

A DAY IN THE EARLY LIFE OF WOLFGANG MOZART
By Carole Cooney

In the kitchen of Wolfgang Mozart, he is chasing his sister Marianna, nicknamed Nannerl, around the kitchen table. Teresa, the cook, stands watching.

Marianna: (Laughing) Stop! Stop! Wolfie! I'm running out of breath.

Mozart: Breathy, weathy, stoppy, floppy. No, no, no! (grabbing her sleeve)
(Singsong) Now I've won! Now I've won!
I've caught you, see what fun!
(They twirl about holding hands.)

Teresa: (Firmly) Children, you must stop before your father comes downstairs. He will be very upset to see you running about. Come to the table for milk and cakes.

Marianna: (Politely) Yes, Teresa. Thank you. (She sits at the table.)

Mozart: (crawls under the table) Grrrowl! Grrrowl!
I'm Pinperle small and fat like a hog,
But I'm NOT! I'M JUST A DOG!
(He grabs the table cloth off of the table and rolls on the floor with laughter.)

Teresa: (Picking up the fallen cloth, cups and plates.) Now *look* what you've done, Wolfgang! Go stand in the corner!

Mozart: (Skips to a chair, carries it to the corner and stands on it. Making up a tune, he sings.)
Standing here on a chair
While the sun looks so square
Standing here *is not fair!*

Marianna: Wolfie, please calm down. You'd *like* some milk and cakes, wouldn't you?

Mozart: More than anything I can think of - unless it's cream and chocolate pudding.

Marianna: Oh, Wolfie! Sometimes you are impossible. Teresa, may he come to the table now?

Teresa: Well, young man. What have you to say for yourself?

Mozart: (Hopping on the chair) I am an elf on a shelf
And I haven't very much wealth.

Teresa: (Runs from the room.) Ahhh! Enough! I've had *enough* for one day.

Marianna: Now look what you've done. Please, come sit quietly and eat some cake. It's really delicious.

Mozart: (Jumps off the chair and skips to the table. He sits and takes a huge bite of cake.)
Ummmmmm! My favorite!

Marianna: You must thank Teresa for her baking today. You *know* she does it *especially* for *you*.

Mozart: (With great exaggeration)
Thank you, Teresa for the cake
I love *everything* you bake.

(He starts sword fighting with his fork and knife while he pops pieces of cake into his mouth.)

Take that! And that! And that!
And that! And that! And that!
Take that! And that! And that!
And that! And that! And that!

Marianne: (Stand shaking her head in amusement) Wolfie! When are you ever going to grow up?!