

LIESL: (*Joining the others*)

Tea,

ALL: A drink with jam and bread

That will bring us back to doe.

(*MARIA crosses in front of children and then goes behind them. She taps them on head as if playing a xylophone. They sing: "Do" GRETLE, "Re" MARTA, "Mi" BRIGITTA, "Fa" KURT, "So" LOUISA, "La" FRIEDRICH, "Ti" LIESEL.*)

CHILDREN: (*Carillon effect as MARIA gestures to them*)

Do re mi fa so la ti do, do

Ti la so fa mi re

Do mi mi mi so so

Re fa fa la ti ti

Do mi mi mi so so

Re fa fa la ti ti

Do mi mi mi so so

Re fa fa la ti ti

Do mi mi mi so so

Re fa fa la ti ti

Do mi mi mi so so

Re fa fa la ti ti

... anything.

When you know the notes to sing

You can sing most anything.

ALL: (*Led by MARIA, all march around the room and back to sofa where MARIA sits and children group around her*)

Doe, a deer, a female deer,

Ray, a drop of golden sun,

Me, a name I call myself,

Far, a long, long way to run.

Sew, a needle pulling thread,

CHILDREN: A needle pulling thread  
MARIA: La, a note to follow sew  
CHILDREN: A note to follow sew  
MARIA: Tea, a drink with jam and bread  
CHILDREN: Jam and bread  
MARIA: (*Rising*)

That will bring us back to doe

(*Children crowd around MARIA*)

That will bring us back to

(*MARIA goes down the scale until her final "Do" is practically bass.*)

MARIA: Do ti la so fa mi re do

ALL: (*Singing with a happy laugh*)

Do.

(*Blackout*)

ACT I

Scene 6

*Outside the villa. A shallow scene showing the villa and wall that runs around it. D.L.C. is a stone bench. After a moment LIESL enters D.R., 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: (*Crosses D.L.*) 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?

ROLF: (*Following her*) 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.

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

LIESL: (*Above 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?

ROLF: (*Singing*)  
 You wait, little girl, on an empty stage  
 For fate to turn the light on,

LIESL: Your life, little girl, is an empty page  
 That men will want to write on.  
 To write on.  
 You are sixteen going on seventeen,  
 Baby, it's time to think.  
 Better beware,  
 Be canny and careful  
 Baby, you're on the brink.

ROLF: You are sixteen going on seventeen,  
 Fellows will fall in line.  
 Eager young lads  
 And roués and cads  
 Will offer you food and wine.  
 Totally unprepared are you  
 To face a world of men.  
 Timid and shy and scared are you  
 Of things beyond your ken.  
 You need someone older and wiser  
 Telling you what to do.  
 (*LIESL sits on the bench.*)  
 I am seventeen going on eighteen,  
 (*ROLF sits and puts his arm around her shoulder.*)  
 I'll take care of you.  
 (*LIESL dances. At the end of the dance ROLF gets on his bicycle as if to leave; LIESL hurries to him.*)  
 LIESL: (*Singing*)  
 I am sixteen going on seventeen,  
 I know that I'm naive,  
 Fellows I meet  
 May tell me I'm sweet  
 And willingly I'll believe.