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Song of Love

By Ivan Tors

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" "LOVE SONG" "

IN THIS HISTORY OF CLARA and ROBER SCHUMANN, OF JOHANNES BRAHMS...
and FRANZ LISZT, CERTAIN
FREEDOMS NECESSARY WERE TAKEN...

AS TO THE FACTS AND
THE CHRONOLOGY.

THE BASIC HISTORY OF THE LIFE
OF THEM, REMAINS AS A CHAPTER
TRUE AND BRILLIANT IN
THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

REAL PEAR OF DRESDEN
FUNCTION IN TRIBUTE TO S. M.
AUGUSTO FEDERICO II...

KING OF SAXONY MISS
CLARA WIECK AL PIANO...

MAY 10, 1839

Crescendo.

- More crescendo.

- Yes father.

Surprising, do not you think?

A brilliant pianist
for her music.

How can you move your
fingers so fast...

Mr. Liszt?

And do not you smile ever?

Attention. Clara, pay attention.

Bravo!

Bravo!

The king!

Smile...

The Campanella.

If you do not mind, father
would like to play, Reverie.

We meet at La Campanella.

With the permission of His Majesty...

I will interpret a work
by a new composer...

It's called Reverie.

Who said he composed it?

He did not say the name, Majesty.

It was written by Robert Schumann.

Bravo!

Bravo!

Bravo!

Bravo.

I plan your program.

And you behave like a girl.

You have displeased His Majesty.

Excuse me, father,

but he was pleased.

I am not pleased.

Why do you behave like that?

I did it for him. By Robert...

I did it because I love it.

Bravo!

How did it come out?

You do not have to tell me,

your music is wonderful.

- Clear. Clear.

- The divine flowers, and the card.

You should have warned me.

When you started playing,

I almost died ..

To Pap if that will give him an attack.

I've told him.

- I've done well?

- Yes, but I'm scared.

Miss Wieck, a

wonderful execution.

Thank you.

- That's music, Mr. Schumann.

- Thank you.

- Robert.

- Clara, how I love you.

Mr. Schumann, I'd

like to talk to you.

- I already expected it, sir.

- Miss Wieck, please.

On behalf of your Majesties, my august
uncle, I come to congratulate you...

- We have... we...

- Listened.

We have listened with great interest
to your concert .. Thank you.

Grateful, Your Royal Highness.

That last piece was wonderful.

And you are also a...

Thank you.

Our carriage leaves in a few minutes.

Prep rate.

But were not we going to
dine at the Metropol?

I'm sorry, but we have to go
back to Leipzig. Hurry up..

And trme the cape and the hat.

I think Clara has told you
that we love each other.

There is no more to confirm.

Yes, what I oppose.

You knew it, did not you?

We want to get married.

We would be very happy if we
continue with your approval.

I could give you many
reasons to deny it.

You're ten years older than her, you
do not want to get married now.

Your career is too important.

She should marry a
man of position...

or at least with a man of
financial knowledge...

that he could keep the
fortune that she got...

although I could not keep it.

She should not marry a man
of her same profession.

Their careers would
come into conflict.

And I could also do it,
with a man of talent...

at least, comparable to hers.

That is not fair. Professor
Wieck, I have studied with you...

I have lived in your
house, know my work.

I lived in my house and
intrigued behind my back.

- That is not true.

- How would you call it?

Okay, I know, but we
intend to get married.
Your reasons against be logical, I suppose.
I'm older than she...
I am a stranger and she is
famous and I am a nobody.
But I forgot the ability
to make her happy.
When do you worry about that?
I've seen him master it...
and make her unhappy,
as if she enjoyed it.
I've seen her force her to wear
braids, until she was 17...
until he was ashamed to
go out on the street.
Why? Because it meant more
gain in his concerts.
Understand teacher talent,
I do not question that.
And hers considers it
like a private gold mine.
There is no reason for
not wanting to lose it.
Robert.
Go back to Leipzig to find your
things, and leave my house.
- It's okay to pray.
- If he leaves, I'll go out with him.
Then you will discover that
it will force you to obey me.
- Mr. Schumann, there are no laws!
- There are laws, Prof. Wieck!
Give us that freedom, I'm Judge.
The freedom to live together,
under the same sky.
And the right to die together
where our hands are together.
I have a deep love,
immense and imperishable.
I beg you. I love him a lot.
Young man, I am afraid that this Chamber
that only judged, for decades...
the human quarrels, is now...

defenseless and indecisive, in
the presence of human love.

His father, whatever his
faults, has proven to be ..

An excellent preceptor.

And what do we know here about Mr.
Schumann?

That you love him That is all.

You can sit down, Miss Wieck.

Prof. Wieck, you can get up.

I assure you that it is not at all
pleasant to decide in your favor ..

Silence! Silence!

I ask the permission of
the Chamber to intervene!

- Franz Liszt.

- Franz Liszt.

It is possible that I can provide certain
lights on such a delicate point ..

- What's your name.?

- Franz Liszt.

With permission from the public, this
court will follow the usual procedure.

Try to inform Mr. Listz,
as briefly as possible.

Clarifying Mr. Schumann's ability
is what matters in this case.

I do not guarantee what Prof.

Wieck thinks of my criteria...

or my capacity.

In any case, I am not blinded by the
least passion for Mr. Schumann.

Silence! Silence.

In my opinion, he is a
composer of excellent future.

He has just been named Dr.

Honoris causa

from the University of Vienna.

I do not understand that you
think you're a failure.

Prof. Wieck listened to

his daughter interpret

one of the most beautiful

compositions of Mr. Schumann...

in his recent concert.

If Prof. Wieck did not seem like extraordinary...

I assure the Court, that it sounded like His Majesty.

Bravo.

And as many people agree with the pleasure of His Majesty... personally, I predict a great future for Mr. Schumann.

That's all, judge.

- Bravo!

- Bravo.

In well-being and in misfortune, in wealth and in poverty...

in health and illness, with love and with tenderness...

Until death separates you.

- Robert, how beautiful.

- You will see...

- Subo?

- Goes up.

- Here?

- No, more up ..

I do not mind climbing stairs.

I'm very glad.

What a high house!

- Still more?

- Not the last one is this.

Your new home.

And sorry..

Robert, do not be neither o.

Robert, this excites me.

On a floor like this it is not easy for things to get lost.

In addition it is arranged with little work and we will always be together from each other.

Even if we wanted we could not separate a couple of meters.

- Living so high is delicious!

- And healthy!

I love this perspective.

MY DIARY:

It's all I can offer you.
They are the days of my existence ..
The happy days, the anguished...
what I thought of them.
How did the sun shine
when, you appeared...
and how it went off,
by saying goodbye.
That's it. That was already yours.
You know a certain poem that is titled:
"Dedication".
I have transformed it into music ..
You are my soul, and my heart.
My suffering, my joy
and my faithful image.
My other part.
You are my dream or
beautiful, my reality
and my vital mirror of
paradise on earth...
and in eternity.
It's a weird wedding
gift, but it's yours...
I wrote it for you.
It's all I can give you.
I will never be able to tell
you, how beautiful I find it.

PROFESSOR SCHUMANN

- Could I talk to Prof. Schumann?

- He's busy.

I come from Dresden.

I bring a letter for him.

Ah .. He's giving

a music lesson.

But come on...

Wait in there...

It may take a little longer.

That is not a way to treat a baby!

I'll take it!

Let him take it ..

I'll take it!

I take it!

No, I take it!

This chicken is mine.

It's mine!
How many brothers are you?
No, my dear, do not move anymore.
You'll wet the whole floor ..
You're going to sneeze.
We have her!
I went up to the fashion c!
He attacked her. I tried to kill her.
He is saying that to
avoid reprimands.
Who let it go?
- It was her!
- I did not go, it was you...
- I did not do it!
- He did it!
When will it be possible
to work in this house?
If you discover the mode, say it ..
Spinning, up and
down for an hour ..
Excuse me, Robert, but someone
pulled the hen out of the cage.
- I do not know who it was.
- It's impossible to bear them!
Little children, little children!
I'm not going to sell
them to the gypsies.
I tried, but they did not accept them ..
Robert, it's New Year's Eve and we're
going to receive people for dinner.
There is a lot of work.
They had to catch the chicken ..
It is good.
Ferdinand, now t. Desn date.
We go like this. Marie,
Julie, take him!
Ferdinand! Ferdinand!
- Bertha, I want to talk to you ..
- I hear you.
My wife has too many chores ..
It is not my fault that so many
children were born to him.
Of course not..
But my wife is an artist.

You should not take
care of the children...
Sweep the floors,
or make the beds.
What are the artists
with many children?
Take your hands off that cake.
The hen!
I mean Bertha a ..
In the future, you should see to
it that she does not work so much.
That means I do not work
hard enough, right?
Do not.
How many hands do you think I have?
Or he prefers that I
teach him my bunions.
- Bertha, I really.
- I do not work hard enough!
To sleep I must put
my feet in hot water
and then rub them with oil.
I get up when I'm not safe.
I'm busy, from morning to night.
- And you say that I work little!
- But, Bertha...
I work for a few cents and...
It's fine, Bertha. I know it's
not his fault, I understand.
But I know that we will take care that things
are organized better starting from today.
I'm counting on you.
Bertha.
What happens now? Have you decided
that visits make no time?
Professor Schumann...
I bring a letter for you ..
Bertha. Come with me, son.
Bertha! Felix!
That beauty.
I really tell you Prof.
Schumann...
Disc lpeme.
How long have you been waiting?

It's not important..
She forgot about me ..
From Joachim.
- As follows?
- It was very good when I left it.
Sit down please.
Prof. Schumann...
You are the only one with whom
you would prefer to study.
I know I'm young...
Do not worry.
Joachim appreciates him very much.
Touch something you have written.
It's a rhapsody ..
Continue! Continue!
Clara, you came to listen.
.Is my wife.
Please, continue.
But quibble gabn.
You will be more comfortable.
Who is he?
A young composer
Joachim ordered it.
Yes Robert, but who is he? Who?
Brahms. Johannes Brahms.
Come on, continue.
Thank you.
I wish I could write
something like that.
It's different, extra or.
It's a new kind of music.
It is magnificent.
Why come to study with me?
- Are you kidding?
- Do not.
Prof. Schumann, since I
learned to play the piano...
since I hear music,
with all my devotion.
I was his admirer.
That's why I want to study with you.
And also because I appreciate his work
more than any other composer in Europe.
Any other composer gives Europe.

I guess you know there are
very few musicians...
that they share their enthusiasm.
A n modest crisis in the provinces.
We received some letters,
from time to time.
We are living. I teach...
I do criticism for
some magazines.
I write my works and we wait.
We hope we live long enough.
This house is very big. Do you want
to live in it while you study?
With pleasure.
I suppose you can pay for
the lodging, I hope so.
The baby. I forgot to feed him.
- Bertha!
- I do not work hard enough, huh?
Every night, my feet in hot
water to be able to sleep ..
Ten years working
in this house...
the only thing left of
me are skins and sebum.
- Bertha, what are you talking about?
- Ask that man!
Bertha, no...!
What have you done?
See, I...
But we have eight
guests to dinner.
I swear, Clara, we had
a little discussion...
but we reach a total
understanding.
- They arrived?
- Word of honor.
And in the heat of the discussion you
did not hit him with a frying pan...
- By the head?
- Do not.
Why you will enter the men in the kitchen.
Eight guests.

What are we going to do?
Robert, put on your coat and go tell
them there will be no dinner ..
But today is New Year's Eve!
Could not we, Prof.
Schumann and I...?
Well said!
- You and I will make dinner!
- Do not!
You will not need or help us ..
Or that you appear in the kitchen ..
Robert, you can not do
that with our friends ..
Well, we'll get c modes.
Carrots!
Yams!
Bertha does not even
kill the hen ..
The hen for dinner ..
- Kill her?
- Sure, we will not eat it alive...
It's simple. Just cut the neck.
What are you waiting for, Robert?
It will not be necessary to
remove the feathers before?
Do not say nonsense!
Go ahead, c gela by the legs ..
I am a music teacher,
not a murderer ..
- Do it t.
- I?
It's just cutting the throat.
I could not. It takes strength.
That is men's work ..
I will do..
Mr. Brahms, I knew it was you.
A brave...
since he said he would
live in this house.
- Are you sure the knife cuts well?
- I'm afraid so..
I'll go to the cellar to look for the wine.
Nothing of that. If I
can stand it, you too.

- She has put an egg!
- What? Clear!
- Ahab?
- She has laid an egg ..
It would be hard to kill her now.
It would not be right.
Poor girl Poor girl.
And you must have scared her.
Do not worry.
You can put as many
eggs as you want.
I do not want to talk about it
but, what are we going to eat?
There's not going to be enough of
an omelette for eleven people.
Well, if you do not mind and
as a New Year's present...
When I passed by the pollera
I saw a certain goose.
I swear, my friends,
that the goose was dead.
12 - Midnight.
Happy New Year!
Happy A or New, Brahms!
Happy New Year!
Happy New Year!
- Be careful, very careful.
- But what is that?
The hour of the orc!
Who has the lead soldiers?
Here you are!
- But they are little fish!
- They'll be fine.
That is a coffee maker!
They will not be able to sleep all night!
They will not!
Are you going to play wars?
It is a tradition. We
melted the lead soldiers...
and then we say luck.
Mrs. Sneiper, you want
to turn off the lights.
I will do it pray. I will do it..
- Are you ready, Heller?

- Soon? Who goes first?
Clara, who would it be?
Will not some old ghost
walk around here?
Watch out!
- It's a cradle!
- OH, Mrs. Heindles!
It's a diamond box.
- Maybe they'll give it to him for his birthday?
- It's a heart!
Pretty, a heart.
It means happiness!
- You are next.
- Oh no.
Come on, Johannes, come on.
- It looks like a car wheel ..
- No, it's a crown!
A perfect crown.
I think I would not
make a very good king.
Why not?
Beethoven was a king of music ..
- Now t, Robert!
- True.
Come on, Robert. Get a crank a.
- A box!
- A crank a.
- With pales.
- Do not say that!
Watch out! Watch out!
Abra Cadabra! Abra Cadabra!
An orchestra of a hundred teachers,
playing the complete work of...
Robert Schumann,
in gala costumes!
- It's a tie d!
- What a fool!
It's a sack of money.
- We're going to be rich, Robert.
- In the end, it can be anything.
Touch something.
Turn, Elsie.
Beautiful piece ..
Defy the piano, do not you think?

How? Sounds really good.

Thanks, Clara.

But why?

Ah well, I do not know.

Today I can not study the
piano piano, you or Brahms...

Mama is sleeping in the living room.

He had never slept after eating.

- You probably have not given him a chance.

- I wake her up?

No, for God's sake!

Last night, you have very little rest.

But what am I going to
do then, you, Brahms?

Open chame.

- Which one are you?

- Julie.

You do not know how to button buttons?

- Julie!

- What are you staring at?

Your eyes!

You look a lot like your mother.

I think he still does not look like anyone.

She is very sad.

Marie, you're not
much older either.

I bet you do not even
know how to dress Julie.

Yes, come on, Julie.

- What are you doing here?

- I'm the new servant.

I'm back for my pay.

Well, sit Bertha.

They can not take longer.

How do you know My name?

Bertha, if you only
talk about you here.

That is no way to wash a plate!

From what I've heard, I do not miss
the fact that I value my work badly.

What do you mean they say?

As it was of exquisite. The great
care he put into his work.

Clumsy!

What a calamity! The
best of your dishes!
Do not criticize me Bertha.
This is not my job.
The truth is that I do it to be
able to study with Prof. Schumann.
- He will not tell you, right?
- Moron! No, I will not tell you.
It is something that does not concern me.
I do not work here anymore.
Thanks, Bertha.
I know they would have given him all the reason.
They believe that there is no other like you.
If I had seen him cry,
he prayed when you left.
Llor? Maybe I should not
leave her, so suddenly.
- How was the party?
- Terrible. Everything went wrong.
I do not know how many times the teacher
said that you were an admirable cook.
- I always repeated it.
- Prof. Schumann says that?
Yes. And he said it had been
like losing a family member.
Mrs. Schumann said that you
looked after your children...
as if they were his own.
And the children, Bertha,
those poor creatures...
I heard Luis, pray. He said:
" Please, God, take
care of Bertha.
Pick up a little cotton jironcito from your
clouds and wrap your feet around it ..
So you can sleep
more comfortable. "
Luis, that rascal!
- What are you going to do with that?
- Cook it.
They need to eat, Bertha.
- Have you done a barbecue before?
- No, but I'll try.
Give me that right away!

Bertha, if you have not returned
To work?
I can not consent
to being poisoned.
But what's going to be of me?
You'll see how he lets you continue
to be his student. He is so ..
And get out of my kitchen!
Bertha! Luis, Bertha is back!
Bertha!
Bertha!
Bertha!
It's so good that he's back!
Bertha has returned!
Excuse me, I thought
you were finished.
I was thinking.
You should put a sign on
the door for me to know...
You are working or not.
I have a headache today, Clara.
And in 30 minutes. I'll have to start putting
music into the head of a game of inept people.
I will never have time to
finish this idiot pear.
Is it the same headache as last month?
Of course not.
Why would it be the same?
I have a headache and it happens.
Then another one comes.
What does it mean
to be the same?
- It's a different headache.
- Excuse me, Robert.
Do you remember the
representative Haslinger?
He has convinced me to give
a concert in Cologne...
next month.
We would have a good vacation.
Johannes will take care of the
children and take Bertha and the baby.
And I could play your
carnival, if you like.

Assuming my fingers
are still good.
Think about it. Two thousand
crowns for a simple concert.
I'm going to waste them completely.
I'll buy myself a coat.
With the most expensive skins.
You are going to pay my bills!
Our accounts, Robert.
I do not want to
hear about it, now.
It's like I can not keep you.
"Faust" will give us a lot of money.
Well you know.
Of course I know it!
But it's a pear, Robert.
It's the most serious thing you've written.
A n is not finished and you can
not finish it in a hurry ..
And also that nobody will listen to it.
Let's say it!
I am not going to say it. Is not true.
You have signed with Haslinger.
And you did not warn me until later.
If I have met him, by chance.
Do not treat me like a kid!
I am your husband and you owe me respect!
Do not lie to me anymore!
You do not know how much I'm sorry..
It's true, Robert. I came to
an agreement with Haslinger.
And I did not tell you, because I
knew you were not going to leave me.
But I can not resist it anymore ..
See you here day after day, a...
fight in a tremendous way.
Work more than what health resists.
For what?
For me, for the children,
for our house.
Robert, mrame.
I can earn a lot of money.
Simply for being a mere performer,
I enjoy a passing popularity...

that people are willing to pay!
What I do today will be
forgotten the next morning.
But you believe, Robert. What
you do will always last.
And if it does not become money
today, that does not matter.
You must be free to
write your music.
Music that no man listens to ..
Music that the angels
will choose to sing.
She does not skip something?
I had never touched him with
that speed, look at his fingers!
Bravo!
Bravo!
I thought the public was crazy?
I thought you were
magnificent, you were.
You would have believed that
I was running for a fire.
Mrs. Schumann, I am
offering you a fortune.
Less your 20% commission.
I raise it to thirty
thousand with expenses paid.
He is not listening to me. London
will fall at his feet. Paris...
Mr. Haslinger valued his
enthusiasm for geography...
but I have seven children,
and a husband...
Bah, nonsense.
What is he saying?
A woman like you
It belongs to the world...
- not a daycare.
- Do not insist, Mr. Haslinger.
It is good. I will not allow
you to bargain with me.
I will pay you all your expenses ..
Bring your children and your husband.
I'm not interested in those

conditions, nor do I want to tour.
I forced myself to give a concert
and I've already given it.
My children need me,
and also my husband.
He has finished a pear
and handed it to Hertel.
We are waiting for your answer,
when we get home tonight ..
For the last time, the tour
is out of the question.
- Mrs. Schumann!
- Enough is it or Haslinger!
And stop throwing
ashes at my baby!
CONTAGIOUS DISEASE!
Robert! Quarantine!
They are sick!
Johannes!
Johannes! Marie! Ferdinand!
Mam! Ferdinand, !
Marie, who is sick?
Mam, finally arrived!
- Where is Julie?
- Above!
Why? And what is this?
- Uncle Brahms put it ..
- Julia is sick.
If mom has a measles.
Uncle Brahms says he
looks like a leopard.
Uncle Brahms put that on so we
would not get on and we got it.
Mam, can I have the measles?
Get out, Luis. Johannes.
Everything's fine, Clara. It will not
be necessary for you to take it, too.
I have to see her. For what?
Dr. saw her a while ago and
says it's nothing serious.
You will not want
to infect them ..
- Think of the baby, Clara.
- Mam! Mam!

Do not worry about her.
I'm the only one who may
not pass tonight ..
- How was the concert?
- Very good very good.
I want to have measles!
I want to have measles!
- Did you have dinner already?
- Yes, I cooked it.
Uncle Brams taught me
from the stairs ..
Poor guy Brahms.
We go to bed. Platform!
Run, run.
By my side.
No, by my side.
There is nothing.
A n is soon Robert. Accompany
me to put the children to bed.
Come on, I'll work a little.
Robert, forget about
Haslinger, he's an imbecile.
Uncle Brahms, I'm cold.
It's because of the fever
It always gives chills.
You said the fever was hot.
Why do I feel so cold?
It's not hours to talk, honey.
You should already be asleep.
- Will I get the measles?
- No, Julia, I passed it.
And now, shut up.
I would like some water.
With lim n.
And sugar.
Thanks, you Brahms,
then I'll finish it.
Arr pame ..
- C geme a hand.
- Julie, you have to sleep.
Go do it.
- You love me a lot, Brahms?
- Yes, Julia.
Do you love me more than you love Mara?

See, I love you all.
Do you love me more
than you love mom?
Men love children in a way
and the adults of another, Julie.
Mamma loves me very much.
Do you love me too?
Sure, Julie.
And you want mom?
Do you want it?
I already told you that with elders
it is different. And now go to sleep.
- Tell me some story.
- I just do not remember any of them, beautiful.
- I'll play the piano.
- That's right.
You Brahms!
- Yes, Julia?
- Goodnight.
Good evening, Julia.
Julia! Julia!
Ludwig, no, Julia?
Maria!
Error! Error! Mam does not count!
I do not want to see
the doctor, I'm fine!
Come on.
Here, doctor.
- Take.
- Let's go squeeze.
Language for outside Say " " A " ".
- Thank you.
- May I go now?
Wait. Have you tried the marshmallow?
Wait a bit. What is said?
" " TO" " !
He never stops working, eh!
How strange you are.
What are you composing now?
We are waiting for
news of your pear.
In it he has put...
Why do not you come in?
- Something wrong?

- DO NOT. But he always has headaches ..
Come in and make it
As if it were a friendly visit.
He gets furious when I
mention the word "doctor".
That does not extra to me.
Do not worry, I'll hide.
- Good morning, Dr. Hoffman.
- Am I bothering?
In no way. How is Julia?
Optima .. You have
such good health...
It will be months,
before I come back here.
It is very dark here.
Does the light bother you?
- Something, when I work.
- Well, there's no doubt that he composes a lot ..
What music was he playing? You already
know that I am a frustrated m ..
I find extra to that melody.
Maybe it's the dissonances...
or that does not fit in
the style that you do.
No eh!
It is based on a poem by Heine
that I found the other day.
Called... "" The forest Cursed.
"" Here you are.
This is, browse it if you're interested.
Read here.
"The flowers grow quiet, silent and
empty, as if they were dead...
Only one, in the middle of all, stands
out, with bright scarlet blossoms. ""
Maybe you can follow
me, continue.
"" Its red, it's not the red that
gives the halo of the sun ..
Not the twilight one.
Its root feeds on human flesh
from the one who lies
buried in his plants. ""
Very dramatic ..

I understand that you were fascinated.

The idea of...

a single flower nourished with

blood, stand out, among all ..

It's horrible, but it usually

happens among men...

many times.

- And you will not say I plagiarized it.

- They say?

- You know what.

- Who?

All the world! All the world!

How will I know their names?

I hope it does not seem like you.

So stupid, like I look like myself!

Like the do, which has gotten me in such a way

in the head that I do not know how it sounds.

- The what?

- The do, do, do.

It is the shame of the pentagram,

it used to infect other scores ..

And now, he has gotten into my own.

As :

- It's a torment!

- Sit down.

Your head hurts, right?

In what place?

Does it hurt here?

It's more inside where you play...

Do not do that to me!

These musicians. I'm glad

I failed in the attempt.

A doctor is never excited by

anything that is less serious ..

That life or death.

Do not work so hard, can you hear me?

I could not stand it.

There are no nerves that can stand it ..

So it needs rest.

I will give you something to relieve

those headaches. But t melo.

I'll see him again

in a few days ..

Doctor!

- What do you think?

- Busy.

- Do not you need me? Engame?

- Who wants such a thing?

Take. It is a sedative.

He is fine. It needs to

sleep, rest a little.

Nothing serious happens to him.

I'll be back on Friday ..

To check if nothing

serious happens to you?

His sister ended up going crazy

and committed suicide a good day.

- You fear something. Is not it true?

- Clara, how is it so valuable?

I love you very much, doctor. And you know

how much you tie the being that loves.

- Excuse me.

- No, Johannes, stay.

Dr. thinks that Robert has a

principle of neurasthenia.

- I did not say that.

- Care, what can I do?

I can not assure you anything

with full certainty.

Neurasthenia, your mind.

What do we know about the mind?

Almost nothing, still.

But we know about him, right?

We know he is a genius.

What do we know about the

spirit that houses genius?

All life carrying something

that wants to emerge...

who wants to flood the world.

If it were a mediocre being,

that simple to solve!

Is there any chance that you

will get any close success?

The pear!

It would do more good

than any recipe.

Let him work his hours

and until Friday.

- Johannes.

- Hertel, it must be the pear.

It's not possible.

Why?

- Please Clara, do not cry.

- You're right.

Now almost everything depends on you.

- But how am I going to tell him the truth?

- Do not do it. I'll hide it there.

Tell him he has not answered yet ..

I'll take care of the matter.

But if it's that...

FOR MY FRIENDS,

CLARA AND ROBERT...

COM MY MORE DEEP

ADMIRATION, FRANZ LISZT.

You speak as if something
strange happened to Robert.

You're a little weird, Mr. Brahms.

Another composer would have
brought his own music.

Is that you do not know what Prof.
Schumann and his wife...

they did for me.

Follow her as lovely as always?

Well, I guess...

I always had a weakness for her too.

I can understand.

Now that Clara does not know it

Will not give me away, right?

Oh Always women!

I have an idea.

Princess Hohenfels, Mr. Brahms.

- Haunted.

- I feel honored.

Do not be impressed, she was
the wife of a prince...

and it's all the French that knows.

Listen, dear.

I would feel very embarrassed
if I asked you to coax a man ..

For a good purpose? Is not the..

- Another person?

- I said:

On the evening of tomorrow,
at night, Mr. Reinecke.

- Who is that Mr. Reinecke?

- He's a man who does not enter your type.

The little hair that has comes
out only in the sideburns...

On the other hand, he is the best
conductor. Of the world. He will help us ..

Reinecke At what time will the hare jump.

He always has some surprise ready for us.

Sorry.

That was the hare.

Bravo!

Bravo!

Thank you.

I would like to offer you something now...

that never was executed in public ..

A pair arranged by myself

of a superb melody.

" Dedication ", composition of
my dear colleague, Prof. Schumann.

Your wedding gift.

Dedication to love

Or dedication to his technique.

It is very interesting.

Bravo!

Bravo!

- Princess Hohenfels.

- An honor.

Haunted.

What a technique, Mr. Liszt!

I do not know what to say.

It would be better if he does not say
anything. It would be a sacrilege...

in the presence of the holy

queen of the virtuous.

I have not heard you
play for so long, Clara.

Is there no way to
persuade her, Robert?

Enchanted, Franz. I will do it for you.

You are a brilliant artist Franz.

I envy you.
I wish I had the power to
translate into wonders
the vulgar and simple things ..
Because, from time to time
something that seems...
challenge such translation.
Do you know what I mean, Franz?
To everything that is natural,
to the spell and magic.
From two hearts that speak
without words to each other.
Unimportant things.
To sincere love, as it is.
Without false illusions, nor storms.
No sins, no shining.
No creaking of silks
and no jewels...
Only love, without embellishments.
Do you know what I mean Franz?
I'm hungry, Robert.
Take me to dinner.
Are you coming, Johannes?
That woman has insulted you!
She has done something worse
than insult me. Describe me.
And he has done very well, right Mr.
Reinecke?
And you do not respond to their insults?
Go, dear, go and
love who you like.
I always have to deal with the work
of men who are bigger than me.
Prof. Schumann is extraordinary.
I would like him to see his latest work,
the most indicated for the Gewandhaus.
Maybe I'll get him to direct it.
Charmed!
Bertha, know what I'm bringing.
Oranges, direct from Spain!
Does not seem incredible?
We are in the middle of winter ..
Problems with the feet?
- It's going away.

- Who?

Mr. Brahms.

He is doing his luggage.

Making your luggage?

- Johannes.

- Good morning.

But what are you doing?

You know how these things are.

Someday I had to get there.

- Do not say nonsense!

- Clear!

I can not live here forever.

Please, do not talk like

that, those are silly...

But if I'm right...

What will we do if you left?

I would have to hire a

child, a cook, and a butler.

We could not pay it. And in addition.

Nowhere would we find

a friend like t.

What has happened to you?

Please, Clara.

You were at our

side in bad times.

And now that everything improves.

Robert is going to direct his

Faust in the Gewandhaus.

A splendid occasion for you to leave!

What happened to you?

I can not tell you why.

I have to go, that's all...

It must be for the children ..

They do not let you work quiet, right?

I do not blame you. They are unbearable.

Unlike. I do not know how I

can work without them ..

Well then why?

Did something Robert tell you?

You know he gets

upset sometimes.

- He does it with me.

- Please, Clara.

I must have bothered you.

Have I been me?
Last night when I joked so
much about your suit ..
But if you look like a junkyard closet.
Realize!
I'll sew it then ..
You can not leave your
studies with Robert.
I forbid you...
I love you, Clara.
I love you since the day I arrived,
when you entered the room...
I was playing the piano and
Robert was listening to me.
I fought. I have tried everything.
I assumed it was a consequence of my previous
loneliness, and that it would happen to me ..
He is the best man
in the world...
But I have not been able to win.
I still love you.
And I can not live here again.
We will miss you, Johannes. Too.
You like?
A lot.
I had to leave Faust a little in peace.
And I thought of this.
I think I'll call
it " Arabesque ".
Johannes leaves.
It's something I already expected.
He is in love with you.
- He told you?
- Of course not.
But everyone would have
noticed, except t.
But dear, what did you expect?
You have all the appearance of an angel.
Naive harmonious and charming ..
And you know how essential
it is for everyone.
Someone try to fix
them without you.
And what are we going to do with the poor?

We could poison it and
bury it in the cellar.
Robert.
Listen Clara, these things usually happen.
Everywhere..
Men fall in love with
things they know...
That you can not ever own.
If you knew the penalty that gives me ..
My poor Clara.
Maybe I'm wrong.
It may happen soon. He's young...
He has plenty of talent,
maybe luck will help him.
And besides, it has not been to
your side as many years as I have.
Come on, Robert.
We're going home now.
Come on.
No Please. I can alone.
Please sit down.
When I go to see him, be
very careful what he says.
He has not seen anyone
for several months...
since the day he tried to commit suicide.
But if it is better.
Or is it not, doctor?
I've waited so long.
And you wrote to me saying how
much I was going to improve.
It is true that it is .. But in these
cases, you never know anything true ..
There are good days and bad days.
- And today?
- It's a good day.
Wait a moment ..
I want to take my hat off.
He used to see me every day, so...
What a beautiful garden, Robert.
Maybe you can walk by him very soon.
Maybe if .. I feel
stronger every day.
- Clear.

- My Robert!
How many days have passed? Without
you, I lose the notion of time.
- I also.
- How are the children?
Magnifics.
You will soon see them.
Dr. is very hopeful.
Yes, I notice that I'm
starting to feel good.
Today I have worked.
- I'm watching.
- Yes.
I was afraid I could not compose anymore.
I was wrong.
- I write the same as before.
- I do not extra a.
I will play a small composition
that I have just finished.
Wait, I'll bring you a chair.
I'm still not very strong.
I finished it a while ago.
And he wrote it for you.
I hope you like it.
Do you like it, Clara?
It's magnificent, Robert.
Mr. Brahms!
As you can see, he
treats you very well!
- Bertha, how are you?
- Well, five years from now.
I'm going to tell you who's come.
He will be amazed.
Bertha, where are the children?
How is Julie?
At this time everyone
is in school.
And she does not come down to the room
very often. But now it will come.
- Clear!
- Johannes!
- I find you smaller.
- And you look great.
- I've read a lot about you ..

- Really?

Fortunately I was lucky.

If you needed to conquer all

the capitals of Europe...

from London to St. Petersburg,

only to buy new clothes...

I must say that your triumphs

have been justified.

- And where do they claim you now?

- In Cologne.

Tonight they give there the first

audition of the first symphony...

I've had the courage to compose ..

Will you accompany me, Clara?

- It's what I came for.

- Well, I appreciate it, but...

I would represent him so much for me.

I have a car out there ..

I can not, Johannes, it's a very

long trip and in addition...

You have not touched again huh?

Nor do you leave.

Johannes, please.

Clear...

one of Robert's most

unforgettable qualities...

at least the most

unforgettable for me,.

It was the one that happened what

happened, he kept composing his music.

How would you call it?

The desire to create?

When you saw him undertake the

retreat before any obstacle?

Did not Reverie offer you the

last evening of his existence?

I did not know that it was already written,

I thought it was new.

As always, I was trying...

trying, trying. Until he could

not continue. Until his death.

- Have you forgotten, Clara?

- Enough, enough!

- It seems, yes.

- Johannes...

- Jams vi. To Robert close the piano.

- If I could run away, if I could...

Others also suffer Clara. Although never suffered anyone with more intensity than your husband.

But if, in the face of suffering, one tries to flee, then one's own commiseration.

You surprise me, Johannes.

Have you obtained that hardness in the same store where you buy your clothes?

I'm sorry, Clara. And the cause is that I can not bear that you live hidden in such a total way.

Why do not you change your mind and come with me to Cologne?

You would do me so much good.

Adi s, Clara.

Adi s.

I do not need to tell you how much I'm glad you're here.

- You were very right...

- Maybe.

What I did not have was the right to speak to you at that moment ..

Honestly, Clara, when I looked up and saw you sitting...

Come, Clara, come on...

I'm hungry.

What a lot! That savage will know what good music is!

That savage is none other than Johannes Brahms.

I did not know that I could not dance.

It's fun, do not you think? To be alone and together where nobody knows us.

No one knows us?

Wonderful.

Your music The public listening.

I'm so happy.

I know what it means to you.

Oh yeah?

Do you want to be my wife Clara?

Perd name, do not look into your eyes.

I would not resist it.

- Johannes.

- I love you so much.
I will never be able to tell you how much.
I tried it once.
And now I love you more than ever.
Please, say
something, I'm dying.
Johannes, think about it,
I have seven children.
Too much I've thought about it.
I adore your children.
And I love them so much,
almost like I love you.
Believe me, those children do not need me.
And you too.
I have not seen you for
more than four years.
I've always needed you, but until now
it did not seem right to say it.
And that's why when I see
you at home today...
in such deep solitude, I understood that I
already had the right to speak to you about it.
- I'm older than you.
- And that?
If I were young to n...
You are, Clara.
And you will continue being young...
Does age matter when, the years go
by almost without touching you?
Please, Clara, I need you.
Music and glory mean nothing
when a man is alone.
And you also need me, Clara.
I know very well what loneliness is.
Something frightening.
And you and me ..
It's the first time I've
played it for my other person.
- When did I learn it?
- I'm my madam, madame.
Dear, Clara.
- I'm sorry to have to hurt you.
- You can not avoid it.
We've been talking here about

both of my need of you...
and your need of me ..
It will never be possible for
him to stop loving him ..
Nor that he stops
needing my effort.
I have to help him get
what he never had.
A n is still living.
Yes, Johannes, is
still living...
in the heart of a few...
that remind him n.
And I'm going to help
you be immortal.

THAT WAS THE CLARA DECISION.

AFTER, WITH THE PASSAGE OF THE AARTS,
IN THE VILLAS AND THE GREAT CITIES...

SHE TOOK THE MUSIC OF SCHUMANN,
FOR THE WORLD TO KNOW...

AND REMEMBER FOR ALWAYS
THE GLORY OF HIS GENIUS.

CONCERT IN MEMORY
OF ROBERT SCHUMANN
CLARA SCHUMANN'S

DEPARTURE PERFORMANCE
DEL PIANO MAY 10, 1890

I was a little over 11, and
she was almost a child.

I still remember the
speech they taught me:

" Miss Wieck, we have listened to
your concert with great interest.
Thank you. "

Majesty, you pray and you pray.

A lot of time has passed.

And today I had the satisfaction that you
and I, with the passing of the years...

we have come to love
the same music.

My husband and I thank you.

Your Majesty, maybe you
do not remember...

but many years ago...

that I interpreted a
certain composition.
Of my husband, for the first
time, before your Majesty...
It was his favorite piece until he died.
Can I repeat it now?
Charmed..