

FRAU SCHMIDT: Don't let the Captain hear you say that.  
*(The CAPTAIN whistles offstage. FRAU SCHMIDT stops short, bristling.)* He didn't whistle for us when his wife was alive.

FRANZ: He's being the captain of a ship again.  
*(The CAPTAIN whistles again.)*

FRAU SCHMIDT: I can't bear being whistled for—it's humiliating.

FRANZ: In the Imperial Navy, the bo's'un always whistled for us. *(We hear the doorbell.)*

FRAU SCHMIDT: But I wasn't in the Imperial Navy.

FRANZ: Too bad. You could have made a fortune. *(He exits into the hallway toward the outer door. FRAU SCHMIDT comes down the stairs and exits into the library D.R. FRANZ re-enters, followed by MARIA.)* You will wait here. *(He exits D.R. MARIA is wearing a dress that has been designed by an enemy of the female sex, and an unbecoming hat. She is carrying a small carpet bag and a guitar in its case. She comes down into the room timidly and looks around in awe at the handsome embellishments. She puts the guitar case down on the floor and starts toward the windows, touching the porcelain stove admiringly as she passes it. In the distance we hear the Abbey bells. She kneels and bows her head in a brief prayer. The CAPTAIN enters from the library D.R., the letter still in his hand. As he sees MARIA in prayer, he stops. MARIA crosses herself and rises.)* \* START

CAPTAIN: I'm Captain von Trapp. You are Fraulein. . .

MARIA: Maria—Maria Rainer.

CAPTAIN: Now, Fraulein, as to your duties here—*(He suddenly becomes aware of her dress.)* Would you mind stepping over there? *(He indicates a spot in the center*

*of the room. MARIA slowly moves to it.)* Before the children meet you, you will put on another dress.

MARIA: I haven't any other dress. When we enter the Abbey our worldly clothes are given to the poor.

CAPTAIN: What about this one?

MARIA: The poor didn't want this one.

CAPTAIN: This is what you would call a worldly dress?

MARIA: It belonged to our last postulant. I would have made myself a dress but I wasn't given time. I can make my own clothes.

CAPTAIN: Good. I'll see that you're given some material—today if possible. Now, you will be in charge of my children. There are seven of them. You will find out how far they have progressed in their studies and carry on from there. Each morning will be spent in the classroom. Each afternoon, they march. You will see that at all times they conduct themselves with decorum and orderliness. The first rule in this house is discipline.

MARIA: Yes, sir.

*(The CAPTAIN takes out his silver whistle and blows a siren-like summoning blast which continues while his children enter from both sides of the balcony, the outside door, the French windows and the library, and end by forming a single line with GRETEL and MARTA on the stairs, KURT, LOUISA, FRIEDRICH and LIESL, in that order, on the balcony behind them. They are dressed in white sailor uniforms; the girls, of course, in white skirts. The CAPTAIN changes his signal to one that marks time for marching, and, led by GRETEL, they march down the stairs and, with a military left turn at the foot of the stairs, line up across the stage. MARIA has watched this with considerable astonishment. There is an empty space between MARTA and KURT. Slowly through the diningroom door, BRIG-*

*ITTA enters, reading a book. The CAPTAIN sees her, takes the book away from her, puts it on the sofa, and gives her an admonishing pat on the behind, which sends her running to take her place in formation. The CAPTAIN crosses in front of them to the other side of LIESL and addresses them.)*

CAPTAIN: This is your new fraulein—Fraulein Maria. As I sound your signal you will step forward and repeat your name. You, Fraulein, will listen and learn their signals so that you can call them when you want them.

*(He whistles their various signals. Each child responds to his or her signal, stepping forward in a military manner, announcing his or her name, then stepping back into line. The CAPTAIN crosses below the children to MARIA, taking from his pocket a velvet case which holds another boatswain's whistle. He hands it to MARIA.)* Now, Fraulein, let's see how well you listened. *(MARIA, slightly bewildered, takes the whistle from its case. The CAPTAIN crosses D.R.)*

MARIA: I won't have to whistle for them, Reverend Captain—What I mean is, I'll be with them all the time.

CAPTAIN: Not on all occasions. This is a large house and a large estate. They have been taught to come only when they hear their signal. Now when I want you, this is what you'll hear. *(The CAPTAIN whistles the governess' signal.)*

MARIA: You won't have to trouble, sir, because I couldn't answer to a whistle.

CAPTAIN: That's nonsense. Everyone in this house answers to a whistle. I'll show you. *(He whistles the butler's signal.)*

FRANZ: *(Entering D.R. and coming to attention)* Yes, sir?

CAPTAIN: This is my orderly—my butler. The new governess—Fraulein Maria. *(He whistles the housekeeper's signal.)*

FRAU SCHMIDT: *(Entering on the balcony)* Yes, sir?

CAPTAIN: That is the executive officer, Frau Schmidt, the housekeeper. Fraulein Maria. Please be sure that her room is ready.

FRAU SCHMIDT: Yes, sir.

*(FRANZ takes MARIA's bag and goes upstairs to landing, joining FRAU SCHMIDT.)*

CAPTAIN: Well, I shall now leave you with the children.

You are in command. *(He starts out D.R. MARIA blows a blast on the whistle. He stops and turns.)*

MARIA: Pardon me, sir—I don't know how to address you.

CAPTAIN: You will call me Captain. \* END

MARIA: *(Crosses to CAPTAIN)* Thank you, Captain. I forgot to return this whistle, Captain. I won't need it, Captain. *(He takes the whistle and exits D.R. FRANZ and FRAU SCHMIDT exit to third floor. She turns to children with a handclap, catching them off guard.)* Well, now that there's just us, would you tell me your names again, and tell me how old you are. Now you're—?

*(Each child, in turn, steps forward in military manner, speaks, and then steps back.)*

LIESL: I'm Liesl. I'm sixteen years old and I don't need a governess.

MARIA: *(R. of LIESL)* I'm glad you told me. We'll just be friends. *(LIESL steps back. FRIEDRICH steps forward.)*

FRIEDRICH: I'm Friedrich. I'm fourteen. I'm a boy.

MARIA: *(R. of FRIEDRICH)* Boy? Why, you're almost a man.

*(FRIEDRICH looks pleased. LOUISA signals the other girls, who giggle.)*

LOUISA: I'm Brigitta.

MARIA: *(Crosses behind LOUISA, pulling up her braid)* You didn't tell me how old you are, Louisa.

*(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., GRETLE runs on and stoops over. Next we see MARTA leapfrog over GRETLE 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 evident 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 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.

START

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.

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.

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

CAPTAIN: I said I don't want to hear—

MARIA: I know you don't—but you've got to. Take Liesl—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—

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

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 just got to let her have a good time. Marta—I don't know 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.

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

MARIA: I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said those things—not in the way I said them. \* END

CAPTAIN: After you've gone there'll be— *(We hear the voices of the children singing offstage.)*  
What's that?

MARIA: Singing.

CAPTAIN: Who's singing?

MARIA: Your children.

CAPTAIN: My children singing?

MARIA: I wanted them to sing for Frau Schraeder when they met her.

*(ELSA enters from the upper French windows, going toward the CAPTAIN, who is D.L. She stops L. of C. The children follow ELSA on, still singing, FRIEDRICH accompanying them on a guitar. They stand in a diagonal line in front of the French windows.)*

ELSA: Georg, you must hear—

CHILDREN: *(Singing)*

My heart wants to beat  
Like the wings  
Of the birds that rise  
From the lake to the trees,  
My heart wants to sigh  
Like a chime that flies  
From a church on a breeze.

*(The CAPTAIN turns front and joins in the song.)*

CAPTAIN AND CHILDREN: *(Singing)*

I go to the hills  
When my heart is lonely  
I know I will hear

CHILDREN: *(Singing offstage)*  
The hills are alive  
With the sound of music  
With songs they have sung  
For a thousand years.

The hills fill my heart  
With the sound of music  
My heart wants to sing  
Every song it hears.

\* START

ELSA: (*Rising, taking his arm, crosses D.C.*) Georg, those mountains—they're magnificent!

CAPTAIN: Yes, they're not like any other mountains—they're friendly. Look, that green stretch of woods over there—when the wind moves through it, it's like a restless sea.

ELSA: And that sweet little village.

CAPTAIN: That's not a village. That's a town.

ELSA: Oh, I'm sorry—I didn't mean to hurt its feelings.

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses in to her*) It's fun being with you.

You're quite an experience for me.

ELSA: You're quite an experience for me, too. Somewhere in you there's a fascinating man. Occasionally I catch a glimpse of him, and when I do, he's exciting. (*She sits L. of table.*)

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses up to L. of her*) Exciting? I've never been called exciting before.

ELSA: I'm beginning to understand you better now that I see you here— You know, you're a little like those mountains— (*He crosses D.L.C.*) except that you keep moving. How can you be away from this place as much as you are?

CAPTAIN: Maybe I've been searching for a reason to come back here to stay.

ELSA: Georg, I like it here very much.

CAPTAIN: (*Embarassed*) Max can't still be on the telephone. (*Crosses above coffee table—R. of ELSA.*) I know he's desperate about getting singers for the Kaltzberg Festival but— (*To ELSA.*) You like it here?

ELSA: Oh, we'd have to spend some time in Vienna. I have Heinrich's estate to look after.

CAPTAIN: I thought that was a corporation now.

ELSA: It is, and I'm president.

CAPTAIN: You president of a corporation!

ELSA: After all, I managed Heinrich's affairs for years before he died.



CAPTAIN: I can't see you sitting behind a desk. (*He sits R. of coffee table.*)

ELSA: Well, of course, I wear a business suit and smoke a big cigar. (~~*FRANZ enters from the house.*~~) \* END

FRANZ: Excuse me, Captain, Herr Detweiler would like his coffee.

CAPTAIN: While he's telephoning?

FRANZ: He just finished.

(~~*FRANZ pours a cup of coffee. MAX DETWEILER enters. He is charming and vital. He carries a small notebook and pencil.*~~)

MAX: I'm sorry I took so long.

CAPTAIN: Any luck?

MAX: How would you like this for the Kaitzberg Festival—the finest choral group in Austria, the greatest mixed quartet in all Europe—and the best soprano in the world?

ELSA: Max, that's something I'd love to hear!

MAX: So would I. (~~*MAX sits on stool D.L.*~~) All I've got up to now is a basso who isn't even profundo.

(~~*FRANZ exits into the house.*~~)

ELSA: Max, you always come up with a good Festival Concert.

(~~*The CAPTAIN takes MAX a cup of coffee with a piece of pastry on the saucer.*~~)

MAX: And why? Because my motto is: "Never start out looking for the people you wind up getting." That's why I've been telephoning Paris, Rome, Stockholm, London—

ELSA: On Georg's telephone?

MAX: How else could I afford it? Why am I up here?

CAPTAIN: I hoped it was because you liked me.

MAX: Of course I like you. Why shouldn't I like you? You live like a king. You have an excellent wine cellar—

ELSA: Max!

~~CAPTAIN: I can't see you sitting behind a desk. (*He sits  
R. of coffee table.*)~~

~~ELSA: Well, of course, I wear a business suit and smoke a  
big cigar. (*FRANZ enters from the house.*)~~

~~FRANZ: Excuse me, Captain, Herr Detweiler would like his  
coffee.~~

~~CAPTAIN: While he's telephoning?~~

~~FRANZ: He just finished.~~

~~(*FRANZ pours a cup of coffee. MAX DETWEILER  
enters. He is charming and vital. He carries a small note-  
book and pencil.*) \* START~~

~~MAX: I'm sorry I took so long.~~

~~CAPTAIN: Any luck?~~

~~MAX: How would you like this for the Kaltzberg Festival—  
the finest choral group in Austria, the greatest mixed  
quartet in all Europe—and the best soprano in the world?~~

~~ELSA: Max, that's something I'd love to hear!~~

~~MAX: So would I. (*MAX sits on stool D.L.*) All I've got up  
to now is a basso who isn't even profundo.~~

~~(*FRANZ exits into the house.*)~~

~~ELSA: Max, you always come up with a good Festival Con-  
cert.~~

~~(*The CAPTAIN takes MAX a cup of coffee with a piece  
of pastry on the saucer.*)~~

~~MAX: And why? Because my motto is: "Never start out look-  
ing for the people you wind up getting." That's why I've  
been telephoning Paris, Rome, Stockholm, London—~~

~~ELSA: On Georg's telephone?~~

~~MAX: How else could I afford it? Why am I up here?~~

~~CAPTAIN: I hoped it was because you liked me.~~

~~MAX: Of course I like you. Why shouldn't I like you? You  
live like a king. You have an excellent wine cellar—~~

~~ELSA: Max!~~

MAX: I like rich people. I like the way they live. I like the way I live when I'm with them. *(We hear the Abbey bells.)* Speaking as a government official, I—Georg, is there a cathedral around here?

CAPTAIN: That's our Abbey—Nonnberg Abbey.

MAX: Do they have a choir?

CAPTAIN: A beautiful one.

MAX: Good! In the next few days I have to visit all these towns around here and listen to saengerbunds, choirs, quartets—

CAPTAIN: You'll be here for meals, won't you?

MAX: Oh, yes! *(MAX rises and looks off over the heads of the audience, where MAX plainly sees a mountain village.)* It was in a town just about that size—Watzmann—where I discovered the St. Ignatius Boys Choir. In 1930 they won the Festival, became very famous, toured all over the world.

ELSA: Oh, yes—whatever became of them?

MAX: By the time their voices changed they were rich enough to live in America. *(Indicating.)* Who lives in that dilapidated castle down there? Rumpelstiltskin? \* END

~~CAPTAIN: Baron Elberfeld. The oldest family in the valley.~~

~~ELSA: I'd like to meet him. I'd like to meet all your friends. Georg, why don't you give a dinner for me while I'm here? Nothing very much—just something lavish.~~

~~CAPTAIN: I wouldn't know whom to invite. Today it's difficult to tell who's a friend and who's an enemy.~~

~~ELSA: This isn't a good time to make enemies. Let's make some friends.~~

~~*(Wishing to change the subject, the CAPTAIN goes up-stage and looks off.)*~~

~~CAPTAIN: I can't understand what's happened to the children.~~

~~ELSA: You're not worried about them, are you?~~

# CAPTAIN

99

jam and bread, with jam, with jam and bread.

jam and bread, with jam, with jam and bread.

*ff*

*ff*

*poco accel.*

*Segue*

No. 42 Captain Edelweiss To END

Moderato

CAPTAIN: 5

E - del -

Orc. tacet

Str.

Piano

*p*

Guitar on stage

*pp*

weiss, E - del - weiss, Ev - 'ry morn - ing you

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The vocal line consists of a series of quarter notes with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment includes chords and a simple bass line.

13

greet me. Small and white, clean and

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has lyrics 'greet me. Small and white, clean and'. The piano accompaniment features a consistent harmonic structure with chords and a steady bass line.

bright, you look hap - py to meet me.

The third system of music shows the vocal line with lyrics 'bright, you look hap - py to meet me.'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line, ending with a fermata over the final chord.

21

Blos - som of snow may you bloom and grow, Bloom and

Cls. etc.

The fourth system begins with a measure rest in the vocal line, indicated by a box containing the number '21'. The lyrics are 'Blos - som of snow may you bloom and grow, Bloom and'. The piano accompaniment includes chords and a bass line, with the word 'etc.' written below the piano part.

29

grow for - ev - er... E - del - weiss,

E - del - weiss, Bless my home - land for ev -

37

er. E - del - weiss, E - del - weiss,

Mand. solo

(He stops) MARIA and CHILDREN: 45

Ev - 'ry morn - ing... Small and white,

CAPTAIN: (joining in)

clean and bright, You look hap - py to meet me.

This system contains a vocal line for the Captain and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. The lyrics are: "clean and bright, You look hap - py to meet me."

CAPTAIN: (solo)

Blos - som of snow may you bloom and grow, Bloom and grow for -

This system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Blos - som of snow may you bloom and grow, Bloom and grow for -". There is a "Cls." marking in the piano part.

61

ev - er... E - del - weiss, E - del - weiss,

This system is marked with a box containing the number "61". The lyrics are: "ev - er... E - del - weiss, E - del - weiss,". The piano part includes a "Bsn." marking and a tempo instruction: "rit. poco a poco al fine".

Bless my home - land for - ev - er.

This system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Bless my home - land for - ev - er." The piano part includes a "pp" marking and a "pizz." marking.