

But I know  
There's so much more to find—  
Just in looking through myself, and not at them.

Still, I know  
To trust my own true mind,  
And to say: "There's a way through this . . ."

On I go,  
To wonder and to learning—  
Name the stars and know their dark returning.

I'm calling,  
To know the world's true yearning—  
The hunger that a child feels for everything they're shown.

You watch me—  
Just watch me—  
I'm calling,  
And one day all will know . . .

You watch me—  
Just watch me—  
I'm calling,  
I'm calling,  
And one day all will know . . .

(Melchior's song concludes. As he rejoins the Boys in their recitation, the lights shift back to the classroom.)

BOYS AND MELCHIOR:

. . . multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem . . .

HERR SONNENSTICH (On to fresh matters): Thank you, gentlemen. Now, if you please: "inferretque deos Latio . . ." The following seven lines of Pious Aeneas' journey. From memory.

(The Boys begin scribbling. Herr Sonnenstich steps away. Moritz taps Melchior's shoulder.)

MORITZ (*Sotto voce*): Melchi, thank you.

MELCHIOR: It's nothing.

MORITZ: Still, I'm sorry. You didn't need to—

MELCHIOR ("Not to worry"; *ironic*): Think what Aeneas suffered.

MORITZ: But I should have known it. "Multum ille." It's just . . .

I didn't sleep all night. In fact, I, uh, suffered a visit from the most horrific, dark phantasm . . .

MELCHIOR: You mean, a dream? . . .

MORITZ: A nightmare, really. Legs in sky blue stockings, climbing over the lecture podium.

MELCHIOR: Oh. *That* kind of dream.

MORITZ ("Indeed"): Have you ever suffered such . . . mortifying visions?

MELCHIOR: Moritz, of course. We all have. Otto Lammermeier dreamt about his mother.

MORITZ: Really?!!

MELCHIOR: Georg Zirschnitz? Dreamt he was seduced by his piano teacher.

MORITZ: Fraulein Grossebustenhalter?!

HERR SONNENSTICH (*Suddenly, grabbing Moritz by the ear*): Moritz Stiefel. I need hardly remind you that, of all our pupils, you are in no position to be taking liberties. I will not warn you again.

(Moritz nods—absolutely petrified. An intense alt-rock guitar riff. Herr Sonnenstich freezes. The world around Moritz comes to a halt as concert-like light finds him. He turns out in song:)

MORITZ:

God, I dreamed there was an angel, who could hear me  
through the wall,

As I cried out—like, in Latin: "This is so not life at all.  
Help me out—out—of this nightmare." Then I heard her  
silver call—

She said: "Just give it time, kid. I come to one and all."

She said: "Give me that hand, please, and the itch you  
can't control,

Let me teach you how to handle all the sadness in your soul.