

MAESTRO

by

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*"A work of art does not answer questions, it provokes them;
and its essential meaning is in the tension between the contradictory answers."*

LEONARD BERNSTEIN

OVER BLACK:

We HEAR the piano beginnings of the Postlude from A Quiet Place...

1 INT. HALL/LIVING ROOM, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - DAY (1989) 1

IN COLOR.

THE MUSIC CONTINUES. We find ourselves in a living room. **LEONARD BERNSTEIN (LB)**, early seventies, alone, seated at a piano playing the notes we have been listening to, moving through the Postlude to A Quiet Place. But as he continues to play, we see a camera crew around him. He's not alone at all.

Of course, as we pan back to him, it's as though he's alone... pushing through the discordant notes, pushing toward the resolve...

Then he pauses, takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes. Struggling. A beat.

Our angle shifts as LB turns, addresses our interviewer and the cameras.

LB

It was always better on the piano, I don't know why. So to answer your question, yes, I carry her around with me quite a bit. I've often seen her in the garden working. Julia Vega swears that she's at the top of the stairs every morning when she comes down to do the laundry. Making sure she's separating the whites and the darks. And our children are very jealous because they've never seen her. I... I miss her terribly.

2 INT. APARTMENT, NEW YORK, NY - MORNING (NOVEMBER 14, 1943) 2

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Shades drawn. Near black when a phone begins RINGING. We see a **YOUNG LEONARD BERNSTEIN**, 25 years old, thin, handsome, shirtless, lumber over and pick up the phone. His eyes are closed, he's still half asleep.

LB (INTO THE PHONE)

Hello?... Yes.

(and turning on the light)

Of course... Yes, I'm aware... Oh.

Can you hold on one second, please?

He puts the phone to his shoulder. He reaches for a cigarette and lights it.

LB (INTO THE PHONE)
 Well, that's terrible news, is he going to be okay?... No, I understand... And no chance for a rehearsal?... Yes. Alright...
 (then)
 May I get three tickets for today?... Yes... Alright, alright, yes, thank you.

LB hangs up. Processes.

WIDE as he climbs onto the window sill and throws open the drapes. We hear the DRUMS from the open to his *Symphonic Suite from 'On The Waterfront': Andante.*

Light pours into the one room apartment. A kitchenette in the wall, some striped wall hangings, a Steinway, composition paper everywhere and... a **YOUNG MAN**, sprawled face down on the fold out bed. Naked.

LB
 You got 'em boy!

LB jumps from the window sill onto the naked man, drums his buttocks and rolls off as he grabs his robe and we MOVE WITH LB as he throws on the robe and...

ANGLE ABOVE LB [*in a G-D POV we'll hold for most of this next sequence*] as he heads out the door into --

3 **INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS** 3

A long hall in a bit of daze. He gets to a door, opens it and runs through to --

4 **INT. BALCONY BOX, CARNEGIE HALL - CONTINUOUS** 4

He leans over and the drums PUSH THE CAMERA past him... flying into the empty house, FALLING toward the stage....getting our first view of CARNEGIE HALL - four balconies, 2804 red seats in a white jewel box of a house; it's at once intimate and imposing. And far away, up in the high balcony, we see... LB.

We PUSH BACK towards him as the drums drive him back out the door he came and into --

5 **INT. BACKSTAGE, CARNEGIE HALL - EARLY AFTERNOON** 5

A hallway floor with the shadow of LB coming toward us now dressed in a double breasted suit and bowtie.

The heavy bass of the drum beats pounding. He continues to walk as a man - **BRUNO ZIRATO**, 59, a Neapolitan, greets and walks along with him talking and gesticulating.

LB
Hello.

BRUNO ZIRATO
Did you get any sleep?

LB
No, I didn't get any sleep, Bruno.
Manfred starts with a down beat rest
and you didn't give me a rehearsal
with the orchestra.

BRUNO ZIRATO
I told you you were going on!

LB
No, you told me it was a
possibility, Bruno!

They reach the edge of the curtain. LB peers out at the PACKED HOUSE... and starts to sweat. The drums still blaring reaching what feels like a summit!

CBS ANNOUNCER (OVER PA)
*Good afternoon. United States
Rubber Company again invites you to
Carnegie Hall to hear a concert of
the New York Philharmonic Symphony
Orchestra of which Artur Rodziński
is musical director.*

And BAM! The last drum beats and the music ends.

CBS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
*Bruno Walter, who was to have
conducted this afternoon, is ill and
his place will be taken by the
young, American-born assistant
conductor of the Philharmonic
Symphony, Leonard Bernstein.*

We hear grumbling and groans from the audience. LB goes a bit PALE. A beat. Then he walks out onto --

6 **INT. STAGE, CARNEGIE HALL - CONTINUOUS**

6

The long walk to the podium. We feel the audience now, LB sweats more with every step... We WIPE AROUND LB, maybe catching a few skeptical looks from the orchestra before we ISOLATE ON LB, leaving us only with the silent auditorium, LB's breathing and the sound of his hands opening the score. He peers down at it. A BEAT.

HE LOOKS UP AND MAKES EYE CONTACT WITH EVERY ORCHESTRA MEMBER. We see a GLINT in his eye as he confronts this challenge... and rises to it... He lifts his hand with shocking self-assurance.

CLOSE ON that hand as it drives through the downbeat rest then jerks back up, seizing the moment.

BRUNO ZIRATO (PRELAP)
Today, you were here for an historic performance...

DISSOLVE TO:

7 INT. STAGE, CARNEGIE HALL - LATER

7

LB next to Bruno Zirato, who addresses the audience, rapt, still standing from their ovations. The energy is palpable.

BRUNO ZIRATO (CONT'D)
This performance, that was fantastic, was broadcast all over the world. And I feel obliged to say that Maestro Bernstein was called this morning at nine-thirty and he was told that he would actually conduct here, for the first time, after many years --

LB
With no rehearsal!

BRUNO ZIRATO
...without rehearsal...

The audience laughs, simply captivated by LB.

BRUNO ZIRATO
...but he loves the music, he doesn't need rehearsal, he feels it so much! And after many years, and he really wanted this, it has happened and I'm so proud, Carnegie Hall is so proud of you, and New York is proud of you.

He turns to the audience, introducing the world to --

BRUNO ZIRATO (CONT'D)
Leonard Bernstein!

The audience erupts in applause.

The sun pours into the downstairs area of LB's apartment. There is a man, **JERRY ROBBINS**, who seems to be almost stretching by the way he is seated on the piano bench. Another man, who we recognize from the bedroom, **DAVID OPPENHEIM**, now in a suit, is seated in a chair reading from a newspaper. In the far right, there is a door left ajar. LB is behind it, on the toilet with what looks like a score on his lap.

LB

Well, I'll tell you fellas, I don't remember a thing after that downbeat rest. I must have blacked out, and then when the audience applauded, I came to.

JERRY

Listen, don't let this get in the way. We are on a roll here, baby, and I want to be able to choreograph the last segment with the dancers while I'm in Cincinnati.

LB

Okay, but Jerry, I'm in love with the music. I told you, as soon as I have something that I'm cooking up, I'm going to record it and send it to you.

David reads from the paper.

DAVID

This the new ballet he's composing for you? The one about three sailors on leave in New York getting up to no good?

JERRY

That's the one.

DAVID

Don't argue with him, Jerry.
(off the Times)
He is a young man, "to be reckoned with!" You can read it right here!

LB

Oh, David, please...

But David holds up the paper.

DAVID (CONT'D)

"Bernstein shows mastery of
score. Youthful conductor
carries out an exacting
program in sudden emergency."
David, please!

JERRY

Sure, right next to Hitler's
bombing of Poland.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

LB

Come on in, it's open!

ISAAC, the assistant stage manager to the NY Phil, enters. But
as he opens the door, it hits the other open door to the room
LB has been in. Isaac looks over to LB on the toilet.

ISAAC

Sorry, gentlemen...

DAVID

No, no, he likes leaving the door
open.

ISAAC

Oh for god's --

LB

Oh hey, Isaac how are you,
you know David, and that's
Jerry Robbins.

JERRY

Hi, Isaac.

ISAAC

Hello.

(to LB)

Listen, listen, we've gotta get you
downstairs, you're an hour late
Lenny--

LB

I'm coming, I'm just working on the
score and--

ISAAC

I understand, Rodziński's
coming in at 11:30 to
rehearse --

LB

Rodziński's here?

ISAAC

Yes...

LB

Ok well, I'll be down in a
second, I promise.

JERRY

Isaac, Isaac, don't forget your
show pony here is a composer.

We begin to hear a four hands piano piece and we cut to --

9 INT. LB'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK, NY - DAYS LATER

9

Four hands come down on a piano, play us through Fancy Free Ballet: VI. Three Dance Variations: Var. I (Galop).

Find LB at the piano, in a sleeveless undershirt, a cigarette dangling from his mouth, alongside **AARON COPLAND**, 46, sad eyes and a receding hairline, in a shirt and tie. The two of them play four hands off a handwritten score, a microphone beside the keyboard wired to an early, piano disc recorder, where David, in a robe, tends to the disc. They finish with a flourish.

10 INT. LB'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK, NY - LATER

10

David Oppenheim lays back while getting a foot massage from LB.

LB

I'm learning not to do it so hard,
right?

DAVID

It's perfect. Whatever you're doing
right now, it's perfect.

LB

I always do get a bit too
overzealous.

David laughs as we hear romantic notes from The Lonely Town Pas de deux from On The Town, which continues throughout.

LB

I get too excited. Both your feet
went up, I don't know what to do
with myself. It's just too much!
It's too much for one man.

DAVID

I think it's just because it
was on a liver spot--

LB

No, no, it's just too much
for one man to take.
Honestly, David.

DAVID
You're too much.

LB
I mean, I'll never leave the
apartment, I just won't.
That's just the reality.

DAVID
Please don't...

Then LB leans into frame, revealing the piano disc microphone.
He talks into it while gently continuing the massage.

LB (INTO MICROPHONE)
Dear Jerry, this is an impromptu
apology for the record, which isn't
so very bad, but it's not so very
good either.
(perusing the score)
I'm looking through the score now,
exhausted, and, uh, everything's
okay up to number three, when all
the counterpoint comes in with the
two pianos. I'm afraid it's sort of
messy there.

David sits up and tends the recording.

LB (INTO MICROPHONE)
At any rate, it's hard to do on two
pianos, so with an orchestra I think
you will be able to be very clear.
And pardon all the mistakes...
(laughing)
...but it was all Aaron Copland's
fault...

AARON COPLAND (O.C.)
It was all my fault!

LB (CONT'D)
...and there he sits now!

AARON COPLAND (O.C.)
It's not true!

LB
Anyway, I'll leave it to you to
figure out, Mr. Robbins, how to
dance to this type of music... but
give my love to everybody, in the
thing, and I hope you like it. Good
luck, Jerry.

LB nods to David, who turns off the recorder.

LB
Well, I've got to get to rehearsal
and--

DAVID OPPENHEIM
I've got it.

LB
(off David)
You do? Aw you're such a
chap!

AARON COPLAND
It's downstairs, you're still gonna
be late.

LB grabs a blazer and bowtie, rushing out.

DAVID
Put in a word for me with
Rodziński for me, will you?

LB
(strokes David's hair)
I will. I'm not his favorite,
but I will. Love you baby.

DAVID
Love you.

The *Lonely Town Pas de deux* continues, taking us to...

11 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET, QUEENS, NY - NIGHT

11

The MUSIC CONTINUES. 23-year-old **FELICIA MONTEALEGRE** steps off
a city bus, onto a triangulated suburban street in Queens.

She begins to walk toward us as the music swells then fades as
we switch to her POV and move across the street toward a
house. We hear music and voices from within, which grow louder
as we approach a front door left ajar.

12 INT. LIVING ROOM, CLAUDIO ARRAU'S HOUSE, QUEENS, NY - NIGHT

12

We are with Felicia as she enters a packed, smoke-filled
living room. There is a congregation around a piano. Felicia
makes her way there as we find a man and a woman performing
Carried Away from *On the Town*.

Felicia reaches the edge of the small crowd, but we hold on
her as the music ends and everyone roars with laughter. A
woman enters frame, **SHIRLEY BERNSTEIN**.

SHIRLEY
Brilliant, but... but what no one
here knows is how he beat the
Soprano out of his poor baby sister
performing all those Operas when we
were children. Let that be fair
warning to you and to everyone!
(to Felicia)
(MORE)

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Hello, I thought you might be here.
You've certainly been making the
rounds. Have you met the gang?

No.	FELICIA	SHIRLEY (turns to) Betty and Adolph, they're just a riot...
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Now we ANGLE on the woman and man who were singing Carried
Away, BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN...

FELICIA
Hello.

Hello.	BETTY COMDEN	ADOLPH GREEN Hey there.
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...and now we pan to a young **ELLEN ADLER**, draped over the
piano player who is facing away from us, a familiarity which
comes from a sexual history together.

SHIRLEY
...Ellen, of course you've run into
her at her mother's studio, no
doubt.

Hello, Felicia.	ELLEN ADLER	SHIRLEY (tongue in cheek) Who did I miss? Have I missed anyone?
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LB
Just the piano player.

And as the piano player turns toward us, we reveal it's a
young LB. He looks at Felicia.

SHIRLEY
Well, I figured you needed no
introduction.

Hello. I'm Lenny.	LB	FELICIA Hello, Felicia.
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LB
Bernstein.
(points to Shirley)
Like that one.

FELICIA
Montealegre.

LB
Montealegre?

FELICIA
Montealegre-Cohn.

LB
Cohn? Montealegre-Cohn... well,
that's an interesting marriage of
words.

He plays Loesser and Hollander's You've Got That Look and we --

13 INT./EXT. LIVING ROOM, CLAUDIO ARRAU'S HOUSE, QUEENS, NY - LATER 3

CLOSE ON Ellen Adler, who sings the Marlene Dietrich classic which will play through the scene. From a window, we reveal we're outside with LB and Felicia mid-conversation.

LB
...fascinating, because you come
from an aristocratic European family
on your mother's side and your
father is American, and he's Jewish,
and then you moved to Chile because
your father... It's amazing I
remember all this, isn't it?

FELICIA
I know!

Felicia laughs, flush with excitement at having LB's full attention, yet desperately trying not to reveal it.

LB
I remember everything...
FELICIA
I don't know how!

LB
So you moved to Chile because of
your father's business, and now, now
you're firmly planted in New York
City studying piano...

FELICIA
Yes.

LB
...but you're actually studying
acting and that is a career which
demands the versatility to play a
panoply of characters and that is my
conclusion... that you, my dear, are
very similar to me.

FELICIA

How?

LB

Because you had to take all the pieces of all the bits of you that are scattered across these varied landscapes and form, create the veritable person that stands before me now.

FELICIA

And how is that similar to you?

LB

You just asked me and I just told you!

FELICIA

I know, I know, I know! Okay, Russian Orthodox Jew growing up in Boston...

LB

Oh, someone else was listening.

FELICIA

Child of immigrants...

LB

Yes.

FELICIA

Your father a self-made businessman steeped in Talmud. Harvard, then Curtis School for Music...

LB

Institute.

FELICIA

Institute of music in Philadelphia. Now firmly planted here...

LB

Very firmly.

FELICIA

...in New York City, pursuing composition and conducting...

LB

...under the guise of a concert pianist, drawn to this artistic mecca, fleeing my puritanical origins. Just like you.

FELICIA

Come now, surely *your* family was a tad more supportive.

LB

No, my father imagined me a Klezmer playing for Kopeks on a street corner. He was desperate for me to join the family business so I could make a living.

FELICIA

What was the family business?

LB

Samuel J. Bernstein Hair Company.

FELICIA

(laughing)

Really?

LB

Yes. So I had no choice but to become a composite of adopted speech, manner, outlook on life, a composite which enables me to be many things at once. And that's why we, you and I, are able to endure and survive. Because the world wants us to be only one thing, and I find that deplorable.

(then)

I find you very attractive, Felicia.

FELICIA

Me?

COMDEN AND GREEN

(sing, through window)

Carried away! Carried away!

They're interrupted by Comden and Green, belting a reprise of the chorus to *Carried Away* up against the window.

COMDEN AND GREEN

(pointing at LB)

You get carried, just carried away!

LB

(to Felicia)

It's really too much. I'm very sorry.

14

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET, QUEENS, NY - LATER

14

We hear the *Prelude* from LB's *Trouble in Tahiti*. LB and Felicia laugh and shout as they race to catch a CITY BUS. They make it just before it pulls away...

15 **EXT. STREET, GREENWICH VILLAGE, NY - NIGHT**

15

The MUSIC CONTINUES as Felicia and LB walk in step together, rounding a corner heading toward the Provincetown Playhouse.

FELICIA
...Oh, I like that.

LB
You have a lot of energy I
have to tell you.

They reach the door and as they disappear into the theater...

16 **INT. STAIRWAY, PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE, GREENWICH VILLAGE - NIGHT** 6

We are below the two of them coming down the stairs.

LB
I'm just following you, I don't know
where, I never go to this part of
town.

FELICIA
I know-- I can't imagine you ever
being in a place like this. Now you
go in here, just on the stage...

LB
Oh, okay.

She points him onto...

17 **INT. STAGE, PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

17

A stage lit by a lonely ghost light. LB heads in as Felicia continues off camera, leaving LB alone on the stage.

FELICIA (O.C.)
Take your shoes off!

LB
Oh, okay, where do I put them?

FELICIA (O.C.)
Over on the other side.

LB takes his shoes off, tiptoes across the stage, calls out...

LB
Where are you going?

FELICIA (O.C.)
I'm just getting the script!

LB pulls out a cigarette, lights it and calls out again.

FELICIA
You're the king and this is your
castle.

LB
Oh wonderful.

FELICIA (CONT'D)
Now, even though you're the king,
you're quite taken with me...

LB
Yes.

FELICIA
...and so you've decided to give me
a white rose from your crown.

LB
Of course I did.

LB makes to hand her his pretend flower.

FELICIA
No, no, you don't have it yet. I
have to give it to you!
(hands him a pretend flower)
Here's your flower.

LB
I didn't read the play.

FELICIA
(laughs)
No, I know.

LB
Now, hold on... Can you hold this,
please?

He hands her back the script, takes off his jacket, throws it
off stage and then gets down on one knee.

LB
Alright, since I'm the king,
who's in love...

FELICIA
Mmm.

And now, he extravagantly hands her the flower.

FELICIA
A gift for me, my liege?

LB
Oh, that's very good.

FELICIA
It's your line.

LB
 (reading, ACTING)
 Oh, uh, with your little spots of
 wax, white rose, you look like, the
 extravagantly hands her the flower --

No, no... FELICIA LB
 (realizes, ACTING)
 You look like the eye of a
 broken moon.

Felicia can't help but laugh at him.

FELICIA
 You are terrible.

LB
 Well, it's your line.

FELICIA
 You're always changing, my love.
 (pulls him up)
 I didn't see you yesterday, but I
 looked at your horse. He's so
 beautiful, but not as beautiful as
 you are. Because you are a dragon.

She leans in and kisses him. LB's surprised. He returns the
 kiss, passionately... but she pulls back, still in character.

FELICIA (CONT'D)
 I believe you could break me in two
 with your arms, as weak as I am,
 like frost, burned in the sun.

We hear an electrical surge as bright stage lights flicker on.

JOSEPH
 That's a bit better, isn't it, Miss
 Montealegre? A little more light?

A janitor (JOSEPH) walks through the house towards the stage,
 stopping to pick up the jacket LB flung into the aisle.

FELICIA
 Why, thank you, Joseph.

LB
 Oh, Joseph, I apologize. I got
 nervous, I thought there was a
 spider and I... tried to kill it
 with my jacket.

JOSEPH

Give the stage door a shove on your way out. It'll lock on its own.

LB

Thank you, Joseph.

FELICIA

Good night, marvelous. Thank you, Joseph.

He goes. LB turns to Felicia.

LB

You didn't tell me your father owns this place.

She laughs, moving off and lighting a cigarette.

LB

Is this how you lure in all your male suitors?

FELICIA

No, I rarely stay out past nine.

LB

Well, hold on a second, you made an exception for me?

FELICIA

I thought maybe you were worth making an exception for.

LB

Oh, well, I hope it doesn't cost you too much. How can I make it worth your while?

(then)

Oh, I've got it. Something's wrong.

FELICIA

What?

He moves to her, takes her hand.

LB

What's your character's name?

FELICIA

Uh... Margaret.

LB

Margaret?

(laughs, spins her centerstage)
Margaret.

Yes? FELICIA
 LB
 And you're the understudy?

FELICIA
 Yes.

LB
 No, I think you should be Margaret.
 I think you should be Margaret eight
 shows a week. That's what I think.
 Front and center...

FELICIA
 No, no, no... LB
 ...and if it's fear that's
 stopping you, Felicia...

FELICIA
 There are many things stopping me,
 Lenny, but fear isn't one of them. I
 wouldn't be standing here in front
 of you, heavens I wouldn't even be
 in New York City if fear had gotten
 the better of me. It's just not that
 easy. We'd be fools not to think
 that luck plays a part as well as
 talent and determination.

LB
 I'm a perfect example of that.

FELICIA
 Oh, you must be joking.

LB
 If Bruno Walter hadn't gotten sick
 that fateful day and Rodziński
 snowed in upstate, I never would
 have had my debut at the
 Philharmonic.

FELICIA
 That, my sweet boy, is an
 attempt at humility, but the
 truth is if it wasn't that
 day, it would have been
 another... LB (CONT'D)
 I'd be teaching piano to
 little eight-year-olds who
 complain...

LB
 Oh, is that what you think?

FELICIA
 Yes, I know it.

LB
Really?

FELICIA
Of course. And don't forget you are
a man.

LB
I never do.

FELICIA
Right.

PRELAP a roar of applause and the open of Paris Waltz from
Candide. Felicia walks past LB, who wipes frame and we're --

18 INT. STAGE, BROADWAY HOUSE, NEW YORK, NY - NIGHT

18

The MUSIC CONTINUES. Felicia, now in costume, walks downstage.
We pan around her to see a theater now crowded with people on
their feet, clapping and cheering...

FELICIA
Oh my God!

Felicia bows, back to us, taking in the standing ovation as
the cast joins her and a young man with flowers runs up. She
takes his flowers...

We come round front. She holds out her hands and the cast of
When Five Years Pass joins her. The applause continues. They
take one final bow and move below frame as we MATCH TO --

19 INT. STAGE, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK, NY - NIGHT

19

LB rises into frame from his own bow, absorbing the adulation
of the even larger full house, an immense and ecstatic crowd.

LB takes it all in then gestures to his orchestra, inviting
them to join him.

20 INT. DRESSING ROOM, BROADWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

20

A long mirror. The post performance melee. The women each sit
at their stations to take off their makeup. Shirley sits down.

SHIRLEY
You were marvelous.

Felicia turns to Shirley.

FELICIA
Oh my goodness. Shirley Bernstein!
It's very kind of you to come!

SHIRLEY
I brought Richard Hart and
his wife, Lil.

FELICIA
No, you didn't.

SHIRLEY
Dick is rehearsing his new Broadway
show with Eva Gabor and he is not
long for this marriage, and, well, I
think he's your type.

FELICIA
What type is that?

SHIRLEY
Same as mine, unavailable.

DICK HART, 30s, a handsome young actor, walks in with his
wife. Felicia's taken with Hart, who's captivated by Felicia.

DICK HART
Marvelous.

He reaches out, kissing her hand.

FELICIA
It's so kind of you to come. I just
loved Dark of the Moon.

DICK HART
Oh, stop. You're marvelous. The
production is better for you being
in it.

FELICIA
Well, it's only for the week, but
it's so kind of you to say.

DICK HART
If they had any sense, they'd tell
Miss Jones to stay in bed. You
really are wonderful.

He's forward, seductive. Dick's wife (LIL) doesn't like it.
And as Felicia responds, she reaches in for him.

LIL HART
Dear.

FELICIA
Oh, thank you, it's so kind
of you to come.

DICK HART
My pleasure.

FELICIA
Thank you.

Lil pulls Dick away from Felicia and out the door.

SHIRLEY

Come have a bite with us.

FELICIA

Oh I, I can't, I'm catching the train to Tanglewood in the morning.

SHIRLEY

Tanglewood? You're going to see my brother?

FELICIA

Well, don't look so surprised.

SHIRLEY

(a bit flustered)
I'm not, I just... he didn't mention it.

FELICIA

Well. Perhaps he was being discreet.

SHIRLEY

My brother? I doubt it.

Shirley exits, leaving Felicia slightly embarrassed. She turns toward the mirror as we DISSOLVE TO --

21 **EXT. TANGLEWOOD, LENOX, MA - DAY**

21

HIGH AND WIDE as we CRANE DOWN upon LB and Felicia sitting in the grass under the shade of a large oak tree. LB is laughing.

FELICIA

...no, try again.

LB

Oh gee, it's six!

FELICIA

No.

LB

Eight.

FELICIA

You're terrible at this.

LB

It's four.

FELICIA

No.

LB

Three.

FELICIA

No.

LB
No, I'm not...

FELICIA
Good.

LB
Actually, at all.

We hear the haunting clarinet from *Facsimile - Choreographic Essay for Orchestra: Part I - Molto Adagio* and we...

22 EXT. 2ND FLOOR BEDROOM/TERRACE, SERANAK HOUSE, TANGLEWOOD - DAY 22

MUSIC CONTINUES as Felicia puts clothes from a small suitcase on the bed. She notices LB fumbling with his tie, grabs another tie and reaches for his hand.

FELICIA
Come here, I'll do it. My goodness.

LB takes her hand and lets her lead him to the terrace.

LB
I'm useless, aren't I?

FELICIA
You are!

LB
(she turns him around)
Where am I going?

FELICIA
Here, stand there. Not this one.

She pulls off the tie haplessly hanging from his neck and lays it on the bannister. She puts the other tie on him.

LB
Oh, why not?

FELICIA
Well, a little garish maybe. Also, you were fumbling so much...

LB
I like this.

She pulls the tie through and gently begins to knot it.

FELICIA
I love your smell...

LB
You do?

FELICIA

I do. It's my father. Isn't that odd? I used to just love wrapping myself up in his trench coat when he would walk in the door at night from work. That smell would intoxicate me. I always associate it with feeling safe.

She finishes his tie but her eyes are still locked on his.

KOUSSEVITZKY (PRELAP)

She's so beautiful, tell me about her.

23 **INT. FOYER, SERANAK HOUSE, TANGLEWOOD - DAY**

23

Follow LB and **SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY** (KOUSSEY), 70s, as they walk through the foyer trailing behind **OLGA KOUSSEVITZKY**, 44, and Felicia walking toward a table set for lunch...

LB

Oh, she's wonderful, she's a lovely girl and we're just happy to be here.

KOUSSEVITZKY

Yes, where did you meet?

LB

We met at a party, at Claudio Arrau's.

24 **EXT. DINING TERRACE, SERANAK HOUSE, TANGLEWOOD - LATER**

24

On Koussey, at the head of a long table, eating lunch with LB, Felicia, Aaron Copland and Olga.

OLGA

So, Felicia, are you an actress?

LB

Marvelous actress.

FELICIA

I am. Well, sort of. Well, no, I am. I am!

LB

Of course you are!

FELICIA

Unbelievably, I am. And he is not.

LB

No, horrible.

FELICIA

I'm just finishing up a play--

LB

Screen tested in LA and it was horrible.

FELICIA
No, he's a terrible actor.

LB
Terrible. They sent me all the way
to Hollywood, then they put me on
camera and they said, 'Thank you...

FELICIA	LB
They sent him straight home!	...here's a one-way ticket back to New York City.'

FELICIA	COPLAND
Oh no.	Oh, no is right.

Copland beams at Felicia.

COPLAND
He was a student here our inaugural
summer. And now he's everyone's
favorite teacher and you can't even
get into the shed when he's
conducting the student orchestra
because it's so full.

LB	KOUSSEVITZKY
Oh, it's only because I love them so much, that's all.	Tell what happened with, Lenny, Lenny, Lenny...

LB turns to Koussey, smiles. But Koussey's dour.

KOUSSEVITZKY
Tell me what happened with the
Rochester Philharmonic.

LB
Oh, they passed me over.

KOUSSEVITZKY
Yes, I know.

LB
They thought I was spending too much
time with you in Boston.

KOUSSEVITZKY
Is that the reason?

LB
I believe it was.

LB's unusually quiet. Copland tries to change the subject.

COPLAND

Koussey, we should really discuss
Our Town if you have--

KOUSSEVITZKY

Running off to Hollywood,
wasting time on musical
theater...

LB

I promise you I'm giving up
that musical theater stuff.

KOUSSEVITZKY

Lenny, you are responsible on
account of your gifts.

(to Felicia)

He can be the first great American
conductor...

OLGA

Serge --

KOUSSEVITZKY

...but he would have to conduct his
life in such a way that when he
comes out on stage to lead his
orchestra, he can truthfully say to
himself, my life and my work are
clean.

OLGA

Serge.

Olga speaks to him in Russian; he responds in Russian, then...

KOUSSEVITZKY

And the name... to a Bernstein they
will never give an orchestra. But a
Burns? Leonard S. Burns.

LB

I'd have to sleep on that.

Koussey quiets. It's a bit awkward. He leans into Felicia.

KOUSSEVITZKY

I used to entertain people on the
train going back and forth to Moscow
and upon every arrival, I had to
return straight away because, of
course, as Jews, we weren't allowed
to live there. I never saw the city,
not once. But I got to play.

A pause at the table. Olga turns to Koussey, talking in
Russian once more, running interference for LB.

As Koussey turns and responds in Russian, we see Felicia reach for LB's hand. Felicia leans in to LB, sotto --

FELICIA
I want to see them.

LB
See what?

FELICIA
All the things Maestro Koussevitsky
wants you to give up. All the music
you have made.

LB
You do? FELICIA
Yes.

LB
Well, we can't just leave.

FELICIA
Oh, yes we can.

As she pulls LB by the hand, and us along too, away from the table, we hear the four drum beats that mark the open to Bernstein's ballet, ***Fancy Free: I. Enter Three Sailors***, and we DOLLY BACK, leading them as they walk underneath the terrace balcony and we MATCH CUT TO --

25 **INT. HOUSE/STAGE, ADELPHI THEATER, NEW YORK - NIGHT**

25

The MUSIC CONTINUES. LB and Felicia emerge from underneath the balcony of the Adelphi theater, the music louder now as LB and Felicia head down an illuminated path surrounded by darkness. They sit in the house for a moment...

...then Felicia pulls LB up onto the stage where the Ballet is underway and we see the iconic set of Fancy Free; the three sailors dancing under the New York street lamp next to that bar. LB and Felicia rush to take their seats in the bar at the table. The three sailors start to strut about the stage... Felicia smiles, loving the performance.

FELICIA
Unbelievable.

LB watches her, appreciates how much she's enjoying it. Felicia catches LB looking at her, leans into him.

FELICIA
Why would you ever want to give this
up? It's so wonderful.

LB
It's not serious music, is it?

FELICIA
Well, what does that mean?

LB
It means... he thinks I could be the first great American conductor.

FELICIA
Is that what you want?

LB
I want a lot of things...

He smiles at her. A smile that'd make another woman blush. Felicia pulls back up against her seat to watch the ballet. We've jumped later in the piece to **Fancy Free: VI. Three Dance Variations, Variation III (Danzon)** and one of the sailors is dancing solo, like a serenade for the other two sailors. We PUSH IN on the dancer; the movements are sensual.

And we see the sailor is now LB himself, through Felicia's eyes, lost in his own movements, the eroticism of it all, titillating both to himself and his audience. We see this land on Felicia's face, this recognition of this complicated man.

On stage, LB moves through the end of the Variation, closer and closer to Felicia. First coming up to the barstool, drumming on his knee. Then standing on top of one, pounding on his chest, gorilla style, declaring his art form and then leaping up, landing almost in front of her as the music stops.

Felicia shoots up from her chair and claps energetically for LB breaking free and expressing himself fully. LB beams, and moves right toward her, and they embrace and kiss.

We go into the kiss, close on them, the passion of their embrace as the top stage lights flair and BAM!!!

We hear the horn wail that marks the beginning of **On the Town: Act 1: Opening: New York, New York.** This breaks them apart.

We PULL BACK and now the horns wail three more times, LB takes Felicia's hand and begins to pull her across the stage, seemingly away from all this, but as they move, dancers pass us in the foreground, and we see the entire set has transformed into the original production of '**On the Town.**'

EXCITED SAILORS on leave dance along with FEMALE CIVILIANS under what seems like a night sky filled with stars.

They are now enmeshed in one huge choreographed dance piece.

Within this, we realize one of the sailors staring at Felicia is Dick Hart. He looks knowingly at her and she reacts... but she is pulled away as the tubas begin chortling through the familiar base line, dancers spinning around LB and Felicia, bewildered.

Dancers begin running toward them from downstage, holding huge white sheets, the sheets billowing up and around them, enveloping the two of them and everyone else, including the frame, until it backs away as if pulled off the stage, now revealing just Felicia and LB stranded alone.

And as the music crescendoes into the familiar open, we PUSH IN as LB and Felicia run and cling to each other, followed by all the dancers too, everyone coming together!!

THREE SAILORS (SINGING)
New York, New York!

26 INT. BEDROOM, SERANAK HOUSE, TANGLEWOOD - NIGHT

26

TWO FEET, a sheet rolling off them to reveal LB and Felicia, smoking, half-naked, sprawled on the floor, post-coital.

THREE SAILORS (SINGING)
It's a helluva town!

The music cuts out. Beat.

FELICIA
How do you feel?

LB
I think it's better.

FELICIA
(her head on his shoulder)
Is it okay if I put my head like this?

LB
It's terribly embarrassing.

FELICIA
No... no.

LB
If I don't, I just don't breathe, I'll be fine.

FELICIA
No!

LB
It happens every time.

FELICIA

Every time, *what?* What do you mean?

LB

Every time, I go to bed, that
I-- What are you trying to
imply?

FELICIA

Oh, I see. Well, I don't know
what you meant.

LB

I just-- Oh...

FELICIA

Oh, goodness.

LB

The lower spine is just
always--

FELICIA

You take any pills or
anything?

LB

Pills? I take plenty of pills.

FELICIA

No, I'm sure you do, but I mean
specifically for this.

He winces in pain.

FELICIA

Oh, dear. Sorry. You poor thing.

LB

That's much better actually,
being on the floor.

FELICIA

Yes.

LB

Much better. Thank you, it
was a great idea.

FELICIA

Well.

LB

And you set it all up with the
pillows, you really do take care of
me, don't you?

FELICIA

I wanted to make you comfortable.

LB

Well, I have a game we can play.
Envy and secrets, you know that
game?

FELICIA

No.

LB

We both tell each other a secret,
then we both tell each other
something that we're envious of, and
then we become closer.

FELICIA

I feel pretty close already.

LB

Well, you certainly seemed
close twenty minutes ago!

FELICIA

(laughs)
Okay, I'll play...

LB

I saw different sides of you that I
only sort of dreamt about.

FELICIA

Oh, goodness. Okay, you go first.

LB

So, do you want to say something
you're envious of or something
that's a secret?

FELICIA

Tell me a secret.

LB

I'm going to tell you a
secret? Okay.

FELICIA

Yes.

LB

(takes a drag)
Did I just ash on you?

FELICIA

No.

LB

Okay. Well, when I was a boy, I used
to have dreams where I would kill my
father. And the thing of it is, I
would wake up from the dream and I
would sit in bed and then I would
just fantasize about it. Because he
was so cruel. Sometimes... I just
can't seem to find myself.

FELICIA

Well... I agree, by the way.

LB

About what?

FELICIA

About the name. Felicia Burns has absolutely no luster. It just sounds wrong.

LB laughs, as her head rests down on his chest.

LB

Your sound soothes me, God.

FELICIA

Does it?

LB

I actually envy the air that gets to funnel its way through you.

FELICIA

Out of my mouth, I hope.

LB

Any which way, actually. I never thought about that.

FELICIA

(laughs)

No!

LB

But there would definitely be some tonal and pitch variations if it came out the other end, wouldn't it? Just as pleasing, I assume.

FELICIA

(laughs)

Oh, no, disgusting...

LB

Am I shaking?

FELICIA

Yes.

They look into each other's eyes. She puts a hand on his cheek. And in whispers...

FELICIA

Those eyes... You don't even know how much you need me, do you?

LB

I might.

27

INT. HOUSE/STAGE, THE SHED, TANGLEWOOD - DAY

27

LB strides down the aisle of an empty auditorium toward the stage where the orchestra starts to disperse.

LB

Sweetie! That was better than Philadelphia.

DAVID
Really?

We see a familiar face, David Oppenheim. LB affectionately cups David's face in his hands.

LB
Oh, it took everything not to leap
right into the orchestra!

DAVID
You're too kind.

David appreciates his enthusiasm, but is distracted by Felicia walking in, Aaron Copland not far behind her.

LB
Oh, did I tell you about the girl?
That I wrote letters about?
(calling out to her)
Felicia!

David watches Felicia walk towards the stage.

LB (CONT'D)
The one I wrote about... DAVID
Yes, yes...

Felicia reaches the stage. LB makes introductions.

LB
So, this is David and he, he plays
the clarinet... What else?

FELICIA DAVID
Hello! Yes, I can see. (laughing)
I play clarinet.

LB
And he's extraordinary...

FELICIA
Yes, oh, well, I was listening. You
were wonderful.

DAVID
You as well. Broadway star.

FELICIA
Oh, no...

LB

Well we're going to have lunch with Kouss, otherwise, we'd meet up with you now, but what about later? Have a drink or something?

DAVID

I would love that, yeah, yeah...

Oppenheim seems a bit uneasy, more so as LB isn't at all.

LB

I didn't mean to spring that on you.

DAVID

No, that's alright.

LB

Maybe that was insensitive of me.

DAVID

No, not at all.

LB

So, we'll see you later on?

DAVID

Yes.

LB

(to Felicia)

Okay, let's go.

They head back up the aisle, away from David. LB pulls Copland in, patting his behind as he ushers them out.

LB

Come on, come on little birdie!

DAVID

Lovely to meet you!

FELICIA

(calls back)

Lovely to meet you!

We HOLD on David, as we begin to hear the orchestrated version of LB's **Anniversaries: X. For Felicia Montealegre...**

28 **EXT. FIELD, BEYOND SERANAK HOUSE, TANGLEWOOD - DAY**

28

The MUSIC CONTINUES. We're looking over a wide field of grass, the expanse of Tanglewood and the town of Lenox off in the distance. We PUSH IN, revealing LB and Felicia, arm in arm, walking away from us.

29 **EXT. TOPIARY MAZE, TANGLEWOOD - DAY**

29

The MUSIC CONTINUES as LB and Felicia walk through a large topiary maze, his arm around her.

FELICIA

Oh, life is not that serious, honest
it isn't. What age are we living in?
One can be as free as one likes,
without guilt or confession, please.
What's the harm? I know exactly who
you are. Let's... give it a whirl.

He pulls her in for a kiss. And when they pull back, face to
face...

LB

Yes.

FELICIA

Yes?

LB

I mean...

He drops to one knee...

FELICIA

No!!!

LB

No, not here, no...

FELICIA

No, not here. No... That's
not how I meant it to be.

And as the music swells, we FADE TO --

30 INT. HALL/STUDIO, OSBORNE APARTMENT, NEW YORK, NY - DAY (1955) 30

LB, now 37, carries **YOUNG JAMIE**, three years old, with
Felicia, now 33, in their hallway -- LB with a hint of gray in
his hair and Felicia blonde, both dressed in evening attire.

MURROW (O.C., ON TV)

*Leonard Bernstein is a composer,
conductor and pianist. His wife,
Felicia Montealegre, is an actress.
Both lead full professional lives
but they're seldom apart.*

And as we hear the voice of **EDWARD R. MURROW**, LB sets Jamie
down, leaving her with the nanny, **JULIA VEGA**.

MURROW (O.C., ON TV)(CONT'D)

*Mr. Bernstein is thirty-seven years
old, but he has been in the public
eye for a dozen years, from the time
he substituted for Bruno Walter to
conduct the philharmonic symphony at
the age of 25.*

(MORE)

MURROW (O.C., ON TV)(CONT'D)

Since then, Leonard Bernstein has conducted or played all over the world, and he's written Symphonies, Ballets and Opera, as well as scores for the Broadway musical 'Wonderful Town' and the motion picture 'On the Waterfront.'

We TRAVEL WITH THEM through and into LB's music studio, now converted into a makeshift television studio with TWO LARGE TV CAMERAS with accompanying OPERATORS; TWO MEN holding large BOOM MICROPHONES; another PERSON holding a clip board and wearing a headset; and large, powerful lights facing the direction of an L-shaped couch they have both landed on. They are currently getting camera ready to respond to a TINY MONITOR where we see an IMAGE OF MURROW.

MURROW (O.C., ON TV)(CONT'D)

Felicia Montealegre came to Broadway and American Television from Santiago, Chile. She is one of television's first full-fledged dramatic stars.

And as we begin this interview, we are struck by the harshness of the light on them, as if they are staring into the sun.

MURROW (O.C., ON TV)(CONT'D)

The Bernsteins, Leonard, Felicia and their children, Jamie and two-month-old Alexander, live in New York City near Carnegie Hall and Broadway. They've been here for about three years.

And now...

MURROW (O.C., ON TV)
Good Evening, Felicia.

FELICIA
Hello, Ed.

MURROW (O.C., ON TV)
Good evening, Lenny.

LB
How are you, Ed?

MURROW (O.C., ON TV)

Good. Lenny, it's always for me rather difficult to classify you professionally since you do so many things at the same time. What do you consider your primary occupation?

We see the beginning of this as if on TV.

LB (ON TV)

I guess I'd have to say that my primary occupation is musician. Anything that has to do with music is my province.

(to Felicia)

Wouldn't you say? Whether it's composing it or conducting it or teaching it, or studying it, or playing it, as long as it's music, I like it and I do it.

MURROW (O.C., ON TV)

Uh, Felicia, do you have any trouble keeping up with Lenny's activities?

FELICIA (ON TV)

Well, it gets pretty hard, Ed. He's taken on a great many activities. This season promises to be a very hectic one. Among them, he's writing two musical shows, one of them is an adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet*, that's *West Side Story* with, uh, Jerry Robbins and Arthur Laurents and wonderfully talented young lyricist Stevie Sondheim; and then he's doing four feature presentations in *Omnibus*, the CBS television program...

And now we're back in LB's music studio with LB and Felicia.

FELICIA

And, um... Was that right?

LB

You know my schedule better than I do.

MURROW (O.C., TV)

Felicia, what about you? Are you engaged in other things besides acting?

FELICIA

Well, it gets pretty hard to do much more than take care of this household-- my husband, the children. And acting takes the rest of the time that's left over.

LB

And memorizing my projects!

FELICIA

(laughs)
Well, I can't help that.

HOLD ON Felicia as Ed quickly moves back to LB...

MURROW (O.C., ON TV)
*Lenny, what's the big difference in
 the life of composer Bernstein and
 conductor Bernstein?*

Felicia's heard this answer before, but she forces a smile.

LB
 Well, I, I suppose it's a difference
 -- it's a personality difference
 which occurs between any composer
 versus any... or any creator versus
 any performer. Any performer,
 whether it's Toscanini or Tallulah
 Bankhead or whoever it is, leads a
 kind of public life, an extrovert
 life, if you will. It's an
 oversimplified word, but something
 like that. Whereas a creative person
 sits alone in this gray studio that
 you see here and writes all by
 himself and communicates with the
 world in a very private way and
 lives a rather grand inner life
 rather than a grand outer life.
 (then)
 And if you carry around both
 personalities, I suppose that means
 you become a schizophrenic and
 that's the end of it.

LB laughs at his own joke, glancing at Felicia, who smiles;
 it's genuine, her delight in him.

MURROW (O.C.)
*Felicia you must be interested in
 music too, aren't you?*

As the interview fades, we hear the second measure of LB's
Songfest: Three Solos. IV. To What You Said and FADE TO --

31 INT. STAIRWELL/LOBBY, OSBORNE APARTMENTS, NEW YORK, NY - DAY 31

The MUSIC CONTINUES. We're in a beautiful, carved-wood
 stairwell, looking up toward a skylight overhead, sun
 streaming toward us from way, way up in the distance...

...along with something small and white, floating down through
 the center of the stairwell. We hear footsteps coming down the
 stairs as a little girl shouts out...

YOUNG JAMIE (O.C.)
Daddy, Daddy, catch!

And now we see the small white floater is a paper airplane. It swoops down, a hand reaching into frame, catching it and unfolding it to reveal a message. **I [HEART SYMBOL] YOU, JAMIE.**

Find LB, smiling down at the note. He calls up to Jamie.

LB
Well, I love you too, darling, so much. Thank you!

He tucks it into his pocket, picks up his briefcase and walks through the lobby, pushing through glass doors into the city.

32

EXT. STREET BY CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, NY - DAY

32

The MUSIC CONTINUES as LB crosses a crowded avenue; we are in his POV coming towards a very handsome man, who we see is David Oppenheim. David stands at the entrance to the Park with his wife, Ellen Adler, and a NEWBORN; but the look on David's face as LB approaches tells us just how much he loves him.

LB
Well hello, children of Zeus!

DAVID OPPENHEIM
My man.

ELLEN ADLER
Hello, Lenny, what a lovely surprise.

LB grabs both of them, planting a kiss on each one's mouth.

LB
That's why I love New York city, you come right out of your apartment and all of a sudden you just run into people that you love.
(then)
Well, I'm going downtown.

DAVID OPPENHEIM
So am I.

LB
Oh.

ELLEN ADLER
Well, we are cutting across the park to Saks before the deluge.

LB
(to the baby)
And who are you?! Hello, hello! You are so beautiful. You're so precious.

LB leans in close to the baby.

LB

Can I tell you a secret? Do you know
I've slept with both your parents.

Off David and Ellen's laugh, he looks to them.

LB

It's too much, isn't it? Too much. I
love too much, what can I say, but
I'm reigning it in.
(extravagant)
I'm reigning it in!

33 **EXT. STREET ALONG CENTRAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER**

33

The MUSIC CONTINUES as LB and David walk. Neither of them say a word. After some time, LB stops. This is where it ends. David turns to him.

David extends his left hand and caresses LB's cheek. LB takes in that moment of intimacy while simultaneously glancing across Central Park South at some people looking at him.

LB

You see those people across the
avenue, staring at us? Saying, '*It
can't be him, he's much better
looking on television, isn't he?
Certainly has Leonard Bernstein's
ears, though, doesn't he?*'

They laugh together.

LB (CONT'D)

'Can that be him? Is that possible?'

LB still glancing across the street, has nothing more to say.

34 **EXT. 2ND FLOOR TERRACE, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - DAY**

34

LB stands out on the terrace smoking. Felicia steps out through the double doors to join him.

FELICIA

How embarrassing. We don't even have
silverware...

LB

Oh, I'm sorry, darling. What's wrong
with the silverware, we don't need
it. I ordered Chinese food,
remember? The problem is I need
those fucking curtains so I can
sleep.

(MORE)

LB (CONT'D)

I walk around like a zombie, scare our children. Do we have children in this house?

FELICIA

We do, we do.

LB

I don't know how the Burkes do it, three children.

FELICIA

Three? I know. It's unbelievable, unreasonable.

LB

Alex doesn't make any noise, so I think we'll be fine.

FELICIA

No, for now...

LB

Sleeps all day. Alexander, our sleeping little baby...

FELICIA

He won't sleep for long.

LB

It's like he isn't even real.

FELICIA

No, he's a dream baby.

LB

I'm sad, darling, and I don't know why.

FELICIA

Darling, you're so tired, you just need to sleep.

LB

Yes.

(quoting)

"*Summer sang in me a little while, that sings in me no more.*" Edna St. Vincent Millay.

FELICIA

If summer doesn't sing in you, then nothing sings in you. And if nothing sings in you, then you can't make music.

LB takes that in. Kisses her.

SHIRLEY (PRELAP)
 There is a price for being in my
 brother's orbit, you know that...

35 **EXT. YARD, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - DAY**

35

Felicia is mid-conversation with Shirley, lounging on a quilt, the remnants of a picnic around them. Deep in the background, we see LB and YOUNG JAMIE and her friend RORY playing. We will see them throughout the scene coming closer and closer to us.

SHIRLEY
 ...as much as he would love to
 believe the opposite is true.

FELICIA
 I suppose I do understand what you
 mean. You know, it's very strange,
 but I do believe there is that in
 everybody. One wishes to make
 adjustments to one's self but having
 this imposition of a strong
 personality is like a way of death,
 really. Yet the moment I see that
 that is making him suffer, I realize
 that it's not worth it. No, what
 for? It isn't going to kill me,
 really, and if it's going to give
 him pleasure or stop him from
 suffering and it's in my power to do
 it, then what the hell, you know?

LB crashes down next to her on the picnic blanket.

FELICIA
 But one has to do it completely
 without sacrifice. And if it is
 going to be a sacrifice, then I
 disappear.

We hear **St. Louis Blues** as played by Louis Armstrong with the
 Lewisohn Stadium Symphony (LB conducting) and we CUT TO --

36 **EXT. YARD, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - DAY (MONTAGE)**

36

The MUSIC CONTINUES. LB is prostrate on the grass. Felicia and
 Jamie balance atop his back in their socks as Julia Vega
 watches in amusement, holding baby Alex.

FELICIA
 Is that good?

LB lifts them in a push up and they topple over laughing.

LB
That's how I really mess up my back!

FELICIA
No, you really do --

LB
I tried to become Hercules.

LB snatches up Felicia's shoes to entertain Jaime and takes off running. Jamie laughs...

LB
I'm gonna steal mommy's shoes!

FELICIA
(grabbing LB's shoes)
Now I've got your shoes!

37 **INT. SALON, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - NIGHT (MONTAGE)** 37

The MUSIC CONTINUES. A group has gathered, dinner party now in full swing, everyone dancing, LB and Felicia locked in a sweet embrace as the jazz transitions to **Mahler's Symphony No.5 in C-Sharp Minor: IV. Adagietto.**

38 **EXT. YARD, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - DAY (MONTAGE)** 38

The MUSIC CONTINUES. LB walks towards us with baby Alex swaddled in his arms, Young Jamie and her friend chasing each other in the b/g. LB joins Aaron Copland on a tree swing where Aaron Copland. They look upon baby Alex, LB a doting father.

39 **INT. BACKSTAGE, CONCERT HALL - NIGHT (MONTAGE)** 39

The MUSIC CONTINUES. HIGH AND WIDE on Felicia in the wings, dwarfed and engulfed by LB's shadow while conducting, summoning **Mahler No.5 in C-Sharp Minor: IV. Adagietto.**

40 **EXT. YARD, FAIRFIELD HOUSE - CONNECTICUT - DAY (MONTAGE)** 40

The MUSIC CONTINUES as LB and Felicia dote on baby Alex bouncing in Julia Vega's arms and on Jamie, staring back at them. She smiles, then turns and runs from them, away, down and through the garden pergola.

41 **INT. STAGE, CONCERT HALL - DAY (MONTAGE)** 41

The MUSIC CONTINUES. We go LOW AND TIGHT on LB, 40s, in tails, conducting with everything he's got, and as the music swells --

42 **INT. BACKSTAGE, CONCERT HALL - NIGHT (MONTAGE)** 42

LB comes offstage to Felicia, in her elegant gown. He crashes into her, full embrace. Pure joy. A deep kiss before he heads back out for the encore. **Mahler No.5 in C-Sharp Minor: IV. Adagietto** nears its end as she takes a drag from her cigarette, watching him take his applause from the wings as the backdrop fades, morphing into yet another backstage wing.

Felicia, resigned with a cigarette in hand, can only watch on as we SMASH TO --

43 INT. LIVING ROOM, DAKOTA APARTMENT, NEW YORK, NY - NIGHT (1971) 43

IN COLOR.

Felicia, cigarette in hand, holding the same position but she's faced away from us at a bay of windows.

The MUSIC FADES as we hear sounds of a jovial party. We are WIDE in this very airy, high-ceilinged, two-floor apartment, which is filled with familiar and new faces. We hear a shout --

MENDY (O.C.)

Wicker!

It startles Felicia. She turns as **MENDY WAGER**, mid 40s, gay and dapper, crosses to her. They sit under the bay window.

MENDY

White antique wicker, with
pierre deux cushions...

FELICIA

I love it.

MENDY

It will give it that whimsical
Victorian conservatory look.

FELICIA

So you want to lock me up in a glass
cage like some sort of exotic bird?

ANGLE ON the other side of the room. It's noisier here, LB and Shirley surrounded by a crowd. LB lights a cigarette.

SHIRLEY

I'm surrounded by men and it
feels so right. They are
really better.

LB

(leaning into Shirley)
I think Felicia... I don't...
I just can't make heads or
tails of it.

SHIRLEY

She's fine. She's just, you know, I
mean...

LB sees someone has spilled a drink.

LB

Are you alright? Do you need to get
a towel or something?

(to no one in particular)

Can we get him a towel?

(shouting)

(MORE)

LB (CONT'D)

Julia, Julia... Julia! I think we need a towel.

SHIRLEY

It's that you're so distracted all the time.

LB

(kisses her forehead)
I'm going to go take a big dump.

SHIRLEY

Okay, wonderful.

He walks off, leaving her, as we...

ANGLE BACK ON Felicia, still mid-conversation under the window with Mendy and her friend **CYNTHIA O'NEAL**, mid 30s, pretty. **JAMIE BERNSTEIN**, now a precocious Harvard student, rushes up.

FELICIA

Oh my God.

JAMIE

Has Daddy mentioned anything to you about Harry and Amberson this summer?

FELICIA

No.

JAMIE

Harry's offered me a job at Amberson this summer. What do you think?

FELICIA

What does Daddy say?

JAMIE

Daddy thinks it's a great idea.

FELICIA

Well, then I think it's a great idea.

JAMIE

So I have your blessing?

FELICIA

Yes, you do.

JAMIE

Okay, thank you! Bye!

FELICIA

(laughs)
Okay, bye.

Jamie beams with excitement, heads back across the apartment.

CYNTHIA
She looks so grown up.

FELICIA
Yes, well, looks can be
deceiving...

ANGLE ON JAMIE as she marches across the room, right up to
HARRY KRAUT, portly, glasses, amish beard.

JAMIE
I got the go-ahead! Thank you
so much.

HARRY
(happy for her)
Be really good at this. Be
really good. So happy you're
doing this.

JAMIE
You're intimidating me but I
will try my best.

LB
(joining them)
I just got trampled on.

JAMIE
Alright, Daddy.

LB
I almost got trampled on in
my own house

Jamie walks off as Harry leads LB across teh room.

HARRY
Come here, I want you to meet a few
people.

LB
Literally, this guy almost
trampled me. I was almost
decapitated, I wouldn't have
any-- Please, I'm too tired,
please God no...

HARRY
Yeah, listen, I want you to
meet...
(to Jim)
Excuse me... Jim? Jim? Jim,
this is Lenny...

LB turns on a dime --

LB
Hello! How are you!
(hands full)
Sorry, all my hands are taken, and
now, your big paw... Wow, you're a
grand man, you're a huge fellow.

LB puts his cigarette away, shakes hands.

JIM
Jim.

CHARLIE BASSETT
(hand out to shake)
Charlie.

LB
(shaking Charlie's hand)
Hello Charlie, pleasure to meet you.
(MORE)

LB (CONT'D)

How are you, are you having a good time?

ANGLE BACK ON Felicia, Cynthia and Mendy at the window.

FELICIA

Lenny should be composing. You know Harry just loves to play to that side of him with the appearances and the recordings and the cookie cutter boys, you know, it's not my favorite.

MENDY

My favorite.

FELICIA

(laughs)
No, I know, it's not my favorite.

CYNTHIA

Well, you're taking it like a champ.

MENDY

You are...

CYNTHIA

I would never know.

MENDY

...handling it quite well, our little Joan of Arc.

CYNTHIA

Yes, but remember what happened to Joan at the end, it didn't work out so well.

ANGLE ON LB, across the room.

SCOTT (O.C.)

So bored.

LB turns to **SCOTT**, a bleary man we may have seen at the bar earlier. At this point, Scott is so blotto, he's just standing there, hands touching his face.

LB

Hello, Scott.

SCOTT

Hello.

LB

We don't say that in our family, Felicia doesn't like it.

Scott stares at LB, a mixture of strange and somewhat terrifying emotions.

SCOTT
In your family?

LB
In my family, yes.

SCOTT
(begins to laugh)
In your FAMILY, Lenny?!

Harry quickly intercedes, moving Scott off.

HARRY
Okay, okay, okay, that's enough.
That's enough.

Scott heads off toward the bathroom. Harry watches him go.

HARRY
We've been together for ten
years.

LB
Oh, believe me, I know three
of them.

HARRY
I guess denial is not just a
river in Egypt.

LB
That was the crossword last
week, three letters. Do you
know what it is?

TOMMY
Pun.

LB turns and finds **TOMMY COTHRAN, 25.**

LB
(delighted)
Yes, it is pun.

TOMMY
Yes, it is.

LB
Did you do the Thursday?

TOMMY
Yes, I did.

LB
It's quite easy, but--

It catches LB, he resets.

LB
Hello.

TOMMY
Hi, I'm Tommy.

LB
Did you just appear out of... out of
my handkerchief?

TOMMY
Oh, yes, I live here now!

LB
Are you a genie?

TOMMY
I wish!

LB
Do I get three wishes?
TOMMY
What's your first wish?

LB
Oh, my first wish is...

Tommy finally sees Harry there, gives him a warm hug.

HARRY
(to LB)
Good luck!
(to Tommy)
Bye, Tommy.

LB
Sorry... I don't even know
you, I feel like I've known
you for years...
TOMMY
(off LB's pocket square)
This is beautiful.

LB
Oh, thank you. I have to be honest,
Felicia puts it together.

TOMMY
Well, she's done a good job.

LB
If I was left to my own
devices, I would be dressed
as a clown. That's the truth.
But don't tell anybody.
TOMMY
(laughs)
You're very funny.

LB
Do you mind if I just walk in the
other room?

He pulls Tommy toward the foyer.

LB
Where do you live? Who are
you?

TOMMY
I'm from San Francisco.

LB
Oh, so you're from earth! You're not
an angel...

Yes... TOMMY LB
(touching his hair)
Your hair is just glorious,
my God.

LB (CONT'D)
Listen, I have to go to the roof, I
just need some air, would you like
to come with me?

TOMMY
I'd love to.

LB
Okay, well, that's wonderful.
(taking his hand)
Come here, come here, come here,
Tommy is it?

ANGLE ON Felicia on a couch now, speaking with Comden and
Green, as LB and Tommy slip out of the party.

FELICIA
The toast of the party...

BETTY COMDEN
The bell of the ball!

FELICIA
Bell of the ball! Oh my god,
are you kidding me?

ADOLPH GREEN
Both, both at the same time.
Somehow! A high-wire act!
Toast bell! Toast bell!

Felicia laughs.

44 **INT. FOYER, DAKOTA APARTMENT, NEW YORK, NY - LATER**

44

Shirley stands just inside the door, looking out towards where
LB and Tommy disappeared. Felicia finds Shirley.

SHIRLEY
Hi.

FELICIA (CONT'D)
Have you seen Lenny anywhere?

SHIRLEY

Uh, do you want me to fetch him?

FELICIA

No, I don't mind.

We hear the ding of an elevator and we CUT TO --

45

INT. HALLWAY, THE DAKOTA, NEW YORK, NY - MOMENTS LATER

45

LB and Tommy come in from the elevator, laughing mid-conversation.

LB (CONT'D)

That's what I'm saying. That's why I'm saying that I needed the turtleneck, you know I needed the turtleneck and you didn't. You know what I'm saying?

Tommy laughs as they crash to the hallway wall, face to face.

LB

You know, that's the fact-- as I break this fucking wall! So how are we going to solve your problem?

The two men, their back to us, one's arm around the other, a cigarette dangling from his hand.

TOMMY

I don't know what to do.

LB

Well, I'm worried about it, we have to figure it out.

TOMMY

I don't know what to do, my producers are so pissed.

LB

Well, don't they... do they take, do your listeners know what you look like? The problem is that you're in radio and you need to be in television, that's the...

TOMMY

Stop that.

LB

No, you're gorgeous... May I? May I? God...

LB reaches for Tommy, then kisses him. The feeling is mutual.

As they kiss, Felicia rounds the corner, walks toward the elevator and sees them. LB spots her.

LB
Darling, this is Tommy.

Felicia looks at him, then turns and walks back toward the apartment. LB takes Tommy's hand and follows her.

TOMMY
Is everything okay?

LB
It's okay.
(to Felicia)
Darling.

They turn the corner, walk towards the apartment.

LB
Why don't you go in. It's fine...

46 **INT. FOYER, DAKOTA APARTMENT, NEW YORK, NY - CONTINUOUS** 46

Tommy disappears into the party as LB catches up with Felicia.

LB
Darling, darling, I'm so sorry. I'm
so sorry.

FELICIA
Fix your hair, you're getting
sloppy.

Felicia leaves him. Alone.

47 **INT. LIVING ROOM, DAKOTA APARTMENT, NEW YORK, NY - LATER** 47

The party is over. LB sits alone under the window where we saw Felicia sitting earlier. A drink in one hand, cigarette in the other. Julia Vega cleans up in the b.g. LB's lost in thought.

GRUEN (PRELAP)
Well, like it or not...

48 **EXT. POOL PATIO, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - DAY** 48

LB is seated with a man, **JOHN GRUEN**, whose voice we just heard. It is autumn.

GRUEN
...this world is utterly fascinated,
or obsessed even, with everything
about you. Ever since that famous
phone call which led to your debut
at Carnegie Hall. And you have not
let them down, my dear.
(MORE)

GRUEN (CONT'D)

Fifteen years on television,
teaching us all the magic of
classical music with the Young
People's Concerts and *Omnibus*,
reaching hundreds of millions all
over the world. Ten years at the New
York Philharmonic, and then there
are the compositions.

GRUEN (CONT'D)

West Side Story redefined the
American musical...

LB
Oh, Jesus Christ.

GRUEN

And then there's *Candide* and *On the
Town*... But what this is--

LB

Actually, when you add it up,
there's not much that I've created.
And music is, and I know this is
going to sound strange to you, it is
the most important thing that I can
do. And it's a great source of
dissatisfaction that I haven't
created that much at all. I mean,
when you add it up it's not a very
long list.

GRUEN

Well. What this is, this is an
opportunity for the world to get to
know you apart from all that. This
book, this book is to understand
what you think about in your private
moments. Your personal feelings on,
well, on life as you know it.

LB

Well I feel like the world is on the
verge of collapse. That's what I
feel like.

Gruen laughs.

LB

I'm quite serious.

GRUEN

(stops laughing)
Yes...

LB

The diminution of creativity, which
has come to a grinding halt. I mean,
not scientifically, that has
exploded.

(MORE)

LB (CONT'D)

But as we sit here, I find it very difficult to think that whether I'm a conductor or a composer of any note at all has any bearing on anything or that my existence is even worth talking about for this book.

GRUEN

No, I agree. I agree, and I think this has marked many artists, and you can see it in their work. There seems to be a, it seems to seep into the subconscious so that there's this great depression.

LB

Well, I know that Felicia, she senses it enormously.

GRUEN

It's all pervasive.

LB

It's almost as if she can't enjoy anything anymore.

GRUEN

I know. It just seems so sad.

LB

I know. Picnic. The water. Lunch. Just sitting around, being together.

GRUEN

What is that?

LB

I think she has a keen sense of futility.

GRUEN

No, I sense that too about her. And I had no idea, because, you know, I had this feeling of her at first, you know incredibly, which she is, vivacious and marvelously alert and aware and a happy person, but something in her seems crushed.

LB pauses.

LB

She said to me in Vienna last month,
*"I want to get off. I want to stop
 the bus and get off."*

GRUEN

And how do you feel about that?

LB

Well, I have one or two saving factors, John. One is that I love people. And I love music. I love music so much it keeps me glued to life even when I'm most depressed. And I can get very deeply depressed. But I have a work ethic and that keeps me afloat. And the other is that I do, I love people so much that it's hard for me to be alone. Which is part of my struggle as a composer.

GRUEN

Yes, you are the only person I've ever met who leaves the bathroom door open for fear of being alone.

LB

I mean, can one really believe that man is just this trapped animal who's a victim of his own greeds and follies and... Either one believes in the divine element in this or one doesn't. And as long as I believe it, which I assume is why I love people so much, then I have to believe that in some remote corner of my soul there is a way out.

49 INT. CHELSEA THEATER, BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BROOKLYN - DAY 49

CHORUS MEMBERS stand on risers, waiting to begin. We're in rehearsal for the 1973 revival of *Candide*.

LB

Okay, so sopranos, you're in the hot seat!

The chorus laughs as LB moves to the podium, cigarette dangling from his lips, his baton at ease in his hand.

LB

Take it from bar 44, just at the end of "Make Our Garden Grow" heading to the a cappella, and sopranos, make sure that you make space so that the high notes can soar.

Then with his hands up, the piano begins the chorale finale from Candide, Act II: No. 31, Make Our Garden Grow. LB conducts from his stool, very relaxed and filled with joy. All 74 of the chorus belt out LB's music.

CHORUS (SINGING)

*Let dreamers dream what worlds they please
Those Edens can't be found.
The sweetest flowers, the fairest trees
Are grown in solid ground.*

ANGLE ON Felicia, sitting in a house seat, watching. And as the music plays, it's as if LB is conducting it for her, and the words are meant for them. He even mouths the words to her. There they are, the two of them, at the center of this wave of music pouring down on them.

CHORUS (SINGING)

*We're neither pure, nor wise, nor good
We'll do the best we know.
We'll build our house and chop our wood
And make our garden grow.
And make our garden grow.*

LB cuts them all off. For the the chorus, it's just the end of another rehearsal and they begin shuffling music.

THE OLD LADY

I can't get this one...

ANGLE ON the woman playing THE OLD LADY, who's sat down next to Felicia. She points to a line of text. Felicia looks at the libretto and reads the verse with the proper pronunciation.

FELICIA

"Me muero me sale una hernia." It's, it means...

LB

It means I'm dying and I'm growing a hernia.

LB crashes into the seat next to the woman. She laughs. LB smiles at Felicia.

LB (CONT'D)

It's an old Chilean expression. I was desperate to find a rhyme, I couldn't --

FELICIA

Well, it's not your fault your mother was from Rovno Gubernia.

LB

...and I woke her up in the middle of the night, desperate, and she had this Chilean idiom right off the top of her head.

FELICIA

Well, you woke me from a very deep sleep and begged me to solve it!

LB smiles, takes Felicia's hand and kisses it.

LB

Thank heavens, it saved this exact piece. In fact, all of the Spanish here is all from Felicia, so we're very lucky that she's here today to help with the pronunciation...

TOMMY (O.C.)

That's why!

Tommy, the young man from the Dakota party, has been buried in the score down the row. He stands, comes up to them.

TOMMY

Sorry, I've been, I've been looking through Voltaire's work and I couldn't find that place, "Rovno Gubernia."

LB

That's because I made it up, my dear boy.

Tommy laughs, flush with admiration. Felicia looks down at Tommy as we PRELAP the famous horn open from the *Symphonic Dances from West Side Story: Prologue (Allegro moderato)*...

50

EXT. FRONT YARD/DRIVEWAY, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - DAY

50

The MUSIC CONTINUES. We are over 20-year-old Jamie, sitting on a tree swing, head down, slightly melancholic. She looks up, toward the long driveway. We SEE OVER HER in the distance a Blue Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme convertible turn and drive up their long winding driveway toward their red-clad house.

The car pulls up. LB, Harry Kraut, and Tommy get out.

LB
Let's see what you think.

TOMMY
This place is gorgeous.

LB
I know isn't it lovely?

TOMMY
Lenny, what do you want me to get?

LB
You could just get that big ass bag
of kibble...

Tommy pulls a LARGE BAG of dog food from the trunk and onto his shoulder. LB claps him on the shoulder

LB
Oh lord, thank you.

TOMMY
Course. There's Jamie.

He waves to her. She waves back.

LB
And I want to have a drink.

TOMMY
I am in awe of this place.

We see them head towards the house with luggage and a dog, SWEET GENE. The tumultuous music continuing under.

50A **EXT. POOL, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - MOMENTS LATER**

50A

ALEXANDER, now 15, and the Bernstein's youngest child, **NINA**, greet LB with open arms, happy to see him.

NINA
Daddy!

LB
(takes her in his arms)
Hello, darling.

POV from an UPSTAIRS WINDOW as the men continue on into...

51 **INT. KITCHEN/STAIRS/HALLWAY, FAIRFIELD HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

51

Looking from the stairs through the hall toward the kitchen, we see the men enter the kitchen. Tommy walks into the hall towards us, stopping to take in a painting.

FELICIA

Don't you dare tell her the truth.

LB ashes his cigarette and walks off.

53 **EXT. PORCH, LB'S STUDY, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - DAY**

53

Jamie is now seated on the porch platform of LB's Study. After a beat, LB comes from the distance toward Jamie.

LB

Jamery-Creamery!

She gets up and goes to him with open arms, crashing into him.

JAMIE

Welcome home.

LB

Well, look at this welcome.
Hello! Hello!

She kisses his cheek and then they continue back to where she was sitting on the porch.

LB

Wow. Not what I expected. Did you write a new song or something?

JAMIE

I was just reading. Keeping my journal. Did you have a nice trip?

LB

Did you see Tommy's here?

JAMIE

Oh yes, he waved.

LB

I thought that would make you happy. He's going to spend the weekend...

JAMIE

Oh, wonderful.

LB

Smart as a whip that boy, keeps me on my toes. Let's see how he does at anagrams tonight.

JAMIE

He's a sweet boy.

LB

You know your mother told me that you, um... are very upset because you heard some rumors about me at Tanglewood this summer.

JAMIE

Oh, I really wish she wouldn't have said anything, I'm, it's fine.

LB

Now, Jamie.

JAMIE

It's no big deal.

LB

It is a big deal, because you are upset.

JAMIE

I wasn't upset.

LB

So, let's discuss it. Your mother and I have talked about it and I said I'd come down here and talk to you about it. Try to enlighten or shed some sort of understanding on what could have happened so... 'jealousy' is the word that I would use. Jealousy.

JAMIE

What?

LB

Jealousy. When I was a student at Curtis there was a boy, seemed like a very nice boy, brought a pistol to school and tried to kill me... cause he was jealous at my musical talent.

JAMIE

Your musical talent.

LB

It just drove him to the brink of murder. Artur Rodziński was the musical director of the New York Philharmonic, God told him to hire me, tried to strangle me during a rehearsal.

Jamie laughs.

JAMIE
I remember that...

LB
Because of jealousy.

LB (CONT'D)
Now I don't know what happened or who said what, or where. But I can only imagine that it was spurned on by jealousy, darling. Jealousy of, of whatever it is that I do. And it's plagued me all my life and I apologize for it plaguing you now. But I hope that helps.

JAMIE
So the rumors aren't true?

LB
No, darling.

Jamie smiles with relief.

JAMIE
Thank you... for coming to talk to me. I'm relieved.

LB looks at his daughter. Looks as though he might say something more, but instead...

LB
Let's go inside.

They get up. He puts his arm around her and they head inside.

54 **INT. DRAWING ROOM, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - DAY**

54

Felicia sits on the couch painting Nina's nails, Jamie with them. Tommy walks over from the table, where he was with Alex.

TOMMY
Alright, what color?

NINA
Here, we have, here, let me check.

JAMIE
We've got three shades of the exact same red that everyone else is convinced is different.

NINA
It's not the exact same red!

Tommy sits so Nina can paint his nails.

JAMIE
This one, apparently, is
blue.

NINA (CONT'D)
(painting his nails)
Here, I'm going to try... I'm
going to do stripes.

ALEXANDER (O.C.)
Wait, so, are we just giving
up on anagrams guys?

JAMIE
(to Alex)
Uh, we're having a slight
nail session over here.

Tommy watches Nina paint.

TOMMY
Oh, you're going to make it
into a design? You're an
artist.

NINA
(painting)
Look at this! It's a little
checker...

LB (PRELAP)
So I just thought it was a good idea
to come for the weekend...

55 **EXT. POOL PATIO, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - DAY**

55

WIDE ON Felicia in her gardening attire, a full brimmed sun
hat, on the chaise lounge smoking. LB sits next to her.

LB (CONT'D)
I, I know how much Jamie
loves being with him and... Jamie?

FELICIA

LB
Well, I thought, and you like him
too, don't you?

She ashes.

FELICIA
Yes. I do.

LB
Well, darling, if I've done
something wrong, tell me.

FELICIA
No, no, no. I don't know why
Jamie is particularly...

LB
Well, I just think that --

FELICIA
I don't know why you would
say that she was particularly
interested in...

LB

Well, Tommy's a very sort of warm,
and he's highly intelligent, as is
our daughter.

FELICIA

(she laughs)
Okay.

LB

And, and I --

FELICIA

No, I'm not saying that, I'm
not saying--

LB

It's got nothing to do with, no, I
have an interest, I have an interest
in spending time with him too, I'm
not saying, I'm not trying to shove
it off that I brought him here for
her, I mean clearly not.

FELICIA

Well, no, obviously not.

LB

I'm just, all I'm saying is that's
just another reason, why, but I
think easily I can tell him not to
come.

FELICIA

No, not at all --

LB

I misread, I misread, I
misread the room. Clearly I
misread the room.

FELICIA

Well, it's not really about that,
it's about...

LB

What is it about?

FELICIA

No, nothing.

LB

Okay, alright. So then it's
fine. Yes?

FELICIA

Yes.

LB

Alright, darling.

He gets up to leave. She's surprised he's leaving.

FELICIA
Oh, do... okay.

LB
Well, what?

FELICIA
No, I just... nothing. I thought we were having a conversation.

He sits back down.

LB
But we were having a conversation.

FELICIA
No, no, no, no, it's fine.

LB
No, I'm sorry. I thought we were finished.

FELICIA
No, I know you're busy.

LB
I'm not busy, I just have-- I'm desperate to finish this...

FELICIA
Well, then do it, darling. I'm not stopping you. Do it.

56

INT. LENNY'S STUDY, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - LATER

56

Quiet. LB at the piano. Alone. Thinking. A beat, then plays a few keys from what will become Mass XVII. Pax: Communion - a. Pretissimo a piacere. A long rest... then LB has a thought. He hums the familiar B-D-C notes...

He scribbles down what we just heard and adds two more bars, playing the piano. He pauses. Looks at what he's done. And as LB writes it on the score...

...we HEAR A BOY SING. "*Lauda, lau-au-da, lau-au-au-da-de.*" LB finishes writing and the music stops. He eyes the score...

...then he has another thought. Strings. He adds a long viola note under the harp's arpeggio. As he does, we hear it. So does he. He looks at it. Good.

He looks over what he's written again and we hear the whole thing together, the boy and the harp and the viola, a soprano and a baritone riffing on the first phrase...

LB reaches for the score and stands. The music takes us into --

57 **EXT. BACKYARD, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - MOMENTS LATER** 57

HIGH AND WIDE on LB as he walks into the yard, past the pool and toward the main house. The MUSIC CONTINUES, regaling him with the finale to Mass, the crescendo pushing him into --

58 **INT. DRAWING ROOM, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - CONTINUOUS** 58

The MUSIC CONTINUES. LB heads down the hall, passing the kitchen, the music serenading LB with his psalm. Jamie and Alexander are playing 'WAR' -- they call out, but LB barely notices, the music in his head overpowering their voices...

Felicia sits on the couch. She looks up at LB as he enters. Proud and spent, he raises the score in triumph.

LB

Hello, everyone, I have an announcement to make. I have finished Mass.

She looks at him. Really? LB nods, smiles. The kids clap. And now, Felicia jumps up, bolts out the open window.

NINA

Yay, daddy!

LB

(looking after Felicia)
Where's Mummy going?

59 **EXT. YARD/POOL, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - SAME TIME** 59

The MUSIC CONTINUES as Felicia, fully clothed, jumps in the pool. We hold high and wide over the pool, then...

60 **INT. DRAWING ROOM, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - SAME TIME** 60

The MUSIC CONTINUES as LB watches her in the pool from the window. And as the kids all rush out, his demeanor shifts. He takes a drag and simply picks up his finished score.

61 **INT. POOL, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - SAME TIME** 61

The MUSIC CONTINUES. We are underwater, Felicia at the bottom of the pool, motionless, a sense of peace perhaps in the escape of it all. Maybe not wanting to come back up, maybe preferring to stay, as if she could stay here frozen in amber.

62 **INT. CONCERT HALL, KENNEDY CENTER, WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT** 62

The MUSIC CONTINUES. We're LOW TO HIGH from the stage, looking up at the balcony as the audience takes in the end of Mass. There's some rustling of programs, some coughing.

We get the sense that the piece isn't landing as we slowly CRANE UP to the balcony, PUSHING IN on...

...LB, sitting with Tommy, in tuxedos now, with Felicia and Harry. As we PUSH IN, closer, LB leans over, whispering something to Tommy...

Tommy takes LB's hand, squeezes it. As LB takes solace there, we PUSH CLOSE IN on Felicia seeing it all. We PUSH IN on Felicia as we reach finale to Mass, Mass XVII. Pax: Communion - c. Almighty Father. The music takes us to...

63 INT. LOBBY, KENNEDY CENTER, WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

63

The MUSIC CONTINUES. We're in a packed Hall with patrons now engulfing the Bernsteins; photographers, camera crews, etc.

LB shakes hands, accept congratulations, then sees Felicia coming towards him. He leans in. She gives says something. It's not friendly. He looks frustrated, but she leaves...

...walking away from him, out of the melee.

64 INT. BATHROOM/BEDROOM, WATERGATE HOTEL, WASHINGTON, DC - LATER

64

We see Felicia in the mirror through the open bathroom door, gown on. She picks up a toothbrush and toothpaste, walks from camera left out of the bathroom into the hotel bedroom. She glances at her watch and grabs a pillow, LB's pajamas and slippers and walks toward us...

...placing everything in the suite outside the bedroom doors. She shuts the double doors on us and the MUSIC ENDS.

65 INT. FOYER/LIVING ROOM, DAKOTA APARTMENT, NEW YORK, NY - DAY

65

In the vestibule, doors open revealing LB, sunglasses on as he reaches down for something. MIKE, the doorman, follows with a luggage cart. LB comes back into frame with a STUFFED SNOOPY, sunglasses on. Julia Vega opens the foyer doors for him.

LB

Who left snoopy in the vestibule? Julia, who left the Snoopy in the vestibule?

JULIA VEGA

Ah, los niños.

LB walks into the living room filled with kids and adults leaning out the window, cheering and looking onto the parade.

LB

Hello, Brian.

LB nods to one of the kids, holds up Snoopy and calls out --

LB
 Alex, who left, who abandoned
 Snoopy in the vestibule? Who
 abandoned Snoopy? I mean it's
his day.

ALEX
 Oh God that was me, I'm sorry
 daddy. I brought him in for
 Wallace. Wallace loves Snoopy
 and then Sweet Gene started
 eating it.

Young Nina, 9, rushes up.

NINA
 Daddy! Daddy, but there's a
 more important, Daddy, you
 have to listen to me...

ALEX
 Stop! Why are you going on
 and on about this?

NINA
 Shush! Because, Daddy, Daddy?
 Daddy, daddy, there was a
 woman...

LB
 What? What happened? I'm
 sorry. I'm so sorry...

They walk to the window, LB giving Nina his attention at last.

66

INT. LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY, DAKOTA APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

66

LB moves towards the bedroom, Jamie meets him in stride.

JAMIE
 You're a day late to Thanksgiving.

LB still has his sunglasses on, inferring perhaps it was more
 than he's letting on.

LB
 I know, Harry had me going all over,
 I had to do something for Deutsche
 Grammophon...

JAMIE
 Nina was very upset.

LB
 Well, I don't think-- Nina doesn't
 seem so upset to me.

JAMIE
 Did you just see her
 screaming about some random
 woman on the street thinking
 she hurt herself?

LB
 (notices a neighbor)
 How are you?

LB leans in, the neighbor hugs him.

NEIGHBOR
How are you? Happy
Thanksgiving!

LB
(off neighbor's son)
Oh, you finally got him a
camera?

NEIGHBOR
It was a surprise for his 11th
birthday. Thank you for having us...

JAMIE
She's not upset about a
woman, she's-- Daddy!

LB
(to the neighbor)
Oh, you're welcome, of
course!

Julia walks up with a carton of milk and hands it to LB.

LB
Thank you, Julia.

He begins to walk, always moving, back toward the entrance
hallway. Jamie moves in, trying to drive her point home.

LB
Tell me.

JAMIE
Daddy, Nina's not upset about the
woman in the street, she's upset
about you almost missing
Thanksgiving. We didn't know if you
were coming or not.

LB
Happy Thanksgiving, darling.

Conversation over. LB turns to Mike the doorman, heading out.

LB
Mike, please stay.

JAMIE
Daddy...

MIKE
Thanks, I gotta go back down.

LB
Jamie, can you please take
care of Mike...

JAMIE
Of course, yeah, yeah.

Jamie pulls Mike back into the party.

JAMIE
Come on, Mike. Do you want any snacks
or anything first? You're alright?
The view is good from over here.

MIKE
No I'm good, I'm good. Happy
Thanksgiving.

LB continues on down the hall, slow, head hung. He chugs the milk from the open carton.

67

INT. BEDROOM, DAKOTA APARTMENT, NEW YORK, NY - SAME TIME

67

We SEE AND HEAR the Parade outside. Felicia sits on the window sill, smoking and waiting. A timid knock on the door.

LB (O.C.)
Darling?

FELICIA
Hmm.

We hear LB amble in and close the door behind him.

LB (O.C.)
For a second I thought, well... It
was quite a stunt that you pulled.

What?	FELICIA	LB (O.C.) That was quite a stunt that you pulled.
-------	---------	---

FELICIA
What do you mean?

LB comes in, glasses still on. They hold both sides of the frame on opposite ends.

LB
Well, darling, you put the pillow
outside and then my slippers and the
toothpaste and a toothbrush and I
haven't seen you since. I understand
you're angry with me...

LB moves toward the bar, but knocks into the coffee table.

LB (CONT'D)
Jesus christ... But let's be
reasonable.

He puts the milk carton on the bar cart, takes off his jacket and makes himself a drink.

FELICIA
There is a saying in Chile about
never standing under a bird that's
full of shit.
(MORE)

FELICIA (CONT'D)

And I have just been living under that fucking bird for so long, it's actually become comedic.

LB sits on the couch.

LB

Well, I think that you are letting your own sadness get the better of you --

FELICIA

Oh, just stop it! This has nothing to do with me. No!

LB

Let me at least finish, let me finish what I am going to say! I think you are letting your sadness get the better of you.

FELICIA

No! No! This has nothing to do with me. It's about you. So you should love it!

LB

Okay...

LB goes for the milk again.

FELICIA

You want to be sleepless, and depressed and sick -- you want be all those things so you can avoid fulfilling your obligations.

LB

What obligations?

FELICIA

To what you've been given, to the gift you've been given. My God!

LB

Oh, please, please. The gift comes with burdens if you have any idea. I'm sorry to just admit it, but that's the truth.

FELICIA

Oh, the burden of feigning honesty and love? That above all, you love people?

LB

I do love people.

FELICIA

And it's from that wellspring of love that complications arise in your life?

LB
That's exactly right.

FELICIA
Wake up! Wake up! Take off
your glasses!

LB does, taking off his glasses.

FELICIA
Hate in your heart! Hate in your
heart, and anger-- for so many
things, it's hard to count-- that's
what drives you. Deep, deep anger
drives you. You aren't up on that
podium allowing us all to experience
the music the way it was intended.
You are throwing it in our faces...

LB
How dare you? How dare you.
Oh, please, please...

FELICIA
...how much we will never be
able to ever understand and
by us witnessing you do it so
effortlessly, you hope that
we will know, really know,
deep in our core, how less
than we all are to you.

LB
No, that's your issue, if you
feel less than. Join the
crowd, join the line of
people that feel 'less than'
with me.

FELICIA
And it's your hubris that
kills me. You prance around
with all your dewy-eyed
waiters that Harry corrals
for you, under the guise they
have something intellectual
to offer you, while you are,
dare I say, 'teaching' them.

LB
Well at least my heart is open.

FELICIA
Oh my God, the audacity to say that.
Have you forgotten about the four
years where you couldn't decide if
you wanted to marry me?

LB
I think you only wanted the
idea of me, that's what I
think, the idea.

FELICIA
The idea of you? The idea?

LB

It's like that Richard Chamberlain movie that we saw last week and he said *'How could I ever compete with the man that you think I am?'*

LB gets up toward the bar.

FELICIA

Thank God I met Dick so that I could fucking survive your indecision.

LB

Dick Hart. Richard Hart. Who fucking died, who died!

FELICIA

Yes, who loved me. Who loved me!

LB

Oh yeah, and he's a corpse now, and I was the one who was a fool, waiting outside the fucking hospital for you like an idiot in my truth.

Felicia finally stands, digs in.

FELICIA

Your truth is a fucking lie that sucks up all the energy in every room and gives the rest of us zero opportunity to live or even breathe as our true selves. Your truth makes you brave and strong and saps the rest of us of any kind of bravery or strength. Because it's so draining, Lenny, it's so fucking draining to love and accept someone who doesn't love and accept themselves. And that's the only truth I know about you.

They are now face to face.

FELICIA (CONT'D)

If you're not careful, you're going to die a lonely old queen.

A beat. Then they hear Alex and Nina call out from the hall.

ALEX (O.C.)

Mummy! Daddy!

NINA

(O.C.)

Mom, Dad! Daddy! Look!

Knocking starts on the door...

ALEXANDER (O.S.)
Snoopy's here, hurry up!

NINA (O.C.)
Mummy! C'mon, you're going to miss Snoopy!

We SEE a GIANT SNOOPY FLOAT pass the windows as it moves down Park Avenue and in between LB and Felicia.

NINA AND ALEXANDER (O.C.)
What are you guys doing in there?
You've been in there for ages. Dad!

LB
(calls back to them)
Yes...

FELICIA
I'll go.

And she leaves him alone as the family cheers the parade and celebration below. We stay with him alone for a beat.

68 **INT. AVERY FISHER HALL, LINCOLN CENTER, NY - DAY (FALL 1976)** 68

An open Thursday afternoon rehearsal, audience applause as LB walks in from the wings. He waves, greets orchestra members.

LB
Hello! Hello, how are you? Hello.
Hello, how are you, oh wonderful.

LB walks up to the podium is in a sweater and jeans; heavier, bearded now. LB hesitates, a bit anxious. Then --

LB (CONT'D)
What I love about these Thursday rehearsals is that we get a chance to talk to you about what we think of the music. So, thank you for coming and good afternoon. Um... today we're studying Shostakovich's 14th, opus 135. What I realize, about this piece, and it could be morbid but I tend to think that it's not, is that as death approaches, I believe that an artist must cast off anything that's restraining him. And an artist must be resolute in creating, with whatever time he has left, in absolute freedom.

LB pauses. He looks over and we see Tommy, eyes fixated upon LB from the wings. And then LB continues.

LB

And that's why I have to do this for myself. I have to live the rest of my life, however long or short that may be, exactly the way that I want, as more and more of us are in this day and age.

LB turns to conduct and we...

69

INT. SOUNDSTAGE, TELEVISION STUDIO, NEW YORK, NY - DAY

69

We are HIGH LOOKING DOWN onto a colorful set, a CHAMBER ORCHESTRA forming a wave on the back wall around two circular stages. Felicia and Mendy are in the center of one, reading **Facade** (poems by Sitwell, accompaniment by Walton).

MENDY

*Beelzebub called for his syllabub
In the hotel, in hell
Where Persephone first fell,
Where blue as the gendarmerie
Were the waves of the sea.*

We're in the POV of a TV camera as it swoops down past the orchestra CONDUCTOR... coming to rest close to our readers.

FELICIA

*Rocking and shocking the barmaid
Like balaclava the lava
Came down from the roof,
And the sea's
Blue wooden gendarmerie...*

MENDY

*Took them in charge while
Beelzebub roared for his rum.*

FELICIA AND MENDY

None of them come!

COLIN

And cut. Thank you, that's 15.

A bell rings, everyone breaks. Felicia turns to Mendy. The STAGE MANAGER approaches with two aspirin and some water.

FELICIA

Oh my goodness, I don't think my mouth has ever moved so fast.

STAGE MANAGER

Here you are, Felicia.

FELICIA

(taking them)
Thank you, sweet Colin.

The DIRECTOR walks up. Felicia catches his eye as she takes the aspirin.

FELICIA
I'd like to do once more if
you don't mind.

DIRECTOR
Yes, of course.

As they talk, we see Cynthia O'Neal walk up from the back.

DIRECTOR
So, this thing, where...
(tapping under his chin)
Remember, if you hold the score low,
you get a better bounce up here.

FELICIA
Lower, I was doing it higher. If we
do it again, I'd love to start at
bar forty-four, and I do believe
percussion could be a little bit
quieter.

DIRECTOR
Absolutely.

He walks off as...

MENDY
Still have a headache?

FELICIA
It's fine. Cynthia!

CYNTHIA
Do they realize it's only a matter
of time before you direct the
entire production?

MENDY
It's already happening, the carpet
was a different color yesterday.

FELICIA
You said I was right about
the carpet!

MENDY
I agree!

FELICIA
Well, I just forgot how much I love
being at work!
(to Cynthia)
We're almost finished.

CYNTHIA
Oh, the reservation can wait, this
is such a hoot, really.

MENDY

Wait, I thought tonight was my night
to take you out.

FELICIA

...You both have to stop worrying
about me, I'm fine, I mean I'm
busier than ever.

CYNTHIA

Better, not "busier, although boy
that's true, isn't it? Doesn't *Poor
Murderer* go into previews next week?

The bell rings again.

FELICIA

God, don't remind me.

MENDY

Who said anything about worrying?
I'm just greedy to get as much of
you as I can get.

FELICIA

I'm all yours.

70

INT. LIVING ROOM, BUNGALOW, LOS ANGELES, CA - DAY

70

A party. Find LB, still bearded, in an all-white, cashmere
track suit. He sits surrounded by men, Harry and Tommy hunched
over him while he holds a serving tray of cocaine.

LB

So... you were talking about
something, what were you talking
about?

TOMMY

I was talking bout how...
what was I talking about?

LB

I can't remember.

TOMMY

I was talking about how handsome
everybody looks tonight.

HARRY

Well, there are a lot of... lotta
hombres, lots tonight.

LB snorts the cocaine off the serving tray.

TOMMY
Some chickens?

HARRY
Some chickens.

TOMMY
That's what we call them.

HARRY
Always good with the chickens.

TOMMY
You really like the chickens.

HARRY
I love the chickens.

TOMMY
I know you do.

LB
Harry, do you wanna get, Harry?

LB lifts the tray of cocaine up, over his head. Harry goes to take the tray...

LB
No, just do it off of there.

HARRY
Yeah.

Harry snorts cocaine from the tray LB holds above his head.

LB
Did you get it?

TOMMY
Like a pro.

LB
It's raining down on me from your fucking nose. It's fine, it's just rained down my...

TOMMY
May I?

LB
Yeah, here you go, I'll just serve everybody, I'll just serve....

He holds out the tray of cocaine to Tommy who promptly snorts what's left.

71 **INT. BATHROOM, BUNGALOW, LOS ANGELES, CA - LATER**

71

The room dark. LB is hunched over, a phone up to his ear. Someone opens the door, daylight pours in as do the sounds of the living room filled with people.

LB
I'm fine, thank you.

MAN (O.C.)
Oh... sorry.

LB
It's okay. Don't worry about
it, it's okay.

MAN (O.C.)
I'm sorry, we can use the
other one.

They exit, leaving the door slightly open, leaving some light
on LB. He holds a phone to his ear. We hear Jamie's voice.

JAMIE (OVER PHONE)
Daddy...

LB (INTO PHONE)
Jesus, Jerry Robbins was right, you
can't maintain a relationship when
you're living in various hotel
rooms.

JAMIE (OVER PHONE)
You are going to start to upset me
now.

LB (INTO PHONE)
Listen, no, no, no... darling, no.
I just wanted to-- I was calling
because I wanted to ask you what
your plans are for the weekend.
Because I was thinking we're going
to be home in a couple of days and I
thought that perhaps we could all
spend it in Fairfield, you just have
to nudge Mummy, that's all.

JAMIE (OVER PHONE)
Who's we, Daddy?

LB (INTO PHONE)
No, no, no, no, I... well he's not a
monster. He's an utterly brilliant,
delightful fellow, he's my genius
little leprechaun. He not even my
type.

JAMIE (OVER PHONE)
Daddy, please don't. Daddy, please
don't talk to me about this.

LB (INTO PHONE)
Darling, I'm in awe of you.

Just silence on the other line.

LB (INTO PHONE)(CONT'D)
I love you so, Jamie. I love you.

JAMIE (OVER PHONE)
I know. I know.

LB (INTO PHONE)
I'll talk to Mummy again.

JAMIE (OVER PHONE)
Okay, daddy...

72

INT. PALM COURT, THE PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK, NY - DAY

72

Shirley and Jamie sit opposite Felicia, cocktails half gone.

JAMIE
I don't know if you saw it, but you
did get the most wonderful mention
in the New York Times Review.

FELICIA
Oh, really?

JAMIE
Cause I kept it for you, I thought I
could run it by the...

FELICIA
Oh no, I don't want to see
it. JAMIE
Oh...

FELICIA
No, I don't want, it just makes me
feel uncomfortable. But that's so
sweet. Thank you.

JAMIE
Alright.

WIDE as we take in the opulent restaurant setting, Felicia
small in the distance at a table with Shirley and Jamie.

SHIRLEY
How was Monday night?

FELICIA
Monday, no, I don't think... JAMIE
I want to talk about it. Wait, what happened on Monday
night?

FELICIA
Nothing.

SHIRLEY
Oh, your mother has a suitor.

FELICIA
No, no, no...

JAMIE
Oh really! No, please let's
talk about it!

FELICIA
(demurs)
I think it's enough that you are
subjected to your father's affair.

JAMIE
Oh, come on, Mummy.

FELICIA
No, I don't think we need to, but,
speaking of your father, I do have
two performances on Thanksgiving, so
I will stay at the theater and you
will eat with him at the apartment
with Nina and Alex. I think it's--
for Nina's sake, let's maintain some
semblance of normalcy.

JAMIE
Doesn't feel normal to me.

FELICIA
Well, I don't know what to say.

Jamie nods, capitulating. She notices the time.

JAMIE
I'm, um... I'm running late to meet
Alexander.

FELICIA
Oh, come on.

JAMIE
No, I really am. And you two
clearly have something to
speak about together, so...

FELICIA
No, Jaime that's not, no, no
don't, don't do that, don't
do that.

JAMIE
No, no, no, I'm giving you
guys space to speak about --

FELICIA
No, no, no, darling, that's
not, that's not how we do
things when, grown ups don't
do that.

JAMIE
Clearly you have things you
want to discuss without me
and I did make plans with
Alexander, so I'm going --

FELICIA

No, darling, no darling. We're not leaving like this. Look me in the eye. I can see how cross you are and I don't want you to go like that.

JAMIE

I'm not cross with you.

FELICIA

No, I don't believe you.

JAMIE

Hold on.

(she resets)

I am not angry with you, Mummy.

A tiny smile sneaks by.

FELICIA

You're a terrible liar.

JAMIE

(laughing)

At least you know you can trust me!

FELICIA

Well, that's true.

JAMIE

I'm going to clear out, alright.

I've got to make fun of Alex for not coming to see you yet!

FELICIA

I love you.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Rave about your performance a bit.

FELICIA

Well, if you must.

Jamie gets up, gives her mother a kiss, blows one to Shirley and then exits.

SHIRLEY

Okay, now, tell me about the suitor.

FELICIA

Oh, so yes, the suitor. So, ah well, I was very excited, as you know. I was very excited, as you know...

SHIRLEY

I do.

FELICIA

So we went out to lunch, not dinner.

SHIRLEY

Where?

FELICIA

Cafe Carlyle, nothing fancy and I was a little nervous, I'll admit, so was he. So half way through the meal he leans over and, and he asks if he can tell me a secret. He has a little crush, you see.

SHIRLEY

Indeed.

FELICIA

So I smiled. I blushed a little. And I push him to tell me. He has a crush on Mendy and he wants me to introduce them.

SHIRLEY

Mendy Wager?

FELICIA

Mendy. Oh, don't be so surprised. Mendy's a very handsome man.

SHIRLEY

Felicia.

Felicia trying hard not to wallow. To make light of it.

FELICIA

There I was. Blushing, butterflies, all atremble... and, well...
(trying to joke)
Seems I'm attracted to a certain type.

But Shirley can see how deeply devastated she is.

SHIRLEY

Listen... you know, Lenny loves you. He really does. He's just... a man. A horribly aging man, who cannot just be wholly one thing. He's lost.

FELICIA

I've always known who he is.
(then)
He called me, you know.

SHIRLEY

And...?

FELICIA

He wants us all to go to Fairfield together for two weeks. He sounded different.

SHIRLEY

Felicia...

FELICIA

No, let's not make excuses, he didn't fail me.

SHIRLEY

Felicia.

FELICIA

No, it's, it's my own arrogance... to think I could survive on what he could give. It's just so ironic, I would look at everyone, even my own children with such pity because of their longing for his attention. It was sort of a banner I wore so proudly, 'I don't need, I don't need.' And look at me now. Who's the one who hasn't been honest? I miss him, that child of mine.

They both just look at each other.

FELICIA (CONT'D)

Any questions?

Off Felicia, we hear the mezzo-soprano aria from Mahler's Symphony No. 2 in C Minor, "Resurrection": V. Finale. Im Tempo des Scherzos. The music takes us to...

73 EXT. ELY CATHEDRAL, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, ENGLAND - NIGHT

73

Establishing. Ely Cathedral, in all its glory, is lit up against the night sky as the MUSIC CONTINUES...

74 INT. ELY CATHEDRAL, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, ENGLAND - NIGHT

74

The MUSIC CONTINUES. We are now in the Cathedral at the actual performance of what we have been hearing, HIGH AND WIDE, looking down at 180 chorus members, 76 orchestra players, a packed audience and one small figure at the center of it all.

The musicians, woodwinds, percussions, brass, and strings, all swirling together in a bombardment of sound, a sound commanded by this LONE FIGURE -- yet we can feel his energy as he sways and moves his body and arms and hands, both athlete and dancer delivering us the music.

CHORUS (SINGS, IN GERMAN)
*I shall die to find life.
 You shall rise again.
 Yes, you shall rise again,
 My heart, in an instant.
 What you have overcome...
 Shall bring you to God.*

And as the music crescendos, we MOVE DOWN passing first the chorus then the orchestra then the conductor and the audience. We keep moving into...

75 **INT. STAGE, ELY CATHEDRAL, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, ENGLAND - CONTINUOUS** 75

The face of the conductor, LB, clean shaven again, for the first time emanating sheer, unabashed ecstasy.

A purity of spirit, a clarity of purpose, harnessing the power at being at the center -- the conduit for a symphony bringing forth this composer's work to the hall of the cathedral and the patrons who are bearing witness.

We can't help but think what it is to be him in this moment as he brings **Mahler's Symphony No. 2** to its conclusion...

76 **INT. WING, ELY CATHEDRAL, CAMBRIDGESHIRE - SAME TIME** 76

The music reaching its final note, we LAND OTS of a woman in a blue dress, revealing...

Felicia.

The audience erupts in a frenzy of applause and a smile crosses her face.

LB turns to bow, but just as quickly barrels off stage and collapses onto her -- the two of them almost one single form.

LB
 Darling, why did you come?

FELICIA
 There's no hate. There's no hate.
 There's no hate in your heart.

And after a moment, LB retracts from her, grabs her head, kisses her forehead, kisses her again and again. He pulls away from her and rushes back onto the stage.

LB arm in arm with his orchestra, a family, all smiles and joy, engulfing the lens.

Off Felicia, watching, ever small in the wings, the applause takes us to...

77 INT. WAITING ROOM, DR. KRUGER'S OFFICE, NY, NY - DAY (JULY 1977) 77

LB buys time with a cigarette and a magazine, in a waiting room. A woman enters the room from down a long hallway.

NURSE

Mr. Bernstein? You can come back now.

LB

Oh, wonderful.

78 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, DR. KRUGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

78

Felicia's seated on an examination table, wearing only a gown and socks. Her clothes folded meticulously on the side table. LB paces.

FELICIA

Want to sit down?

LB

Yes.

He sits on the examination table beside her, holds her hand, their feet dangling off the floor. She teases him.

FELICIA

You seem like you need your blood pressure taken.

LB

No, I'm fine, I'm fine.

FELICIA

You know Betty's coming for dinner tonight?

LB

I didn't know that, no.

FELICIA

She is. And Mendy. Which should be so nice. And Julia is going to go and get fennel, which you know Betty loves.

There's a knock at the door. Felicia calls out.

FELICIA

Come in.

DR. BERNARD KRUGER lumbers in, sets down a clipboard.

DR. KRUGER
Felicia.

FELICIA
Hello.

DR. KRUGER
How are you?

He sits on a stool, wheels over to Felicia and takes her hand.

DR. KRUGER
It looks like you have a tumor of the right side of the left breast which may have metastasized to the lung. Given the size of the tumor, I would recommend that we remove the breast, the underlying muscles and the adjacent lymph nodes, as well as do a biopsy of the lung, which will help us confirm whether there is spread or not. We can do all of this early next week, if you like.

FELICIA
...ah...

LB
Yes.

FELICIA
But I'm, darling I'm starting a play...

LB
It's okay, it's okay.

FELICIA
No, but I should let them know.

LB
I'll let them know, we'll let them know.

DR. KRUGER
I think your recovery will be faster than you think it will be and we can have you ready within about one to two weeks, I would think.

LB
That's wonderful news.

DR. KRUGER
You'll be able to do what you need to do.

FELICIA
Oh, goodness...

LB
And how can we be sure that the-- that we get all the cancer?

Well...
DR. KRUGER

LB
(clears his throat)
That we get all the cancer?

DR. KRUGER
We're not going to compromise on that for the play and you'll be-- once we take off the breast, there will be no more local cancer. We do have to determine about the lung, though.

LB
And how long will the biopsy take?

DR. KRUGER
The biopsy, just minutes, and you'll be sleeping from the other procedure and won't --

LB
Oh, so you do the, you do the...
(he takes a beat)
You do them both at the same time.

DR. KRUGER
Yes, we do the breast and it would be easy to do the biopsy of the lung.

Felicia nods, looks down, then gently weeps. LB pulls her in.

LB
(to the doctor)
Thank you, we'll just need a-- thank you.

Dr. Kruger gets up and leaves. LB holds Felicia.

LB
I know. I know.

FELICIA
I feel so ridiculous. I'm so ridiculous.

LB
I know, I know... there darling, it's okay darling.

He gets up and hugs her tight.

FELICIA
Oh, I don't really think so...

He rubs her back, the two of them clinging to each other.

79

INT. BLACK CAR, OUTSIDE DR. KRUGER'S OFFICE, NY, NY - DAY

79

We're in the back as the driver opens the door. LB and Felicia approach and he helps her in, then pauses. He leans in...

LB
Darling, let's take the park and walk.

FELICIA
Alright.

LB
Yes?

She hesitates.

LB
Yes, let's get some air.

FELICIA
Okay.

He takes her hand and leads her back out of the darkness of the car and into the light.

80

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, NY - MOMENTS LATER

80

WIDE across a green vista, over a pond we find LB and Felicia. He helps her sit down on the grass.

FELICIA
Oh my god.

LB
You alright?

FELICIA
No, I'm fine, something's wrong with my knee.

LB
Oh, I have an idea.

He sits behind her, back to back like the two of them were that day in Tanglewood all those years ago. They laugh.

Felicia lights up.

LB
Oh, is that a lighter, darling?

FELICIA
You mind your own business.

LB takes it all in. We hear the clarinet open of Bernstein's *Symphony No. 2 "The Age of Anxiety", Pt. 1: A. The Prologue.*

LB
I'm thinking of a number...

FELICIA
(she laughs)
Oh, I don't know. Nine.

LB
No.

FELICIA
Five.

LB
No, you have to think!

FELICIA
(laughs)
I'm trying, I'm trying to.

LB
It's two, darling.

FELICIA
Two...

LB
It's two. Like us.

FELICIA
Hmm?

LB
Like us, a pair.

FELICIA
Hmm.

LB
Two little ducks in a pond.
(then)
Throw your weight on me, darling.

FELICIA
I am. I am.

LB
That's it. Put all your weight on
me, yes, that's it. Lean your head
back, that's it.

81 INT. SITTING ROOM, EAST HAMPTON HOUSE, LONG ISLAND, NY - DAY

81

Felicia. Sitting in a chair, gaunt, bald underneath a frilly, blue cotton Kenneth mobcap, tea and tissues by her side.

CYNTHIA

Oh, my dear.

FELICIA

Hello, dears. Hello.

Cynthia, in a perm, and Mendy walk in. Felicia doesn't get up to greet them, but they kiss her where she sits and settle in across from her on the couch.

MENDY

Gorgeous. Missed you.

FELICIA

Missed you so much.

JAMIE (O.C.)

Mummy, are you alright?

FELICIA

I'm fine.

Cynthia and Mendy sit across from her.

CYNTHIA

My dear...

FELICIA

Did you have a nightmare getting here?

CYNTHIA

Of course.

(about Mendy)

This one was driving.

FELICIA

(laughing)

Oh, no...

MENDY

I don't think we could have gone farther east if we tried.

CYNTHIA

You know I hate driving. Oh, I wish I'd come earlier. Is there anything you need? Anything I can do?

FELICIA

(after a beat)

Never get another perm.

MENDY
 (laughs)
 That's what I said!

CYNTHIA
 Ramon said it was a triumph!

MENDY
 It's a gigantic triumph!

Felicia laughs, which causes her to cough up phlegm. She takes a tissue to her mouth and discards it. Cynthia pivots.

CYNTHIA
 Where's, uh, where's Lenny?

FELICIA
 Oh, I don't know, he's sleeping or something.

CYNTHIA
 Do you remember that, um,
 that bar mitzvah that you
 dragged me to, one of
 Alexander's friends, the
 little...

FELICIA
 I do, the, em... oh, what was
 his name? Feldman.

CYNTHIA
 (nods, to Mendy)
 Yes. So we're there and I'm of
 course seated next to our dear
 Felicia here and she looks stunning
 as usual, woe is me. And Lenny's, oh
 about 25 pounds lighter, yeah? And
 tanned, just tanned, all in white
 from head to toe, including white
 patent leather shoes with no socks.

FELICIA
 That was very en-vogue.

MENDY
 A lie.

CYNTHIA
 Well, at one point Lenny, he gets
 up, you know in that all-white
 attire, and makes his way up to the
 lectern --

Felicia coughs violently into one of her pocket squares, interrupting Cynthia. After an awful few moments, she finishes and, ever graceful, tucks the square away.

FELICIA

No, it's fine. The... um... Lenny in the white suit.

CYNTHIA

Yes, yes, and he's all in white, and um, he, he goes up to the lectern and um, you know I don't think anyone had even asked him to speak.

FELICIA

(smiles with effort)
No.

CYNTHIA

But, it took him oh, about twenty minutes just to walk from our table up there, you know, stopping at every table he passed, chit-chatting of course, and finally he arrives up there next to that frightened boy and Felicia leans over to me without missing a beat and says...

(as Felicia)

"And now we have the Bride."

Mendy laughs. And Felicia too, wincing a bit... And then, almost if on cue, we HEAR Here Comes the Bride over piano. Felicia and the others look over --

MENDY

He is risen!

LB is at the piano, in his pajamas and bathrobe, easily playing a beautiful rendition of the wedding classic. Further back, the three grown children, Jamie, 25; Alexander, 22, long hair; Nina, 16, a brainy teen, scramble into position, walking down the aisle with a fern haphazard as a flower bouquet.

MENDY

Oh, a production!

As the others laugh, Felicia looks on, on a different page.

82 INT. SITTING ROOM, EAST HAMPTON HOUSE, LONG ISLAND, NY - LATER 82

LB and Felicia are mid-goodbyes with Cynthia and Mendy.

LB

We'll see you. Okay. Alright, bye.
I'll see you. Love you.

Felicia can't handle it any longer. She turns away and LB immediately comes to her.

FELICIA

I don't want any more visitors. No more, no more, I want to go to bed.

LB

Yes, okay.

LB takes her off to bed.

83 **INT. BEDROOM, EAST HAMPTON HOUSE, LONG ISLAND, NY - DAY**

83

LB on the phone, sitting on a sofa chair.

LB (INTO PHONE)

Yes, no. You're going to have to cancel it. Yes. Well... no, I'm not leaving. Well, that's out of the question. I've had a relationship with that orchestra for fifteen years, I think they'll understand. No, that's out of the-- I'm not leaving here, Harry, you're gonna have to figure it out. Yes. Yes, we're doing fine.

LB hangs up. Gets up, looks down the hallway and closes the door. We are alone with him now, for the first time. He sits back down and pulls up the cushion and simply screams into it.

One gets the sense this is not an environment he is comfortable with, yet he needs this isolation to process the prospect of what life will be like without Felicia.

84 **INT. BATHROOM, EAST HAMPTON HOUSE, LONG ISLAND, NY - DAY**

84

Find Felicia, sitting on a closed toilet seat, pulling toilet paper off the roll and carefully folding pieces into little, rectangular pocket squares.

85 **INT. BATHROOM, EAST HAMPTON HOUSE, LONG ISLAND, NY - LATER**

85

Jamie hands a glass of water to Felicia, who forces it down.

JAMIE

Are you using the bathroom?

FELICIA

No! I can't!

JAMIE

Well, so you have to drink your water.

FELICIA
 (tries to get up)
 I'm trying! Oh my God, I'm freezing
 cold all the time...

Jamie takes Felicia's arm, helps her up best she can.

JAMIE
 Here, let me help --

FELICIA
 No, I don't, I don't need
 help! I don't need it. I
 don't need it. Let go!

86 **INT. FELICIA'S BEDROOM, EAST HAMPTON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER** 86

Felicia sits in bed with Jamie trying to tuck her in, make her
 feel more comfortable.

FELICIA
 Get into bed, come on, I
 don't need all this fuss...

JAMIE
 Are the pillows alright?

FELICIA
 Honestly they're fine. Come on.

Jamie climbs into bed next to her mother.

FELICIA
 Just lie down. Just lie down.

JAMIE
 Okay.

Felicia embraces Jamie, holding her tight.

FELICIA
 I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. You
 know, all you need, all anyone needs
 is to be sensitive to others.
 Kindness. Kindness. Kindness.

Jamie, on her shoulder, takes this in.

87 **EXT. LIVING ROOM, EAST HAMPTON HOUSE, LONG ISLAND. NY - DAY** 87

We hear scissors snipping hair and see LB checking his watch.

LB
 Darling, it's ten minutes past half
 hour, did you take your medicine?

We TILT up to see Felicia in a sundress and mobcap, cutting
 LB's hair...

FELICIA
No, I don't...

LB
Well, how's your pain threshold?

Felicia's a bit out of it because of all the drugs she's on.

FELICIA
I think he told me not to take it.

LB
Who? Who told you?

FELICIA
Arkell.

LB
Darling, no, Arkell is not our
doctor. It's Kruger. Bernard. Arkell
was our doctor many years ago.

FELICIA
Of course, no, I don't know
what I'm...

LB
Maybe you should go take some
medicine. How's your pain,
are you in pain?

FELICIA
No, it's fine. Fine.

He reaches for Felicia's hand, kisses it.

LB
No pain?

FELICIA
No.

LB
Okay, well, after this, take it.

CLOSE on a record player and a few records. One of them stands
out. Nina picks it up. *Shirley Ellis, The Clapping Song.*

LB (O.C.)
Alright? Darling, alright?

FELICIA (O.C.)
No, I know... I'm
concentrating.

NINA
Look what I found.

JAMIE (O.C.)
Oh!

LB
What is it?

And when they see what she is holding, they excite.

LB
Oh, yes!

NINA
Speaking of childhood memories...

JAMIE
That could be a good idea.

ALEX
Far more interesting.

LB
Now is it?

JAMIE
Put it on.

LB
Do you remember that song,
dear?

FELICIA
I do, of course.

LB
You do?

FELICIA
Of course!

She puts on the Shirley Ellis single and we hear the symbols that mark the beginning of *The Clapping Song*.

ALEX
Do you remember the dance?

FELICIA
No...

LB
Who remembers it?

JAMIE
(to Alex)
Do you remember the dance?

LB
Who was the...
(points to Alex)
You were the worst at it. You were
the absolute worst at it.

We go WIDE on the living room. As the music kicks in, the three grown children start to dance. Jamie, Alexander, with Nina jumping in. Jamie and Nina clap hands.

JAMIE
Get your hands into it.

LB smiles as he gets up, turns to Felicia and takes her hand. She resists, but LB pulls her into a gentle dance.

LB
(to the kids)
Come here, everybody.

The family comes in for a group hug, enveloping Felicia with love, *The Clapping Song* playing all the while.

88 **EXT. SEA WALL, EAST HAMPTON HOUSE, LONG ISLAND, NY - DAY** 88

Sweet Gene runs down the sea wall at the edge of the yard behind the house. Julia Vega comes running, waving a dish towel frantically.

JULIA VEGA

Sweet Gene! Come here! Vamos a casa!

89 **INT. FELICIA'S ROOM, EAST HAMPTON HOUSE - SAME TIME** 89

Felicia lies in bed, still. A nurse sits along the wall. We hear LB bound up the stairs.

LB (O.C.)

Where's the patient? Where is the patient?

He comes into Felicia's room, giddy, dressed as a doctor.

LB

The doctor is here.
(noticing a nurse)
Hello, nurse, the doctor is.,,

But as he gets to the bed, he stops. Staring. At Felicia, prone. LB steps forward. Felicia reaches for his hand. She wants him to lie down with her. Felicia holds onto his arm. She doesn't want him to go. He lies down beside her...

LB

I love you.

FELICIA

You smell like tuna fish. And cigarettes.

LB

You caught me. It's horrible.

LB kisses her cheek and spoons into her. Fighting back tears. Her breathing heavy. And as they lie there, Felicia looking out, she slips away.

90 **INT. FELICIA'S BATHROOM, EAST HAMPTON HOUSE - DAY** 90

A clean POV from the upstairs bathroom window beside Felicia's bedroom. We're looking out at the yard.

A beat. Through the window, we see Nina run out across the lawn. Moments later, LB runs after her.

He reaches her, pulls her to him. In tears, Nina buries her head in his neck and he picks her up, carrying her back toward the house. Alex joins, walks them back inside.

As at the open, we hear the piano beginnings of the Postlude from A Quiet Place and we dissolve to --

91 EXT. SEA WALL, EAST HAMPTON HOUSE, LONG ISLAND, NY - DAY 91

The MUSIC CONTINUES. LB stands at the sea wall, looking out.

92 EXT. DRIVEWAY, EAST HAMPTON HOUSE, LONG ISLAND, NY - DAY 92

The MUSIC CONTINUES. We are OVER a station wagon, looking back toward the house. LB and the kids and Julia Vega finish packing up the cars, closing trunks and car doors, everyone getting in to go, everyone save for Felicia.

They drive away from us as the music ends and we dissolve to --

93 EXT. THE SHED, TANGLEWOOD, LENOX, MA - DAY (LATE SUMMER 1989) 93

As when we first saw it (P.23), we see a vast lawn leading to a theater-like structure in the distance, centered by a phalanx of tall, evergreen trees.

We are back at Tanglewood, looking at The Shed, but now in color. Without music. And instead of LB and Felicia walking past us, we just hold here for a moment...

...until we hear a car in the distance. R.E.M.'s The End of the World As We Know It on the radio. The car comes toward us. A vintage, gold convertible Mercedes lurches up beside The Shed, the song mentioning LB by name...

We catch the license plate (MAESTRO1) as the car comes to a stop. A beat, then...

LB opens the door and hoists himself out of the car.

He's flamboyantly dressed in a thin t-shirt, red hoodie and sunglasses. An assistant gets out of the car.

LB
Get the bag.

He opens the trunk as LB barrels toward...

94 INT. STAGE/HOUSE, THE SHED, TANGLEWOOD - MOMENTS LATER 94

A dozen twenty-somethings in the front rows look with awe and reverence at LB, glasses on, who stands by the stage speaking to a YOUNG BLACK MAN (WILLIAM), sweaty in casual clothes.

LB isn't shy about putting his hand on William's shoulder as he speaks to him. The orchestra tunes.

LB

I think the main component of this whole piece is becoming one with not only the timpani in the back, but also the violins in the front. You have to treat them all as one organism. If you do that, if you just work from there, then I've got you, so don't worry. Okay? I'm right here and I'm going to bring you through it, okay? Here we go.

LB sits in the front row, gives William a thumbs up as he moves to the podium. Then LB raises his hand to introduce...

LB

William, everybody!

William stands at the podium, nervous. He eyes the score, takes a deep breath...

WILLIAM

Bar three-eleven, please.

...and after counting under his breath, he drives the orchestra through Beethoven's Symphony No. 8 in F-Major, Op. 93 I. Allegro vivace e con brio. They're together right up until the fermata, and then LB stands, interrupting...

LB

Okay. Sorry...

The orchestra stops.

LB

Sorry, but now that you made it clear...

WILLIAM

Yes.

LB

...that you're retarding into the fermata.

WILLIAM

Yeah, I'm just still unclear afterwards.

LB

No, it's fine, everything's together, but what happens afterwards? What are you going to do? Cause they don't know.

(MORE)

LB (CONT'D)

Are you going to bleed out of it?
Are you going to drip out of it?
What are you going to do?

WILLIAM

I'll do this.

William holds up his baton to LB as if to say he's got it.

LB

Leak out of it. That's what it
sounded like.

We hear chuckles from the orchestra and small audience.
William addresses the orchestra.

WILLIAM

Fermata.

LB

Bar before.

WILLIAM

Bar before.

William again counts off under his breath then takes the
orchestra into the fermata, but as he continues...

LB

No, that's not, that's not clear.

William cuts off the orchestra.

WILLIAM

No, I didn't feel that.
(to the orchestra)
One more time, please. Sorry.

LB

Shall I...?

But William's already begun again, closing his eyes now and
trying to lead them. But as he gets past the fermata...

LB

Okay, that's very nice, that's very
nice, but that's still a bar.

LB begins to approach. William cuts off the orchestra as LB
steps onto the stage.

LB
 So, if I could just show you what I
 think you want and then, if I'm
 wrong, you'll tell me.

WILLIAM
 Yes.

LB takes William's baton.

LB
 So, I think you want to do, where
 you want to take them is you want to
 do a cutoff and an upbeat. Quarters,
 I think that's what you really mean.
 (to the orchestra)
 Bar before the fermata.

He dives in, taking the orchestra through the same piece but
 guiding them with ease. We can hear the difference.

WILLIAM
 Ah, yes.

LB
 Right? Did I get it? What did I do?

William smiles, starts to recite the pattern.

LB
 Ah, that's what I did...

The orchestra begins to stamp its feet, akin the clapping.

LB
 Oh...
 (to William)
 Is that for me or for you?
 (it's for LB)
 Oh, more! More, more, more!

LB encourages the adulation. Everyone laughs and claps.

LB
 (arm around William)
 That was very good. Very good. Okay,
 start back here. Okay, thank you...

LB pats William on the shoulder, steps off the stage, heading
 into the house. He turns back to the orchestra.

LB
 Be kind to him.

And as William raises his baton to try again, we hear the beat of the electronic bass opening of *Tears for Fears*' **Shout**.

95 **INT. SMALL THEATER, TANGLEWOOD - NIGHT**

95

A wild party. Red cups and bottles of liquor, passed joints hot boxing the room of students grooving to the '80s classic. Find LB in the middle of it all, shirt unbuttoned to reveal a hairy gray chest and that belly. His eyes almost closed as he dances with the conducting student, William. Close. Sensual.

Then standing alone, pounding on his chest gorilla style, free, untamed, in his element.

LB (PRELAP)

'If summer doesn't sing in you, then nothing sings in you. And if nothing sings in you, then you can't make music.'

96 **INT. LIVING ROOM, FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - DAY (1989)**

96

We're back to where we began, LB at the piano in his Fairfield living room, addressing the interviewer.

LB (CONT'D)

Something she told me when I was gloomy about something and recited this Edna St. Vincent Millay poem, which then became Songfest. But summer does still sing in me. Not as strongly as it used to or as often. But it sure does. If not, I would have jumped into the lake long ago.

LB takes a long drag, contemplative. Then --

LB (CONT'D)

Any questions?

97 **EXT. FAIRFIELD HOUSE, CONNECTICUT - DAY (1955, MEMORY)**

97

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Felicia, young, full of life, looks directly at us.

We hear LB's **Chichester Psalms: II. Psalm 23**.

She looks at us with a certain enigmatic allure, a timeless, captivating smile crosses her lips before she turns away.

Over her back, a title fills the screen.

"MAESTRO"

SMASH TO BLACK.

98 **CREDIT SEQUENCE: ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE**

98

MUSIC CONTINUES as we fade up on archival footage of the real Leonard Bernstein, late 60s, conducting a full orchestra.

His genius on full display, emotional, brilliant.

As the conducting concludes, Bernstein blows a kiss and we...

FADE OUT.