

(ELSA exits into the house.)

CAPTAIN: Max, it's a good thing you haven't any character, because if you had I'm convinced I'd hate you.

MAX: You couldn't hate me. I'm too lovable.

(FRANZ enters from the house.)

FRANZ: Herr Detweiler, there's a call for you. It's from—

MAX: *(Quickly)* I'll take it.

(MAX exits into the house, followed by FRANZ. At this moment the CAPTAIN's attention is attracted by the sound of voices yodeling and coming from the direction of the garden. U.L., GRETL runs on and stoops over. Next we see MARTA leapfrog over GRETL and stoop. She is followed by BRIGITTA, KURT, LOUISA, FRIEDRICH and LIESL, all leapfrogging. They are dressed in playclothes made from the curtains we have seen in MARIA's bedroom. The last one on yodeling along with the children, dressed in a dirndl made from the material the CAPTAIN sent her, is MARIA. Her leapfrogging takes her to the feet of the CAPTAIN. She straightens up in pleased surprise.)

MARIA: Oh, Captain—you're home!

CHILDREN: *(Joyfully)* Father! Father, you're home!

(The CAPTAIN takes his whistle from his pocket and blows a preemptory blast. The children, dismayed, line up in military fashion.)

CAPTAIN: Straight line! *(The CAPTAIN crosses behind them, inspecting their strange garb with silent displeasure. He takes a kerchief made of the curtain material from LOUISA's head.)* Get cleaned up! Get into your uniforms and report back here! *(The children glance appealingly toward MARIA.)* At once! *(The children run*

CAPTAIN: *into the house.)* Fraulein! Where did they get these abominations—out of a nightmare?

MARIA: No, out of some curtains—the curtains that used to hang in my bedroom. There was plenty of wear left in them.

ter, CAPTAIN: Just a moment. Do you mean to say the people of the neighborhood have seen my children wearing old curtains?

MARIA: Oh, yes, they've become very popular. Everyone smiles at them.

CAPTAIN: I don't wonder.

MARIA: They say, "There go Captain von Trapp's children."

CAPTAIN: My children have always been a credit to my name.

f MARIA: But, Captain, they weren't. They were just unhappy little marching machines.

CAPTAIN: I don't care to hear from you about my children.

d MARIA: Well, you must hear from someone. You're not home long enough to know them.

i CAPTAIN: I said I don't want to hear—

n. MARIA: I know you don't—but you've got to. Take Liesl—
:d Liesl isn't a child any more. And if you keep treating her as one, Captain, you're going to have a mutiny on your hands. And Friedrich—Friedrich's afraid to be himself—he's shy—he's aloof, Friedrich needs you—he needs your confidence—

d CAPTAIN: Don't tell *me* about my *son*.

d MARIA: Brigitta could tell you about him. She could tell you a lot more if you got to know her, because she notices things. And she always tells the truth—especially when you don't want to hear it. Kurt—is sensitive—he's easily hurt—and you ignore him—you brush him aside the way you do all of them. (*The CAPTAIN starts to leave.*) I haven't finished yet! Louisa—wants to have a good time. You've
nce just got to let her have a good time. Marta—I don't know
in about yet—but someone has to find out about her. And
- little Gretl—just wants to be loved—Oh, please, Captain, love Gretl, love all of them. They need you.

to CAPTAIN: Stop! Stop it! You will pack your things and return to the Abbey as soon as you can.

CAPTAIN, ELSA, & MARIA

ELSA: I!

ALL: I-I-I

(MAX pretends to strum the back of the guitar. The CAPTAIN grabs it and plays, one foot on chair D.C., crossing to chair D.S. ELSA starts to follow but is stopped by MAX.) Nothing else as wonderful as I.

CAPTAIN: (Putting chair back L. of table) I! Me! On one thing alone we agree. . . each one is important to himself. . . but you can't save yourself by giving up, and you don't outwit a lion by putting your head—

FRANZ: (Entering from house, addressing MAX) Your call from Berlin, sir.

CAPTAIN: (Pointing to FRANZ) —in the lion's mouth.

MAX: (After a hesitation) I'll call them back—

ELSA: (L. of MAX, quietly) You might as well talk to them now, Max.

CAPTAIN: Go, go, go.

(MAX exits into house followed by FRANZ.)

ELSA: (After a pause) Georg—I feel I know what's going to happen here. Can't you see things my way?

CAPTAIN: No—not if you're willing to see things their way.

ELSA: (Crosses D.L. before she speaks) There's one thing you do better here than we do in Vienna—your sunsets. I'm going to miss them.

MARIA: (Entering from house) Captain— Oh, I beg your pardon.

ELSA: Maria! Georg, you didn't tell me Fraulein Maria was back. I'm delighted.

MARIA: (D.R.) Thank you. Captain, the children would like to know if they could take a holiday from their lessons tomorrow so that we can go on a picnic.

CAPTAIN: Yes, I don't mind.

MARIA: That will make them very happy. And may I be permitted to wish you happiness too, Frau Schraeder—

Captain. The children have told me that you're going to be married.

ELSA: Oh? I'm afraid the children were wrong. (*Crosses C. to CAPTAIN who stands.*) Georg, I've got to finish my packing if I'm to get back to Vienna.

CAPTAIN: If you feel you must. I'll tell Franz to have the car ready.

ELSA: I can do that. (*As he kisses her hand she drops his engagement ring into his hand.*) Auf Wiedersehen, Georg. Goodbye, Maria. (*She exits into the house. CAPTAIN walks U.C.*)

MARIA: I'm sorry if I said something I shouldn't have said.

CAPTAIN: You did say the wrong thing—but you said it at the right time.

MARIA: The children told me that you were going to marry Frau Schraeder.

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses D.C.*) We found we just couldn't go the same way. That door is shut.

MARIA: Sister Margaretta always says, "When God shuts a door—"

CAPTAIN: I know—"He opens a window." Maria, why did you run away to the Abbey? . . . What made you come back?

MARIA: The Mother Abbess—she said that you have to look for your life.

CAPTAIN: Often when you find it, you don't recognize it.

MARIA: No.

CAPTAIN: Not at first. Then one day—one night—all of a sudden, it stands before you.

MARIA: Yes.

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses to MARIA*) I look at you now, and I realize this is not something that has just happened. It is something I've known—deep inside me—for many weeks. . . You knew it, too! (*She nods.*) What was it that told you?

MARIA: (*Crossing L. to CAPTAIN*) Brigitta. She said—
when we were dancing—that night—

CAPTAIN: She was quite right. That was not just an
ordinary dance, was it?

MARIA: I hadn't danced since I was a very little girl. It's
quite different after you're grown up, isn't it?

CAPTAIN: When you were a very little girl, did a very little
boy ever kiss you?

MARIA: Uh-huh.

CAPTAIN: That's quite different, too.

MARIA: Is it? (*They kiss.*) It is different.

CAPTAIN: Your whole life will be different now, Maria.
I'll take you anywhere you want to go—give you any-
thing you wish.

MARIA: But I don't want to go anywhere. All I could wish
for is right here. (*MARIA moves S.L. of CAPTAIN.*
Standing, sings.)

An ordinary couple
Is all we'll ever be,
For all I want of living
Is to keep you close to me,
(*MARIA takes his hand.*)

To laugh and weep together
While time goes on its flight,
To kiss you every morning
And to kiss you every night.
(*Looks at CAPTAIN.*)

We'll meet our daily problems
And rest when day is done,
Our arms around each other
In the fading sun.
An ordinary couple,
(*CAPTAIN moves to MARIA.*)
Across the years we'll ride,