

captain and mate, the ship I've lost and room you seek may fall into our lap.

~~(ANNABEL LEE begins to whistle "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star," softly and beautifully. After a moment, IRIS sits next to her and joins her. They whistle/hum the song together, happily. As they are about to repeat the song, they hear a PIANO playing the same melody, nearby. They stop whistling/humming. They look around—not knowing where it's coming from. As they stand up and look around, the PIANO stops. IRIS and ANNABEL LEE whistle/hum a phrase of the song, and the PIANO echoes the phrase. Note: If possible, the PIANO phrases should come from a variety of directions in the theatre, similar to the "echo" earlier in this scene. IRIS and ANNABEL LEE look around. Then they rush downstage and whistle/hum a phrase of the song, and the PIANO echoes the phrase. Still looking for the source, IRIS and ANNABEL LEE rush upstage and whistle/hum the next phrase of the song, and the PIANO again echoes the phrase, and then, unseen—at first—by IRIS and ANNABEL LEE, MOZART, age eleven, appears downstage, at the edge of the water. He is playing a small piano which is attached to his waist like a drum. The song is the "Twelve Piano Variations in C" (which we know as "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star"). He is dressed in the clothes of his day. A white handkerchief cascades from his breast pocket. In between phrases, he repeatedly jumps back away from the unseen/waves and shakes water from his shoes—all the while continuing to play, avidly. IRIS and ANNABEL LEE turn and stare at him, curiously. They've never seen a person like this before. MOZART finishes the song~~

~~Start with a flourish, as ANNABEL LEE and IRIS—behind him—applaud. MOZART turns, surprised.)~~

MOZART. Guten tag! Bon jour! Good day! (A quick look up at the stars, speaks urgently.) Or night. Why is it night? How long has it been night? And how close are we to morning? It's crucial that I find out. Can you tell me?

IRIS. Who are you?

MOZART. Oh. Yes. Where are my manners? I must have left them in Vienna where manners seem to be all that matters. (Steps toward them, bows.) I am Mozart. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. (IRIS and ANNABEL LEE mimic his bow, as they speak, simultaneously.)

IRIS. Hi.

ANNABEL LEE. Hello.

MOZART. But you can call me Motes. I prefer that. Where are we?

IRIS. On the shores of Great Island.

ANNABEL LEE. Isn't it a beautiful beach?

MOZART (sincerely, wiping away some water). Yes—but why must it be so close to the water?

IRIS (smiles). I'm Iris. And this is Annabel Lee.

MOZART. Are you a pirate?

ANNABEL LEE. My mother was.

MOZART. Your mother was?

ANNABEL LEE. And my father was the sea.

MOZART. And I thought my family was strange.

ANNABEL LEE. Why must you know when the night ends?

MOZART. I've been searching for something. Something that's just out of reach. (IRIS and ANNABEL LEE look