

0
No. 11

Sixteen Going On Seventeen

Cue: ROLF: The only one I worry about is his daughter.

Andante

Str.

LIESL: Me? Why? ROLF: How old are you, Liesl?

Piano *pp dolce*

LIESL: Sixteen. What's wrong with that?

ROLF: You

espr.

9 Tranquillo

(with bicycle light)

wait, lit-tle girl, on an emp-ty stage, For fate to turn the light on. Your

+ Hp. *colla voce*

Bells Hp.

LIESL:

life, lit-tle girl, is an emp-ty page That men will want to write on. To

19

Moderato

ROLF:

write on. ——— You are six-teen go-ing on sev-en-tee

+ W. W. Str.

rit. *pp* Cls., Bsn.

Ba-by, it's time to think. Bet-ter be-ware, Be can-ny and care-fu

Tpts.

27

Ba-by, you're on the brink. You are six-teen go-ing on sev-en-tee

W. W. Br. Str.

mf leggiero Cls., Bsn.

Fel-lows will fall in line. Ea-ger young lads And rou-és and cads Will

Tpts.

35

of-fer you food and wine. To - tal - ly un-pre - pared are you To

Fls. etc.

Bsn., Hns. Cls.

Str. pizz. etc.

face a world of men. Tim-id and shy and scared are you of

43

things be-yond your ken. You need some-one old - er and wis - er

w.w.

Hns. f Tutti PP sub. Cl., Bsn. etc.

Tell-ing you what to do. I am sev - en - teen go - ing on eight - een,

E.H. p

I'll take care of you.

Fl. E.H.

Tpts.

Bsn., Vc.

p

(ROLF whistles melody)

55 Picc.

Str., pizz.

mf

Picc. con't.

W.W.

Str.

63 Picc., Str.

Tpts.

Str.

Tutti

W.W.

creso.

~~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 do
 ALL: *(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. * START*

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? * END

~~ROLF: (*Singing*)~~

~~You wait, little girl, on an empty stage—
For fate to turn the light on,~~