

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.*)

*(The children)*  
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.



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.