

Audition Dialogue: Captain, Maria, Children

CAPTAIN: This is your new governess—Fraulein Maria. As I sound your signal, you will step forward and repeat your name. You, Fraulein, will listen and learn their signals.

LIESL: Liesl

FRIEDRICH: Friedrich

LOUISA: Louisa

KURT: Kurt

BRIGITTA: Brigitta

MARTA: Marta

GRETL: Gretl

CAPTAIN: Now, Fraulein, when I want you, this is what you'll hear.

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. My butler, Franz. Mrs. Schmidt, the housekeepers. This is Fraulein Maria, the new governess. Please make sure that her new room is ready.

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

CAPTAIN: You will call me Captain.

MARIA: Thank you, Captain. I forgot to return this whistle, Captain. I won't need it, Captain.

Are you leaving us, Captain?

CAPTAIN: I will be in Vienna on business and when I return, I expect a report on the children's progress—and on yours. You are in command.

MARIA: Well, now that there's just us, would you tell me your names again and tell me how old you are.

Now you're...?

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

MARIA: I'm glad you told me. We'll just be friends.

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

MARIA: Boy? You're almost a man.

LOUISA: I'm Brigitta.

MARIA: You didn't tell me how old you are—Louisa.

BRIGITTA: I'm Brigitta. She's Louisa and she's thirteen years old and you're smart. I'm nine and I think your dress is the ugliest one I ever saw.

KURT: Brigitta, you mustn't say a thing like that.

BRIGITTA: Why not? Don't you think it's ugly?

KURT: If I did think so, I wouldn't say so. I'm Kurt. I'm eleven—almost.

MARIA: That's a nice age to be, eleven—almost.

MARTA: I'm Marta and I'm going to be seven on Tuesday and I'd like a pink parasol.

MARIA: Pink is my favorite color, too. And you're Gretl. I'm going to tell you something. I've never been a governess before. How do I start?

LOUISA: You mean you don't know anything about being a governess?

MARIA: No.

LOUISA: Well, the first thing you have to do is to tell Father to mind his own business.

KURT: No, Louisa, don't. I like her.

BRIGITTA: What's in here? (pointing to guitar case)

MARIA: My guitar for when we all sing together.

MARTA: We don't sing.

MARIA: Everybody sings. What songs do you know.

KURT: We don't know any songs.

MARIA: You don't?

ALL: No.

MARIA: Well, now I know where to start.