

**AMADEUS**

by

Peter Shaffer.

FADE IN

1 INT. STAIRCASE OUTSIDE OLD SALIERI'S SALON - NIGHT - 1823  
1

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

OLD SALIERI  
Mozart! Mozart! Mozart. Forgive  
me! Forgive your assassin!  
Mozart!

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

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

OLD SALIERI (CONT'D)  
Show some mercy! I beg you. I beg  
you! Show mercy to a guilty man!

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

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

Silence.

VALET (CONT'D)  
Signore Salieri! Open the door.  
Come now. Be good!

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

OLD SALIERI  
Mozart! Mozart! I confess it!  
Listen! I confess!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

2 EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE SALIERI ÔS HOUSE - VIENNA - NIGHT

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

OLD SALIERI

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

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

OLD SALIERI (CONT'D)

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

VALET

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

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

VALET (CONT'D)

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BYSTANDER

Who is that?

VALET

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

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

CUT TO:

3 INT. LANDING OUTSIDE OLD SALIERI ÔS SALON - NIGHT 3

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

VALET

Did he open?

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

VALET (CONT'D)

Here I am, Signore. Now open the door.

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

VALET (CONT'D)

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

We hear a thump from inside the bedroom.

VALET (CONT'D)

Now that's enough, Signore! Open!

We hear a terrible, throaty groaning.

VALET (CONT'D)

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Both servants run at the door franti-cally - once, twice, three times - and the frail lock gives. The door flies open.

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

4 INT. OLD SALIERI'S SALON - NIGHT 4

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

5 INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT 5

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

As the music slows a little, we see a Masquerade Ball in progress. A crowded room of dancers is executing the slow portion of a dance fashionable in the early 1820's.

6 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SALIERI'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6

As the fast music returns, we see Old Salieri being carried out of his house on a stretcher by two attendants, and placed in a horse-drawn wagon under the supervi-sion of a middle-aged doctor in a tall hat. This is DOCTOR GULDEN. He gets in beside his patient. The driver whips up the horse, and the wagon dashes off through the still-falling snow.

7- MONTAGE: 7- EXT. FOUR STREETS OF VIENNA AND11 INT.  
THE WAGON - NIGHT 11

The wagon is galloping through the snowy streets of the city. Inside the con-veyance we see Old Salieri wrapped in blankets, half-conscious, being held by the hospital attendants. Doctor Gulden stares at him grimly. The wagon arrives out-side the General Hospital of Vienna.

CUT TO:

12 INT. A HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON 12

A wide, white-washed corridor. Doctor Gulden is walking down it with a priest, a man of about forty, concerned, but somewhat self-important. This is Father VOGLER, Chaplain at the hospital. In the corridor as they walk, we note several patients -- some of them visibly disturbed mentally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

DOCTOR GULDEN

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

They stop outside a door.

DOCTOR GULDEN (CONT'D)

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

VOGLER

No, Doctor. Thank you.

Vogler nods and opens the door.

13 INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 13

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

VOGLER

Herr Salieri?

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

OLD SALIERI

What do you want?

VOGLER

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

OLD SALIERI

About what?

VOGLER

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

OLD SALIERI

So?

VOGLER

In the sight of God that is a sin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD SALIERI

What do you want?

VOGLER

Do you understand that you have  
sinned? Gravely.

OLD SALIERI

Leave me alone.

VOGLER

I cannot leave alone a soul in  
pain.

OLD SALIERI

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

VOGLER

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

OLD SALIERI

Are they?

VOGLER

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

OLD SALIERI

I do not seek forgiveness.

VOGLER

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

OLD SALIERI

How well are you trained in music?

VOGLER

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

OLD SALIERI

Where?

VOGLER

Here in Vienna.

OLD SALIERI

Then you must know this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

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

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

He plays another tune.

OLD SALIERI (CONT'D)  
This one brought down the house when we played it first.

He plays it with growing enthusiasm.

CUT TO:

14 INT. THE STAGE OF AN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

OLD SALIERI  
(taking his hands off the keys)  
Well?

VOGLER  
I regret it is not too familiar.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

OLD SALIERI  
Ah - you've heard that?

VOGLER  
All Vienna has heard that.

OLD SALIERI  
(eagerly)  
And do they believe it?

VOGLER  
Is it true?

OLD SALIERI  
Do you believe it?

VOGLER  
Should I?

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

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

A further pause.

VOGLER (CONT'D)  
Do you hear me?

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

Pause.

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

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

OLD SALIERI  
He was my idol! I can't remember a  
time when I didn't know his name!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLD SALIERI (CONT'D)

When I was only fourteen he was already famous. Even in Legnago - the tiniest town in Italy - I knew of him.

CUT TO:

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

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

OLD SALIERI

(V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

17 INT. A SALON IN THE VATICAN - DAY - 1780'S 17

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

OLD SALIERI

(V.O.)

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

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

OLD SALIERI (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

My father did not care for music. He wanted me only to be a merchant, like himself. As anonymous as he was. When I told how I wished I could be like Mozart, he would say, Why?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD SALIERI (CONT'D)

Do you want to be a trained monkey?  
 Would you like me to drag you  
 around Europe doing tricks like a  
 circus freak? How could I tell him  
 what music meant to me?

CUT TO:

18 EXT. A COUNTRY CHURCH IN NORTH ITALY - DAY - 1780'S  
 18

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

19 INT. THE CHURCH AT LEGNAGO - DAY - 1780'S 19

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

OLD SALIERI

(V.O.)

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

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

OLD SALIERI (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The music swells to a crescendo. The candles flare. We see the Christ through the flames looking at the boy benignly.

OLD SALIERI (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

And do you know what happened? A miracle!

19A INT. DINING ROOM IN THE SALIERI HOUSE - DAY - 1780'S  
19A

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

20 INT. OLD SALIERI'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON -  
1823 20

OLD SALIERI

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD SALIERI (CONT'D)

Night after night I sat right next to the Emperor of Austria, playing duets with him, correcting the royal sight-reading. Tell me, if you had been me, wouldn't you have thought God had accepted your vow? And believe me, I honoured it. I was a model of virtue. I kept my hands off women, worked hours every day teaching students, many of them for free, sitting on endless committees to help poor musicians - work and work and work, that was all my life. And it was wonderful! Everybody liked me. I liked myself. I was the most successful musician in Vienna. And the happiest. Till he came. Mozart.

CUT TO:

21 INT. THE ARCHBISHOP OF SALZBURG'S RESIDENCE - 21  
VIENNA - DAY - 1780's

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

OLD SALIERI

(V.O.)

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

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

OLD SALIERI (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

As I went through the salon, I played a game with myself. This man had written his first concerto at the age of four;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD SALIERI (CONT'D)  
 his first symphony at seven; a full-  
 scale opera at twelve. Did it  
 show? Is talent like that written  
 on the face?

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

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

Some of the men recognize Salieri and bow respectfully. Then suddenly a servant bearing a large tray of cakes and pastries stalks past. Instantly riveted by the sight of such delights, Salieri follows him out of the Grand Salon.

22 INT. A PALACE CORRIDOR - DAY - 1780'S 22

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

23 INT. BUFFET ROOM IN THE PALACE - DAY - 1780'S 23

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

24 INT. A PALACE CORRIDOR - DAY - 1780'S 24

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

25 INT. BUFFET ROOM IN THE PALACE - DAY - 1780'S 25

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

A girl - CONSTANZE - rushes into the room. She runs straight across it and hides herself behind one of the tables.

After a beat of total silence, MOZART runs into the room, stops, and looks around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He is age twenty-six, wearing a fine wig and a brilliant coat with the in-signia of the Archbishop of Salzburg upon it. He is puzzled; Constanze has disappeared. Baffled, he turns and is about to leave the room, when Constanze suddenly squeaks from under the cloth like a tiny mouse. Instantly Mozart drops to all fours and starts crawling across the floor, meowing and hissing like a naughty cat. Watched by an astonished Salieri, Mozart disappears under the cloth and obviously pounces upon Constanze. We hear a high-pitched giggle, which is going to characterize Mozart throughout the film.

CUT TO:

26 INT. PALACE GRAND SALON - DAY - 1780'S 26

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

ARCO

Mozart is not here.

COLLOREDO

Where is he?

ARCO

They're looking for him, Your Grace.

27 INT. A PALACE CORRIDOR - DAY - 1780'S 27

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

CUT TO:

28 INT. PALACE GRAND SALON - DAY - 1780'S 28

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

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

29 INT. PALACE BUFFET ROOM - DAY - 1780'S 29

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

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

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

CONSTANZE  
Stop it. Stop it!

They roll on the floor. He tickles her.

CONSTANZE (CONT'D)  
Stop it!

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

He tries to drag her back under the table.

CONSTANZE  
No! No! No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOZART

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

CONSTANZE

Where?

MOZART

We are in the Residence of the  
Fartsbishop of Salzburg.

CONSTANZE (CONT'D)

Fartsbishop!

She laughs delightedly, then addresses an imaginary  
Archbishop.

CONSTANZE (CONT'D)

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

MOZART

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

CONSTANZE

Why not?

MOZART

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

CONSTANZE

That's stupid.

MOZART

Why? People fart backwards.

CONSTANZE

Do you think that's funny?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOZART

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

He gives a high pitched giggle.

CONSTANZE

Oh, ha, ha, ha.

MOZART

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

CONSTANZE

Yes, you are. You're very sick.

MOZART

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

CONSTANZE

(working it out)  
Sra-I'm-sick. Sick - Òkiss I'm -  
Òmy ÒKiss my! Sra-I'm-sick -  
ÒKiss my arse!

MOZART

Em iram! Em iram!

CONSTANZE

No, I'm not playing this game.

MOZART

No, this is serious. Say it  
backwards.

CONSTANZE

No!

MOZART

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

CONSTANZE

Iram - Òmarry Em - Òmarry me! No,  
no! You're a fiend.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CONSTANZE (CONT'D)

I'm not going to marry a fiend. A  
dirty fiend at that.

MOZART

Ui-vol-i-tub!

CONSTANZE

Tub - òbut i-tub - òbut I vol -  
Òlove òBut I love ui - Òyou. I  
love you!

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

MOZART

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

CONSTANZE

What?

MOZART

Tish-I'm-tee.

CONSTANZE

Eat

MOZART

Yes.

CONSTANZE

Eat my - ah!

Shocked, she strikes at him. At the same moment the music  
starts in the salon next door. We hear the opening of the  
Serenade for Thirteen Wind Instruments, K. 361.

MOZART

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

He leaps up, dishevelled and ruffled and runs out of the  
room. Salieri watches in amazement and disgust.