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# Mozart in Love

By Mark Rappaport

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(traffic hums)

("Cosi Fan Tutte"

by Wolfgang Mozart)

[Voiceover] This is  
the story of three loves,  
perhaps four.

The women were all sisters,  
and I was the man  
in their lives,  
at least some of the time.

Their father was  
my father's friend  
and, so naturally,  
when I went to Mannheim  
to give concerts,  
I stayed with them.

The father was a  
fairly good musician.  
In fact, they were all talented.  
Especially the eldest, Louisa.  
She had a lovely voice.  
She sang like an angel.

Louisa.

Each of the daughters was  
beautiful in her own way,  
and I was a stranger  
in a strange city.

I was young and alone, and  
of course I fell in love.

It was like a tale from  
The Arabian Nights,  
a prince from another kingdom  
and the three princesses  
who vied for his love.

So, this is my story, our story,  
an opera about love.

If you're not interested in love  
and think you don't  
like opera, well.

I'm not much for moralizing,  
in my music even  
less than in my life.

Music is its own meaning.

But sometimes people, you know,  
are happier if they  
think art is meaningful  
rather than merely pleasurable.  
So here it is at the beginning  
for those among you  
who are too impatient  
to wait until the end to  
find out what it's all about.  
My philosophy of love.

A song, rich in intent,  
profound in its implications,  
as beautiful as it is deep.

("Die Entführung aus dem  
Serail" by Wolfgang Mozart)

[Voiceover] He came  
in the winter and, yes,  
brought springtime  
into everyone's life.

We all fell just a  
little in love with him.

Of course, he was very young,  
but he knew so much.

He helped me with my music  
and taught me the  
right way to sing.

Everyone said he was a genius.

He was certainly very gifted  
and knew a great deal.

You know, he had been  
performing and composing  
almost from the time  
he was an infant.

I became quite good.

[Voiceover] From the  
first moment I saw him.

[Voiceover] I always  
loved him, even as a child.

It was wonderful  
loving him like that.

Knowing he could never  
suspect my real feelings.

It was my secret.

("Die Zauberflöte: Introduction")

by Wolfgang Mozart)  
[Voiceover] In a way, I  
led a very sheltered life.  
It's true, I was a raging success  
in half a dozen countries  
before I was 14.  
I performed for the  
most illustrious  
crowned heads in Europe.  
Women of all ages adored me.  
They fussed over me.  
They threw themselves at me.  
It sounds like boasting, I know,  
but there's no other  
way to describe it.  
Did you know that when  
I was seven years old,  
I proposed to Marie Antoinette,  
who was also a child?  
She agreed to marry me.  
You don't believe  
it, well, it's true.  
I didn't lack for opportunities,  
I can tell you that.  
But, all the same, I  
was still very innocent.  
I was always falling in love.  
It was like a chronic illness.  
But what a delicious one.  
Falling in and out of  
love like a butterfly  
going from flower to flower.  
Every woman made my  
heart beat faster.  
("Le Nozze Di Figaro: Non  
so piu cosa son" by Mozart)  
[Voiceover] It was  
perfect, the two of us.  
He would write  
beautiful songs for me,  
and I would sing them.  
His songs would become  
famous through me.  
I loved him, all of us did.

Under his guidance, my  
voice improved tremendously.  
[Voiceover] I  
can hardly speak.  
[Voiceover] I was always  
the baby in the family.  
How I hated it.  
It was humiliating to be treated  
like that in front of him.  
Why can't time move faster,  
and then the  
differences in our ages  
won't matter so much.  
When he's 36, I'll be 28.  
When he'll be 48, I'll be 40.  
No, I'm not too young for him.  
If only he'd wait for me.  
("Cosi Fan Tutte: Ah  
Guarda, Sorella" by Mozart)  
[Voiceover] I'm so happy.  
What do I know of love,  
a strange sensation  
that had no name?  
Was this it?  
Who could I turn to?  
It's not so easy being young.  
Could I trust them?  
Could they tell me?  
("Le Nozze Di Figaro"  
by Wolfgang Mozart)  
[Voiceover] I had never felt  
anything like this before.  
It was Louisa who touched the  
most secret part of my heart.  
She was my dream love.  
("Cosi Fan Tutte: Un'aura  
Amorosa" by Mozart)  
To be in love again,  
it was wonderful.  
But this time it was true love.  
("Die Zauberflote"  
by Wolfgang Mozart)  
[Voiceover] It always  
happens that way.

The curse of being  
the middle child.  
The oldest has all  
the good fortune.  
The youngest is always pampered.  
But what about me?  
I felt as if my life were over.  
( "Cosi Fan Tutte: Ah, Che  
Tutto In Un Momento" by Mozart )  
Perhaps one has to  
suffer for one's love.  
To test it, to purify  
it, to be worthy of it.  
Perhaps agony is its  
own sweet reward.  
[Voiceover] There is no  
reward for a troubled heart.  
But who can guard themselves  
against the pain of love?  
We mustn't let this  
come between us.  
Even though we love  
him, and she doesn't.  
[Voiceover] I didn't  
want it to happen this way.  
How can I comfort  
you, my dear sisters?  
Would you believe  
me if I told you  
that your unhappiness  
is only temporary?  
In a month or two, you'll laugh,  
thinking back on  
your imagined grief.  
Oh, I love you both so much.  
(graceful operatic music)  
I didn't ask for any of this.  
It's not my fault  
that he adores me.  
I'm not to blame if I  
can't return his love.  
It's a gift I never asked for.  
It was nothing more than  
innocent flirtation.

I never encouraged him, never.  
I didn't want it to  
happen like this.  
("Cosi Fan Tutte: Sento,  
O Dio" by Wolfgang Mozart)  
Perhaps I made a mistake  
in turning him down.  
Who would have thought that  
he would become so famous?  
That was on my mind  
when I married.  
That he would never  
have enough money.  
I wasn't mistaken, was I?  
A pauper's grave.  
To tell the truth, I didn't  
think he was a genius.  
With clever young  
people, you never know  
how they're going to turn out.  
Maybe if I had?  
What's the use of wondering?  
I wouldn't have  
done it differently,  
even if I could.  
My life is a happy one.  
We became friends  
again years later.  
It was unavoidable.  
But I think, at the time,  
he took it very badly.  
("Cosi Fan Tutte: Non Son  
Cattivo Comico" by Mozart)  
[Voiceover] I was in despair.  
("Die Zauberflote" by Mozart)  
I went away and didn't see  
any of them for three years.  
I thought that I  
could learn to forget.  
I threw myself into my work.  
I forgot nothing.  
(graceful operatic music)  
[Voiceover] He left us.  
He left me.

I know I'll never see him again.  
How can I endure such anguish?  
Can a heart withstand  
such agony and not burst?  
I don't know how I'll survive.  
("Die Zauberflote: Ach,  
ich fhl's" by Mozart)  
[Voiceover] I  
suffered too, my angel.  
In my anguish, like a  
thunderbolt from heaven,  
I remembered you, my  
darling Constanza.  
Your name was prophetic.  
How you looked at me  
with love so tenderly,  
with such shy modesty.  
Could it be that  
you loved me then,  
and still love me?  
Dare I hope?  
Or must I continue  
living in this abyss?  
How could I have been so blind  
as not to see what was  
before me all the time?  
("Die Zauberflote: Act  
I Finale" by Mozart)  
I thought of you night and day.  
Being away from you was  
like being in exile.  
Deprived of my senses,  
drifting in a void.  
("Die Zauberflote: Wie  
stark ist nicht" by Mozart)  
I had to come back to  
you, my dream woman.  
("Die Zauberflote: Dies Bildnis  
ist bezaubernd" by Mozart)  
I had to woo you as if  
it were not a ritual  
I had acted out a  
dozen times before.  
[Voiceover] I had



to let you in me  
as if it were not a  
fantasy that I had dreamed  
a thousand times before.  
("Cosi Fan Tutte: Fra  
Gil Amplesii" by Mozart)  
[Voiceover] To love again.  
Can I explain how  
wonderful it is  
to someone unfortunate  
enough not to know?  
("Die Zauberflote: Dies Bildnis  
ist bezaubernd" by Mozart)  
[Voiceover] He's  
lost to me forever.  
To know that and have the  
courage to continue living.  
Can I explain how painful it is  
to someone fortunate  
enough not to know?  
("Le Nozze Di Figaro:  
L'ho Perduta" by Mozart)  
[Voiceover] My poor  
darling, my poor Sophie.  
She's so young, so vulnerable.  
I've done nothing to hurt her,  
but I know my joy is her grief.  
Go to her, comfort her.  
I have happiness to spare.  
Come, my dear, come  
and live with us.  
("Le Nozze Di Figaro:  
Cosa Mi Narri" by Mozart)  
I'm so happy.  
Fate has been kind to me.  
Who would've dreamed?  
I feel so sorry  
for the poor thing.  
We can't let this  
or anything else  
ever come between us.  
We must comfort and  
support each other always.  
Yes.

Yes.

("Cosi Fan Tutte: Soave  
Sia Il Vento" by Mozart)

[Voiceover] Could I  
have foreseen how fragile  
my own happiness was,  
I would not have been so  
generous with my pity.

("Cosi Fan Tutte: Fra  
Gil Amplessi" by Mozart)

[Voiceover] Who  
can understand it?  
She loved me, I loved her.

Why did I always  
think of Louisa?

It was her image which burned  
like a red hot coal in my heart.

I adore her still.

I'm excited by the  
thought of her,  
knowing she can never be mine.

Or was this yet  
another daydream?

Poor Constanza.

I would do anything  
not to hurt her.

("Le Nozze Di Figaro: E  
Susanna Non Vien" by Mozart)

[Voiceover] Her misery  
gave me no pleasure.

Nor did it lighten my  
burden or console me.

The only cure for me  
would be his love.

And that would never be mine.

**("Don Giovanni:**

Senti Un Po" by Mozart)

("Die Zauberflote: Ach,  
ich fhl's" by Mozart)

("Cosi Fan Tutte:  
Sento, O Dio" by Mozart)

What came of all  
this useless suffering?

All this wasted love?  
An opera about two sisters  
played by two sisters.  
(speaks foreign language)  
Perhaps he wanted  
have written the opera.  
Cosi Fan Tutte in any event.  
And if he hadn't,  
certainly something else  
would've been  
written in its stead.  
As for me, I prefer something  
a little more modern.  
We're just two little girls  
From Little Rock  
We live on the wrong  
side of the tracks  
But the gentlemen  
friends who used to call  
They never did  
seem to mind at all  
They came to  
The wrong side of the tracks  
There's someone broke my heart  
In Little Rock  
So I up and left  
the pieces there  
Like a little lost lamb  
I roamed about  
I came to New York  
And I found out  
That men  
Are the same way everywhere  
I was bound and determined  
To be wined and  
dined and ermined  
And I worked at it  
All around the clock  
Now one of these days  
In my fancy clothes  
I'm goin' back home  
And punch the nose  
Of the one who broke my heart  
The one who broke my heart

The one who broke my heart  
In Little Rock,  
Little Rock, Little Rock  
Duh da dee da da dee da da  
(laughing)  
(graceful orchestral music)  
[Voiceover] We were inextricably  
bound to each other.  
Would we all be chained  
to this merry-go-round  
for the rest of eternity?  
Unless the circle  
is somehow broken.  
I can't bear this.  
[Voiceover] Perhaps  
like a Greek myth,  
we'll merge into a  
single shimmering star  
and shoot off into  
the darkest night  
to illuminate a tiny  
portion of the sky.  
Or maybe we'll become,  
the four of us,  
a constellation in the sky  
so that young lovers can look up  
and see us there forever.  
("Cosi Fan Tutte: Muoio  
D'affano" by Mozart)  
[Voiceover] How  
unjust the gods are.  
If only we could all  
have what we wanted.  
If everyone's dream  
could've come true.  
(graceful operatic music)  
[Voiceover] If only I could  
be sure that all this waiting  
and yearning hasn't  
been for nothing.  
But if it was for a purpose,  
what could that  
purpose possibly be?  
Perhaps it was enough

just to love in silence  
without the love  
being acknowledged.  
Not unrequited love,  
but unrecognized love.  
Constanza loves him in her way.  
But where is she now  
that he needs her?  
She is off nursing one  
of her imaginary ailments  
at the mineral bathes,  
while he is dying.  
I sit here and watch helplessly.  
[Voiceover] I can feel its  
cold hand on my shoulder.  
If only I could live  
a few more years.  
No, I regret nothing.  
There's nothing I  
would've changed.  
I lived for music.  
Music is everything.  
I lived for love.  
Love, too, is everything.  
("Die Zauberflote: Dies Bildnis  
ist bezaubernd" by Mozart)  
[Voiceover] Could  
this be my reward?  
To help ease your  
journey into eternity,  
where perhaps we  
can be truly united,  
just you and I,  
who deserved each  
other the most.  
But what does deserving  
have to do with any of it?  
("Die Zauberflote: Ach,  
ich fhl's" by Mozart)  
("Les Noces de  
Figaro" by Mozart)