

above this are two large French windows, opening on a terrace. Through these windows can be seen a mountain not too far in the distance. Between the two windows is a magnificent porcelain stove. D.R. is a door to the CAPTAIN'S library. Upstage of this door a circular stairway curves to a second-floor landing, which forms a small balcony over the back of the living room. There is an exit, R., on the balcony, presumably leading to the other rooms on this floor. On the left of the balcony we see the first few steps of a curved staircase to the third floor. On the ground floor, upstage under the balcony, are double doors opening on the hallway which leads to the outer door of the house, off R. In the curve of the staircase are a small table and a side chair. Stage Left there is a sofa with a single chair at its right. A moment after the curtain has risen CAPTAIN GEORG VON TRAPP enters on the balcony from the R. He is dressed informally and is scanning a letter which he is holding in his hand. He stops at the railing of the balcony, takes a silver boatswain's whistle from his pocket and blows a distinctive signal on it. He waits a few seconds and, as no one answers, he repeats the signal. Then he starts down the stairs. Halfway down, seeing no one has appeared, he blows a different signal. Almost immediately, FRANZ, the butler, enters D.L. He is a man of middle-age who was previously the CAPTAIN'S orderly in the Imperial Navy. He is dressed in a butler's working apron, is wearing gloves and is carrying a metal tray and a polishing cloth.

FRANZ: Yes, sir?

CAPTAIN: I was calling the housekeeper and she didn't answer. Do you know why?

FRANZ: Sometimes she doesn't hear, sir.

FRAU SCHMIDT: (*Entering D.R.*) I'm sorry, sir, I was an

swering the telephone. Good day, sir. We're happy to have you home again.

CAPTAIN: Why did the last governess leave?

FRAU SCHMIDT: Who knows? She just said, "I've had enough of this," and walked out.

CAPTAIN: Why? Was Louisa playing tricks again?— Putting toads in her bed?

FRAU SCHMIDT: She didn't complain of that, sir.

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses L., reading letter*) Well, there's another one coming today. And this one can't walk out.

FRAU SCHMIDT: Oh?

CAPTAIN: She's coming from Nonnberg Abbey with orders to stay until September.

FRAU SCHMIDT: I hope you'll be at home for a time, sir.

CAPTAIN: Just until tomorrow. The telephone call—was it for me?

FRAU SCHMIDT: No, sir, it was for Franz. Before you arrived there was a call from Vienna—a Frau Schraeder. I have the number in the pantry.

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses D.R.*) I know the number. Oh, I shall be back in about a month with some guests.

FRAU SCHMIDT: Yes, sir. Do you know how many, sir?

CAPTAIN: Just two. Herr Detweiler—

FRANZ: Ah, Herr Detweiler.

CAPTAIN: And Frau Schraeder. (*He exits D.R.*)

FRANZ: Who wanted me on the telephone?

FRAU SCHMIDT: It was the post office. They've got a telegram for you. It will be delivered at seven o'clock.

FRANZ: Seven o'clock? That gives me five hours to be nervous.

FRAU SCHMIDT: (*Going up stairs*) With that scatter-brained boy delivering telegrams—

FRANZ: Well, that's one thing people are saying—if the Germans did take over Austria, we'd have efficiency.

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.)*

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*

children. Liesl, quickly, find the children. Quickly—
(*MARIA exits to third floor. MAX comes downstairs. LIESL exits on balcony. CAPTAIN enters U.C. with VON SCHREIBER and ZELLER. VON SCHREIBER is in the uniform of a German admiral.*)

CAPTAIN: This way, Admiral, we can talk in here. Admiral von Schreiber, may I present Herr Detweiler. . . Max I think you know Herr Zeller. Would you gentlemen care to sit down?

ZELLER: (*U.R.C.*) We are here on business.

VON SCHREIBER: (*L.C.*) Captain von Trapp, a telegram was sent to you three days ago.

CAPTAIN: (*C*) I have just received it. I've been away. I've only been home half an hour.

MAX: Captain von Trapp has just returned from his honeymoon, sir.

VON SCHREIBER: Congratulations, Captain.

CAPTAIN: Thank you, sir.

VON SCHREIBER: Your record in the war is very well remembered by us, Captain.

CAPTAIN: It's good to hear you say that, sir.

ZELLER: Let's get to the point.

VON SCHREIBER: (*To ZELLER*) If you don't mind. (*To CAPTAIN.*) In our Navy we hold you in very high regard. That explains why I am here. Having had no answer to our telegram, the High Command has sent me in person.

CAPTAIN: That's very flattering, Admiral. But I've had no time to consider—

(*MARIA enters on balcony. She is carrying two Festival programs and is in her Concert costume.*)

VON SCHREIBER: I am here to present you with your commission,—

CAPTAIN: I am deeply conscious of the honor, sir, but—

VON SCHREIBER: And your orders are to report immediately to the naval base at Bremerhaven.

MARIA: (*Coming downstairs, with feigned innocence*)
Immediately? Oh, I'm afraid that would be impossible
for you, Georg.

CAPTAIN: (*Crosses D.R.*) Admiral, may I present my wife,
the Baroness von Trapp, Admiral von Schreiber.

VON SCHREIBER: Madame!

MARIA: (*Crosses to VON SCHREIBER*) What I meant sir, is
that we are all singing in the Kaltzberg Festival Friday
night. (*Children start entering on balcony.*) You see—
the Von Trapp Family Singers—here in the program.
(*She hands a program to VON SCHREIBER, then to*
ZELLER.)

MAX: It's been arranged by the Ministry of Education and
Culture.

VON SCHREIBER: Friday night? This is Wednesday. That's
only a matter of two days. It might be possible. You
could report to Bremerhaven by Monday. . .

ZELLER: (*Protesting*) Admiral!

VON SCHREIBER: Is there a telephone I could use?

MAX: This way, Admiral. If there is any question, perhaps
adding the weight of my voice— (*They exit D.L.*)

ZELLER: (*To CAPTAIN*) It gives here only the names of
the children.

CAPTAIN: (*Quickly*) It says the Von Trapp Family Singers.
I'm head of the Von Trapp Family.

ZELLER: It's hard to believe, Captain von Trapp—you
singing in a concert.

CAPTAIN: (*Coolly*) Herr Zeller, you may believe what you
choose.

ZELLER: (*Crosses to CAPTAIN*) It doesn't say here what
* you're going to sing. What are you going to sing,
Captain?

CAPTAIN: It's your privilege to come to the concert and
hear us.