

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

MARIA

Tea—a drink with jam and bread—

CHILDREN

Jam and bread.

MARIA (*Rising*)

That will bring us back to do.

ALL (*The children crowd around MARIA*)

That will bring us back to—

MARIA (*Going down the scale until her final "do" is practically bass*)

Do ti la so fa mi re do

ALL (*Shouting*)

Do!

*Blackout*

#1 - Liesl + Rolf

Scene Six

Start

*Outside the villa. We see the villa and a wall that runs around it. At left is a stone bench.*

*After a moment LIESL enters, turns and waves to someone offstage.*

LIESL Good night, Rolf.

ROLF (*Walking on with his bicycle*) Liesl!

LIESL (*Going to him*) Yes?

ROLF You don't have to say good night this early just because your father's home—

LIESL How did you know my father was home?

ROLF Oh, I have a way of knowing things.

LIESL You're wonderful.

ROLF (*Resting the bicycle on its stand*) Oh, no, I'm not—really.

LIESL Oh, yes you are. I mean—how did you know two days ago that you would be here at just this time tonight with a telegram for Franz?

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

ROLF Every year on this date he always gets a birthday telegram from his sister.

LIESL You see—you *are* wonderful.

ROLF Can I come again tomorrow night?

LIESL (*Sitting on the bench*) Rolf, you can't be sure you're going to have a telegram to deliver here tomorrow night.

ROLF (*Sitting beside her*) I could come here by mistake—with a telegram for Colonel Schneider. He's here from Berlin. He's staying with the Gauleiter but I—(*Suddenly concerned*) No one's supposed to know he's here. Don't you tell your father.

LIESL Why not?

ROLF Well, your father's pretty Austrian.

LIESL We're all Austrian.

ROLF Some people think we ought to be German. They're pretty mad at those who don't think so. They're getting ready to—well, let's hope your father doesn't get into any trouble.

(*He goes to his bicycle*)

LIESL (*Rising*) Don't worry about Father. He was decorated for bravery.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

ROLF I know. I don't worry about him. The only one I worry about is his daughter.

LIESL (*Standing behind the bench*) Me? Why?  
(*ROLF gestures to her to stand on the bench. She does and he studies her*)

ROLF How old are you, Liesl?

LIESL Sixteen— What's wrong with that?  
(*He answers in song*)

end

ROLF (*Singing*)  
You wait, little girl, on an empty stage  
For fate to turn the light on,  
Your life, little girl, is an empty page  
That men will want to write on—

LIESL  
To write on.

ROLF  
You are sixteen, going on seventeen,  
Baby, it's time to think.  
Better beware,  
Be canny and careful,  
Baby, you're on the brink.

You are sixteen, going on seventeen,  
Fellows will fall in line,  
Eager young lads  
And roués and cads  
Will offer you food and wine.