for the opportunity to learn
the cello, and at such a young age?

OSKAR

I have no use for it. I would never
be a mere musician, and I have no
talent for composing. No, I intend
to be a critic.

(then)

Might I sit on your lap and slip my
hand inside your breeches? *

Leonid is speechless.

OSKAR (CONT'D)

Don't act so affronted. I know
there are men who fancy boys. Why
can't there be boys who fancy men? *

LEONID

It's out of the question. You are
much too young to even think -

OSKAR

I shall be thirteen in December. My
sister was married at thirteen. She
gave birth one month after she
turned fourteen.

LEONID

It is time for you to go. *

OSKAR

I will tell my father you forced me
to submit to you and your
unspeakable depravity. Better yet,
I will tell the Archbishop.

Leonid stares at him, shocked, furious... and powerless.

OSKAR (CONT'D)

So what shall it be?

A beat. Finally:

LEONID

(opens door) *

It will have to wait until next
week. I have another student at
three o'clock. *

OSKAR

(grins, victorious) *

I will count the hours until then!

OFF LEONID, troubled, as Oskar exits, LAUGHING. *

39

INT. SALIERI'S HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY 4.

39

Salieri and his melancholy wife THERESE take their supper in
this stark room, empty except for the dining table and
chairs. Nothing on the walls. The light from the parlor
windows is so feeble there is a LIT CANDELABRA on the table,
even though it's the middle of the day. Therese wears dark
clothing, seems preoccupied and distant. *

SALIERI *

Joseph's championship of me allowed
me to succeed doing what I love, so
I cannot refuse him. It's
infuriating. *

THERESE *
God took your only son. Your debts *
are cleared. *

Salieri's jaw tightens. *

SALIERI *
I shall be required to leave soon *
to audition prospective students. *

He leans back in his chair, exhausted. *

SALIERI (CONT'D) *
I haven't given instruction *
since... *

THERESE *
You gave it up when he died. You *
gave up teaching, and I gave up *
living. *

Silence. Salieri eyes her. *

SALIERI *
It seems you view that as a *
sacrifice superior to my own...? *

THERESE *
I just don't see the point of *
pretending I want to be alive. *

OFF SALIERI, watching her, his face betraying a well of *
resentment under whatever sympathy he feels for her. *

40 INT. VON FAUST RESIDENCE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY 4. 40 *

Baron Von Faust sits at the desk, with a CARAFE of WHISKEY. *
Heinrich comes down the stairs, enters. *

HEINRICH *
You wanted to see me, father? *

BARON *
Sit. You need a purpose in life. *
You're too old to be out whoring *
and gambling like a - *

HEINRICH *
Can one truly be too old for *
whoring? That's tragic. *

BARON

Heinrich. Your debauchery and profligate ways do not reflect well on me.

HEINRICH

Ah. Of course. Well, then, I shall ponder on a purpose for my life. *

BARON

No need, I've done it for you. *
There is to be a new Academy of Music, run by the *Kapellmeister*, that Dago. You will be a student. It will keep you occupied.

HEINRICH

(scoffs)

A student? Father. I have already been to University. And I need no instruction in music.

BARON

This school is for only the rarest of talents, and it's in both our interests for my issue to be seen as superior in some way, even though you are not. Now. You will audition, for appearance's sake. *
And you will do well, I won't have people whispering I purchased a spot for you. *

HEINRICH

I am being punished for enjoying life, just as you enjoyed it at my age. Indeed, as you still do. *

BARON

Don't play the victim, Heinrich. It doesn't fit you. *

Heinrich smiles. Bows his head then turns and walks away, leaving the Baron to his whiskey. *

CLOSE ON ISIDORO'S DEAD MOTHER'S FACE, blueish, slightly bloated, ugly purple bruising around her neck where the noose was. She stares up at us, her open mouth seemingly shaped into a cry of some sort... then a SHOVELFUL OF DIRT LANDS DIRECTLY ON HER FACE, obscuring her features.

FROM INSIDE THE GRAVE (partially obscured by dirt): Isidoro looks down at us, holds another shovelful of dirt.

ISIDORO
(voice breaking)
Lo siento, mama.

WIDER: Isidoro buries his mother in a field; fills up the grave with dirt.

42 INT./EXT. HOUSE/VILLAGE - SPAIN - DAY 4. 42 *

Simple but clean. White-washed walls, dirt floor. Isidoro grabs anything he thinks he might need, puts it into a SACK. Suddenly -

BAM! Something SLAMS into one of the CLOSED WINDOW SHUTTERS. Isidoro crosses to the window, opens the shutters, looks out, and then down -

HIS POV: What must be a wounded CROW lies on the dirt below the window, twitching, unable to fly; all we see are two large ebony wings thrashing about, masking the bird's body beneath. *

Alarmed, Isidoro grabs his sack and we FOLLOW HIM out into the patch of dirt that serves as a yard, where his HORSE is tied to a HITCHING POST. Isidoro goes directly to the shuttered window he heard something hit, but -

The injured CROW IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN. Isidoro looks around, but there's no trace of it. Anywhere. JUMP TO:

Isidoro, the sack secured on his back, climbs onto his horse. Takes one last look at the only place he's ever called home, then... ISIDORO GALLOPS AWAY, without looking back.

43 INT. THE HOFBURG - SMALL SALON/BALLROOM - DAY 5. 43 *

FOLLOW SALIERI, IN A CAPE AND TRI-CORNER HAT, through a SMALL SALON. SIGMUND WALKS AHEAD OF HIM, opens large gilded doors and leads us into - *
*
*

The BALLROOM, empty except for A GROUPING OF CHAIRS at the far end of the room. Wolfgang Amadeus MOZART (34) sits in one chair; Franz Joseph HAYDN (58) in another. They chat quietly and LAUGH. Dressed elegantly, Mozart is small, thin and pale, with large, intense eyes, his face pockmarked from a bout with smallpox in childhood. Haydn is more imposing and dresses more conservatively; he's distinguished and cheerful and smiles a lot. A uniformed FOOTMAN stands behind them; an empty chair awaits Salieri. *

SIGMUND
Maestro Salieri.

ON SALIERI, pleased to see them. Keeps walking until he reaches them. *

SALIERI *
Maestro Haydn, Maestro Mozart. My *
sincerest thanks for joining me *
today, as I embark on this folly. *

MOZART *
Any excuse not to work on my piano *
concerto. *

SALIERI *
I will gladly trade situations with *
you, and you can go traipsing *
around the content, auditioning *
prospective students. *

HAYDN *
What piano concerto is this? *

MOZART *
Leopold wants it for his *
coronation. I'm thinking of calling *
it "Coronation." *

SALIERI *
A commission? From the Hofburg? *
Wolfgang, that's quite something. *

MOZART *
Believe it or not. I might even *
find myself back in favor once *
Leopold assumes the throne. *

SALIERI *
You can take my place, as I clearly *
have fallen from it. *

HAYDN *
Antonio, I am curious. Your new *
opera was cheered in Paris - *

MOZART *
Yes, congratulations. *

HAYDN *
- and will be performed in every *
opera house in Europe. This is your *
time. So why exactly are you taking *
on this Academy? *

SALIERI

It is being forced on me, by the
Emperor.

*
*
*

HAYDN

What do you think he will do if you
refuse? Throw you in prison?

*
*
*

SALIERI

I am not sure. His brain is addled
by laudanum.

(then)

I hate royalty.

*
*
*
*
*

Salieri realizes Sigmund is still there, nods at him.

*

SALIERI (CONT'D)

You may bring in the first
candidate.

*
*
*

Sigmund bows stiffly and exits.

*

SALIERI (CONT'D)

Now I shall probably be charged
with treason.

*
*
*

HAYDN

How many are we seeing today?

*

SALIERI

Six, I believe.

*

HAYDN

Good. I'll be home in time for
supper.

*

SALIERI

I understand young master Beethoven
has chosen not to audition?

*
*

HAYDN

He prefers to study privately with
me, even though I told him you were
the best teacher alive.

*
*
*

SALIERI

I hear he is an exemplary musician.

*
*

HAYDN

I believe he will become an
excellent composer as well.

*
*
*

MOZART

At twenty? I would say that is too late.

SALIERI

Some people do their best work later in life.

The DOOR OPENS, and Sigmund comes back in, followed by Leonid, lugging his CELLO CASE.

MOZART

I saw him in an improvisation competition in Salzburg. I thought he was all flash and dazzle, honestly. No real technique. Of course he won.

SIGMUND

Herr Leonid Belarusev.

Leonid smiles at the judges; they stare back at him, stone-faced. JUMP TO:

44 INT. THE HOFBURG - BALLROOM - LATER - DAY 5. 44 *

LEONID PLAYS Jean-Louis Duport's ETUDE IN G MINOR FOR CELLO masterfully and aggressively; he's already broken several of the hairs on his bow. *

ON THE JUDGES, watching and listening. Haydn seems to be enjoying it; Mozart looks like he might laugh. Salieri is impressed. *

ON SIGMUND, in awe of Leonid. *

ON LEONID, intensely focused, passionate. As if the piece he's playing holds the meaning of life. *

ON SALIERI, watching. Trying not to think of - *

45 INT. SALIERI'S HOME - DINING ROOM - FLASHBACK - MOS - DAY. 45 *

Alois Salieri (17) plays violin, every bit as focused and passionate as Leonid. The room is filled with light. SMASH TO: *

46 INT. THE HOFBURG - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY 5. 46 *

Salieri closes his eyes. Breathes deeply. Opens them again. This is going to be harder than he thought. JUMP TO: *

49

INT. CAFÉ BELLEVUE - LATER - DAY 5.

49

MOVING through this crowded COFFEEHOUSE, past a smoky GAMES ROOM where gentlemen play BILLIARDS, over: *

MOZART (O.C.)

The Von Faust boy played the piece perfectly. *

FIND SALIERI, MOZART AND HAYDN at a table. Salieri and Haydn drink COFFEE; Mozart drinks FIZZY WINE from a GOBLET. An anemic HARPIST plays nearby. *

MOZART (CONT'D)

I should know, I wrote it. *

SALIERI

I much preferred the cellist. Excellent! If perhaps a bit overly dramatic. *

HAYDN

You could always choose more than one student from Vienna. *

(off his look) *

Leopold will be emperor soon, and he is quite the patriot, or at least he makes a grand show of it. *

A beat. *

SALIERI

There is an unspoken agenda here. *

MOZART

(cuts to it) *

Yes. Leopold wants the Von Faust boy in. Rosenberg was adamant. *

SALIERI

So not only am I forced to take on this academy, I am not even allowed to choose my own students? *

MOZART

My dear Antonio. The boy is clearly gifted. And he is the son of a Baron who regularly hunts with our imminent emperor Leopold. *

HAYDN

Whom you will need as your champion, if you want this enterprise to succeed. *

Salieri isn't happy about it, but he knows what he must do. *

SALIERI *

I choose the cellist. He truly
deserves it. And I don't want that
Baron's son as the only Viennese
representative. There's something
devious and malevolent about him. *

HAYDN *

I thought the cellist was from
Petersburg. *

SALIERI

Originally. He resides in Vienna.

MOZART *

Don't be such a seek-sorrow,
Antonio. Heinrich von Faust is a
true talent. He really is. *

OFF SALIERI, not so sure. *

50

EXT. SCHÖNBRUNN PALACE - GARDEN - DAY 5.

50 *

Members of VIENNESE HIGH SOCIETY STROLL BETWEEN MONOLITHIC
TOPIARY on a sunny afternoon. FIND OSKAR (Leonid's student)
walking behind his PARENTS, both dressed to the nines and
smug with wealth. As they round some shrubbery, a MAN
stealthily GRABS OSKAR, covers his mouth and whisks him down
an alternate path. Eventually the Man who snatched Oskar, who
we now see is JÜRGEN WILHELM, puts the startled boy down,
uncovers his mouth. *

WILHELM

Make a sound at your own peril.

(then)

Herr Leonid Belarusev will no
longer welcome you into his home
for cello lessons. And if you
spread foul lies about him, as you
have threatened, I will personally
see that you pay. Dearly. *

Oskar LAUGHS, but it's out of fear.

OSKAR

You wouldn't dare. My family is -

WILHELM

(wraps his hands around
Oskar's neck)

(MORE) *

VIRTUOSO - pilot - pre-prep draft - 1/5/15 - 39.

WILHELM (CONT'D)

You saw how easily I just snatched
you. I could just as easily snap
your neck, boy. *

Oskar nods, terrified. Wilhelm lets go of him, slaps him on
the back of the head, hard. *

WILHELM (CONT'D)

(disgusted)

People are not playthings. Not for
you. Not for anyone.

Oskar runs away, appropriately shaken. Wilhelm turns and
walks in the other direction, FOLLOW HIM around a corner in
the maze to FIND LEONID waiting for him.

LEONID

Once again, I find myself in your
debt.

WILHELM

I have ideas about how you can make
payment. *

LEONID

Is that all you ever think of?

WILHELM

I also think about food. *

51 EXT. SORBONNE - PARIS - DAY 6. 51 *

We HEAR a TRUMPET playing Johann Melchior Molter's TRUMPET
CONCERTO NO. 2 IN D, accompanied by a HARPSICHORD. *

SUPERIMPOSED: **PARIS**

52 INT. SORBONNE - CORRIDOR - PARIS - DAY 6. 52 *

Marie and Laurent are seated along with two or three other
musicians waiting for their turn. Marie holds SHEET MUSIC. We
can HEAR the TRUMPET behind a closed door.

LAURENT

(in French, subtitled)

Think of your voice as a bird, and
simply let it fly.

MARIE

I am not frightened. I am not even
sure I want to go to school in
Vienna, so far away from you.

Laurent's face clouds over.

LAURENT
Marie. There is no future for you *
here in Paris. Since the Bastille *
fell, it's become - *

MARIE
But Papa - *

LAURENT
(intense)
Your life henceforth cannot contain *
me! It is not right! *

Shocked by his vehemence, Marie's eyes well up. He softens.

LAURENT (CONT'D)
It is for your own benefit, little *
one. So you can achieve your *
potential. As God intended. *

ON MARIE, not sure she believes him. He avoids her eyes. A *
DOOR OPENS and a YOUNG MAN with a TRUMPET emerges, pissed *
off. *

TRUMPETER *
Merde. Merde merde merde merde *
merde. *

Sigmund emerges holding a LIST. Checks it: *

SIGMUND
Mademoiselle Marie Delacroix...?

Marie stands, deeply troubled by her conversation with *
Laurent. Follows Sigmund through the door. LINGER ON LAURENT, *
troubled. *

53 INT. SORBONNE - LARGE ROOM - PARIS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 653 *

MARIE SINGS TBD. She's clearly emotional, tries to hide it. *
But it's affecting her performance, and not in a good way. *

Salieri and Sigmund sit behind a table, listening. *

SALIERI *
(abruptly) *
Arrêtez. *

Marie is shocked then immediately shamed that he stopped her. *
She starts to cry. *

Sigmund shoots Salieri a "what a train wreck" look; Salieri stands, crosses to Marie and places his hand gently on her shoulder.

SALIERI (CONT'D)

I want you to do well. And I know you can.

(then)

Music can be a way for us to express our emotions. And - equally valid - it can be a way for us to escape them. Do you understand?

(she shakes her head)

This time, let the music take you away from fear, or sadness, or whatever it is that is bothering you right now.

She nods. He returns to his place behind the table.

SALIERI (CONT'D)

Take your time.

Marie composes herself, nods to the Accompanist. He starts to play, she SINGS. This time it's clear she's extraordinary.

OFF SALIERI, pleased.

54 EXT. VIENNA STREETS - SMALL PLAZA - DAY 6.

54

We're in one of the poorest sections of the city. MOVING through the weary people on the dirty, muddy street, we pass -

A MAN whose nose is bright red from years of drink talks to himself. Becomes angry, starts BABBLING incoherently -

A crying WHORE with a crying BABY -

A toothless OLD MAN begging -

An angry-looking WOMAN dumps a chamber pot out of her window directly onto the street -

Stray DOGS fight over a rotten-looking hunk of MEAT -

FIND FRANZ as he walks through the streets, his VIOLIN CASE slung over his back. A GANG OF ROUGH-LOOKING YOUTHS glare at him as he passes, but he ignores them, determined not to acknowledge the animosity he knows they have for him. The tallest one, a piece of bad news named DOLPH, eyes him with contempt.

DOLPH

Franz Engel, you whore's bastard!
Been playing your fancy fiddle,
have you?

*

Franz ignores him, which pisses Dolph off. FOLLOW FRANZ as he passes a grizzled BEGGAR, squatting, prying BRICKS out of the street and offering them to passersby.

INA (O.C.)

Franz!

INA (17) runs toward him. She's poor and dirty, but pretty. She grabs him, pulls him into a tiny alley - once they are out of sight, she kisses him hungrily. He returns her intensity... at which point she pushes him away.

INA (CONT'D)

Where've you been? Three days I
haven't seen you.

FRANZ

I've played in every rich
neighborhood in Vienna, and only
once did someone, on *Landstrasse*,
give me a coin.

*

*

INA

I'm not surprised. How do you think
the rich become rich? They never
let go of anything.

*

FRANZ

The fucking police chased me away,
like playing violin is a crime.
Idiots. They think music is
something they own, to be locked
away in a theater, full of toffs.

*

*

*

*

INA

You're right. Fuck them. Go to
neighborhoods that aren't rich.

(off his look)

Not like here. Like *Leopoldstat*.
The factory workers there have a
little money. And I'll bet they've
never set foot inside a theater.

*

Franz listens to her; she has a point. She smiles, which is something he loves to see, and HE KISSES HER. She embraces him; one of his hands starts to work its way under her skirt and up her leg. She's not complaining, then suddenly WINCES in pain.

*

Franz looks at her intensely, pulls up her skirt to discover an ugly purple BRUISE. She pulls away from him, embarrassed.

FRANZ
Who did this to you?
(off her silence)
Ina. Who did this to you?!

She tries to kiss him again, but he pulls back.

FRANZ (CONT'D)
Just tell me it wasn't Dolph.

Her hesitation is answer enough. His face fills with rage; it's as if he's just become a different person. Suddenly he seems feral and wild. *

INA
(fuck)
Franz.

He lets her go, turns and heads back out to the plaza. Grabs a BRICK from the Beggar on his way. Ina runs after him, terrified. *

INA (CONT'D)
Franz, no -

IN THE PLAZA, Franz strides toward the YOUTHS. *

FRANZ
Dolph!

Dolph turns around, smirks. *

DOLPH
I never noticed just how short you
actually are -

SMACK! FRANZ HITS DOLPH IN THE TEMPLE WITH THE BRICK, hard. Dolph is stunned; he sways, finding it hard to remain standing, finally crumples and drops to the ground. *

FRANZ
Any of you touches her, I will make
it my purpose in life to kill you. *

He walks away, leaves a MOANING Dolph on the ground, his head BLEEDING.

Ina is shocked. This is a side of Franz she's never seen before, not to this extent at least. Then - *

Dolph goes into CONVULSIONS, his LIMBS JERK violently. His eyes roll back into his head; he VOMITS BLOOD. Then the convulsions abruptly stop, and he lies motionless, silent. *

Dead.

The other Youths look at Franz in disbelief. Franz and Ina lock eyes. Knowing their lives have just irrevocably changed. *
FRANZ TAKES OFF, RUNNING as fast as he can.

55 INT. VON FAUST RESIDENCE - MAID'S ROOM - NIGHT 6. 55

Heinrich and Birgit make love passionately in a series of JUMP CUTS; Heinrich keeps his eyes locked on hers, fascinated by her pleasure.

Birgit throws her head back in ecstasy just as the DOOR OPENS to REVEAL THE BARON taking his key out of the lock. He stares at Heinrich and Birgit, shocked -

Heinrich smiles directly at his father, while never stopping thrusting into Birgit, his eyes triumphant. Gloating over the youth and vigor he possesses, something his father has lost. The Baron sees this, and is humiliated.

SLOW PUSH IN ON HEINRICH, still thrusting, enjoying his father's humiliation. It even seems to add to his sexual pleasure, and HE CRIES OUT as he climaxes.

56 EXT. CASA DE LA PANADERÍA - MADRID - DAY 7. 56 *

Establishing. We HEAR a TENOR SING. SUPERIMPOSED: **MADRID**

57 INT. CASA DE LA PANADERÍA - MADRID - CONTINUOUS - DAY 7. 57 *

FOLLOW ISIDORO, a KNAPSACK and his GUITAR on his back, as he RACES UP STEPS, THROUGH A DOOR AND DOWN A CORRIDOR, at the end of which we see the TENOR emerge from his audition, dejected. He walks away, quietly crying. *

58 INT. CASA DE LA PANADERÍA - MID-SIZED HALL - MADRID - CONTINUOUS - DAY 7. 58 *

ON SALIERI, seated at a table, Sigmund standing behind him stiffly.

SIGMUND
That was the last candidate.

SALIERI

It seems Spain has no one who lives
up to our standards.

SIGMUND

Well, you know what they say. Spain
would be a fine country, if there
were no Spaniards in it.

He LAUGHS at his own joke, stops when he sees the
disapproving look on Salieri's face.

SALIERI

You know what else they say?
Austrians are idiots.

*
*

The DOOR IS THROWN OPEN and ISIDORO ENTERS, his hair is wild
and he's out of breath. He walks up to the table.

ISIDORO

(Spanish)

Are you the headmaster of the new
school for music?

*
*

SALIERI

I am.

ISIDORO

Is it true in this school you are
given food and a place to live?

SALIERI

It is.

Isidoro smiles, thinking he's hit the jackpot.

*

ISIDORO

I am Isidoro Aguilas and I should
like to be a part of this school.

SALIERI

(amused)

I am afraid it is not that simple.

ISIDORO

Why not?

SALIERI

First you must play for me -

Isidoro grabs his guitar.

*

SALIERI (CONT'D)
- and you will need to be able to
read and speak German -

Isidoro TUNES quickly, preparing to play.

ISIDORO
(in English)
I know some German. I learned it
from a German woman. She was having
a holiday. Shall I play for you? *

SALIERI
May I ask what it is you are
playing?

ISIDORO
(grins, shrugs)
I do not remember who is the
composer, *lo siento*. I know he is a
Spanish. I saw him play once, in
the house of a rich lady. *

SALIERI
The same woman who taught you
German?

ISIDORO
(LAUGHS)
No. It is a different lady.
(then) *
We should have wine first. Do you *
have wine? I do. *
(off Salieri's look) *
I will play first. *

Isidoro starts playing - expertly - the *Allegretto* from
Fernando Sor's SIX DIVERTIMENTI, OP. 1, NO. 2. *

SIGMUND *
(recognizes, pleased)
Ah, Fernando Sor. The Divertimenti.

Isidoro plays expertly, with joy. As when we first saw him
play, there is zero self-consciousness. His happiness is
infectious. But - *

SALIERI *
(Spanish) *
Stop. *

Isidoro stops, looks at Salieri. *

SALIERI (CONT'D)

Are you even hearing the piece as
you play it? Seems to me you are
more focused on the movement of
your fingers on the fret than you
are on the actual sounds they are
creating.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Isidoro considers this, smiles.

*

ISIDORO

You are right.

*
*

He starts over; this time the joy he feels is much more
evident in the music.

*
*

Salieri listens, pleased; Sigmund stares at him, impressed by
the difference in Isidoro's performance.

*
*

59 INT. CAFÉ BELLEVUE - NIGHT 7.

59

*

Heinrich carouses (AD-LIB) with a couple of other well-to-do
spoiled YOUNG MEN, all drinking mugs of BEER. The Harpist is
gone; the crowd seems rowdier. At night it feels more like an
ale house than a coffee house. A uniformed FOOTMAN approaches
their table, bows, offers a SEALED LETTER to Heinrich.

*
*
*

HEINRICH

Ah! Intrigue.
(takes letter)
Who do we think this is from?

HEINRICH'S FRIEND #1

You mean which one of Countess
Thun's daughters?

HEINRICH'S FRIEND #2

Maria Elizabeth the beetle-headed!

HEINRICH'S FRIEND #1

Maria Josepha the bacon fed!

HEINRICH

Maria Carolina the nasty puzzle!

Much LAUGHTER. Heinrich unfolds the envelops, reads the
MESSAGE inside:

*
*

I am feverish with desire for you - Bruchnerstrasse 17.

-- a beautiful stranger.

Heinrich smiles, intrigued.

60

EXT. VIENNESE STREET - LATER - NIGHT 7.

60

Heinrich stumbles down the empty street, more inebriated than he would like to be. Checks the street numbers on the houses as he passes by: 19... 18...

FOLLOW HIM, as TWO BRAWNY MEN WALK INTO FRAME, tailing him. They're dressed like laborers and wear boots. They quickly gain on him, grab him and START TO SAVAGELY BEAT HIM.

He fights back, but is no match for these two, and soon he is lying on the pavement, bloody and battered, trying to fend off the vicious kicks to his stomach, back, face. We HEAR A CARRIAGE APPROACHING.

The Men step back from Heinrich, as A CARRIAGE PULLS UP behind him. The carriage door opens and a MAN steps out, fashionably dressed, we can only see up to his waist. He starts to unbutton his breeches...

ON HEINRICH, beaten, bloody. Suddenly a STREAM OF URINE hits the side of his face.

BARON (O.C.)

You think you can humiliate me and
get away with it?

REVEAL THE BARON, from the waist up, looking down at his son with contempt as he pisses on him.

BARON (CONT'D)

You are nothing without me. A fly.
A flea.

(LAUGHS)

No. A flea's shit. *

He shakes his unseen penis off, buttons his breeches back up.

BARON (CONT'D)

Congratulations, by the way, for
being accepted into the Academy.

He gets back inside the carriage, and it drives away. One of the Men gives Heinrich one last kick in the stomach, causing Heinrich to CRY OUT in pain. The Men walk away, LAUGHING. *

Heinrich rolls over, stares up at the night sky. Suddenly starts to LAUGH as well.

ABRAMO
Do not punish the boy for the
father's sins.

He glances over at Battista, seated on a wall on the other
side of the cloister, staring at the sky. Salieri crosses to
him.

SALIERI
Buon pomeriggio, Battista.

BATTISTA
Buon pomeriggio, Maestro.

Battista is polite, but distant, as if his true self is
buried deep within. His eyes, however, are open and curious.

SALIERI
Tell me. What is it you would like
to accomplish in your life?

BATTISTA
Whatever God wills for me. It is
not for me to decide.

SALIERI
But surely you must have an idea of
what would make you happy?

BATTISTA
(smiles)
I am happy.

SALIERI
Would you like to perform? In
public? Share the gift of your
voice with others?

BATTISTA
I already do that.

SALIERI
With many others. Much more than
you do here. In Vienna, the center
of modern music.

Battista thinks about it, shrugs. Why not?

BATTISTA
Yes.

Salieri smiles. Intrigued by this odd young man.

OFF FRATE ABRAMO, watching from across the cloister.

FOLLOW INA as she carries a PAIL through the plaza, then into the side alley, where a YOUNG MAN GRABS HER. She's ready to fight until she sees -

IT'S FRANZ, who stares back at her, horrified by her BLACK EYE and a SWOLLEN LIP.

INA

Are you crazy? Dolph's uncle Ernst
has sworn to avenge him, they're
watching me -

*

*

*

FRANZ

Come with me.

*

INA

Who would care for my sisters?

ERNST (O.C.)

Franz Engel, you wormy bastard!

*

REVEAL ERNST (30), approaching from the alley. He's a brawny badass and he looks a little crazy.

*

ERNST (CONT'D)

Make your peace with God now.

*

*

FRANZ BOLTS; ERNST GIVES CHASE. SCORE KICKS IN.

*

Franz is fast, but so is Ernst, as THEY DART THROUGH SIDE STREETS AND ALLEYS. Franz runs for his life, not looking back, then -

*

*

URNS INTO WHAT SEEMS LIKE A DEAD END - an 18th-century cul-de-sac, if you will, of TWO-STOREY BUILDINGS. Ernst LAUGHS, slows down.

ERNST (CONT'D)

Nowhere to run now!

But Franz just keeps running, headed straight for the wall. Right before he slams into it -

He JUMPS UP AND GRABS A BIT OF BRICK that juts out, PULLS HIMSELF UP, and like a rock climber on speed, SCALES THE WALL gracefully, using indentations in the bricks, windows, railings. Nobody knows these streets - and these walls - like Franz does.

Realizing he's getting away, Ernst kicks into action - he jumps up and grabs the same bit of brick that juts out -

65

EXT. VIENNA ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS - DAY 8.

65

Franz appears at the edge of the roof, grabs a roof tile to pull himself up - the TILE GIVES WAY, and FRANZ FALLS BACK -

But HE'S ABLE TO GRAB ANOTHER TILE with his other hand. Luckily this one holds, and HE STARTS TO PULL HIMSELF UP, just as -

ON THE WALL BELOW: ERNST COMES WITHIN REACH OF FRANZ'S LEG. GRABS IT -

FRANZ USES HIS OTHER LEG TO KICK AT ERNST'S HAND, to no avail. ERNST USES HIS GRIP ON FRANZ'S LEG TO PULL HIMSELF UP -

FRANZ GLANCES OVER HIS SHOULDER TO GAUGE ERNST'S POSITION, then -

VICIOUSLY KICKS HIM IN THE NOSE, breaking and bloodying it. Ernst cries out, lets go of Franz's leg and DROPS TO THE PAVEMENT BELOW.

ERNST

Aaahhh!

FRANZ PULLS HIMSELF ONTO THE ROOF, KEEPS RUNNING. Apparently he knows the rooftops of Vienna as well as its streets and walls, as HE MANEUVERS BETWEEN AND AROUND CHIMNEYS, THE PEAKS AND VALLEYS OF THE ROOFSCAPE. SCORE ENDS.

WILHELM (O.C.)

I still don't understand -

66

INT. LEONID'S ROOMS - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT 8.

66

The last light of day streams through the window onto Leonid and Wilhelm in bed, naked under the sheets, post-sex. They're relaxed, casually intimate with each other.

WILHELM

- why you think you need training. You are already making a profession of it. You teach. Composers hire you to play their music.

LEONID

No composer anyone ever heard of. And for very little money.

WILHELM

I have enough money for us both.

LEONID

Jürgen. I must support myself. As long as I am beholden to you, I will begrudge you. And I don't want to begrudge you. I only want to love you.

*

WILHELM

Well, my dearest young man, I will not stand in your way.

LEONID

There are many ways I benefit from attending this academy. There's Antonio Salieri, a composer people most certainly have heard of, who can introduce me to luminaries in the musical world. Then there's the fact the whole enterprise is funded by the Crown, which increases the chance I might even be introduced to royalty, never a bad thing.

*

*

*

WILHELM

You conniving scoundrel.

*

LEONID

You taught me well.

WILHELM

Do you intend to seduce the Emperor?

LEONID

If presented with the opportunity, why not?

(off Jürgen's look, LAUGHS - as if)

When have I ever seduced anyone?

WILHELM

You have seduced me.

LEONID

That is a lie and you know it.

WILHELM

Over these years, you have seduced me, quite permanently. I am yours from now until the end of time.

LEONID

(uncomfortable)

That is a very long time.

WILHELM
Until my final day, then.

LEONID
Hopefully that will be a very long
time as well.

WILHELM
I am devoted to you, dear boy, you
know that.

LEONID
And I consider myself blessed that
you are, you know that.

Jürgen does, but that's not the answer he hoped for.

*

67 EXT. THE HOFBURG - DAY 9.

67

FROM THE MAIN ENTRANCE, looking out on the grounds as THE
AUSTRIAN IMPERIAL COACH PULLS UP AND STOPS, close enough to
give Salieri a CLOSE-UP. His face falls as he sees -

The Hofburg is draped in BLACK BUNTING. FLAGS are at HALF
MAST.

OFF SALIERI, realizing: Well, this sucks.

ROSENBERG (O.C.)
Please accept my condolences.

68 INT. THE HOFBURG - BALLROOM - LATER - DAY 9.

68

Salieri sits across from Count Rosenberg, who has set up a
desk in the ballroom.

*

*

*

ROSENBERG
I know you and the late Emperor
were close.

SALIERI
I was so looking forward to
introducing him to the musicians I
found. He would have been pleased.

*

*

*

ROSENBERG
I think, as polluted by opium as
Joseph was in his final days,
anything would have pleased him.
(then)
Regarding your Academy, I am afraid
there must be some changes made.
(MORE)

ROSENBERG (CONT'D)

His Imperial Majesty has his own project toward which he'd prefer to direct imperial resources. He wants to establish a Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

A beat. Salieri LAUGHS. Rosenberg is pissed; he wanted Salieri to be devastated. Salieri waits for him to speak. *

ROSENBERG (CONT'D) *

Unfortunately, the Imperial treasury is too burdened to pay for the students' room and board. *

SALIERI

(are you kidding?)

The Imperial Treasury spends more money on wig powder. *

ROSENBERG *

(unfazed) *

Powder is a necessity, to mask unseemly odors that have no place at court. And the cost of powder has risen enormously. *

Salieri stares in disbelief. Is Rosenberg really this big an asshole? *

SALIERI *

Two of the students already live in Vienna, they don't even need room and board. And how much, really, can it cost to feed three others? *

ROSENBERG *

I am afraid the Emperor is quite resolute about this.

Rosenberg shrugs, as if it's out of his hands.

SALIERI *

(an edge) *

What about Joseph's legacy, promised to him by Leopold, sworn on his honor as a Hapsburg? *

ROSENBERG *

He allowed Joseph to die happy, believing his "noble idea" would come to be. Now, we must - *

SALIERI

It is a fucking noble idea. Much nobler than another hospital for the deranged, where those poor souls are locked away and left to rot? But I suppose Leopold can feel superior to lunatics. He certainly cannot with musicians, as he never mastered any instrument. Or any art I know of.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Rosenberg is speechless. Salieri stands, disgusted.

SALIERI (CONT'D)

Unless this is all your contrivance, and Leopold doesn't even know about it.

*
*
*
*

Rosenberg acts affronted. Salieri eyes him. Doesn't buy it.

ROSENBERG

Kapellmeister, I would advise you -

*
*

SALIERI

Hopfkapellmeister.

*
*

The DOOR OPENS and the ARCHBISHOP ENTERS, smiling; Rosenberg does not seem happy to see him.

*

ARCHBISHOP

Antonio! How was your trip? Did you find suitable young talent?

SALIERI

I did, your Grace. They will be here in a fortnight, though the crown can no longer afford to provide them with meals and a roof over their heads.

*
*
*

ARCHBISHOP

What's this?

ROSENBERG

(tightly)

His Imperial Majesty would prefer more resources to go to his hospital -

*

ARCHBISHOP

For the Criminally Insane? I would suggest we need more excellent musicians than we need insane criminals.

*

He LAUGHS; Rosenberg does not.

ARCHBISHOP (CONT'D)

Let us find patrons for our students, then! To pay their expenses.

*

SALIERI

A brilliant idea, your Grace. They will need patrons anyway, if they are to make a livelihood as musicians.

*

ROSENBERG

(frowns)

I am sure no one of means would want to sponsor a mere student -

ARCHBISHOP

Nonsense. I can think of several acquaintances who would be prime candidates. The Von Faust boy is a student, correct? His father will have plenty of wealthy friends with money to spare.

ROSENBERG

Or to burn, in this instance.

SALIERI

It is clear, my Lord, that you are opposed to the very idea of the Academy. Will you be counseling the Emperor to continue to chip away at its foundations? If it is not to be, I would prefer to know before I pour more time and effort into it.

The Archbishop looks at Rosenberg and smiles.

*

ARCHBISHOP

Oh, you don't want to do that, do you, my Lord? The Emperor has confided in me - and others - his sincere desire to honor his late brother's wishes. I doubt he wants to be seen as a man whose word is meaningless.

Salieri eyes Rosenberg, smiles.

OFF COUNT ROSENBERG, unable - or unwilling - to hide the contempt he feels for both of these men right now.

69

EXT. THE HOFBURG - LATER - DAY 9.

69 *

REVERSE TRACKING ON SALIERI AND THE ARCHBISHOP as they
descend the staircase. *

SALIERI *

I am grateful for your support,
your Grace.

ARCHBISHOP

Which you can count on to continue.
I do have one small request,
however.

SALIERI

(uh-oh)
And what might that be?

ARCHBISHOP

Every day must begin with mass.

SALIERI

(relieved that's all)
Of course.

ARCHBISHOP

And I shall make myself available
to hear confession from the
students.

Salieri is deeply uncomfortable with this. *

SALIERI *

Your Grace, surely an Archbishop
has matters of greater gravity -

ARCHBISHOP

(non-negotiable)
These young men, afflicted as they
must be by the artistic
temperament, will need extra care
and guidance in remembering God
Almighty is the source of their
gifts, and it is to him all glory
must be directed.

SALIERI

(careful)
Agreed. But -

ARCHBISHOP

If you want my continued support,
Antonio, you must give me something
in return. An eye for an eye. *

He turns and heads back up the stairs, leaving -
OFF SALIERI, troubled.

*
*

70 EXT. VIENNA ROOFTOPS - FRANZ'S CUBBY - DAY 9. 70

Dawn. Franz lies asleep in his cubby, clutching his violin, SNORING softly. A SHADOW CROSSES HIM. He opens his eyes, is horrified to see -

ERNST STANDS OVER HIM, HIS FACE SWOLLEN AND BRUISED. He smiles, pulls an ugly KNIFE from behind his back and -

*
*

SLASHES FRANZ'S THROAT WITH IT! SMASH TO:

71 EXT. VIENNA ROOFTOPS - FRANZ'S CUBBY - DAY 9. 71

FRANZ AWAKENS WITH A START from his nightmare. Once he realizes there's no Ernst standing over him, he relaxes, breathes in. ANTICIPATORY, PERCUSSIVE SCORE KICKS IN OVER:

72 EXT. VIENNA STREET - LATER - DAY 9. 72

A LOW ANGLE: People are out and about. Laborers, vendors, working class. FRANZ'S FEET DROP ONTO THE COBBLESTONES in front of us, start to walk away from us.

REVERSE TRACK FRANZ as he walks, his violin case slung over his back. Asks someone passing -

FRANZ
I am in Leopoldstat, yes?
(off their nod)
Danke.

A SERIES OF JUMP CUTS:

Franz selects a spot -

Opens his violin case -

Tunes his violin -

Centers himself, then -

FRANZ STARTS TO PLAY, something that fits with score. It takes him a beat or two before he relaxes into it, and loses himself to the music.

SUPER TIGHT SHOTS of THE FINGERBOARD OF FRANZ'S VIOLIN, his fingers gracefully moving over them - THE STRINGS of Franz's violin, vibrating as his BOW dances across them -

ON FACES as people stop to listen and smile, nod along to his playing. Some stare in wonder as if this is their first time hearing actual live music, which indeed it is. *

Someone drops a COIN into the open VIOLIN CASE at his feet. *

FIND SALIERI, watching and listening, taken by Franz's performance. *

CLOSE ON FRANZ, his face intense as he plays -

CLOSE ON THE BOW, it dances across the strings -

CLOSE ON HIS FINGERS, deftly stopping strings -

ON SALIERI, watching, stricken - we SEE FLASHES OF: *

73 INT. SALIERI'S HOME - DINING ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY. 73 *

Alois plays violin in the dining room - Salieri and Therese watch from the table, his arm around her - the room is filled with sunlight. Much happier times. SMASH BACK TO: *

74 EXT. VIENNA STREET - LATER - DAY 9. 74 *

But Salieri doesn't seem saddened by his memory this time. He seems happy, as he watches: *

Franz surrenders to the music, lets go of all his anxiety. He grins, feels free, momentarily forgets the harsh realities of his life. *

Intercut between Franz and Salieri: *

PUSH IN ON SALIERI. Hypnotized by Franz's playing. *

PUSH IN ON FRANZ, completely lost in it, unaware of himself or anyone else, of anything except the music. *

SMASH TO BLACK. MUSIC CONTINUES over *

END CREDITS

