

Scene Six
Outside the Villa, That Evening

(A shallow scene showing the villa and the wall that runs around it. Down left center is a stone bench. After a moment, LIESL enters downstage right, turns, and waves to someone offstage.)

LIESL. Good night, Rolf.

ROLF. *(Walking on with his bicycle.)* Liesl!

LIESL. 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 down left.)* 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.

[MUSIC NO. 11 "SIXTEEN GOING ON SEVENTEEN"]

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?

ROLF.

YOU WAIT, LITTLE GIRL, ON AN EMPTY STAGE
FOR FATE TO TURN THE LIGHT ON.
YOUR LIFE, LITTLE GIRL, IS AN EMPTY PAGE
THAT MEN WILL WANT TO WRITE ON -

LIESL.

TO WRITE ON.

ROLF.

YOU ARE SIXTEEN, GOING ON SEVENTEEN,
BABY, IT'S TIME TO THINK.
BETTER BEWARE,
BE CANNY AND CAREFUL,
BABY, YOU'RE ON THE BRINK.
YOU ARE SIXTEEN, GOING ON SEVENTEEN,
FELLOWS WILL FALL IN LINE,
EAGER YOUNG LADS
AND ROUES AND CADS
WILL OFFER YOU FOOD AND WINE.