

# TÁR

Written by  
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Based on this script's page count, it would be reasonable to assume that the total running time for TÁR will be well under two hours. However, this will not be a reasonable film. There will be tempo changes, and soundscapes that require more time than is represented on the page, and of course a great deal of music performed on screen. All this to say, if you are mad enough to greenlight this film, be prepared for one whose necessary length represents these practical accommodations.

## OVERTURE

Hildur Guðnadóttir at full tilt. Horned-voices cut to

## THE TICK-TOCK OF A METRONOME

Punctuating credits filling a single black frame. One after the other, side-by-side, like players seated on a cramped stage.

## OPEN COLD

On a SMARTPHONE displaying the face of LYDIA TÁR (49) asleep on the calfskin headrest of a G550. Someone tick-tock TEXTING snide back-and-forth comments about her over the plane wifi.

## HER FACE AWAKE NOW

Somewhere else, focused on something in the middle-distance, her posture and expression as steady as a statue. Eyes neutral. Almost empty. But this center will not hold. Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick--the metronome abruptly stops. They arrive in twos followed by a rest: whisper(s), twice-cracked knuckles. The once and again hocking of phlegm. Incessant humming in a duet with someone who cannot whistle. Chewing, and lip-smacking. Sibilant sounds (S&P, T&CH, K&B). Abused adverbs and adjectives such as so amazing and crazy. Vocal fry that culminates in double-upwardy teenagery question marks. A water bottle being squeezed and crinkled. The rude rustle of a plastic shopping bag in an otherwise quiet auditorium. Fingers digging the dregs from a popcorn tub. The jiggle of a table disturbed by a hyperactive leg. The double-clicking of a ballpoint pen. The muffled bass of an over-volumed TV coupled with the goose-stepping stride of someone walking on the floor above. The particular becomes the general, the noises described combine into a deafening mix, like a foul orchestra unsuccessfully attempting to tune. Throughout the above, Tár's face a cubist mask of wincing and grimaces born of terror that modulates into unmitigated rage. Someone's HAND squirts PURELL into hers, then passes her a GLASS of WATER and PILL in a PAPER CUP, she barely nods before washing it down. ANGLE ADJUSTS to see the svelte swaying back of her assistant FRANCESCA LENTINI (32) depart with the empty glass into the backstage area of ALICE TULLY HALL, replaced by ADAM GOPNIK who enters the RS wing and moves to Lydia. Noises diminuendo to ambience.

GOPNIK

Ready for them?

Up with APPLAUSE that swells and ebbs across...

## STEINWAY PIANO WHEELS ROLLED ACROSS A FLOOR

Expensive CARPETS ROLLED toward us. LATER Francesca, face unseen, lugging one of them away on her shoulder.

NOW holding a GIANT STACK OF Deutsche Grammophon LPS, dealing them out like playing cards, covering the entire floor of a Charlottenburg apartment.

GOPNIK (O.C.)

If you're here then you know who she is. One of the most important musical figures of our era.

BARE FEET break frame, walking over, and across, the faces of great men. From Walter to Bernstein. Toes pausing. Pushing to the side this one, then that. Like a game of scrabble, the toes rearrange, reject, and reorder.

GOPNIK (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Lydia Tár is many things: a piano performance graduate of the Curtis Institute, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Harvard. And she earned her P.H.D. in Musicology from the University of Vienna, specializing in indigenous music from the Ucayali valley in Eastern Peru, where she spent five years amongst the Shipibo-Konibo.

The toes come to rest on the face of Claudio Abbado hunched over a score resting on the back of a theatre chair. The impression is that of an honest laborer in honest clothes.

DETAILS OF THE COVER: Abbado's sport coat draped across an adjacent chair, right hand using a red pencil to work over a green baize clothbound score of Mahler's Symphony No. 5.

GOPNIK (O.C.) (CONT'D)

As a conductor Tár began her career with the Cleveland Orchestra.

THE TOES rise from the floor to make room for the arrival of someone else's BARE FOOT, then slowly descend to caress them.

GOPNIK (O.C.) (CONT'D)

One of the so-called "Big five" in the United States... a string of important posts followed at the...

RED VELVET

Theatre chairs are set down by BURLY FINGERS.

GOPNIK (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Philadelphia Orchestra...

BOX-AFTER-BOX OF RED PENCIL BRANDS

Opened and examined by DELICATE FINGERS.

GOPNIK (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra...

STACKS OF SCORES

In varied hues of green, each compared to the one previous.

GOPNIK (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Boston Symphony Orchestra...

MARC STRAUB OF EGON BRANDSTETTER

Takes a phone appointment for Tár, logging it into his book.

FRANCESCA VISITS EGON

The tailor studies the Abbado clothing of the Mahler V DG cover.

GOPNICK (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
... and New York Philharmonic.  
With the latter she organized the  
Highway Ten refugee concerts in  
Zaatari -- concerts attended by  
over seventy-five thousand people.

THE FULL SOUP-TO-NUTS BESPOKE PROCESS TO REPLICATE THE OUTFIT

Including two fittings that involve Lydia herself.

DELIVERYMEN, guided by a barefoot Francesca, HAND TRUCK in an  
enormous full length GILT MIRROR.

GOPNIK (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Throughout this period Tár became  
known for championing contemporary  
composers. Seeking commissions  
from the likes of Jennifer Higdon,  
Caroline Shaw, Julia Wolfe, and  
Hildur Guðnadóttir. Programming their  
works alongside composers of the  
canon. This created controversy among  
some in classical music circles...

The mirror comes to a STOP, and is UNSTRAPPED...

GOPNIK (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
... with Tár quoted at the time as saying,

... the frame SECURED to a GIANT EASEL.

GOPNIK (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
"These composers are having a  
conversation..."

SOMETIME LATER

Deliverymen gone, Francesca too. Tár alone, on the other side  
of the room, seated in a theatre chair facing the mirror.

GOPNIK (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
... and it may not always be so polite."

Tilts her head, aping Abbado's pose as her own self-portrait.

UP IN THE FLYS OF ALICE TULLY HALL

A STAGEHAND focuses a LIGHT onto the stage below where Tár & Gopnick sit opposite each other in conversation.

GOPNIK (CONT'D)

Lydia Tár has also written music for the stage and screen, and is one of only fifteen "EGOT"s, meaning having received at least one of all of the four major entertainment awards: an Emmy, a Grammy, an Oscar and a Tony, competitively... just as an aside those other individuals include Richard Rodgers, John Gielgud, Audrey Hepburn, Andrew Lloyd Webber, and Mel Brooks.

SEAT 140, ROW V – THE BACK OF A REDHEADED WOMAN CENTERED

In frame like a fact throughout this part of the intro.

GOPNIK (CONT'D)

In twenty-ten, with the support of Eliot Kaplan, she founded the Accordion Conducting Fellowship which fosters entrepreneurship and performance opportunities for female conductors, allowing them residencies with orchestras around the world.

IN THE BACK OF THE HALL

Francesca turns her attention to the stage. We STAY on HER FACE listening to every word. LIPS in PERFECT SYNCH with Gopnik's. Robotic and unnerving.

GOPNIK (O.C.) (CONT'D)

In twenty-thirteen Berlin elected Tár as its principal conductor, in succession to Andris Davis. She's remained there ever since. Like her mentor Leonard Bernstein, Tár has a particular affinity with Mahler, whose nine symphonies she recorded during her big five stints.

CLOSER TO STAGE NOW

GOPNIK (CONT'D)

However, she never managed to complete the so-called "cycle" with a single orchestra. That is until now.

ON STAGE WITH GOPNIK & TÁR

GOPNIK (CONT'D)

Under her direction, Berlin has recorded *eight*. Saving Symphony number five for last. Due to the global pandemic, that performance, scheduled for last year, had to be cancelled. This they will remedy next month with a live recording that will complete a box set to be released on Mahler's birthday by Deutsche Gramophon. And Tár's new book, *Tár on Tár*, published under the Nan Talese imprimatur at Doubleday, will be available here in the US just before Christmas -- a great stocking-stuffer if you have a very large stocking.

(polite crowd laughs)

From all of us at the New Yorker, thank you, Maestro for taking the time to be with us today.

(wild applause lulls)

At some point I saw you visibly flinch as I read your bio. Did I leave something out or are you self-conscious about the incredibly varied things that you've achieved?

TÁR

Well, in today's world, *varied* is a dirty word. Our era is one of specialists. And if someone is trying to do more than one thing, it's often frowned upon.

GOPNIK

You mean we're all typecast?

TÁR

Yes... aggressively so.

GOPNIK

When do people who write about classical music stop using gender as distinction?

TÁR

I'm probably the wrong person to ask since I don't read reviews.

GOPNIK

Do you read any press at all?

TÁR

No. But it is odd that people ever felt compelled to substitute "maestro" with "*maestra*."

TÁR (CONT'D)

We don't call women astronauts "astronettes." But as to the question of gender bias, I have nothing to complain about. Nor, for that matter, should Nathalie Stutzmann, Laurence Equilbey, Marin Alsop, or JoAnn Falletta. There were so many incredible women who came before us, women who did the real lifting.

GOPNIK

Name one.

TÁR

Okay, first and foremost, Nadia Boulanger. That's the happy example. The sad one would be Antonia Brico, who by all accounts was an incredible conductor but was ghettoized into the non-glamorous status of "guest conductor" and essentially treated as a dog act.

GOPNIK

She never had the opportunity to conduct a major orchestra?

TÁR

She *did* conduct the Berlin Philharmonic, as well as the Met. But again, only as a guest conductor. At that time, it was all gender spectacle. Fortunately, times change. The Pauline conversion is, if not complete, then evolving nicely.

GOPNIK

Words of hope. Okay, let's talk about translation. Many people think of a conductor as essentially a human metronome.

TÁR

Well, that's partly true. Keeping time is no small thing.

GOPNIK

But there's much more isn't there?

TÁR

I hope so, yes. But time is the thing. Time is the essential piece of interpretation. You cannot start without me. I start the clock. My left hand shapes, but my right hand, the second-hand, marks time and moves it forward.



TAR (CONT'D)

However, unlike a clock, sometimes my second-hand stops... which means time stops. The illusion is that, like you, I'm responding to the orchestra in real-time, and making a decision about the right moment to restart the thing, or reset it... or throw time out the window altogether. The reality is that from the very beginning... I know precisely what time it is, and the exact moment we will arrive at our destination together. The only real discovery for me is in the rehearsal, never the performance.

GOPNIK

Tough question, I know, but what was the most important thing you learned from Bernstein?

TAR

*Kavanah*, it's Hebrew for: attention to meaning, or intent. What are the composer's priorities, what are *yours*?

GOPNIK

*Kavanah*... I think many in our audience may have other associations with that word.

TAR

Yes, I'd imagine so.

GOPNIK

The first conductors on the scene weren't all that important, right?

TAR

Yes, that's right. By default it was the job of the principal violinist.

GOPNIK

When does that change? And why?

TAR

With the French composer Jean Baptiste Lully who reportedly used a rather enormous, rather pointy staff to pound the tempi into the floor. It's not something I imagine the players particularly appreciated... anyway, that technique ended during a performance when he accidentally stabbed himself in the foot with the thing, and died of gangrene.

TÁR (CONT'D)

(audience laughs)

But the conductor becomes essential as the ensembles get bigger. And once again, we go back to Beethoven.

(sings opening of fifth)

Doesn't start with the eighth note. The downbeat's silent. Someone had to start that clock. Now when that someone was Lenny, the orchestra was led on the most extraordinary tour of pleasures. He knew the music, Mahler especially, as well, or better, than anyone. And of course deeply and truly loved it. So he often played with the form. He wanted an orchestra to feel like they'd never seen, let alone heard, or performed, any of that music. So he'd do radical things... like disregarding the tempo primo and ending a phrase *molto ritardando*... even though it had no such marking.

GOPNIK

He over-egged it?

TÁR

No, not at all. He celebrated the joy of his discovery.

GOPNIK

What about *your* own discovery? You say this happens in rehearsal.

TÁR

(nods)

We start Monday. However, for this one it's really about trying to read the tea leaves of Mahler's intention. We know a great deal about this with the other symphonies. He was so inspired by the poetry of Rückert that for many years he didn't set another author to music. But all this changes with the Five. The Five is a mystery. The only clue he leaves us is on the cover of the manuscript itself. The dedication to his new wife, Alma. And so if you're going to partner with Mahler on his *fifth* symphony, the *first* thing you *must* do is try and understand that marriage.

GOPNIK

Alright then, would you say then that your understanding of that marriage is similar to Bernstein's?

TÁR

You mentioned my ethnographic fieldwork in the Amazon. Well, Adam, the Shipibo-Konibo only receive an *icaros*, or song, if the singer is "there" on the same side as the spirit who created it. In this way the past and present converge. The flip sides of the same cosmic coin. That definition of fidelity makes sense to me. But Lenny believed in *teshuvah*, the Talmudic power to reach back in time and transform the significance of one's past deeds. When he played the Adagietto at Robert Kennedy's funeral it ran twelve minutes. He treated it as a mass, and if you listen to a recording of it you will no doubt feel the pathos and tragedy. That interpretation was very true for Mahler later in life, after the professional bottom dropped out and Alma had abandoned him for Gropius. But, as I said before, we are dealing with time. And this piece was *not* born into aching tragedy, it was born into young love.

GOPNIK

And you chose...

TÁR

... love.

GOPNIK

Yes, but how long?

TÁR

(shrugs, smiles)

... seven minutes.

SEAT 140, ROW V – THE BACK OF A REDHEADED WOMAN CENTERED

The house politely chuckles.

GEFFEN THEATER PROMENADE – TEN MINUTES LATER

The "Card Member Special Experience" underway. Tár fully involved in conversation, eyes delighting on well-kept details of the young woman's figure, make-up, hair, nails, 10-carat Marquis-cut diamond ring, shoes, and RED HANDBAG.

YOUNG MATRON

I was so taken by what you said about interpretation.

YOUNG MATRON (CONT'D)  
Specifically, in regard to *feelings*,  
and the fact that you chose *love*. I  
know it's said you should leave the  
tears for the audience, but do you  
ever find yourself overwhelmed with  
emotion up there on the podium?

TÁR  
It does happen... there's an  
expectation/reward cycle with some  
works. Spots in them I find so  
incredible, that when I'm conducting  
I'm not hurrying exactly. But I  
can't wait to get to that spot, and  
it does it... does it every time.

Francesca lurks in Tár's periphery. Tár tries to ignore her.

YOUNG MATRON  
So it's physical as well as emotional.

TAR  
Oh, it is. It can take hours to  
return to "normal." You say things  
after that others remember, but that  
you won't. Sleep is impossible.

YOUNG MATRON  
Like my freshman year at Smith.  
(noted by Tár)  
Which piece really does that to you?

TÁR  
*Rite of Spring* has eleven pistol-  
shots -- a prime number -- that strike  
you as both perpetrator and victim.  
It wasn't until I conducted it that  
I became absolutely convinced that  
we're *all* capable of murder... that's  
a fantastic handbag by the way.

YOUNG MATRON  
Oh, thanks. I'm glad you like it.

TÁR  
... I *do*.

FRANCESCA  
Excuse me. Your lunch with Mr.  
Kaplan. His driver is waiting.

Tár, with the tiniest glance, shoos her away. Moves back to YM.

TÁR  
I'm sorry. I've forgotten your name.

YOUNG MATRON  
Whitney. Whitney Reese.

TÁR  
Whitney, of course.  
(takes both hands)  
I'm Lydia. Unfortunately, I've left  
things a bit late and have  
something I can't get out of.

YOUNG MATRON  
I understand... can I text you?

SEEN ON THE SCREEN OF A SMARTPHONE

CARLYLE HOTEL PIANO ROOM SUITE done up in a style best described as late Elaine Stritch. Over this a TEXT EXCHANGE commentary on the suite itself having once been the preferred room of Plácido Domingo, with Tár relishing in the irony. The phone drifts back into the hall, and the door whispers shut.

LE BERNARDIN

A room of diners adorned in eastern standard regimentals. Corton-Charlemagne is uncorked and poured by ALDO SOHM into the glass of ELIOT KAPLAN (50), who gives it a brief whiff.

ELIOT  
Perfect, Aldo.  
(Tár covers her glass)  
I was hoping we could celebrate.

TÁR  
So was I, but I've got a class at Juilliard. I promised Ben.

ELIOT  
Oh goody. I'm sure you'll have a few elbowing for an Accordion slot.

TÁR  
We *should* open it up.

ELIOT  
Expand our numbers?

TÁR  
No, our sex. It feels quaint to keep things single-gender. We've made our point, and honestly had no trouble successfully placing any of them.

ELIOT  
Yes, all but one.

TÁR  
... she had issues.

ELIOT

So, I've heard. The topic is, if not unavoidable, then shall we say *in the room* at every Citibank meeting attended by her father.

TÁR

I'm sorry about that.

ELIOT

It's fine. Not something I can't handle. Alright, so you want to torpedo Accordion's founding principal? We'd likely lose donors.

TÁR

I suppose that's true. Maybe it's something to revisit down the line.

ELIOT

Bryant Park's locked for the twenty-fifth. Nan asked me to help fill the place. The Kaplan Fund will buy some radio and outdoor advertising.

TÁR

And claqueurs. It's too big, Eliot. She should have booked The Strand.

ELIOT

Relax. It'll be great... and it almost falls on your birthday.

Tár nods, bothered by the mention of the approaching date, her periphery bothered by a BRIONI-CLAD MAN, dining with a SHORT MAN, at a nearby table who appears to be staring.

ELIOT

I'm sorry you weren't able to make it to my Mahler three in London.

TÁR

Me too. Petra had a school thing. I promised Sharon I'd be there.

ELIOT

Of course. I was just hoping for your honest opinion. My player rating sheets were off the charts.

TÁR

Those are confidential, Eliot.

ELIOT

(smirks)  
The principal oboist is a fan.

ELIOT (CONT'D)

On the way back, I was listening to yours with the Israeli Phil, and was struck by what you pulled from the strings in the last movement. How did you get them there. Was it the hall? The players?

TÁR

The players weren't very obliging. The principal violinist came up to me after the first rehearsal and asked if I was a Jew. It seemed to him unusual and perhaps, even suspicious for a non-Jew to be interested in conducting "Jewish" music. I felt like Max Bruch.

ELIOT

(laughs)

Well, big Jew that I am, The Kaplan Fund has committed a sizable amount to them for a klezmer commission. Perhaps they'll invite me to guest conduct, the way Berlin did, hmm?

TÁR

They'd be lucky to have you.

ELIOT

Please... I know my place... money can't *always* buy everything.

TÁR

You don't really believe that.

ELIOT

I'll have you know I tried to bribe Francesca to let me have a look at your notation and she sent me packing.

TÁR

Good girl.

Mr. Brioni is still staring at them. Tár's bothered now.

TÁR (CONT'D)

That gentleman sitting over there with the gnome, is urgently focused on our table. At first I thought it might be me he was looking at, but I believe he's got his eye on you.

ELIOT

Please try and ignore him.

TÁR

I can excuse myself and go wash my hands if you'd like to be alone.

ELIOT

And I'd never forgive you. The last thing I need is to be button-holed by someone exactly like me. What time are you heading back tomorrow?

TÁR

Francesca's looking into flights.

ELIOT

Call her off. Leave when you like.

TÁR

You don't have to do that.

ELIOT

My motives are far from altruistic. Just a peek. One peek at your performing score?  
(she doesn't bite)  
Okay, fine.

TÁR

(checks phone)

Would five-fifteen be alright?  
I've got to get turned around fast.  
We're filling a vacant position.

ELIOT

Please tell me it's Sebastian.

TÁR

Be fair, Eliot. Sebastian has decent technique, he has *baton*.

ELIOT

I dropped into Bunkamura to hear the touring machine trot out Chopin one last month. Ol' Sebastian truly is Mr. Tempo-rubato.

TÁR

Robot-o is more like it.

ELIOT

Why do you keep him on?

TÁR

He's Andris's man. You know that.

ELIOT

Yes, exactly! You inherited that decision. Seven years is a long time to pretend you respect it.



TÁR  
We have different labor contracts  
over there... he's an odd guy.

ELIOT  
Andris?

TÁR  
Sebastian... he has fetishes.

ELIOT  
Fetishes. What kind?

TÁR  
Nostalgia for pre-war Kalmus  
miniature scores, dead-stock  
pencils he's seen Karajan hold in  
photographs. That sort of thing.

ELIOT  
Ugg. Sad.

TÁR  
But you're not wrong... at some  
point I will need to rotate him.

ELIOT  
For who?  
(she ignores question)  
Okay... "What Love Teaches Me."  
That string notation...

TÁR  
Mahler gives it to you himself:  
"Langsam, ruhevoll, empfunden."  
(he's not buying it)  
Trust me, you don't want to go to  
school on someone else's red & blue  
pencil, least of all mine.

ELIOT  
Oh, but I do.

TÁR  
You'll quit pestering me?  
(he nods)  
Free bowing. Not pretty for an  
audience to look at, but if you can  
manage to keep your players out of  
the weeds, the sound is ferocious.

He smiles like the cat who ate the canary.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
There's no glory for a robot,  
Eliot. Do your own thing.

Kaplan still smiling, but resenting the lesson.

- A SUPERBALL Mallet STRIKES the HARP of a DETUNED PIANO -  
ONSTAGE AT MORSE RECITAL HALL

MAX (24) conducts a STUDENT ENSEMBLE in rehearsal for Anna Thorvaldsdóttir's *Ró*. This interrupted by the *click, click, click* of Tár's baton striking a stand.

TÁR (O.C.)  
Alright, let's stop here.

Tár joins Max at the podium.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Max... for my own edification, why did you come to Juilliard?

MAX  
Uh... it's the best music conservatory in the country?

TÁR  
People from Curtis, Eastman, and others may beg to differ. Juilliard is a brand, right? Did you come here to study with a brand?

MAX  
... uh, no.

TÁR  
There was a teacher, or graduate somewhere down the line that conjured something in your imagination. Someone you aspired to be yourself. Who was it?

MAX  
(smiles)  
Sarah Chang.

TÁR  
You're a violinist.

MAX  
Yes.

TÁR  
(stares at score)  
Then I can see why you would choose to conduct a piece like this. There must be a familiar pleasure in presiding over a bed of strings that behave as if they're tuning.  
(Max good-naturedly laughs)  
This piece is very *au courant*.

TÁR (CONT'D)

Here the composer tells us to begin with "*back and forth tremolo strokes with wire brush & slowly sliding crotales over skin.*" Sounds like René Redzepi's recipe for reindeer.

Max laughs again.

TÁR (CONT'D)

Exciting to play new music, isn't it?  
(Max nods)  
Please join the other fellows.

Tár looks out at the seated students.

TÁR (CONT'D)

Now, I know you're all conducting students of Mr. Wolfe's, but how many of you also study composition?  
(hands up, she selects one)  
What is your name?

OLIVE KERR

Olive Kerr.

TÁR

Okay, Olive. What do you make of what we've been listening to?

OLIVE KERR

It's... pretty awesome... I mean there's incredible atonal tension.

TÁR

(leaves stage)

I agree. About the tension part. Now you can intellectually contemplate, or masturbate about the felicity of the so-called atonal, but the important question here is what are you conducting? What is the effect? What is it actually doing to me?

(heads to where Max sits)

Good music can be as ornate as a cathedral or as bare as a potting shed. So long as it allows you to answer both of those questions. What do you think Max?

Max's looks put on the spot, as nervous as his bouncing knee.

MAX

Uh... when Anna Thorvaldsdóttir gave her Master Class.

MAX (CONT'D)

She said she was often influenced by the form and structure of landscapes and nature she grew up within. But I'm not sure if she was interested per se, in describing those actual sounds.

TÁR

Very *Punkt Kontra Punkt*.

(off blank looks, moves to apron of stage and sits)

Yes, the intent of her composition is vague, to say the least. So if her intent is vague, how do you, as a conductor, have a point of view about anything? Now to be fair, there are times when you will simply have no choice and be *made* to stand in front of an orchestra and pretend there are invisible structures. But my prayer for you is that you'll be spared the embarrassment of standing on a podium with the four thirty-three trying to sell a car without an engine. Because now, my friends, now is the time to conduct music that actually *requires* something from you.

(heads back to Max and takes a seat next to him)

For instance, Max. Why not a Kyrie? ... like Bach's Mass in B minor?

MAX

I'm not really into Bach.

TÁR

You're not *into* Bach. Oh, Max. Have you read the Schweitzer book?

MAX

No.

TÁR

Well, you should.

(feigns a head punch)

It's an important text. Antonia Brico thought so. So much so that she shipped herself to Equatorial Africa and canoed up the Congo River to track Schweitzer down and ask him to teach her what *he* knew about Bach... somewhere I've got a picture of her in a pith helmet. Have you ever *played* or *conducted* Bach?

MAX

Honestly, as a BIPOC pangender-person, I would say Bach's misogynistic life makes it kind of impossible for me to take his music seriously.

TÁR

What exactly do you mean by that?

MAX

Well, didn't he sire like twenty kids?

TÁR

That's documented, along with a considerable amount of music. But I'm unclear what his prodigious skills in the marital bed have to do with B minor.

MAX'S KNEE NOW ON OVERDRIVE, unignorable and intolerable to Tár who gets to her feet and heads back up onto the stage.

TÁR (CONT'D)

Okay, sure. It's your choice. *A soul selects her own society.* But remember the flip-side of that selection closes the valves of one's attention.

(pacing now)

Of course, siloing what's acceptable or not acceptable is a construct of many, if not most, symphony orchestras, who see it as their imperial right to *curate* for the cretins. So, slippery as it is, there's some merit in examining Max's allergy. *Can* classical music written by a bunch of straight, Austro-German, church-going white guys, exalt us individually, as well as collectively? And *who*, may I ask, gets to decide that?

(turns back to Max)

What about Beethoven? Are you into him? Because for *meee*? As a U-Haul Lesbian? I'm not really sure about ol' Ludwig. But then I face him and find myself nose-to-nose with his magnitude and inevitability.

(moves to piano bench)

Max, indulge me, let us allow Bach a similar gaze.

She gestures Max over to join her at the bench. He walks back up onto the stage and just stands there.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
(pats bench)  
Sit.

She playfully begins the C Major Prelude from Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier*. She makes a clown face. The point being this piece is so well-known that she knows she must make fun of the example before anyone else in the room can.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
This is all filigree. It could be a first-year piano student, or Schroder playing for Lucy.  
(she gazes up moon-eyed)  
... or Glen Gould for that matter.

She Gould-groans and changes the attack. Then stops.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
It's not until it changes.  
(she plays the first change)  
When you get inside, that you see what it really is. A question, and an answer.  
(plays second change)  
That begs another question. There's a humility in Bach. He's not pretending he's certain of anything. He knows it's the *question* that involves the listener. Never the answer.  
(stops)  
What do you think, Max?

MAX  
You play really well? But... nowadays? White, male, cis composers? Just not my thing.

MAX'S KNEE starts BOUNCING up and down again. TÁR'S HAND reaches over and stops it.

TÁR  
Don't be so eager to be offended. The narcissism of small differences leads to the most boring conformity.

MAX  
I guess Edgar Varèse is okay...  
I mean I like *Arcana* anyway.

Tár leaves stage, up the aisle, into the rake with the other fellows, leaving Max alone on the piano bench. Twenty vs one.

TAR

Then you must be aware that Varèse once famously stated that jazz was "a negro product exploited by the Jews." That didn't stop Gerry Goldsmith from ripping him off for his *Planet of the Apes* score.

(pacing the rake)

Kind of a perfect insult, don't you think? But you see the problem with enrolling yourself as an ultrasonic epistemic dissident is, if *Bach's* talent can be reduced to his gender, birth country, religion, sexuality, and so on -- then so can *yours*. Someday Max, when you go out into the world and guest conduct before a major, or minor, orchestra, you may notice that the players have more than lightbulbs and music on their stands. They'll also have been handed rating sheets. The purpose of which is to rate *you*. What kind of criteria would you hope they use to do this? Your score reading and stick technique, or something else?

(Max is silent)

Okay everyone. Using Max's criteria, let us consider Max's *thing*. In this case Anna Thorvaldsdóttir. Now, can we agree upon two pieces of observation: One, that Anna was born in Iceland? And two, that she is -- in a Waldorf teacher kind of way -- a super hot young woman? Show of hands.

(hands shoot up )

Great. Now let's turn our gaze back to the piano bench up there and see if we can square how any of those things possibly relate to the person seated before us.

(Max heads for the exit)

Where are you going?

MAX

You're a fucking bitch!

TAR

And *you* are a robot! Unfortunately, the architect of your soul appears to be social media. If you want to dance the mask, you must service the composer. Sublimate yourself, your ego, and yes, your identity! You must in fact stand in front of the public and God and obliterate yourself.

ON A LAPTOP SCREEN

Someone copying coverage from today's New Yorker interview into Tár's wikipedia page. Given the nimbleness with which this is accomplished, it's clearly habit. Emanating from the laptop speakers is Alex Baldwin's "Here's The Thing." An exchange with Tár concerning her partner Sharon Goodnow.

BEHIND THE REDHEADED WOMAN

Watching Francesca cross from Zitomer's to The Carlyle.

THE SUITE DOOR OPENS

To Francesca holding a GARMENT BAG from Mr. Ned.

SOMETIME LATER

Francesca appraises Tár's outfit examining her head-to-toe.

FRANCESCA

Jake said he was certain you'd be happy with the drape of the seat.

TÁR

I will, if I can keep the fat off until next month.

FRANCESCA

You never gain weight. Your mother texted me. She knows you're busy but is hoping to drop by.

TÁR

Next trip.

FRANCESCA

What are you thinking for dinner?

TÁR

I'll stay in and put this piano to use. I'm suspicious of that E natural in the cello line... doesn't it sound like warmed over Charles Ives to you?

FRANCESCA

Not at all.

Tár plucks a MANUSCRIPT from the table and moves to the piano.

TÁR

You must have some New Haven friends you'd like to catch up with tonight.

FRANCESCA

No, not really. Should I stop by later for notes?



TÁR  
That won't be necessary.

Tár's silence followed by her hand striking a note on the keyboard makes it clear to Francesca she's been dismissed. She turns, then stops and reaches into her bag and retrieves a tastefully-wrapped BOOK-SIZED PACKAGE.

FRANCESCA  
I almost forgot. This was left for you at the front desk.

TÁR  
By who?

FRANCESCA  
They didn't say.

TAR  
No card?

FRANCESCA  
No.

TAR  
Okay, thanks, just leave it there.

FRANCESCA  
Goodnight.

Francesca sets it down and exits.

Tár plays the cello line. Working it over again, and again.

#### SUITE BATHROOM

Far from settling in for the night, Tár stands in front of the mirror dolling herself up. From the other room, Jessica Hansen's voice is heard reading NPR program breaks. Tár responds to the distinctive Hansen lilt, then imitates her read. Tár's eyes, satisfied with her mimicry, suddenly fill with concern. She turns and looks back into the suite, as if sensing someone or something. But there's nothing there.

#### MAYBACH IN THE BATTERY TUNNEL

Francesca and Tár in the back.

TÁR  
(not happy)  
When were you informed of this?

FRANCESCA  
Just this morning. Mr. Kaplan was very apologetic... I was able to get us on the seven a.m. you like through Munich.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)  
The connection's short, but special  
services are standing by.

TÁR  
Where are things are with DG? Tell  
me they've finally woken up to see  
the wisdom of honest-to-God LPs for  
this release.

FRANCESCA  
(scans phone)  
No movement there yet.

TÁR  
The email I drafted for you--

FRANCESCA  
I sent it last night.

TÁR  
Forward me their response...  
your take on the New Yorker talk.

FRANCESCA  
... it went well, I thought.

TÁR  
You're hedging. I was garrulous.

FRANCESCA  
No, not at all.

TÁR  
Francesca, if you have any real  
interest in conducting, then you  
need to be able to speak your mind.

FRANCESCA  
... perhaps you could have made  
less of the relationship with--

TÁR  
Lenny?

FRANCESCA  
No... I was thinking about Mahler  
and Alma's. You implied that she  
betrayed him, and I'm not sure  
I agree with that.

TÁR  
Oh, really.

FRANCESCA  
Alma was a composer too, but Mahler  
insisted she stop writing music. He  
said there was only room for --

TÁR  
(cutting her off)  
One asshole in the house?

FRANCESCA  
Yes.

TÁR  
But she agreed to those rules. No  
one made that decision for her.  
Hashtag rulesofthegame.

FRANCESCA (SUBTITLED FRENCH)  
*"If woman has the right to mount the  
scaffold; she must equally have the  
right to mount the tribune."*

Francesca playfully sticks her tongue out at a gloating Tár.

There is an underlying tension between the two. The tension  
of people who have at times slept together, but no longer do.

Francesca's eyes land on the handle of a familiar red handbag.

FRANCESCA  
How was your evening?

TÁR  
Uneventful. Any of Sharon's pills left?

FRANCESCA  
No, but Dr. Korovin called these in.  
(hands her Zitomer's sack)  
I received another weird email from  
Krista. How should I reply.

TÁR  
Don't.

FRANCESCA  
This one felt particularly desperate.

TÁR (SUBTITLED GERMAN)  
*'Hope Dies Last.'*

#### AIRCRAFT LAVATORY

Locks the door, Purells her hands, retrieves the prescription.  
Takes a pill. Returns the bottle to her handbag, and returns  
with the still-unopened wrapped package.

She hesitates, then removes the wrapping paper to find a  
first edition of Vita Sackville-West's *Challenge*.

She sits on the closed commode, opens the book to the title  
page where West's signature has been crossed out, and below  
it, a repetitive geometric pattern scrawled, like a maze.

She takes a breath, rips the page out, stands, and tries to shove it, and the book, into the trash's very small opening.

BACK AT HER SEAT

Working an anagram for Krista. The first three: *traiks*, *straiik*, *kraits*. She puzzles out "at risk."

TÁR'S HOME

She arrives in the middle of night, and habitually begins turning off LIGHTS left on EVERYWHERE.

Stops when she sees the light on at the end of the far hallway where a woman paces back and forth.

LIBRARY SITTING ROOM

She enters to find SHARON GOODNOW (40) pacing in her underwear.

SHARON

The flutter's back. It's racing. I can't find my Metoprolol anywhere.

Tár immediately heads to

THE BATHROOM

Takes the bottle from her bag, taps out a pill, and noisily closes the medicine cabinet before returning to

THE SITTING ROOM

TÁR

This was lying loose on the counter. Is it the right one?

Sharon looks at it, nods, and swallows it.

SHARON

Thank you... is that a new bag?

TÁR

A gift from Eliot. Do you want it?

SHARON

(sits, catches breath)  
... no, suits you.

Tár moves to her office, slips an LP from a cover adorned with a mushroom cloud, and places it on a TURNTABLE.

TÁR

Let's slow things down to sixty beats a minute.

She takes Sharon into her arms and they slow dance to the Basie Band playing Neal Hefti's *Li'l Darlin'*.

SHARON  
... actually it's sixty-four...  
tried reaching you on your mobile  
last night, and again at the hotel.

TÁR  
Must of been asleep.

SHARON  
You never sleep that deeply.

TÁR  
Don't be a scold.  
(sings softly)  
*When I get to feelin', a feelin'  
For something there ain't too much of  
My sweet lil' darlin' gives me her love.*

SHARON  
... I'm worried about Petra. She's  
starting to disappear into herself.

TÁR  
Be specific.

SHARON  
She keeps coming home with bruises  
on her shins, and when I ask her  
about it she gets quiet. I hope it's  
just playground football and not a  
Biodutsche thing.

TÁR  
... we talked about this.

SHARON  
... maybe we just need to put more  
effort into finding her a friend.  
Last year was so hard. To be locked  
up alone with two old ladies like us.

TÁR  
... she's old enough now to begin  
piano lessons. I'll teach her.

SHARON  
Yes, that might be good.

TÁR  
How's your heart?

SHARON  
... better now, thank you.

They keep share a tender kiss.

NEXT MORNING

The clock radio clicks on. Tár wakes alone to the classical station playing the final movement of Shostakovich's *Symphony no. 5*. Percussion driving the screaming brass.

TÁR  
(to self)  
Knock, knock... who's there?  
Walter? Lenny? No it's you MTT!  
Why do you insist on holding things  
up like that? Your business here is  
rejoicing. *Not* screaming like a  
fucking porn star!

It ends. The DJ confirms that it's in fact Michael Tilson Thomas.

BATHROOM - LATER

Tár at the mirror, the foreground dirties, she quickly turns to find PETRA, her six-year-old adopted Syrian daughter.

TÁR  
Hello Petra. Why are you lurking?  
(Petra is silent)  
Tell me and I will help.

SHARON'S OFFICE

Tár, now holding Petra's hand, peeks in to Sharon.

TÁR  
Sharon, I'm driving Petra to school.

TÁR (PRE-LAP)  
"Who'll bear the pall?"

IN TÁR'S TAYCAN

Tár driving, Petra in better spirits.

PETRA  
'We,' said the Wren. 'Both the cock  
and the hen, we'll bear the pall.'

TÁR  
"Who'll sing a psalm?"

PETRA  
'I,' said the Thrush. As she sat  
on a bush, 'I'll sing a psalm.'

TÁR  
"Who'll toll the bell?"

PETRA  
'I,' said the bull, 'because I  
can pull, I'll toll the bell.'

TOGETHER  
"All the birds of the air fell  
a-sighing and a-sobbing, when  
they heard the bell toll for  
poor Cock Robin."

OUTSIDE AN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL IN CHARLOTTENBURG

Tár stands by the Taycan, scanning the other CHILDREN and PARENTS, while Petra struggles into her knapsack.

TÁR  
Which one is she?

Petra looks around and points to a KNOT of GIRLS clustered around JOHANNA, a perfect blond Aryan child in a red jacket.

PETRA  
... the red one.

TÁR  
Okay. Go on in.

Tár watches Petra head up the stairs to the entrance. As soon as she's safely inside, Tár pivots, walks over to the girls and crouches down in front of the red-coated blond child.

TÁR (SUBTITLED GERMAN)  
Hello, Johanna. I'm Petra's father.  
She's told me a *lot* about you.

The other girls share complicit looks before drifting away.

Johanna, in a state of surprise, just stands there frozen.

TÁR (SUBTITLED GERMAN)(CONT'D)  
I know what you're doing to her.  
And if you ever do it again, do  
you know what I'll do? I'll get you.  
And if you tell any grown-ups what I  
just said -- they won't believe you.  
Because *I'm* a grown-up. But you need to  
believe *me*: I *will* get you. Remember  
this Johanna, God watches all of us.

Her intensity terrifies the child. Tár gets up and walks away. Johanna watches as Tár crosses the street, approaches her car, and gives a friendly wave to an arriving parent.

BERLIN ORCHESTRA HALL, BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - LATER

Tár on the move exchanges greetings and handshakes with behind-the-scene hands of the orchestra. Francesca waits with Purell...

FRANCESCA  
They're already in the chamber hall.

Tár shakes her head and heads into the

LADIES ROOM

Washing her hands like a surgeon. 60 BPM HEEL STRIKES bring her gaze to the MIRROR in time to see an attractive YOUNG WOMAN disappear into a STALL.

Tár dries her hands and starts out, but curiosity gets the best of her. She squats

To PEER under the stall, taking note of the young woman's BOOTS.

CHAMBER HALL

Tár enters and observes Sharon, who we will come to know as the Concertmaster, whispering to one of the FOUR player/auditors. Tár approaches the auditor's table and an older man, SEBASTIAN BRIX (70, Assistant Conductor) stands, and she takes his place.

SEBASTIAN

(nervously clicks pen)

I'm sorry, Maestro, we weren't sure you were coming. We were told there might be a scheduling conflict.

She smiles tightly, and cocks an eyebrow at Sharon who shrugs.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Would you like me to take notes?

TÁR

(reaches out to stop clicking)

Thank you, Sebastian, but that won't be necessary.

Sebastian, looking a bit glum, shuffles to the back.

TÁR (CONT'D)

Do we all have our rating sheets?  
I see you've narrowed it to three.  
Unless anyone has other business to discuss, let's bring in number one.

She looks to Francesca who slips behind a SCREEN. We hear the noises-off entrance of someone taking their seat behind it.

A SERIES OF JUMP CUTS

Take us through THREE UNSEEN PLAYERS' solo auditions. As the last player finishes their piece, we glimpse Tár's audit sheet and the 1 thru 5 category checks for all three players.

60 BPM HEEL STRIKES exiting the room, make her glance up toward the screen before returning to her sheet to adjust it.



INSIDE THE SAVOY HAVANA BAR

Where ANDRIS DAVIS, 82, is known and still feels like a big deal. The walls adorned with framed B&W photos of famous dead people. Other than Marlene Deitrich, nearly all are white males of classical music. Among them Furtwängler and Karajan, Tár hates the place, and pokes at a salad while listening to old man stories, hoping she never becomes such a creature.

ANDRIS

Goosens stands, sounds his A. Léon of course was famous for his rather wide vibrato, and so Beecham looks up and says, "Gentleman, take your pick."

(she laughs politely)

How's the writing going?

TÁR

I never know how to answer that question. It makes it sound like a physical act. Like how's the shitting going?

ANDRIS

Okay, how's the *thinking* going?

TÁR

Not so well. I keep hearing something and getting excited only to catch myself in pastiche.

ANDRIS

It's all pastiche. We all have the same musical grammar. Just look at Beethoven Five. The third movement's theme has the same sequence of intervals as the opening theme of the final movement of Mozart forty.

TÁR

That could have been coincidence.

ANDRIS

Not in this case. If you examine the sketchbooks he used, twenty-nine bars of Mozart's finale appear, copied out by Beethoven.

TÁR

I find that extremely depressing.

ANDRIS

I finished reading your manuscript. It's very good, Lydia. One for the ages and, I dare say, will be available long after my book has been forgotten.

TÁR  
You're right. The entire first  
printing will *always* be available.

ANDRIS  
Too modest, as usual.

He produces an ENVELOPE from his pocket, and hands it to her.  
She frees a slip of typewritten paper, reads it, and smiles.

TÁR  
Thank you, Andris. I'll cherish this.

ANDRIS  
(waves hand)  
You may use it.  
(Tár looks confused)  
A blurb... for the cover.

TÁR  
(uncomfortable)  
Oh... thank you... I'll send it to  
the publisher... hopefully, there's  
still time.

ANDRIS  
I'm proud to say you were my pupil.  
Even though there was really  
nothing I could teach you.

TÁR  
That's not true. I'd never have the  
position here were it not for you.

ANDRIS  
Then you'd be in London, or New York.

TÁR  
They're not Berlin. Besides, I'm  
not sure what Sharon would do if we  
were ever to leave. She's so close  
with her family.

ANDRIS  
Ah, yes the Goodnow sisters, I  
remember that older one being an  
absolute ballbuster when she still  
held sway at DG.

TÁR  
Heika is a woman of many opinions.  
And that *voice*. The signal-to-noise  
ratio is unbearable. I've had to bolt-  
hole at my old place in town to get  
any writing done.

ANDRIS

Schopenhauer measured a person's intelligence against their sensitivity to noise.

TÁR

Didn't he also famously throw a woman down a flight of stairs who later sued him?

ANDRIS

Yes, though it's unclear that this private and personal failing is at all relevant to his work.

#### OUTSIDE THE SAVOY

Tár stands with Andris. His CAR arrives, the driver gets out to open the door for Andris, but Tár waves him off.

TÁR

You're late.

#### TÁR ENTERS HER OLD CHARLOTTENBERG APT

And begins a ritual that involves candles and breath. There are three frames on the wall: a 1912 PORTRAIT of the German mathematician David Hilbert. A DRAWING of his curve in its sixth configuration. And a B&W photo of a 24-year-old Tár, whose face is painted with a Kené pattern, as is the tribal elder of the Shipibo-Konibo shaman who emits smoke onto her.

She hangs her coat, kicks off her shoes, picks out score she's composing. We may glimpse the redhead in BG out of focus. We move with Tár L to R. She finds the sheet she wants and turns back to work table, but there is no one there. She adjusts the notation, and carries the sheet over to the piano, takes a seat, and plays a phrase. She stops and turns as if someone might be sneaking up on her. She brushes her shoulders and repeats woosh-breaths to escape the feeling.

#### LATER

In the kitchen she pours herself some tea. A faint repetitive TWO-TONE ELECTRONIC CHIME catches her attention. She sets her cup down. Heads back into the

#### APARTMENT COMMON ROOM

Stops and stands listening. Unsure if she still hears it, or if it's the memory of an irritant. She hums the tones. Moves to the piano and finds the interval.

#### BENEATH AN S-BAHN TRESTLE

On her daily run passing all manner of wild posts that include images of herself facing off with Mahler, as if promising a live V prizefight between the two of them.

LIETZENSEE PARK

She moves along the lake shore and into

LANGGRASWIESE

Stops to catch her breath. Her ears prick to something like WOOD CRACKING followed by A WOMAN CRYING IN TERROR, and or AGONY. She scans the middle-distance for the source.

SPRINTS TO THE LIKELY AREA OF THE SOUND

Cutting across meadowland to a

COPSE OF TREES, but doesn't see anything. The scream grows distant, but at the same time more terrifyingly desperate.

SHE LIES AWAKE IN BED

The sound still echoing in her head.

TÁR'S OLD CHARLOTTENBERG APARTMENT

AT THE PIANO working over the thing she's writing, she stops, niggled by something. That FAINT two-tone interval. Something electronic but at a remove, as if coming through the wall.

She stands

PEEKS INTO THE HALL. Nothing. Shuts the door.

AT THE PIANO she plucks out the interval, rests her chin in her hand and, using only her index finger continues the electronic interval letting it naturally progress to bars 15-17 of Trauermarsch, like a child playing around, singing it, until she reaches bar 18 when she uses both hands for the crashing chords of this and bar 19.

GROSSER SAAL - MAHLER V. MOVEMENT I. TRAUERMARSCH. BAR 20 TO 34

Tár leading a rehearsal. The sonic power of one of the world's greatest orchestras with players from across the globe. Tár addresses them mostly in English. This is where we see the why and how of who she is. The art of the particular. The discipline. The only real reason that people put up with her. A SERIES OF STARTS & STOPS:

TÁR

Alright. Good. Back to one. Remember that sforzando on the whole note attached to the eighth must be strict. But also as if we're hearing it from a great distance. Ta Ta Ta kaaa. Ta Ta Ta kaaa. Ta Ta Ta kaaaaaa.

She looks around. Squints into the auditorium. Calls out.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
Is Harald nearby?

We HEAR a man's voice answer her back over a LOUDSPEAKER.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
Great. I wonder if you might  
quickly rig something up for us.

MOMENTS LATER - TRAUERMARSCH. BAR 1 TO 13

The FIRST CHAIR TRUMPET stands backstage, horn raised, staring at a MONITOR displaying TÁR ON THE PODIUM, hands gesturing the downbeat, and he attacks the triplets. The view ADJUSTS to include the OPEN STAGE DOOR and Tár on the podium beyond. The distance achieves the desired effect.

TÁR  
Good, good, wonderful.  
(stops them at bar 13)  
Harald? We'll want this same set-up  
for the live recording.

THIRD MOVEMENT. SCHERZO. BAR 448 TO 469

TÁR  
No. No diminuendo. Never get softer  
before the pianos. Maintain the  
tension. Then piano subito. Okay.  
Back from 462.

SECOND MOVEMENT. STÜRMISCH BEWEGET. BAR 16 TO 33

TÁR  
However much you move your heads,  
we still can't hear the sforzando.  
(sings line, mimics heads)  
Looks great, but we need to hear it.

A small squabble between TWO VIOLINISTS

TÁR (CONT'D)  
(stops it by tapping baton)  
Okay twenty-seven. Strings alone.  
Now remember. Before the  
transition. It's got to be like a  
shot.

STÜRMISCH BEWEGET. BAR 27 TO 31

TÁR (CONT'D)  
(they start, she stops them)  
No, much too slow. It has to vanish  
immediately. Sharon?

STÜRMISCH BEWEGET. BAR 30

Sharon perfectly demonstrates what Tár's after. Satisfied, Tár allows the strings to continue, then stops them.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
Okay, tutti. Two before with the  
upbeat on bar 29.

POST REHEARSAL - RECORDING BOOTH

Tár drops in and is greeted from behind a bank of monitors and sliders by HARALD (45), Chief Lighting/Video Technician, and CHRISTIAN (40), Chief Sound Mixer.

TÁR  
How are things feeling up here?

CHRISTIAN  
Great! It's a shame we won't lay  
this one down direct-to-disk.

TÁR  
Criminal is more like it. Shoot me  
the mp3s?

CHRISTIAN  
You don't want WAVs?

TÁR  
No. Just what people will actually  
be streaming.

HARALD  
Video?

TÁR  
Yes, stage left A camera.  
(he nods)  
Thanks guys.

BLOCK K - MOMENTS LATER

Tár in an aisle seat making notes, Sharon and Francesca seated nearby. Sebastian stands in Tár's immediate periphery, waiting to be summoned, Tár bothered, finally nods him over.

SEBASTIAN  
(squats, whispers)  
One small thing Maestro. During the  
scherzo, the clarinet solo is a bit  
too loud. It really should be an  
accompanying figure to the first  
violins -- but other than that I'd  
say we're in very good shape.

He nervously CLICKS his BALLPOINT PEN.

TÁR  
Thank you, Sebastian.

He exits. She watches him ascend the stairs.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
Accurate assessment?

SHARON  
No, I don't think so. The clarinet  
is marked p and we're marked pp.

TÁR  
Francesca?

FRANCESCA  
Sebastian likes to sit in the  
stalls -- there's no problem with  
the balance in the circle. It's  
going to sing in the hall.

CONCERT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

They now sit with a photographer, KARL (28) and a stylist  
TANYA (23) making a presentation using examples of past work:  
Come-hither images of Lola Astonova, Janine Jansen, and  
Natalie Cleina. A color-me interesting DG cover of Vikingur  
Ólafsson, and a super-serious image of Anu Tali.

KARL  
Oh, and here is something super  
playful Tanya and I did with Gustavo.

Tár nods, pretending to appreciate these stomach-turners.

TÁR  
Really wonderful work, Karl. But  
I'm wondering if we might try  
something a little less considered.

MOMENTS LATER

Francesca stands with Karl and Tanya looking at Tár in the  
overly-considered pose she lifted from the Abbado album.

FRANCESCA  
(to Karl)  
Something simple like this. I'm not  
sure how you would want to light it.

TÁR  
Have Harald dim to half.

FRANCESCA  
(into walkie)  
House lights down half please.

LIGHTS DIM, Tár briefly lifts her eyes from the prop of her open score, and senses someone watching her. Her gaze finds

BLOCK G

Where Olga sits staring at her. Tár doesn't break her gaze. Finally, Olga stands, and exits. Tár smiles to herself, and catches Francesca watching both Tár and the exiting Olga.

PRINCIPAL CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE

Tár enters to find Knut Braun, the clarinet player from the audition. He stands and Tár gestures him to sit again.

TÁR  
Thank you for waiting.

KNUT  
Of course, Maestro. How are you  
feeling about today's rehearsal?

Tár smiles. A moment, then.

TÁR  
Sebastian thinks your clarinet solo  
in the scherzo is too loud.

KNUT  
... it's possible.

TÁR  
I don't agree. Your dynamic marking is  
higher than that of the first violin.

KNUT  
Yes, that's true.

TÁR  
Sebastian is getting old, Knut.  
I'm rotating him out. You're the  
first to know.

KNUT  
Oh... well... then I will organize  
a caucus and we will take a vote.

TÁR  
No, you won't.

KNUT  
A vote *must* be taken.

TÁR  
I'm familiar with the electoral  
conclave. But the appointment of  
the assistant conductor is entirely  
my decision.



Knut considers this, then nods.

TÁR  
Then I can count on your support  
with the others?

KNUT  
Yes. Who will you replace him with?

TÁR  
I'm looking at several possible  
candidates. The main thing is that  
we move forward immediately.

KNUT  
I understand... Maestro, the  
players would like to know if you  
have chosen the companion piece?

TÁR (SUBTITLE)  
Soon. I promise.

SHE RUNS THE TUNNEL

Connecting the lakes of Lietzensee Park and out into

THE RAIN, CLIMBING A RISE TO AN OUTDOOR ZEITUNGSSTAND

Rifles the CULTURE SECTIONS of NATIONAL NEWS MAGAZINES  
looking for any possible reference to herself. A sharp  
WHISTLE turns her attention to the HAND that shoots from the  
kiosk holding DER SPIEGEL. She moves to the MAN inside the  
kiosk holding it. She takes it from him, tries to pay, but he  
waves her off.

TÁR'S HOME STUDY - LATER

A page containing a photo and story about Tár are carefully  
removed from the magazine, placed into a box labeled  
"sundries," and slid into the back recess of a credenza.

Tár grabs a Blackwing 602, and Caran d'Ache red & blue  
correction pencil from a cabinet of working supplies.

GRAZE THE SHELVES for spine-titled boxes containing Tár's  
performance scores. She retrieves the Mahler V, moves to the  
piano and opens it. Plays the opening triplet. Closes it,  
shoves it to the side, grabs her composition and plays the  
cello line. Working it over again, and again.

She plays it once more, changes the A to an F. Doesn't move  
during the pedaled decay. Then plucks out.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
"But how strange the change/ From  
major to minor."

She exhales, closes her eyes and smiles at a private memory. Her eyes jolt open, she turns to see Francesca in the doorway.

FRANCESCA

I'm sorry, I knocked but no one answered. I knew you wanted your keys back as quickly as possible.

TÁR

Thank you. Did you use the company card?

(Francesca nods)

Great, use it for your taxi home.

(Francesca doesn't move)

You can go.

FRANCESCA

Um. It wasn't just the keys... I need... I need someone to hold me.

TÁR

This isn't the place, Francesca.

FRANCESCA

You're... that's not... I just got this from someone over at Accordion.

She offers her phone to Tár who looks at the screen.

TÁR

Oh, no... when did this happen?

FRANCESCA

Day before yesterday. That email she sent you... it felt like--

TÁR

(cutting her off)

Delete it and the rest. No reason to get caught up in any intrigue.

Francesca turns away, fighting emotion. Tár stands and takes the young woman into her arms, cooing and trying to calm her.

TÁR (CONT'D)

Now, now, it's sad, I know. But there's nothing we could have done to stop her. She wasn't one of us.

FRANCESCA

I can't stop thinking about our trip up the Ucayali... the three of us were so...

TÁR

Yes, that was before she started making demands. Something wasn't right with her.

FRANCESCA  
... she had so much promise.

TÁR  
(steps back from her)  
Yes, she *did*. Almost as much as you.  
It's best we forget about her. You  
understand, right?

There's an implicit threat in this last line.

FRANCESCA  
I'm sorry. I know you're working.  
(leaves room)  
Your keys are on the kitchen table.

Tár listens to her footfalls, then moves to her laptop  
Launches MAIL, clicks SENT FOLDER, searches "Krista Taylor."

GLIMPSE email headers from both major and minor orchestras.  
CHECKERBOARD letters of inquiry with Tár's responses: WORDS  
string together to form a single damning sentence "*I must warn  
you of the danger to your orchestra in hiring Ms. Taylor.*"

She highlights and deletes the entire list.

LATER - TÁR SOAKS IN THE SHOWER

Working something over.

IN THE GREAT ROOM NOW

Looking out at the night sky. Sharon enters, pours both some  
wine, and sits.

SHARON  
She went straight to sleep. I didn't  
even have to hold her foot. And she  
came home in a much better mood.

TÁR  
Atta girl.

SHARON  
I met the new cellist today.

TÁR  
What was that like?

SHARON  
Olga Metkina. Russian. Strong player.

TÁR  
Oh, good.

SHARON  
Her facial posture is a bit much.

TÁR  
How so?

SHARON  
Her legato. It looks like she's on  
the verge of climaxing.

TÁR  
(sits)  
Well, she's young.

SHARON  
Ah, so you've met her.

TÁR  
Francesca mentioned something.  
She's arranging a welcome lunch.

SHARON  
You may want to hold off on that.  
Her invitation is conditional.

TÁR  
You have reservations?

SHARON  
No, not really, but we need to see  
if she fits in.

TÁR  
Did you take your pill?

SHARON  
(stands)  
No. Thank you for reminding me.

LATER

Sharon and Tár sound asleep. Three seconds of silence followed by the tick-tock-tick-tock of 120 beats per minute. Tár wakes, rises, and leaves the bedroom to investigate.

HALLWAY

The SOUND louder, she moves to her

HOME STUDY

Follows the sound to the pencil supply door, opens it, the recess empty save for her METRONOME. She stops the arm, picks up the cover to replace it, and stops when she notices

A maze-like pattern drawn in blue pencil on the inside of the lid. The pattern inked onto the title page of the book she received and disposed of in the airplane lavatory.

A trace of recognition crosses her eyes. She kills the light.

IN THE TAYCAN - MOVING

TÁR  
How was Johanna yesterday?

PETRA  
... she stays away now.

TÁR  
Let me know if that changes. Petra,  
last night... were you by any chance  
drawing in the closet of my study?

PETRA  
No, Lydia. I'm not supposed to go  
into that room without you.

TÁR  
Yes... that's right.

Tar's eyes find the PASSENGER AIR VENT, its louvers making a rattling SOUND. Something seems to have come loose.

FOURTH MOVEMENT. ADAGIETTO. BAR 37 TO 42

TÁR  
No, no, no. It's got to be messier.  
Not so simple. It needs to sound like  
violins and cellos... but also horns.  
Because Mahler doesn't give us any here.  
Long bow strokes. Lots of pressure.

Her right hand holds her baton like a violin, her left index finger acts as a bow moving across and bending it.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
Forget Visconti. It's so familiar  
to everyone. It really doesn't help  
to know this piece so well.

ADAGIETTO. BAR 58 TO 64

TÁR (CONT'D)  
(at Bar 60)  
Nur ein kleines crescendo. Jetzt  
die Terz durchlassen (*Just a little  
crescendo, now let the third come  
through*).  
(stops them at 64)  
Bitte Sie müssen mich anschauen.  
Das ist ganz frei hier. (*Please you  
must watch. It's completely free  
here*). It's got to be like one  
person singing their heart out...

HER EYES, for the first time, MEET with those of OLGA METKINA.  
The energy immediate and electric. Bordering on uncomfortable.

Tár, dumbstruck, averts her gaze. Sharon catches this.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
... and you're playing like an--uh,  
exercise. Once again from the top of  
the Adagietto.

Tár removes the band from her ponytail, shaking her hair out.

SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE

Exactly as described by Tár to Eliot: Ye Olde Curiosity Shop.  
A KNOCK at the door has Sebastian look up from his lunch.

SEBASTIAN  
Come in.

Tár enters and closes the door, Sebastian hurries to move his  
FOOD TRAY to a side table.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
Maestro, what a surprise. I was  
just having a bit of lunch. Can I  
offer you anything?

TÁR  
No, thank you.

SEBASTIAN  
Some tea, then?

TÁR  
No, thank you, Sebastian.

She sits, folds her hands, uncomfortably eyes the BALLPOINT  
on the table in front of him, then makes a show of taking in  
the packed walls and shelves full of totems and memorabilia.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
I forget sometimes how impressive  
your collection is here. Is that  
Kalinnikov?

He beams and moves to the shelves. She takes this opportunity  
to snatch his ballpoint pen and hide it under her leg.

He hefts a SMALL BRONZE HEAD, and carries it over to her.

SEBASTIAN  
Yes, isn't he marvelous. He belongs  
in a museum. I rescued him for a  
hundred rubles from a Kiev street  
fair back in ninety. Right after  
the wall came down.

TÁR  
(examines bust)  
That must have really been something.

SEBASTIAN  
Oh, incredible to have lived  
through it. I'd only just arrived  
here with Andris. Suddenly the  
impossible was possible.

TÁR  
I'd like to talk about that.

SEBASTIAN  
The reunification?

TÁR  
No. The possibility of you fronting  
a subscription orchestra.

SEBASTIAN  
But I already do.

TÁR  
Yes, but not as a Kapellmeister.  
If not now, then when, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN  
... you mean leave Berlin?

TÁR  
Well... rotate somewhere, yes.

SEBASTIAN  
But... this is my home.

TÁR  
Our only home is the podium. We all  
live out of a suitcase. You know  
that as well as anyone.  
(stands to leave)  
Think about it. Take you're time.  
It's not something you need to  
decide now.

SEBASTIAN  
... it's the girl, isn't it?

TÁR  
What girl?

SEBASTIAN  
You're not asking. You're telling.  
I knew as soon as she showed up that  
my days here were numbered. Andris  
told me not to worry, but I knew.

TÁR  
I'm sure I don't know what you're  
talking about.

SEBASTIAN

Oh, please. Just because no one dares breathe it, we know the things you do! The little favors you grant.

Tár shakes her head. Looks away and feigns disappointment.

TÁR

I really don't know what to say, Sebastian. You, of all people, have the temerity to question my integrity?

Sebastian looks scared. He knows he's gone too far.

SEBASTIAN

... I'm sorry... I'm sorry, Maestro. I don't know what I'm saying... I just... I just...

TÁR

No, it's clear you know exactly what you're saying. And if that's how you really feel about me, wouldn't you say that staying is entirely out of the question?

SEBASTIAN

(pleading)

Please Maestro, please forgive me.

TÁR

For what? Your obsequiousness, your hypocrisy, your misogamy?

SEBASTIAN

I am not a misogynist.

TÁR

Mis-og-amy - a hatred of marriage. Andris is still very much married, and you occupy an apartment on the same floor, don't you?

The man looks horrified.

TÁR & SHARON'S KITCHEN

They share kitchen clean-up duties.

TÁR

I just don't like what he's implying. It could lead to more than Chinese whispers.

SHARON

I know we barely survived Der Spiegel when you and I came out together.



SHARON (CONT'D)

But with Francesca no one could point their finger, it's not like you two are in a relationship.

TÁR

... true. But it turns my stomach to think that the old robot would be right about something. I'm sure he's already run to Andris.

SHARON

Well, is there someone other than Francesca you feel is more qualified?

TÁR

There are others equal to the task.

SHARON

... maybe wait to decide.

PRINCIPAL CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Tár looking a bit haggard, blinking her eyes to stay awake as she shops the CAMI website for conducting and concertmaster clients. A KNOCK at her door. She shuts her laptop.

TÁR

Yes.

Francesca enters with a FRUIT PLATE and sets it up for Tár.

TÁR (CONT'D)

Where are we with DG?

FRANCESCA

I spoke to an assistant in Boyd Muir's office who said they weren't sure why they decided on a digital-only set... what the criteria were. I do know they just did a full vinyl pressing for Long Yu.

TÁR

Of course they did. The Chinese market is incredible... alright. Gloves off. I'm going straight to Lucian. Maybe he needs to be reminded about his Annenberg Inclusion Initiative. You've got his contact details, right?

(Francesca nods, pulls them up)

... my machine is misbehaving. I've called IT. In the meantime let me borrow yours.

Francesca retrieves it, sets it in front of Tár, unlocks it.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
Thank you. Where's the matcha?

Francesca hesitates for the tiniest moment, then leaves.

FRANCESCA'S SCREEN

Tár launches mail, searches "Krista Taylor." Dozens of emails still appear in the timeline.

Tár looks disappointed, then absolutely furious.

She's about to quit out, but instead opens the latest email.

TÁR BOXING

Taking her frustration out on her SPARRING PARTNER's gloves. Working herself into a lather.

PRINCIPAL CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE

She arrives back to find Francesca on the couch texting. A PAPER TAKE-AWAY CUP on the table in front of her.

FRANCESCA  
I wasn't sure where you were.

TÁR  
(stretching)  
Working out a kink.

FRANCESCA  
(stands)  
The matcha's cold. I'll get another.

TÁR  
That's alright. I don't need it.  
Let's keep working.

Tár takes a seat at her work table, pretends to busy herself.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
Francesca. You did as I asked, and deleted any and all correspondence with Krista, correct?

Francesca knows that there is no safe way to answer. If she makes an excuse, there will be pain. If she lies, and Tár has been snooping, things will be much worse, perhaps even fatal.

FRANCESCA  
I'm not sure... I'll double-check.

TÁR  
(unreadable)  
Sebastian is leaving us.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
And I'm wondering if you wouldn't  
mind compiling a list of suitable  
replacements?

The light leaves Francesca's eyes. After awhile she nods.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
Of course, please feel free to  
include your own name.

FRANCESCA  
(brightens some)  
Thank you...  
(smartphone tings)  
Your lunch with the new cellist.

TÁR  
I meant to have you reschedule that  
until the orchestra votes.

FRANCESCA  
I'll text her now.

TÁR  
... no wait.  
(stands)  
Might as well see what she's made of.

Francesca doesn't look the least bit surprised.

ZUR LETZTEN INSTANZ

In stark contrast to Andris' clubby let-us-now-praise-famous-men hang, this old world eatery has seen it all, and is not impressed by anyone.

Tár watching Olga looking over the menu and breaking into the unguarded smile of a child, then laughing.

OLGA  
This food!

TÁR  
The cucumber salad is very good.  
It's kind of the only real option at  
this place if you're a vegetarian.  
Do you eat fish?

OLGA  
Not really.

TÁR  
We can go somewhere else. Like the  
Store Kitchen. Kind of a silly  
tradition that new members are  
brought here to sup with ghosts of  
the past.

TÁR (CONT'D)

At some point everyone from Napoleon to Beethoven tucked into a meal at one of these tables.

OLGA

Yes, and Clara Zetkin.  
(looks around)  
... I wonder which one.

TÁR

Who's that? A musician?

OLGA

No. She helped found social-democratic women's movement in Germany. And KPD until Hitler came to power and she was exiled to Soviet Union.

TÁR

Clara Zetkin?

OLGA

Yes. Every March eighth we place flowers at her plaque in Kremlin Wall Necropolis.

TÁR

Her birthday.

OLGA

(as if to a child)  
No, *International Women's Day*.

Tár feeling outclassed by a long-dead woman, and out-educated by the one seated across from her.

The waiter appears.

WAITER

Ready Maestro?

OLGA

(beats Tár to it)  
Yes, first shashlik then veal.

TÁR

... cucumber salad. Thank you.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Tár watches Olga savor each bite of meat, closing her eyes, humming to herself, her eyes open and catch Tár watching her.

OLGA

Is good. Would you like a bite?

TÁR

No, thank you... have you lived in Berlin long?

OLGA

No, not at all. I have friends in Neukölln I visit until I know decision of orchestra.

TÁR

Simonov will hold your place?

OLGA

Yes, I think so. He is my uncle. But my dream has always been to play with Berlin.

TÁR

Me too. There's no place like it. I imagine Rostropovich is a hero of yours?

OLGA

Of course he was great, we study him at Moscow Conservatory. But growing up, my favorite is Jacqueline du Pre. She made me want to play cello.

TÁR

Which record was it?

OLGA

Not record. YouTube. Elgar Concerto.

TÁR

With Barenboim conducting the London Philharmonic.

OLGA

I don't know *who* was conducting. But *she* did something to me. That's when I decide to learn piece and play it with youth orchestra.

TÁR

Quite a challenge. How old were you?

OLGA

Thirteen.

TÁR

Wow... I'd love to hear it.

OLGA

(focused on next bite)  
They make video. I will text to you.

Tár watches this young woman's impressive appetite, somewhat envious of her utter lack of fear, and any kind of pretense. She picks at her cucumber salad wishing for something else.

THE MOSCOW YOUTH ORCHESTRA – SEVEN YEARS AGO

The moderato leading to the cadenza of Elgar's Cello Concerto. Downstage center sits a THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD OLGA looking very much like a young du Pré, and like du Pré, the smiling free-spirited intelligence displayed at lunch in stark contrast with the single-minded ferocity of the young girl on display here. Leaving the viewer, and Tár, somewhat breathless.

TÁR WATCHING THIS AT THE CHARLOTTENBERG APARTMENT

Her attraction transposed into a kind of awe and respect.

The moment interrupted by the muted ELECTRONIC TWO-TONE interval heard before. Tár grimaces wondering where it's coming from. It stops. She looks relieved then turns her attention back to the girl on screen. There's a SHARP KNOCK on the door. She looks up annoyed.

THE DOOR OPENS

To a portly pale woman dressed in a rumpled black pantsuit and orthopedic shoes. Dirty parted-hair combed tightly to her head around a face whose lack of exposure to the sun makes it hard to discern whether she is 40 or 60. This is ELEANOR. Developmentally disabled and, at the moment, extremely desperate.

TÁR

Yes?

ELEANOR (GERMAN SUBTITLED)

My mother's paper arrives each morning at six. It's missing. Do you have it?

TÁR

No.

ELEANOR

This you are sure?

TÁR

(closes door)

Yes, I'm sorry.

MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Tár wakes to a TONE emanating within in the house.

IN THE KITCHEN

She moves to the refrigerator, opens the door, the tone stops. Her back tenses. She turns

But no one's there.

S-BAHN TRESTLE

Running now, as if something's behind her.

- DIMINUENDO LEADING TO THE FINAL PEDAL A OF THE ADAGIETTO -  
FRANCESCA IN THE BACK OF GROSSER SAAL

Listening to the last bars of the ADAGIETTO, she appears to have quite a bit on her mind.

ADAGIETTO. BAR 98 TO END

Tár conducting. She looks exhausted. She closes the iris. Allows the decay, then smiles.

TÁR

Very nice indeed. Let's leave it here. Tomorrow we'll begin with the Rondo-Finale.

(players begin packing up)

Before we break, I know many of you are curious what the companion piece will be. I've been thinking quite a bit about it and wondering if we might take an informal poll about possibly pairing five with the Elgar Cello Concerto?

Tár's eyes flick to the surprised eyes of Olga.

Then Sharon's, who closes hers, and begins a solemn process, followed by the other players who sit in silence.

Listening in their head, to what this might smell like. A HAND beating time against a leg, the NOD of a head comparing Elgar's theme with that of Mahler's.

Tár watching this arcane process, something timeless and yet strange too, a kind of group hypnosis.

One smile then another. The first BOW raises, followed by a SECOND, and THIRD. Tár watches the forest grow denser until it's fully matured.

TÁR (CONT'D)

Wonderful. Elgar it is. Would anyone object if the soloist came from within our own ranks?

THE CELLO SECTION places their attention squarely on the First Principal Cellist GOSIA PROBOZ (45) who smiles. Bows gently tap on music stands.

TÁR (CONT'D)

Okay, and one more question. And this is really just for you, Gosia.  
(Gosia looks up expectedly)

TÁR (CONT'D)

As a practical matter, this task  
would normally, fall to you.

(Gosia nods)

But given how much will be asked of  
you for the Mahler... I wonder if  
you would be at all bothered if we  
were to hold auditions?

The cellist looks uncomfortable. Tár's put her in an  
impossible position. Not lost on anyone present.

GOSIA

Well, that is a bit unorthodox...  
but in theory I have no objection.  
My only hesitation would depend on  
when these auditions might take  
place. I wouldn't want them in any  
way to interfere with our sectionals.

TÁR

Good point. It must be a sprint.  
How about this coming Monday?

GOSIA

... alright.

TÁR

Knut, please assemble a quorum for  
Monday. All section players welcome.

Tár purposefully ignores Olga's gaze.

Gosia catches Sharon's eye. The two section leaders  
uncomfortable with what just happened.

LATER TÁR STRIDES UP THE AISLE - 120 BPM

And greets BRITTA MENGES (55). The two have a proper and  
professional working relationship.

TÁR

Britta.

BRITTA

Lydia.  
(they sit)  
Just caught the end.

TÁR

What do you think? How's it sounding?

BRITTA

Fantastic. I can't wait until the  
live recording concert.

TÁR

I'll be happy when it's over.



BRITTA

It's always that way. I know you're busy and I don't want to add to your load, but Andris Davis phoned.

TÁR

He's upset I'm rotating Sebastian.

BRITTA

No, something else. But you'll please let Laura know as soon as you've chosen his replacement so she can prepare a press release.

TÁR

Of course. What did he want?

BRITTA

To complain about the punctuality of the driver he seems to believe the board supplies him with. Do you know anything about this?

TÁR

Yes. It's something I pay for.

BRITTA

Then why does he believe it's the board?

TÁR

Because he *needs* to believe that. Needs to believe he hasn't been forgotten, Britta. The academy has von Karajan's name on it. There are love shrines to Abbado all over this place. But the name Davis is essentially nowhere to be seen.

BRITTA

(unhappy with the lie)  
... alright. Then perhaps Francesca could have a word with the driver.

TÁR

(stands)  
Of course.

BRITTA

One other thing... it's unpleasant.

TÁR

An operational shortfall?  
(sits back down)  
Must I take Mrs. Sewing out for drinks again?

BRITTA  
No, it has nothing to do with the orchestra. Do you remember an Accordion Academy fellow named Krista Taylor?

TÁR  
(pretends to search)  
... oh, yes. Why?

BRITTA  
Apparently she committed suicide.

Tár slumps forward, as if hearing this news for the first time.

TÁR  
Oh, God. Poor thing... her parents.  
... wait. I'm confused, Britta.  
Why have you been put in the position to deliver this terrible news? Why didn't Accordion contact me directly?

BRITTA  
It's delicate, Lydia. Mr. Kaplan thought it might be best if you contacted a lawyer before speaking with anyone at Accordion.

TÁR  
... presumably that "anyone" including Eliot himself.  
Why would I need to do that?

BRITTA  
Apparently, some accusations have been made.

TÁR  
What kind of accusations?

BRITTA  
He didn't say. But they were brought to Accordion's counsel. Mr. Kaplan said he is certain nothing will come of it, but one can't be too careful.

Tár looks furious but also frightened.

PRINCIPAL CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE

Tár places a call.

TÁR  
Sorry about the hour. Yes, it's Lydia Tár calling, I must speak with Mr. Singer immediately...

TÁR'S HOME STUDY - LATER

On her machine reading an obituary for Krista Taylor from the Mount Kisko Daily Voice that includes a picture of Krista conducting a youth orchestra at 17. Laughing. No tattoos, no wine glass, just a baton and a heartbreaking smile. The accompanying text reads *Krista Sides Taylor, 25, died unexpectedly on November 4 at her Murray Hill apartment. Funeral services will be private.*

LUNCH WITH ANDRIS - SAVOY HAVANA BAR

Tár exhausted, wobbly, rubs her eyes.

ANDRIS

Tired?

TÁR

Sleep is elusive.

ANDRIS

I was the same before a recording date... Lydia, are you absolutely certain about Sebastian?

(she nods, he frowns)

Mmm... how did he take the news?

TÁR

Not well.

ANDRIS

... who will you replace him with?

TÁR

Possibly Andrew Crust. He's been assisting Otto Tausk at the VSO.

ANDRIS

Not the girl?

Tár ignores the question, Andris drops it.

TÁR

... Andris? Did you ever have an issue with a student or colleague? Where that person...

ANDRIS

Has someone been complaining about me?

TAR

Of course not.

ANDRIS (CONT'D)

Because at this point they've missed their chance. I'm out of the game. Thank God I never had to be pulled from the podium like Jimmy Levine...

ANDRIS (CONT'D)

... or hunted like Charles Dutoit. I take it you're asking for a reason.

TÁR

There's just been so much of this kind of thing in the news lately.

ANDRIS

Well, nowadays being accused is the same as being guilty. But I suppose this was also the case many years ago with Furtwängler and a bit with Karajan too.

TÁR

Who was the better conductor?

ANDRIS

I never played under Furtwängler. When I first arrived here the older members had hushed opinions. But at the same time they wanted to leave that era behind.

TÁR

The war?

ANDRIS

Post-war. The denazification. If someone pointed a finger at you, the process started all over again. Furtwängler never joined the Party. Refused to give the salute, to conduct the Horst-Wessel-Lied... or to sign his letters with "Heil Hitler," even those he wrote to Hitler. But he was required to be *denazified*. Until then, he was semi-retired -- playing corpses.

TÁR

"Playing corpses?"

ANDRIS

Secretly performing in a cemetery.

TÁR

Surely you're not equating sexual impropriety with being an accused Nazi?

ANDRIS

Either way you have to be ready. For years I made sure all the hangers in my closet were facing the same direction.

AWAKE IN BED

Sharon reading. Tár with the hangars. After awhile.

TÁR

How many are auditioning Monday?

SHARON

No one.

TÁR

No one?

SHARON

Well, perhaps Martin who has never gotten along with Gosia, and would be happy to sit downstage for once.

TÁR

He will still need to audition.

SHARON

Of course. We must follow the rules.

CHAMBER HALL

The same adjudicators as before, Sharon, Knut, ANOTHER ORCHESTRA MEMBER, and of course Tár. The four sit waiting as Francesca hands out score sheets and pencils.

TÁR

Aren't we being a bit formal, Francesca? From what I understand, there's just one player auditioning.

FRANCESCA

No, Maestro... there are two.

TWO AUDITIONS IN MINIATURE

The first played on the faces of those in the rake. The second PUSHING TOWARD THE STAGE like a cat stalking its prey. The movement in sync with the long dramatic phrase leading up to the cadenza.

The piece ends. The unseen player behind the screen departs. Sharon, Tár and Knut are bowled over and there's no hiding it.

MOMENTS LATER

Results in. Francesca at the ready. Sharon reading the tally.

SHARON

... well, it's unanimous  
(looks up from paper)  
... and we have a problem. She's not officially been invited to become a member of the orchestra.

TÁR

She wouldn't need be to solo for us.

KNUT

I believe the criteria for the audition was "all section players."

Sharon and Francesca watching closely to see if Tár will object.

TÁR

Then her audition gets thrown out. Francesca, please ask Martin to step back in so we can give him the news.

SHARON

... no, wait.

OUTSIDE CHAMBER HALL - LATER

The door opens, Olga emerges with the biggest smile she's ever had, or will have, on her face. She sprints away.

The exiting quorum, met with a HAPPY SCREAM from some recess in the building, exchange knowing looks.

PRINCIPAL CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE

Tár arrives to find Francesca working a WHITEBOARD CALENDAR, filling Olga's name into Tár's master rehearsal schedule.

FRANCESCA

I'll confirm these dates with her.

TÁR

Good... have a seat. I've made a decision regarding Sebastian's replacement... and I want you to know it wasn't an easy one. This position brings with it enormous responsibility, and my personal affection for you aside, I will have to go with someone more... more experienced.

Stay on FRANCESCA'S FACE.

TÁR WAKES TO THE TONE AGAIN

ENTERS THE KITCHEN

Opens the door. The tone stops. She turns as if sensing something else in the room.

BEDROOM

She falls back into bed. Knowing she won't sleep, and wondering how long this feeling will continue.

CHARLOTTENBERG APARTMENT

Tár at the piano making notations. Once again the two-tone INTERVAL SOUNDS from somewhere beyond the wall. She grimaces, puts her hands to her ears. KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK. Furious now, she stands, strides to the door, flings it open and...

TÁR

Leave me alone. I don't have your--

... finds Olga standing there confused by the outburst.

TÁR (CONT'D)

... I'm sorry, please come in.

LATER

Tár at the piano accompanying Olga, strikes the chords for what would be the string pizzicatos setting up Olga's solo. She plays the theme until the first pianissimo (5th bar of 42).

TÁR

Good. The contrast is better now,  
don't you think?

Olga nods. She may or may not agree. This not lost on Tár.

TÁR (CONT'D)

How do you take your tea?

OLGA

Black. Strong.  
(points to piano)  
Is alright, I play?

TÁR

Of course.

KITCHEN

Tár sets the KETTLE on the stove, and retrieves good CHINA. The first notes waft in from the studio. We recognize them as the theme of the composition Tár's been trying to write. However, up to this point it's been all stop-start without hearing the thing through. Tár's ears perk to it, she smiles and allows herself to experience it another way. Tár drifts

BACK INTO THE STUDIO

And watches Olga play the piece with the delicacy and sophistication of Constance Keene. It comes to an abrupt halt.

TÁR

That's as far as I've gotten.

OLGA

(plays Tár's phrase)  
... is good... this part here...

OLGA (CONT'D)  
but maybe this is better...  
(changes phrase)  
... A to B flat... yes, that's it..  
oh, I like that sound.

She plays it again, her way, not Tár's. Indifferent to the power differential and the boundary line she just crossed. Tár should banish her from the piano and her composition, but instead finds herself turning a corner she never saw coming.

TÁR SITS ALONE IN HER CAR AT OLGA'S NEUKÖLLN BED STAY

Watching the young woman cross the street, turn, and give a big goofy wave. Tár raises her hand and gives a tiny wave back. Then watches Olga disappear into the building.

TÁR (PRE-LAP)  
Hello!?

TÁR ARRIVES HOME

And heads into the

LIVING ROOM

To find ANGELA (80), Sharon's strict, proper, frightening mother sitting alone in a high-back chair KNITTING.

TÁR  
Hello, Angela.

ANGELA (SUBTITLED)  
(looks up, nods)  
Sharon is out with her sister.  
From the way they were whispering  
I'd say that they're up to no good.  
The child is in its' room.

PETRA'S BEDROOM

Tár peeks inside. No Petra. Just DOZENS of DOLLS on the floor carefully arranged in a half-moon configuration facing a small STOOL on top of which lies a WHITE STABILO, and a craft table filled with drawings and clay moldings of the pattern.

TÁR  
Petra?

The sound of the child humming the interval.

TÁR HEADS

Into her office. Pulls back the curtains and sees a tiny mummy of a figure twisting in the sheers.

TÁR  
Petra, what are you doing in here?



PETRA  
Hiding from her.

TÁR  
Why?

PETRA  
She told me to put my things in  
order... but they already are.

TÁR  
Yes, I see that... they're all  
ready for you.

PETRA'S BEDROOM

The two on the floor with Petra's orchestra of dolls. Petra  
handing out white pencils.

PETRA  
I'm going to give everyone a  
pencil.

TÁR  
Everyone? They can't all conduct  
honey... it's not a democracy.

GROSSER SAAL. ELGAR CONCERTO. FIGURE 72 TO END.

Olga tearing it up. A player possessed. Tár shuts the iris.  
The TAP, TAP, TAP of bows on stands.

TÁR  
Very nice. We'll go back to the  
Allegro Molto after the break.

Sharon watches Tár kneel down and shower Olga with attention.

MAN'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)  
How long were you acquainted with  
Ms. Taylor?

PRINCIPAL CONDUCTOR'S OFFICE

Tár sits facing a MICROPHONE on a stand across from a SMART-  
LOOKING MAN taking notes.

TÁR  
I'll need to double-check with my  
assistant, but cumulatively speaking,  
I believe not more than a few months.

SMART-LOOKING MAN  
(turns off recorder)  
Thank you for the time, Maestro.  
This recording will exist on a  
protected server under attorney  
client privilege with Mr. Singer.

SMART-LOOKING MAN (CONT'D)  
He will follow up with you to help  
prepare for the deposition.

TÁR  
Deposition?

SMART-LOOKING MAN  
Yes, I assumed you were aware. Mr.  
Singer's office said they'd been  
coordinating with your assistant.

TÁR STRIDES PAST OFFICE ASSISTANTS - 120 BPM

Tár on her mobile leaving a VM.

TÁR  
Francesca, you had better get your  
pretty little ass here right now!

LINA'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)  
The only communication we've  
received from Francesca...

HUMAN RESOURCES - MOMENTS LATER

Tár facing LINA GREFF (45) the orchestra's head of HR.

LINA (CONT'D)  
... was an email to my assistant in  
the middle of the night, tendering  
her immediate resignation. Stating  
she would be in contact when she had  
more details to provide.

TÁR  
... what kind of details?

LINA  
A new address I suppose. In the  
meantime, we've been trying all  
morning to find someone suitable to  
assist you on a temporary basis.  
For now perhaps your new assistant  
conductor would be the right fit.

TÁR  
Uh... no... he's not available  
until after the five live date.

THE TAYCAN MOVING TOO FAST

TÁR  
That two-faced little bitch!

SHARON  
Imagine her hurt, Lydia. That  
position was thought to be hers.

TÁR

Don't you dare try and defend her.

ANOTHER CAR merges into their lane. TÁR LAYS on the HORN.

SHARON

I know how much you depended on her.

TÁR

She'll come galumphing back. I have a dumbphone like every robot. How hard can it be to text all day?

SHARON

Please slow down.  
(she doesn't)  
Slow down! Or drop me off!

THE TAYCAN PULLS TO THE SHOULDER

Sharon's left there holding her violin case. Tár quickly accelerates and screeches away.

OUTSIDE HUFSENSIEDLUNG

Tár pounds on a door

TÁR

Francesca! Francesca, open up!

A BLOND CHILD, wearing a RED JACKET, in the yard next door, stares over at Tár who tries the door, and it opens, she

MOVES INTO A HALLWAY

Flinching at the sight of a SHADOW cast against the wall from the bedroom, the shape and sway looks as if it might be Francesca's hanging body.

IN THE BEDROOM

She SNATCHES a SCARF hanging from an open window dancing in the breeze, the source of the shadow. It feels monumental in a room that looks as if it has been hastily emptied.

HER FEET cross a floor strewn with red-pencilled PAGES. She reaches down and grabs a few. The first has the MAZE-LIKE DRAWING we've seen before scrawled across its length. The second has something lined out and next to it written "more lies." The third a PROOF WATERMARKED TILE LEAF of *Tár on Tár* marked with curves and arrows to form the anagram *Rat on Rat*.

A HAND falls on Tár's shoulder. She turns and finds a FIERCE-FACED WOMAN staring back at her.

FIERCE-FACED WOMAN (GERMAN SUBTITLED)

*You're trespassing, Fräulein.*

WHISPERS BUILD

From Francesca's lips to others' ears, then diminuendo into the pulse of a drum, accompanied by something writhing, replaced by a Shipibo-Konibo shaman, face adorned with a Kené pattern, followed by a tableau of still water under the vast Amazon rainforest. Floating on that water, the small sofa bed of Tár's Charlottenberg apartment with Tár asleep on it. A spark and her chest ignites as a water-snake glides straight towards the bed. Her hand rises and falls. She wakes to

SOMEONE POUNDING ON THE DOOR

Of the apartment, accompanied by the sound of the interval. She quickly rises, opens the door, and finds Eleanor standing there looking even more desperate than before.

ELEANOR (GERMAN SUBTITLED)

*Come now!*

She turns and flees down the hallway. Tár, in spite of herself, follows her to the end where Eleanor waits at

AN OPEN DOOR

Then disappears inside. Tár cautiously follows her into a room frozen in time. The furnishings, decor and telephone haven't changed since the 1950's. The smell makes her cover her face. The SOUND of the electronic TWO-TONE INTERVAL coming from the other room draws her forward into

A LARGER SPACE where Eleanor stands looking down at the floor where an impossibly undernourished OLD WOMAN lies naked, wearing only a cotton-webbed GAIT BELT. Her backside, legs and feet covered in FECES, she stares up helplessly. Eleanor gestures to an ancient porcelain TRANSPORT COMMODE.

ELEANOR

We must transfer her.

Tár ill-equipped, somehow finds another gear.

TÁR

... it's going to be alright,  
Fräulein. I'm here to help you.

She steps forward to take the woman's outstretched hand.

ELEANOR

Not the hand! Use the strap!

Tár squats, grabs one side of the belt, Eleanor grabs the other, they manage to pull the woman to her feet and over to the commode. Tár, unsure of her role now, looks away, and sees

A SMALL WHITE PLASTIC BOX adorned with "Smart Caregiver," blinking RED on a table, SOUNDING the two-tone warning.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Go! Go now!

Tár nods and makes her way

BACK TO HER OWN APARTMENT

Strips out of her night gown. Washes off in the kitchen sink. Looks up to the SOUND of someone POUNDING on her door. Shuts off the water. Throws on a robe, and moves to open it. Olga, dripping wet from the rain, rushes inside.

OLGA  
Sorry I'm late again.

Olga noting the bed on the couch, and Tár's pajamas.

OLGA (CONT'D)  
You live here?

TÁR  
... not normally, no.

OLGA  
Do you have a towel?

TÁR  
Of course.

MOMENTS LATER

Tár, now dressed, hands the young woman the towel who dries her hair as Tár makes up the sofa bed. Their eyes meet and they share a laugh at this awkward, almost domestic moment.

DRIVING THROUGH NEUKÖLLN - LATER

Same route. It's drizzling again. The vent still rattling.

OLGA  
There is small concert with musician friends. You should come.

TÁR  
Thank you, but I must get home.

OLGA  
You have child, yes?  
(Tár nods)  
... I will not do that.

TÁR  
Pets are better for some people.

Olga pulls a Teddy Bear from her bag, and waggles it at Tár.

TÁR PULLS TO OLGA'S NEUKÖLLN BED STAY

Olga gives her a friendly peck, and gets out. Tár watches her cross the street, turn, and give a big goofy wave. This time Tár waves back. She's about to pull out when she sees the bear sitting on the passenger seat. She rolls down the window to call after Olga but she disappears into the building recess.

TÁR HOLDING THE BEAR

Crosses the street and enters the building met by SOUNDS that could be Olga SINGING Tár's composition, the notes echoing as casual as bird song. Tár follows the sound into an open courtyard littered with stained mattresses, a rusted wheelbarrow, and other detritus. The windows of every unit boarded up, covered with tags. The Doppler effect here making it impossible to accurately peg the direction of Olga's voice.

SHE DESCENDS A STAIRCASE

And reaching the bottom finds herself in

A LONG CORRIDOR

Its floor pooling with water from overhead.

SHE MOVES FORWARD AND PEERS INTO

Abandoned squatter-like rooms. The singing disappears. All she hears now is the dripping fluid.

SHE CONTINUES MOVING

Toward the other end of the corridor.

TÁR

Olga?

The SOUND of an animal SKITTERING behind her turns her around. But the corridor is empty.

SHE CONTINUES ON

Hears the SOUND again and turns. Nothing.

SHE JUST WANTS TO GET OUT

The opposite direction from where the SOUND is coming from. She hears it again, turns and a BLACK GERMAN SHEPHERD stares at her from the other end. She backs away slowly, then runs.

REACHES AN OUTSIDE STAIRWAY

Bounding stairs two at a time. Her TOE CATCHES. She FACE-PLANTS. CRACK! The SOUND like the breaking of cartilage.

SHE RETURNS HOME

Through the kitchen, opens the freezer, retrieves an ICE TRAY, empties it onto a DISH TOWEL and POUNDS it with a ROLLING PIN. The foreground dirties.

Tár turns. Sharon shrieks. And for the first time we see the damage: Tár's right cheek completely swollen over a very bloody eye. LaMotta after the Valentine's Day Massacre.

KITCHEN STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

Sharon sits across from Tár trying to dress her wounds.

SHARON  
Why didn't you call the police?

TÁR  
I fought. He ran. What's to tell.

SHARON  
I'll get you something for the pain.

Sharon leaves. Petra crawls in and stares at Tár's face.

PETRA (SUBTITLED)  
... was someone mean to you?

TÁR'S  
Ja.

Petra crawls onto Tár's lap, reaches up and gently touches the undamaged part of her face.

PETRA (SUBTITLED)  
You're the most beautiful person  
I know.

THE RAIN COMES

Over the residence asleep. The Hamburg Steinway offers the appearance of a casket containing someone lying in state.

PETRA (O.C.)  
Lydia!... Lydia!

TÁR & SHARON'S BEDROOM

Tár wakes. Sits up, as she leaves we glimpse Krista in a chair across the room staring back at her.

PETRA (O.C.)  
Lydia!

Tár heads into

PETRA'S BEDROOM

Closes the door, crawls in with Petra and tries to calm her.

PETRA  
Hold my foot.

TÁR  
Is that better?

PETRA  
... yes.

Petra looks past Tár to the doorway, as if someone's there. Tár follows the child's frightened gaze, and they embrace.

TRAUERMARSCH. 1ST MOVEMENT BAR 406. 2ND MOVEMENT BAR 1-4

She mounts the podium with her face cut and swollen and bruised. Players look away, not wanting to make her uncomfortable.

TÁR  
Alright. Give me some eyes, please.  
(they look back up)  
Let's shoo the elephant from the room. What the hell happened to her face? Did she schedule a nose and eye job, then decide to bail before the surgeon finished the other half?

Her joke breaks the tension and they laugh.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
I was attacked.

Sounds of concern from 100 people. Tár's eyes meet Olga's.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
Thank you, but I'm fine really. You should've seen the other guy. Alright second movement let's take the transition Bar 406.

They enter on BAR 406 through first four bars of transition.

POST REHEARSAL - BLOCK K

Tár sits next to Sharon going through notes. Sharon tries to rub Tár's shoulder, but she flinches and pulls away.

TÁR  
Don't! It burns!

SHARON  
You must see the doctor.

TÁR  
He's booked till next week.



SHARON  
I'll call them again and tell them  
how much pain you're in.

TÁR  
Let's just finish up here.

Sharon knows not to push it. She looks up to see Olga waiting  
at the top of the stairs.

SHARON  
Overall, the balance feels right.  
Other than a quick brush-up, we  
should concentrate on the Elgar.

TÁR  
You're certain of that?

SHARON  
... I think so, yes.

MOMENTS LATER

Tár, sitting with Olga now, flips pages on her score.

TÁR  
I'll try to hold them back here.  
They're getting caught up in the  
power of your glissando and are  
trying to match it.

OLGA  
Where were you attacked, Maestro?

TÁR  
It doesn't matter.

Reaches into her bag, retrieves bear, hands it to Olga.

OLGA  
Ah, thank you. There you are.

DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Tár, examined by her PHYSICIAN, flinches.

PHYSICIAN  
When did you have this fall?

TÁR  
I don't know... ten days ago. You  
should have seen my face. My  
shoulder burns like hell. Like I  
fell asleep by the pool.

PHYSICIAN  
Okay, you can put your shirt back  
on. You've damaged some nerves.

PHYSICIAN

The burning sensation you're  
feeling is called Notalgia  
paresthetica.

TÁR

Nostalgia?

PHYSICIAN

Notalgia, no *s*.

TÁR

How do you treat it?

PHYSICIAN

You don't. Eventually it goes away.  
An adjustment might help. You're  
somewhat crooked.

The unresolved theme of Tár's composition leads us to the  
CHARLOTTENBERG APARTMENT

The last chord decays. She nods, satisfied. Grabs a PENCIL  
and on the front page signs "*For Petra*." Stands, sits again,  
crosses it out, and writes something else.

Her phone pings, she checks a text from Britta containing a  
link. Clicks on it.

TÁR'S VOICE (O.C.)

A negro product exploited by the Jews.

A YOUTUBE VIDEO OF

Tár's Juilliard Master Class posted on twitter tagged with  
@lydiatár, aggressively edited, in the most damning way. At  
least two angles here implying that there was more than one  
person involved with its creation.

TÁR ON VIDEO

Now let's turn our gaze back to the  
piano bench up there and see if we  
can square how any of those things  
possibly relate to the person  
seated before us.

Reaction shot of Max, and uncomfortable laughs from students.

TÁR ON VIDEO (CONT'D)

A super hot young woman? Now you  
can masturbate.

We see a grainy blown-up iPhone video of her hand reaching  
across Max's lap at the piano bench and stopping his knee.

TAR'S VOICE (O.C.)

But what are you actually doing for me?

Her mobile buzzes "Britta" and she answers it.

TÁR  
Hello, Britta... yes, I just saw  
it... this afternoon?

SHE LOCKS UP THE APARTMENT

Heads downstairs and sees a covered GURNEY being carried from Eleanor's apartment by two UNDERTAKERS. She pushes herself into the corner to let them pass before following. A frightened Eleanor appears on the landing above, for the tiniest moment their eyes meet.

ORCHESTRA'S BOARD ROOM

She sits with Britta and board members comprised of players, including Knut. For once she's outnumbered.

TÁR  
First of all, that class was conducted  
in a tech-free zone.

She's interrupted by the UNSCREWING of a TALL WATER BOTTLE, followed by the FIZZY FAST POUR into a GLASS, the hard LANDING of the bottle, then Knut draining the glass.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
Second, whoever violated that rule,  
edited what we've all seen to create  
linguistic traps to completely redefine  
my words. Look at the reverse shots on  
the students. There's no way those were  
done in real time. It's a hatchet job.

BRITTA  
I'm sure that's true, Lydia. And were  
it just this video, we'd not be sitting  
here. Unfortunately it's linked to an  
article in the New York Post regarding  
Krista Taylor's suicide...

Tár, blindsided, takes a moment to process this.

BRITTA (CONT'D)  
... which alludes to other  
Accordion Fellows they claim to  
have interviewed. Laura? Can you  
tell us about your conversations?

LAURA KIM (25) the orchestra's publicist stands.

LAURA KIM  
We haven't had any. Obviously, we  
gave no response, as we first  
wanted to meet to discuss strategy.  
Here's a summary of the article.

TÁR

Thank you, Laura.

(looks it over)

"... enticed... and groomed multiple young women to engage in sex acts for professional favors. Blocked opportunities to those who didn't comply..." This is total fiction!

(tosses it, forces a laugh)

The Post is a how-de-do scandal rag. No serious person reads it.

(room stares back at her)

And so far as Krista Taylor goes, she was disturbed, fixated on me!

MALE BOARD MEMBER

In what way?

TÁR

She sent weird gifts, trolled me on-line, tried to send me signals...

MALE BOARD MEMBER

What kind of signals?

TÁR

Vandalizing my wikipedia page to say that she was my "muse."

(to Laura)

That's easily checked, right?

Laura nods.

MALE BOARD MEMBER

Did you ever report this or file a complaint.

TÁR

No, I probably should have... but I felt sorry for her.

BRITTA

Is this something you've shared with Sharon?

TÁR

I didn't want to burden her with it.

BRITTA

Don't you think--

Yes, yes.

TAR

MALE BOARD MEMBER

(to Laura)

What do you advise?

LAURA KIM

Well, for now, it hasn't gotten all that much traction. None of the trades have linked to it, or called for comment. Let's see what happens.

MALE BOARD MEMBER

We wanted to give you as much warning as possible, Lydia. Before this Friday's donor meeting.

TÁR

Unfortunately, I won't be there.

MALE BOARD MEMBER

I'd very much advise that you are.

TÁR

I have the book launch in New York and, apparently, a deposition.

The board, uncomfortable with her decision, exchange looks.

MALE BOARD MEMBER

We'll fill you in upon your return.

Tár gabs her coat and leaves.

TÁR (O.C.)

Enjoy your weekend.

SHE ARRIVES HOME

Sharon looks up from her office.

TÁR

(putting on happy face)  
Finished my thing today.

SHARON

Congratulations. We should go out and celebrate.

TÁR

Can't. Need to pack.

PETRA (O.C.)

Hi Lydia!

TÁR

Hi!

TÁR'S HOME OFFICE

She drops her composition on the table, moves over to the performance score shelf, and stands there looking confused.

There's an EMPTY SPACE between Mahler IV and VI.

SHARON'S OFFICE

TÁR  
Sharon? Did you see my performance score?

SHARON  
No, isn't it on the shelf with the others?

TÁR  
No.

TÁR & SHARON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tár packing while on the phone with the orchestra librarian.

TÁR  
You're sure it's not in my office?  
What about the orchestra library?  
Can you look again please?

PETRA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Petra asleep, Tár holding her foot, releases it, and turns off the lamp.

PETRA  
Lydia?

TÁR  
Yes.

PETRA  
When will you come back?

TÁR  
The day after tomorrow.

PETRA  
You promise?

TÁR  
Yes. I promise.

TXL PRIVATE HANGAR - DAWN

A uniformed FLIGHT ATTENDANT takes Tár's CARRY-ON BAG as she ascends a gangway to a G550.

INSIDE THE AIRCRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

The same flight attendant brings her a GLASS of water.

TÁR  
Do you have any bottles?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Of course. Do you need anything  
else before I close the cabin door?

TÁR  
Yes, we're waiting on one more.

TÁR IN THE BACK OF A BLACK SUV

Moving through mid-town Manhattan.

VOICE (PRE-LAP)  
To all of my questions pertaining to  
your communications with Krista Taylor  
and others, your answers have been 'I  
don't know,' or 'I don't remember.'

TÁR AT A CONFERENCE TABLE

Seated behind a MIKE next to MARTY SINGER. Both facing  
COUNSEL FOR THE TAYLOR FAMILY, and the COURT REPORTER.

TAYLOR FAMILY COUNSEL  
Is there anything I could show you  
that might refresh your recollection?  
Any document such as emails from you,  
or your personal assistant Ms.  
Lentini, that might help you recall  
what you did and didn't say?

ELIOT KAPLAN'S OFFICE

Tár steps in. Eliot gets to his feet. No greeting. No  
handshake. This is all business, and they both know it.

ELIOT  
Guess you know by now that Bryant  
Park bumped you to 53rd Street.  
(hands her sheet of paper)  
The Kaplan Fund's prepared  
statement. I'm sorry to say that  
this will likely be the last time  
we see each other.

TÁR  
Well, now I can book my own plane  
tickets, and you can bother someone  
else to try and teach you how to  
crawl to the podium.

THE SUV TRAVELING SOUTH ON FIFTH

Tár & Olga in back. They turn onto 53rd and pull in front of  
the library, Tár noting the outdoor advertising Eliot  
promised, along with DOZENS OF YOUNG MEN & WOMEN beating  
drums, sounding horns and holding signs emblazoned with  
"JUSTICE FOR KRISTA!" and "LISTEN TO THE SURVIVORS!"

Tár, unnerved, looks to a seemingly oblivious Olga glued to her smartphone, and leans forward to the driver.

TÁR  
Is there a back entrance?

TÁR BEHIND A MIKE

Reading from her book in the small area off rare books room.

TÁR  
"The link between music and language is  
what makes music unique to human beings--

Her eyes find Olga in the back flirting with a young man.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
Indeed, the common metaphors used  
to explain music are based on the  
idea that music *is* a language...  
albeit a secret one, and in this  
way, holy and unknowable. These  
joyful noises we make being the  
closest thing any of us might ever  
experience to the divine...

Snide TEXTS fly OVER her IMAGE: "trotted out metaphor saw and  
divinity bit--fuck me if she uses the word 'allegory.'"

TÁR (ON SMARTPHONE SCREEN)(CONT'D)  
... yet something born by the mere  
act of moving air..."

CARLYLE HOTEL ELEVATOR

Tár and Olga ascend with the uniformed operator who smiles.

THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN

Olga and Tár step off.

TÁR  
Meet downstairs for dinner, in say  
thirty minutes?

OLGA  
Thank you, but I am jet lag.  
I go to sleep now.

TÁR  
(hides disappointment)  
Of course. I'll probably do the same.



SOMETIME LATER

On her machine searching her name on twitter and hearting a post accompanied by a picture of her "wonderful talk by the great Lydia Tár." She scrolls to the next "@Tár and her fresh meat" above a phone clip of she and Olga rushing together into the library entrance with one of the protestors yelling "If you're her new girlfriend, you better watch out honey!" Her mobile rings "Sharon," she silences it. A moment later the room phone rings. She ignores it. Finally it stops.

She closes her machine. Moves to her bag, hunts a beta-blocker, moves to the minibar looking for water, nothing.

TÁR  
(picks up house phone)  
How long would it take to get a  
bottle of water? ... no, that's  
alright, I'll just run down.

She crosses the room, opens the door, and steps out in time to see Olga disappear back into the elevator for a night out.

OLGA (O.C.)  
Lobby please.

BATTERY TUNNEL - TOWNCAR ON THE MOVE - EARLY MORNING

Tár watches a completely absent Olga texting.

TÁR ARRIVES HOME

And begins turning off the lights. Moves to kill the last, senses someone there, and turns. It's Sharon.

TÁR  
Jesus!

Sharon silent. The moment freighted. Tár moves to attack.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
It was Britta, right? That *is* how  
you heard about these millennial  
robots trading in lies.

SHARON  
(calm)  
I could care less about the  
Juilliard thing.

TÁR  
She has too much time on her hands.  
She's fringe, the worst kind...  
(on the move)  
Every time I walk out of this house  
she's in your ear with intrigue.

TÁR'S HOME STUDY

She pulls performance scores from her shelves, dropping them on the floor in a panic.

TÁR (CONT'D)  
Or asking me about some other piece of fringe like Samantha Hankey. A nobody who has nothing better to do than drop my name at lunch and imply things.

SHARON  
(arrives in doorway)  
I feel sorry for you.

TÁR  
Save it.

SHARON  
I tried calling you last night. Did you have fun with her?

TÁR  
... my back is killing me.  
(brushes past her)  
Francesca left. And I simply needed someone to carry my bags. Who was I supposed to ask to go with me, Knut?

SHARON  
(calmly follows)  
There are many things I accept about you, and in the end I'm sure I could get over something like this. But that's not we're talking about, is it?

Tár busies herself in their private rooms, as if the conversation is over. Sharon watches her from the library.

SHARON (CONT'D)  
These accusations from the parents of the girl who suicided?

This stops Tár cold, who for the first time realizes the extent of what Sharon knows.

TÁR  
... you honestly believe what they're saying... they're lies.

She moves back into the other room, teeters, sits, and drops her head into her hands, trying to decide her next move.

SHARON

Do you understand what it was like  
to walk into my sectional yesterday  
and see people whispering about me?  
It's got nothing to do with what  
they're accusing you of - it's a  
simple matter of not warning me that  
our family is in danger...

TÁR

(with contempt)

What good would that have done?  
What could you possibly do to make  
things better?

Sharon kneels down to Tár's level, face-to-face now.

SHARON

(with equal contempt)

Because I deserve that! Those are  
the rules. You are to ask for my  
fucking council the way you always  
have. The way you did when you first  
arrived here as a guest conductor  
looking for a permanent position.  
You asked, what were the politics,  
what were the moves --- How could we  
swing it? Of course, those discussions  
took place in another bed. Or rather,  
on the couch of that horrible place  
you still can't let go of.

TÁR

Ah, the old sorrow blows in...  
how cruel of you to define our  
relationship as transactional.

SHARON

There's only one relationship  
you've ever had that wasn't, and  
she's sleeping in the room next  
door...

(stands and moves off)

Apparently this hasn't even  
crossed your mind.

ORCHESTRA PARKING GARAGE

She pulls into her reserved space, is about to climb out but  
stops when she sees three BOARD MEMBERS and Andris talking  
next to a car ten spaces down. Tár curious why Andris would  
be among them. Seeing her too now, they quickly disperse.

ORCHESTRA CONFERENCE ROOM

Tár enters to a packed house. Upon seeing her, thirty-five  
people in noisy conversation suddenly go silent and stare  
back at her with stone cold faces. She knows that this is it.

GROSSER SAAL. SECTION K.

Quasimodo staring down at the stage. Tár removed from the players running a sectional below, their mocking shared laugh might very well be at her expense.

CHARLOTTENBERG APARTMENT STAIRCASE

Huffing and puffing, Tár struggles to drag her LUGGAGE up the five flights of stairs.

REPEATS HER DOOR RITUAL

Candles and breath. Blows out the match and falls into an in-between place where the specter of Krista Taylor envelops her in a fashion that appears to cause her fear and great pain.

SHE WAKES ON THE SOFA BED

BOXES ALONE WITH A HEAVY BAG

SPRINTS BENEATH THE S-BAHN TRESTLE

Sees something and begins to slow. Wild post after wild post of she and Mahler, more than tagged, vandalized. Her face painted over with large red x's and other forms. She catches her breath and rips one of the posters from the wall.

TÁR PARKED OUTSIDE PETRA'S SCHOOL

Watching parents at pick-up, quickly heads over to Petra. We stay in the car watching as Sharon approaches Tár. Body language clear. Tár is not welcome. Sharon leads Petra away.

CHARLOTTENBERG APARTMENT

Tár flattened by the turn of events sits on her daybed holding her head in her hands, mumbling to herself. A SHARP KNOCK ON THE DOOR makes her look up.

THE DOOR OPENS

To ANNA FRANZEN, a woman who in every respect, other than complexion and wardrobe, could be Eleanor's twin.

ANNA

Hello, I am Anna Franzen. My late mother's apartment is down the hall.

TÁR

I'm so sorry about your mother.

ANNA

Thank you.

TÁR

How is your sister doing?

ANNA  
Eleanor lives now in a  
facility, in Neukölln.

Anna joined now by her HUSBAND and their ESTATE AGENT.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry to trouble you. But my  
husband and I are selling the place.  
And couldn't help hearing the music.

TÁR  
I'm glad you enjoyed it.

ANNA  
... yes.

HUSBAND  
We were wondering if there are  
specific hours you rehearse so we  
can schedule showings around them.

ESTATE AGENT  
We don't want to scare potential  
buyers off with all the noise.

A MAD RACKET

From off-camera. Tár enters playing a weird tune on an  
accordion. Singing. Or rather screaming. She looks happy,  
maniacally so.

TÁR  
*Apartment for sale! Apartment for  
sale. Your mother's buried deep,  
and now you're going to keep!  
Her apartment for sale. Your  
sister's in jail. You put your  
sister in jail. You're all going to  
Hell. Your apartment's for sale!*

CONCERT-GOERS CLIMB LOBBY STAIRS

On their way to the hall. We see ushers unlock the doors and  
the first audience members head to their seats. Among them  
are Andris & Sebastian.

BALCONY RECORDING BOOTH

Harald & Christian at their stations. Harald, watching the  
monitors, cues his assistant. Through the booth windows and  
on monitors we see the house lights dim.

FROM THE STAGE RIGHT DOOR FORMALLY ATTIRED PLAYERS ENTER

To loud applause that carries over into

AN EMPTY BACKSTAGE BATHROOM

Tár's shoes appear beneath a stall door. Thunderous APPLAUSE swells, the kind reserved for a star conductor.

STAGE RIGHT WING

The FIRST TRUMPET PLAYER stares at a MONITOR, empties his spit valve. The applause finally dies down, he lifts his horn, and readies for the downbeat of the funeral march.

-TA-TA-TA-KAA- -TA-TA-TA-KAA-

-TA-TA-TA-KAAAA-

Tár breaks frame, just far enough behind the player that he can't see her. She stares out the open door to the stage.

-TA-TA-TA-KAA- -TA-TA-TA-KAA-

-TA-TA-TA-KAAAA-

Her expression not unlike the beginning. Wincing, frowning, grimacing. Eyes filling and spilling with unbridled rage.

THE ORCHESTRA ENTERS. SO DOES TÁR

Striding ONSTAGE, picking up SPEED to the PODIUM, and body SLAMMING into Eliot Kaplan knocking him off the podium and chevron and also knocking the wind out of him.

MUSIC comes to an ABRUPT HALT. SOUNDS of SHOCK followed by uncomfortable urgent MURMURS.

Tár straightens, steps to the podium, and LIFTS her BATON.

TÁR

Alright. Give me some eyes. From the top.

The players, embarrassed, look away. Sharon goes white.

ELIOT (O.C.)

... Lydia.

The mere sound of this voice makes Tár even more furious.

ELIOT (CONT'D)

(finds his feet)

Lydia, you're confused

He reaches for her arm, she BACKHANDS him ACROSS THE FACE. And he falls again to the stage. She leaps from the podium.

TÁR

This is *my* score!

(kicks him in ribs)

*My* score!

TÁR (CONT'D)  
(kicks him again)  
You fucking little...  
(kicks him in the face)  
... nothing!

STAFF SECURITY rush out from stage L & R, and pull her away, but she still manages to get one last kick in.

She's spent now. Doesn't fight her keepers. Like someone staggering away from a gruesome car accident.

TÁR  
I'm fine, I'm fine.

Olga frozen. Sharon too. Knut leans forward with a pencil and draws the sign of the cross on the last measure played.

INSIDE THE BATTERY TUNNEL

Chasing a LIVERY CAR.

LATER - PASSING LINCOLN CENTER

Tár in the backseat. Driver speaking Pashto into his MOBILE. She gazes out the window as a pick-up hauling a PortaJohn passes. The driver's hand holding a PEN & PAD breaks frame.

DRIVER (O.C.)  
Please sign the CAMI voucher.

5 COLUMBUS CIRCLE

Tár at rear of the car. The driver pops the trunk and grabs her bag. Towering above them a pile driver pounds its tempo.

COLOMBIA ARTISTS MANAGEMENT RECEPTION

Tár sits waiting her turn, along with a cellist who can't be older than twelve.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
Now normally, I'd think Lisa Rich  
in our booking department would be  
a great fit for you...

CORY BERG'S OFFICE

Tár sits across from CAMI President and CEO, CORY BERG, flanked by lieutenants SHANNON, KRISTINE, WILLIAM, STEFANA, and JAKE.

CORY BERG (CONT'D)  
... but she's got too much on her  
plate. So I'd like to team you with  
Jake here. Jake you want to show  
Lydia what you've prepared for her.

JAKE

Well, right now it's a reset. What we're after is less, not more. We want to be selective, and rebuild this from the ground up. That means we need a new story.

A BACKSEAT VIEW

Traveling Cannon Avenue in Staten Island into a small-lot pre-war neighborhood of UTILITY POLES wrapped in RED, WHITE & BLUE RIBBONS, curbs parked with PANEL VANS & PICK-UP TRUCKS.

TÁR STANDS WITH HER BAG

At the door of a paint-faded two-story. Tries the door, locked. Squats down, lifts a GNOME, and finds the extra KEY.

INSIDE

The place is tidy and, like Eleanor's mother's apartment, hasn't changed much since before Tár was born. The SPINET PIANO and its bench now used for POTTED PLANTS, KNICK-KNACKS and poorly composed PHOTOS.

SHE ENTERS A BEDROOM FROZEN IN TIME

Music notation-themed wallpaper, keyboard bedspread, MUSIC STAND gathering dust, FRAMED SCHOOL AWARDS for LINDA TARR.

She steps to a WALL MIRROR sandwiched with TWO SNAPSHOTS: A two-year-old Tár holding a toy accordion, and a ten-year-old black-eyed Tár holding a hockey stick.

She opens the closet, slides late-80's outfits to one side, and squats down to find SIX SHOE BOXES covered in colored paper, labeled in Magic Marker in the block letter style of an eight-year-old child: "Sundries," "Cash," Passport, "My IRA," "Jewelry," and finally, "Little Toys."

She smiles then looks up to a SHELF with 53 carefully labeled VHS's of each and every CBS *Young People's Concerts*.

TCHAIKOVSKY'S SYMPHONY NO.5 ACCOMPANYING A SCENE

Unimaginable today: eager boys and girls in neat sport coats and pretty dresses seated in Carnegie Hall, their attention glued to the man in front of them conducting the NY Phil. The microphone attached to his lapel picks up his passionate grunts and groans as he sways and moves like a dancer, a boxer, Lear screaming at the sky. He brings the music to a rousing crescendo, then quickly grabs his handkerchief, mops his face and turns to the young audience, who applaud. The man's charm is like that of an ideal dinner guest: brilliant, frighteningly articulate, warm, funny and wise.



LEONARD BERNSTEIN

Didn't you feel triumphant? Now we can really understand what the meaning of music really is. It's the way it makes you feel when you hear it. Finally we've taken that last giant step and we're there, we know what music means... and we don't have to know a lot of stuff about sharps and flats and chords and all that business in order to understand music. If it tells us something. And the most wonderful thing of all, is that there's no limit to the different kind of feelings music can make you have. And some of those feelings are so special, and so deep, that they can't even be described in words. You see we can't always name the things we feel. Sometimes we can. We can say we feel joy, pleasure, peacefulness, whatever, love, hate. But every once in a while, we have feelings that are so deep, and so special that we have no words for them.

CLOSE ON TÁR remembering the effect this first had on her.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN

And that's where music is so marvelous. Because music names them for us. Only in notes, instead of words. It's all in the way music moves. You must never forget that music is movement. Always going somewhere. Shifting and changing, and flowing. From one note to another. And that can tell us more about the way we feel than a million words can. Now here we're going to play you a--

Tár starts to a DOOR slam. She stops the tape and moves to  
THE LANDING

Looks down and sees her brother TONY TARR, a ropey-looking 55-year-old man, going through the mail.

TÁR

Hello?

He looks up the stairs, and squints at her.

TÁR (CONT'D)

Tony? Is that you?

TONY

Oh, hi Linda -- sorry, Lydia. Ma said you'd be over. You must be hiding out.

She's silent. Wondering how much he knows. Probably a lot.

TÁR

Why would I be hiding out?

TONY

Beats the hell outta me. None of my business anyhow.

(back to sorting mail)

Lotta loose ends. You gotta admit.

TÁR

Whatta you mean?

TONY

Well, like I said, it ain't my business... but you don't seem to know where the hell you came from, or where you're going.

Tár must admit to herself that Tony does have a point.

EASTERN & OCCIDENTAL STATION

Tár hauls her luggage down a lonely train platform.

MAKATI HOTEL ROOM

Tár opens the curtain and stares out at a new world.

CAUGHT IN THE RAIN NOW

Outside a DOOR manned by a GUARD holding an ASSAULT RIFLE.

TÁR

May I come inside?

UNIFORMED GUARD

You have identification?

IN A SMALL ROOM

She sits across from THREE eager-looking MEN & WOMEN who speak Tagalog amongst themselves, then turn back to her.

MPO WOMAN

Sorry about that... we just wanted to confirm...that the composer was in fact not flying in from Osaka to attend the concert.

TÁR  
I searched the music libraries for  
her score but wasn't able to find  
anything.

MPO Woman motions to an ASSISTANT who steps forward with the  
SCORE and hands it to Tár.

MPO WOMAN  
This only just arrived.

TÁR  
(somewhat chirpy)  
Oh, that's great.

Before she can crack it open, two young people, SHIRLEY &  
CIRIO step forward and present Tár with a FLORAL GIFT BASKET.

TÁR  
Thank you so much.

MPO WOMAN  
Shirley and Cirio will be most  
happy to show you the sights of our  
beautiful country.

IN A JEEPNEY - MOVING

Shirley, Cirio and Tár in back traveling past a salvage yard.  
Tár staring at a little girl seated across from her, in  
another life the child's smiling eyes could belong to Petra.

MOVING DOWN THE BUMBUNGAN RIVER

In a LONGBOAT with Shirley and Cirio. Tár, not dressed for  
the humidity, rolls up her sleeves and undoes buttons.

TÁR  
Maybe we could stop for a bit and  
take a swim.

CIRIO  
Yes, but not here. At the waterfall.

TÁR  
Why? Something wrong with the water?

CIRIO  
No, there are crocodiles.

TÁR  
Oh. I didn't think they'd be this  
far inland.

CIRIO  
They escaped from a Marlon Brando  
movie.

TÁR

Wow... that was a long time ago.

CIRIO

They survive.

MAGDAPIO FALLS

Tár, now in the water inside Devil's Cave, looks past the misty three-drop curtain to the two youngsters splashing and playing on the other side. She can't help but feel old.

TWO-STAR MAKATI HOTEL - LATER

She's dropped off and made to walk past a CAB STAND where GROUPS OF MEN direct loud sucking sounds in her direction.

FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER

She stands waiting while the man finishes a call in Tagalog.

CONCIERGE

(hangs up, hands her sack)

Here is the prescription you asked us to fill. Would you prefer to pay cash or put the charge on your room?

TÁR

Cash. Would it be possible to book a massage? I was hoping it might help me with this jet lag.

CONCIERGE

There is a very nice place I know.

TÁR STANDS AT ANOTHER RECEPTION DESK

Counting out pesos to the woman behind it.

RECEPTIONIST

Please step over to the fishbowl.

TÁR

The fishbowl?

The woman gestures for Tár to step over to a large marbled-looking plate glass window.

Tár stares into a so-called fishbowl containing 30 LIGHT-SKINNED GIRLS, hands clasped, heel sitting upon a half-moon tiered rake, all smiling at the floor. All dressed in white cotton robes embroidered with individual RED NUMBERS.

TÁR

I'm confused. How does this work?

The receptionist comes out from behind the counter.

RECEPTIONIST

Pick a number.

TÁR

Pick a number?

Tár stares at the seating arrangement, noting the similarity to that of a small chamber orchestra. Her right hand lifts, almost as if conducting, her eyes drift to number 5, whose eyes find hers. The foreground dirties.

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE

Number Five?

Tár turns back, her face fills with horror, and she flees

OUTSIDE SPA

Lurches forward into the street, falls to her knees and vomits.

HOTEL HALLWAY – NEXT MORNING

SOUND of a VACUUM. She strides past ROOM after OPEN ROOM revealing HOUSEKEEPING STAFF changing dirty sheets in each.

REHEARSAL SPACE

She stands on a podium fronting a YOUTH ORCHESTRA.

TÁR

Good morning. Now before we begin.  
Let's talk a bit about the  
composer's intent with this piece.  
And what she might be after.

STREET RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Tár seated at a table with a simple meal. Studying the score. Conducting passages with a TOOTHPICK.

DRESSING ROOM – LATER

Tár in front of a mirror dressed in a simple black suit, beating time, turning pages. Her hand finds a prescription bottle. She lifts it, as if making a decision.

The STAGE MANAGER knocks.

STAGE MANAGER

Five minutes, Maestro.

SHE WALKS A LONG HALLWAY

Repeating her ritual from the beginning of brushing off both shoulders.

STANDS IN THE WINGS

Breathing heavily. Collecting herself for what's to come. A FOLLOW SPOT hits the wall beyond her. She inhales, steps into it, and walks onstage to a SMATTERING OF APPLAUSE. Gestures to the youth concertmaster - Shirley - who receives BIGGER APPLAUSE. The stage manager hands Tár a click track HEADSET.

TÁR

Thank you.

She puts it on, finds her posture, and is made to wait while THREE MOVIE SCREENS lower behind the orchestra, arriving to even LOUDER APPLAUSE.

The LIGHTS DIM. She gives the downbeat. The orchestra enters as the screens fill with flapping medieval tapestries from the high fantasy game MONSTER HUNTER. A HYPER-MASCULINE VOICE drowns the music.

HYPER-MASCULINE VOICE

*Sisters and brothers of the fifth  
fleet, it's time. I'll keep my farewell  
brief—never was much with words.*

MOVE up the aisles. Row after row of Filipinos in RPG gack.

HYPER-MASCULINE VOICE (CONT'D)

*Once you board this ship, there is no  
turning back. The next ground your feet  
touch will be that of the New World.*

A cosplayed audience of "Gajalaka" coupled with "Hunters" and dragons and dangerous-looking unicorns stare back at us.

HYPER-MASCULINE VOICE (CONT'D)

*If any of you have lost your nerve, then  
step away now and let no one judge you.*

- MEMENTO MORI -