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The Sound of Music

By Ernest Lehman

The hills are alive
With the sound of music
With songs they have sung
For a thousand years
The hills fill my heart
With the sound of music
My heart wants to sing
Every song it hears
My heart wants to beat like the wings
Of the birds that rise
From the lake to the trees
My heart wants to sigh
Like a chime that flies
From a church on a breeze
To laugh like a brook
When it trips and falls
Over stones on its way
To sing through the night
Like a lark who is learning to pray
I go to the hills
When my heart is lonely
I know I will hear
What I've heard before
My heart will be blessed
With the sound of music
And I'll sing...

...once more

Hallelujah, hallelujah

Hallelujah, hallelujah

- Reverend Mother.

- Sister Bernice.

- I simply cannot find her.

- Maria?

She's missing again.

We should've put a cowbell
around her neck.

Have you tried the barn? You know
how much she adores the animals.

I have looked everywhere.

In all of the usual places.

Sister, considering it's Maria...

...I suggest you look in someplace
unusual.

Well, Reverend Mother...

...I hope this new infraction ends
whatever doubts...
...you may still have
about Maria's future here.
I always try to keep faith
in my doubts, Sister Berthe.
After all, the wool of a black sheep
is just as warm.
We are not talking about sheep,
black or white, Sister Margareta.
Of all the candidates for
the novitiate, Maria is the least...
Children, children.
We were speculating about
the qualifications of our postulants.
The Mistress of Novices
and the Mistress of Postulants...
...were trying to help me
by expressing opposite points of view.
Tell me, Sister Catherine,
what do you think of Maria?
She's a wonderful girl,
some of the time.
- Sister Agatha?
- It's very easy to like Maria...
...except when it's difficult.
- And you, Sister Sophia?
- Oh, I love her very dearly.
But she always seems to be
in trouble, doesn't she?
Exactly what I say.
She climbs a tree and scrapes her knee
Her dress has got a tear
She waltzes on her way to Mass
And whistles on the stair
And underneath her wimple
She has curlers in her hair
I've even heard her singing
In the abbey
She's always late for chapel
But her penitence is real
She's always late for everything
Except for every meal
I hate to have to say it

But I very firmly feel
Maria's not an asset to the abbey
I'd like to say a word in her behalf
Say it, Sister Margareta.
Maria makes me laugh
How do you solve a problem like Maria?
How do you catch a cloud
And pin it down?
How do you find a word
That means Maria?
A flibbertigibbet
- A will-o'-the-wisp
- A clown
Many a thing you know
You'd like to tell her
Many a thing she ought to understand
But how do you make her stay
And listen to all you say?
How do you keep a wave upon the sand?
How do you solve a problem like Maria?
How do you hold a moonbeam...
...in your hand?
When I'm with her I'm confused
Out of focus and bemused
And I never know exactly where I am
- Unpredictable as weather
- She's as flighty as a feather
- She's a darling
- She's a demon
She's a lamb
She'll out pester any pest
Drive a hornet from its nest
She can throw a whirling dervish
Out of whirl
- She is gentle, she is wild
- She's a riddle, she's a child
- She's a headache
- She's an angel
She's a girl
How do you solve a problem like Maria?
How do you catch a cloud
And pin it down?
How do you find a word
That means Maria?

- A flibbertigibbet
- A will-o'-the-wisp
A clown
Many a thing you know
You'd like to tell her
Many a thing she ought to understand
- But how do you make her stay
- And listen to all you say?
How do you keep a wave upon the sand?
How do you solve a problem like Maria?
How do you hold a moonbeam...
...in your hand?
You may go in now, Maria.
Come here, my child.
Now sit down.
Reverend Mother, I'm sorry.
I couldn't help myself.
- The hills were beckoning and before...
- Dear.
I haven't summoned you for apologies.
Please let me ask for forgiveness.
If you'll feel better.
Yes, you see,
the sky was so blue today...
...and everything was so green and
fragrant, I had to be a part of it.
The Untersberg led me higher like
it wanted me to go through the clouds.
Suppose darkness had come
and you were lost?
Mother, I could never be lost
up there.
That's my mountain.
I was brought up on it.
It was the mountain that led me
to you.
When I was a child,
I would come down and climb a tree...
...and look in your garden.
I'd see the sisters at work
and hear them sing.
Which brings me to another
transgression, Reverend Mother.
I was singing out there today.

Only in the abbey do we have rules
about postulants singing.

I can't stop wherever I am.

Worse, I can't seem to stop
saying things.

Everything I think and feel.

Some call that "honesty."

Oh, but it's terrible,

Reverend Mother!

You know how Sister Berthe makes me
kiss the floor after a disagreement?

Lately, I kiss the floor
when I see her coming to save time.

Maria...

...when you saw us over the wall
and longed to be with us...

...that didn't mean you were prepared
for the way we live here, did it?

No, Mother, but I pray and I try.

And I am learning. I really am.

What is the most important lesson
you have learned here?

To find out what is the will of God
and do it wholeheartedly.

Maria...

...it seems to be God's will
that you leave us.

- Leave?

- Only for a while.

No, Mother!

Please don't send me away!

This is where I belong. It's my home,
my family. It's my life.

- Are you truly ready for it?

- Yes, I am.

If you go out into the world for a
time, knowing what we expect of you...

...you will find out
if you can expect it of yourself.

I know what you expect, Mother,
and I can do it! I promise I can!

Yes, Mother.

If it is God's will.

There is a family near Salzburg that

needs a governess until September.

- September?

- For seven children.

Seven children?!

Do you like children?

Well, yes, but seven!

I will tell Captain von Trapp
to expect you tomorrow.

Captain?

A retired officer of the Imperial
Navy. A fine man and a brave one.

His wife died,

and he is alone with the children.

I understand he has had a difficult
time keeping a governess there.

Why difficult, Reverend Mother?

The Lord will show you
in His own good time.

When the Lord closes a door...

...somewhere He opens a window.

What will this day be like?

I wonder

What will my future be?

I wonder

It could be so exciting

To be out in the world

To be free

My heart should be wildly rejoicing

Oh, what's the matter with me?

I've always longed for adventure

To do the things I've never dared

Now here I'm facing adventure

Then why am I so scared?

A captain with seven children

What's so fearsome about that?

I must stop these doubts and worries

If I don't I just know I'll turn back

I must dream of the things

I am seeking

I am seeking the courage I lack

The courage to serve them

With reliance

Face my mistakes without defiance

Show them I'm worthy

And while I show them
I'll show me
So let them bring on
All their problems
I'll do better than my best
I have confidence
They'll put me to the test
But I'll make them see
I have confidence in me
Somehow I will impress them
I will be firm but kind
And all those children
Heaven bless them
They will look up to me
And mind me
With each step I am more certain
Everything will turn out fine
I have confidence
The world can all be mine
They'll have to agree
I have confidence in me
I have confidence in sunshine
I have confidence in rain
I have confidence
That spring will come again
Besides which you see
I have confidence in me
Strength doesn't lie in numbers
Strength doesn't lie in wealth
Strength lies in nights
Of peaceful slumbers
When you wake up, wake up
It's healthy
All I trust I leave my heart to
All I trust becomes my own
I have confidence in confidence alone
Oh, help.
I have confidence in confidence alone
Besides which you see
I have confidence...
...in me
Hello. Here I am.
I'm from the convent.
I'm the new governess, captain.

And I'm the old butler, frulein.
Well, how do you do?
You'll wait here, please.
In future, remember certain rooms
in this house are not to be disturbed.
Yes, captain, sir.
- Why do you stare at me that way?
- You don't look like a sea captain.
I'm afraid you don't look
very much like a governess.
- Turn around.
- What?
Turn.
Hat off.
Put on another dress
before meeting the children.
But I don't have another.
When we enter the abbey,
our worldly clothes go to the poor.
What about this one?
The poor didn't want it.
There wasn't time to make a new dress.
I can make clothes.
I'll see that you get some material.
Today, if possible.
- Now, frulein...
- Maria.
I don't know how much
the abbess told you.
You are the twelfth governess...
...to look after my children
since their mother died.
I trust you will be an improvement
on the last one.
She stayed only two hours.
What's wrong with the children, sir?
Nothing is wrong with the children,
only the governesses.
They could not maintain discipline,
without which the house cannot be run.
Drill them in their studies.
I will not permit them to dream
away their summer holidays.
Each afternoon,

they march, breathing deeply.

Bedtime is to be strictly observed.

When do they play?

You will see to it that they conduct themselves with the utmost decorum.

- I am placing you in command.

- Yes, sir.

Now...

...this is your new governess,
Frulein Maria.

Give your name at your signal.

Frulein, listen carefully. Learn their signals so you can call them.

Liesl.

Friedrich.

Louisa.

Kurt.

Brigitta.

Marta.

Gretl.

Now, let's see how well you listened.

I won't need to whistle for them,
Reverend Captain.

I mean, I'll use their names.

Such lovely names.

Frulein, this is a large house.

The grounds are extensive.

And I will not have anyone shouting.

You will take this, please.

Learn to use it.

The children will help you.

Now, when I want you,

this is what you will hear.

Oh, no, sir. I'm sorry, sir!

I could never answer to a whistle.

Whistles are for animals,

not for children.

And definitely not for me.

It would be too humiliating.

Frulein, were you this much trouble at the abbey?

Oh, much more, sir.

I don't know your signal.

You may call me "captain."

At ease.

Now that there's just us...

...would you please tell me all your names again and how old you are.

I'm Liesl. I'm 16 years old, and I don't need a governess.

I'm glad you told me, Liesl.

We'll just be good friends.

I'm Friedrich. I'm 14.

I'm impossible.

Really? Who told you that, Friedrich?

Frulein Josephine.

Four governesses ago.

I'm Brigitta.

You didn't tell me how old you are, Louisa.

I'm Brigitta. She's Louisa.

She's 13 years old, and you're smart.

I'm 10, and I think your dress is the ugliest one I ever saw.

- Brigitta, you shouldn't say that.

- Why not?

- Don't you think it's ugly?

- Of course.

But Frulein Helga's was ugliest.

I'm Kurt. I'm 11.

I'm incorrigible.

- Congratulations.

- What's "incorrigible"?

I think it means you want to be treated like a boy.

I'm Marta, and I'm going to be seven on Tuesday.

I'd like a pink parasol.

Pink's my favorite color too.

Yes, you're Gretl.

And you're five years old?

My, you're practically a lady.

I have to tell you a secret.

I've never been a governess.

You don't know anything about being a governess?

Nothing. I'll need lots of advice.

The best way to start is to tell

Father to mind his own business.
Never come to dinner on time.
Never eat your soup quietly.
During dessert, always blow your nose.
Don't you believe a word they say,
Frulein Maria.
- Oh, why not?
- Because I like you.
Children, outside for your walk.
Father's orders. Hurry up.
Quick, quick, quick.
Frulein Maria, I'm Frau Schmidt,
the housekeeper.
How do you do.
I'll show you to your room.
Follow me.
Poor little dears.
You're very lucky. With
Frulein Helga it was a snake.
Good evening.
- Good evening, children.
- Good evening, Frulein Maria.
Enchanting little ritual.
Something you learned at the abbey?
No.
Rheumatism.
Excuse me, captain. Haven't we
forgotten to thank the Lord?
For what we receive,
may the Lord make us truly thankful.
- Amen.
- Amen.
I'd like to thank you all...
...for the precious gift
you left in my pocket today.
What gift?
It's a secret between
the children and me.
Then I suggest you keep it,
and let us eat.
Knowing how nervous
I must have been...
...a stranger in a new household...
...knowing how important it was

for me to feel accepted...

...it was so kind and thoughtful of you to make my first moments here...

...so warm and happy...

...and pleasant.

- What is the matter, Marta?

- Nothing.

Frulein...

...is it to be at every meal or merely at dinnertime...

...that you intend leading us through this rare and wonderful new world...

...of indigestion?

They're all right, captain.

They're just happy.

- Rolfe, good evening.

- Good evening, Franz.

- I trust everything is under control?

- Yes, yes.

- Are there any developments?

- Perhaps.

- Is the captain home?

- He's at dinner.

- With the family?

- Yes.

Give him this telegram at once.

Certainly.

A telegram for you, sir.

Franz? Who delivered it?

That young lad Rolfe, of course.

Father, may I be excused?

Children, in the morning I shall be going to Vienna.

Not again, Father!

How long will you be gone this time?

I'm not sure, Gretl.

- To visit Baroness Schraeder again?

- Mind your own business!

As a matter of fact, yes, Louisa.

- Why can't we ever see the baroness?

- Why would she want to see you?

You are going to see the baroness.

I'm bringing her back with me to visit.

And Uncle Max.

Uncle Max!

Rolfe!

Oh, Rolfe!

- No, Liesl. We mustn't!

- Why not, silly?

- I don't know...

- Isn't this why you're waiting?

Yes, of course.

- I've missed you, Liesl.

- You have? How much?

I even thought of sending a telegram,
so I'd be able to deliver it here.

Oh, that's a lovely thought!

Why don't you, right now?

- But I'm here!

- Please, Rolfe. Send me a telegram.

I'll start it for you.

"Dear Liesl..."

"Dear Liesl:

to tell you...

...how I feel about you. Stop.

Unfortunately, this wire
is already too expensive.

Sincerely, Rolfe."

- "Sincerely"?

- Cordially.

- "Cordially"?

- Affectionately?

Will there be any reply?

"Dear Rolfe:

Don't stop! Your Liesl."

If only we didn't have to wait
for someone to send Father a telegram.
How do I know when I'll see you again?
Well, let's see...

I could come here by mistake.

With a telegram for Colonel Schneider!
He's here from Berlin staying with...

No one knows he's here.

Don't tell your father.

- Why not?

- Your father's so Austrian.

We're all Austrian.
Some think we ought to be German, and
they're very mad at those who don't.
They're getting ready to...
Let's hope your father
doesn't get into trouble.
Don't worry. He's a big naval hero.
He was even decorated by the emperor.
I don't worry about him.
I worry about his daughter.
Me? Why?

- Well, you're so...

- What?

You're such a baby!

I'm 16.

What's such a baby about that?

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

To write on

You are 16 going on 17

Baby, it's time to think

Better beware

Be canny and careful

Baby, you're on the brink

You are 16 going on 17

Fellows will fall in line

Eager young lads

And rous and cads

Will offer you food and wine

Totally unprepared are you

To face a world of men

Timid and shy and scared are you

Of things beyond your ken

You need someone older and wiser

Telling you what to do

I am 17 going on 18

I'll take care of you

I am 16 going on 17

I know that I'm naive

Fellows I meet

May tell me I'm sweet
And willingly I believe
I am 16 going on 17
Innocent as a rose
Bachelor dandies
Drinkers of brandies
What do I know of those?
Totally unprepared am I
To face a world of men
Timid and shy and scared am I
Of things beyond my ken
I need someone older and wiser
Telling me what to do
You are 17 going on 18
I'll depend on you
Come in.
Frau Schmidt.
For your new dresses.
- The captain had these sent from town.
- Oh, how lovely!
These will make the prettiest
clothes I've ever had.
Do you think he would
get me more material if I asked?
- How many dresses do you need?
- Not for me, for the children.
I want to make them some play clothes.
The von Trapp children don't play.
They march.
Surely you don't approve of that.
Ever since the captain
lost his poor wife...
...he runs this house as if on
one of his ships.
Whistles, orders.
No more music, no more laughing.
Nothing that reminds him of her.
Even the children.
But that's so wrong.
Oh, well.
How do you like your room?
There'll be new drapes at the windows.
Bu these are fine.
New ones have been ordered.

- But I really don't need them.
- Good night, now.
Frau Schmidt, if I asked
the captain about the material...?
- He's leaving in the morning.
- Of course. How long will he be gone?
It depends. The last time he visited
the baroness, he stayed for a month.
I shouldn't be saying this to you.
I don't know you that well.
But if you ask me,
the captain's thinking seriously...
...of marrying her before
summer's over.
Wonderful! The children will
have a mother again.
Yes.
Well, good night.
Good night.
Dear Father, now I know
why You sent me here.
To help these children
prepare for a new mother.
And I pray this will become
a happy family in Thy sight.
God bless the captain.
God bless Liesl and Friedrich.
God bless Louisa, Brigitta,
Marta and little Gretl.
And I forgot the other boy.
What's his name?
Well, God bless what's-his-name.
God bless the Reverend Mother
and Sister Margareta...
...and everybody at the abbey.
And now, dear God, about Liesl.
Help her know that I'm her friend...
...and help her tell me
what she's been up to.
Are you going to tell on me?
Help me to be understanding
so I may guide her footsteps.
In the name of the Father,
the Son and the Holy Ghost.

I was out walking
and somebody locked the doors early.
I didn't want to wake everybody,
so when I saw your window open...
You're not going to tell Father,
are you?
How did you climb up?
It's how we always got in
to play tricks on the governess.
Louisa can make it with
a whole jar of spiders in her hand.
Spiders?
Were you out walking all by yourself?
If we wash that dress tonight,
nobody would notice it tomorrow.
You could put this on.
Take your dress and put it
to soak in the bathtub.
Come back here and sit on the bed,
and we'll have a talk.
I told you today
I didn't need a governess.
Well, maybe I do.
Gretl, are you scared?
You're not frightened
of a storm, are you?
You just stay right here with me.
- Where are the others?
- They're asleep. They're not scared.
Oh, no? Look.
All right, up here on the bed.
- Really?
- Well, just this once. Come on.
- Now we'll wait for the boys.
- You won't see them. Boys are brave.
You weren't scared, were you?
Oh, no. We just wanted
to be sure that you weren't.
- That's very thoughtful of you.
- It wasn't my idea.
It was Kurt's!
Kurt! That's the one I left out!
God bless Kurt.
Why does it do that?

The lightning talks to the thunder,
and the thunder answers.

- But lightning must be nasty.

- Not really.

Why does the thunder get so angry?

It makes me want to cry.

Whenever I'm feeling unhappy,

I just try to think of nice things.

What kind of things?

Well, let me see. Nice things...

Daffodils.

Green meadows.

Skies full of stars.

Raindrops on roses

and whiskers on kittens

Bright copper kettles

And warm woolen mittens

Brown paper packages

Tied up with strings

These are a few of my favorite things

Cream-colored ponies

And crisp apple strudels

Doorbells and sleigh bells

And schnitzel with noodles

Wild geese that fly

With the moon on their wings

These are a few of my favorite things

Girls in white dresses

With blue satin sashes

Snowflakes that stay

On my nose and eyelashes

Silver white winters

That melt into springs

These are a few of my favorite things

When the dog bites

When the bee stings

When I'm feeling sad

I simply remember my favorite things

And then I don't feel so bad

- Does it work?

- Of course.

- What do you like?

- Pussy willow!

- Christmas!

- Bunny rabbits!

Snakes!

- Chocolate icing!

- No school!

Pillow fights!

- Telegrams!

- Birthday presents!

- Any presents!

- Ladybugs!

A good sneeze!

Gesundheit!

See what fun it is?

Raindrops on roses

And whiskers on kittens

Bright copper kettles

And warm woolen mittens

Brown paper packages

Tied up with strings

These are a few of my favorite things

Cream-colored ponies

And crisp apple strudels

Doorbells and sleigh bells

And schnitzel with noodles

Wild geese that fly

With the moon on their wings

These are a few of my favorite things

Together.

Girls in white dresses

With blue satin sashes

Snowflakes that stay

On my nose and eyelashes

Silver white winters

That melt into springs

These are a few of my favorite things

When the dog bi...

Dog bites.

Hello.

Frulein, did I not tell you that
bedtime is to be strictly observed?

The children were upset
by the storm, so l...

You did, sir.

Do you, or do you not, have difficulty
remembering such simple instructions?

Only during thunderstorms.

Liesl?

I don't recall seeing you
after dinner.

Really? As a matter of fact...

Yes?

Well, I was...

What she would like to say...

...is that she and I have
been getting acquainted tonight.

It's too late to go into that. You
heard your father. Go back to bed.

Frulein...

...you have managed to remember
I'm leaving in the morning?

Is it also possible you remember the
first rule in this house is discipline?

Then I trust that before I return...

...you'll have acquired some?

Captain?

Could I talk to you about clothes
for the children for when they play?

- If I could have some material.

- You are many things.

Not the least of which is repetitious.

- But they're children!

- Yes.

And I'm their father.

Good night.

Girls in white dresses

With blue satin sashes

When the dog bites

When the bee stings

When I'm feeling sad

I simply remember my favorite things

And then I don't feel...

...so bad

Children, over here. See!

Come on.

Frulein Maria?

Can we do this every day?

- Don't you think you'd get tired of it?

- I suppose so.

Every other day?

I haven't had so much fun since we put
glue on Frulein Josephine's toothbrush.

I can't understand how children
as nice as you can play such tricks.

- It's easy.

- But why do it?

How else can we get
Father's attention?

Oh, I see.

We'll have to think about that one.

All right, over here.

What are we going to do?

Think of a song for the baroness.

Father doesn't like us to sing.

Perhaps we can change his mind.

Now, what songs do you know?

We don't know any songs.

- Not any?

- We don't even know how to sing.

Let's not lose time. You must learn.

But how?

Let's start at the very beginning

A very good place to start

When you read you begin with

A, B, C

When you sing, you begin with

Do-Re-Mi

Do-re-mi

Do-re-mi

The first three notes

Just happen to be

Do-re-mi

Do-re-mi

Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti

Let's see if I can make it easier.

"Doe," a deer

A female deer

"Ray," a drop of golden sun

"Me," a name I call myself

"Far," a long long way to run

"Sew," a needle pulling thread

"La," a note to follow sew

"Tea," a drink with jam and bread

That will bring us back to doe

- Doe
- A deer, a female deer
- Ray
- A drop of golden sun
- Me
- A name I call myself
- Far
- A long long way to run
Sew, a needle pulling thread
- La
- A note to follow sew
- - A drink with jam and bread
That will bring us back to
- Doe
- A deer, a female deer
Ray, a drop of golden sun
Me, a name I call myself
Far, a long long way to run
Sew, a needle pulling thread
La, a note to follow sew
Tea, a drink with jam and bread
That will bring us back to doe
Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do, so-do
Do-re-mi-fa-so and so on are only
the tools we use to build a song.
Once you have them in your head
you can sing different tunes...
...by mixing them up. Like this:
So-do-la-fa-mi-do-re
Can you do that?
So-do-la-fa-mi-do-re
So-do-la-ti-do-re-do
So-do-la-ti-do-re-do
Now, put it all together.
So-do-la-fa-mi-do-re
So-do-la-ti-do-re-do
- Good.
- But it doesn't mean anything.
So we put in words.
One word for every note.

Like this:

When you know the notes to sing
You can sing most anything

Together!

When you know the notes to sing

You can sing most anything

- Doe

- A deer, a female deer

- Ray

- A drop of golden sun

- Me

- A name I call myself

- Far

- A long long way to run

- Sew

- A needle pulling thread

- La

- A note to follow sew

- - A drink with jam and bread

That will bring us back to doe

When you know the notes to sing

You can sing most anything

Doe

A deer, a female deer

Ray

A drop of golden sun

Me

A name I call myself

Far

A long long way to run

Sew

A needle pulling thread

La

A note to follow sew

A drink with jam and bread

That will bring us back to

So-do-la-fa-mi-do-re

So-do-la-fa-ti

La-so

Ti-do

So-do

The mountains are magnificent,

really magnificent.

- I had them put up just for you.

- Oh?

Even if it's to a height

of 10,000 feet...

...Georg always believes in
"rising to the occasion."
Improve the jokes
or I'll disinvite you.
You didn't invite me.
I invited myself.
- Naturally.
- You needed a chaperone...
...and I needed a place
where the cuisine is superb...
...the wine cellar unexcelled...
...and the price perfect.
Max, you are outrageous.
Not at all.
I'm a very charming sponge.
Listen.
That's the Klopmann Monastery Choir.
They're good.
Very good.
I must explore this area
in the next few days.
Somewhere, a hungry singing group
is waiting for Max Detweiler...
...to pluck it out and make it famous
at the Salzburg Folk Festival.
- They get fame, you get money.
- It's unfair, I admit it.
But someday that'll be changed.
I shall get the fame too.
Good heavens, what's this?
It's nothing.
Just some local urchins.
This really is exciting for me, Georg.
Being here with you.
Trees, lakes,
you've seen them before.
That is not what I mean,
and you know it.
- You mean me? I'm exciting?
- Is that so impossible?
No, just highly improbable.
- There you go, running yourself down.
- Well, I'm a dangerous driver.
You're much less of a riddle

when I see you here, Georg.

- In my natural habitat?

- Yes, exactly.

Are you saying that I'm more
at home...

...among the birds and the flowers
and the wind that moves...

...through the trees
like a restless sea?

How poetic.

Yes, it was rather, wasn't it?

More at home here than in Vienna
in all your glittering salons...

...gossiping gaily with bores I
detest, soaking myself in champagne...

...stumbling about to waltzes
by Strausses I can't even remember?

- Is that what you're saying?

- Yes.

Now whatever gave you that idea?

Oh, I do like it here, Georg.

It's so lovely and peaceful.

How can you leave it so often?

Oh, pretending to be madly active,
I suppose.

Activity suggests a life
filled with purpose.

Could it be running away
from memories?

Or perhaps just searching
for a reason to stay.

I hope that's why you've been
coming to Vienna so often.

- Were there other distractions?

- I'd hardly call you a distraction.

Well, what would you call me, Georg?

Lovely...

...charming, witty, graceful,
the perfect hostess...

...and, you're going to hate me
for this...

...in a way, my savior.

Oh, how unromantic.

I'd be an ungrateful wretch

if I didn't say...
...that you brought some meaning back
into my life.
I am amusing, I suppose.
I have the finest couturier in Vienna
and a glittering circle of friends.
- I do give some rather gay parties.
- Oh, yes.
But take all that away...
...and you have just wealthy,
unattached little me...
...searching, just like you.
More strudel, Herr Detweiler?
- How many have I had?
- Two.
Make it an uneven three.
Still eating, Max?
Must be unhappy.
That mixed quartet I've been trying
to steal away from Sol Hurok...
- What happened?
...Sascha Petrie stole them first.
I hate thieves.
Max, you really must try
and learn to love yourself.
I had to call Paris, Rome
and Stockholm.
- On Georg's telephone, of course.
- How else could I afford it?
I like rich people, the way they live
and how I live when I'm with them.
I wonder where the children are.
They must have heard
I was coming and hid.
I was hoping they'd be here
to welcome you.
Max, do step out of character for
a moment and try and be charming.
Well?
Well what?
Have you made up his mind?
Do I hear wedding bells?
- Pealing madly.
- Marvelous.

- Not necessarily for me.
- What kind of talk's that?
None-of-your-business talk.
I'm terribly fond of him,
so don't toy with us.
But I'm a child. I like toys.
So tell me everything.
Come on. Tell me every teensy-weensy,
intimate, disgusting detail.
Well, let's just say I have a feeling
I may be here on approval.
- I approve of that. How can you miss?
- Far too easily.
If I know you, darling,
and I do, you will find a way.
- He's no ordinary man.
- No, he's rich.
His wife's death gave him
a great heartache.
And your husband's death
gave you a great fortune.
Oh, Max, you really are a beast.
You and Georg are like family.
That's why I want to see you married.
We must keep all that lovely money
in the family.
- What are you doing there?
- Oh, Captain von Trapp.
I was just looking for...
I didn't see, I mean,
I didn't know you were...
Heil Hitler!
Who are you?
I have a telegram for Herr Detweiler.
- I am Herr Detweiler.
- Yes, sir.
You've delivered your telegram.
Now get out.
- Georg, he's just a boy.
- Yes, and I'm just an Austrian.
Things will happen.
Make sure they don't happen to you.
Max! Don't you ever say that again.
I have no political convictions.

- Can I help it if other people do?

- You can help it.

You must help it.

Hello?

You're far away. Where are you?

In a world that's disappearing,
I'm afraid.

Is there any way I could bring you
back to the world I'm in?

- Father! Father!

- There's your father!

Oh, captain, you're home!

Come out of that water at once!

Oh, you must be Baroness Schraeder.

I'm soaked to the skin!

Straight line!

This is Baroness Schraeder.

And these...

...are my children.

How do you do?

Go inside, dry off, clean up, change
your clothes and report back here!

Frulein, you will stay here, please!

I think I'd better go see
what Max is up to.

Now, frulein...

...I want a truthful answer.

Yes, captain.

Is it possible,
or could I have just imagined it?

Have my children, by any chance,
been climbing trees today?

Yes, captain.

I see.

And where, may I ask,
did they get these...

- Play clothes.

- Is that what they are?

I made them from the drapes
that used to hang in my bedroom.

- Drapes?

- They have plenty of wear left.

We've been everywhere in them.

Are you telling me that my children

have been roaming about Salzburg...
...dressed up in nothing
but some old drapes?
And having a marvelous time!
- They have uniforms.
- Forgive me, straitjackets.
They can't be children
if they worry about clothes...
They don't complain.
They don't dare.
They love you too much and fear...
Don't discuss my children.
You've got to hear, you're
never home...
I don't want to hear more!
I know you don't, but you've got to!
- Liesl's not a child.
- Not one word...
Soon she'll be a woman
and you won't even know her.
Friedrich wants to be a man
but you're not here to show...
Don't you dare tell me...
Brigitta could tell you about him.
She notices everything.
Kurt acts tough to hide the pain
when you ignore him...
...the way you do all of them.
Louisa, I don't know about yet.
The little ones just want love.
Please, love them all.
I don't care to hear more.
- I am not finished yet, captain!
- Oh, yes, you are, captain!
Frulein.
Now, you will pack
your things this minute...
...and return to the abbey.
What's that?
It's singing.
Yes, I realize it's singing.
But who is singing?
The children.
The children?

I taught them something to sing
for the baroness.
My heart wants to sing
Every song it hears
Every song that it hears
My heart wants to beat like the wings
Of the birds that rise
From the lake to the trees
To the trees
My heart wants to sigh
Like a chime that flies
From a church on a breeze
To laugh like a brook
When it trips and falls
Over stones on its way
On its way
To sing through the night
Like a lark who is learning to pray
I go to the hills
When my heart is lonely
I know I will hear
What I've heard before
My heart will be blessed
With the sound of music
And I'll sing...
...once more
Edelweiss!
You never told me how enchanting
your children are.
Don't go away.
Frulein.
I...
...behaved badly. I apologize.
I'm far too outspoken.
It's one of my worst faults.
You were right.
I don't know my children.
There's still time, captain.
They want so much to be close to you.
And you brought music back
into the house.
I'd forgotten.
Frulein.
I want you to stay.

I ask you to stay.

- If I could be of any help.

- You have already.

More than you know.

Marta.

Curtain!

High on a hill was a lonely goatherd

Loud was the voice

Of the lonely goatherd

Folks in a town

That was quite remote heard

Lusty and clear

From the goatherd's throat heard

Marta. Marta!

Gretl, the prince!

A prince on the bridge

Of a castle moat heard

Men on a road

With a load to tote heard

Men in the midst

Of a table d'hôte heard

Men drinking beer

With the foam afloat heard

One little girl

In a pale pink coat heard

She yodeled back

To the lonely goatherd

Soon her mama

With a gleaming gloat heard

What a duet for a girl and goatherd

One little girl

In a pale pink coat heard

She yodeled back

To the lonely goatherd

Soon her mama

With a gleaming gloat heard

What a duet for a girl and goatherd

Happy are they

Soon the duet will become a trio

- Bravo!

- Bravo!

Very good!

Wonderful!

- Can we keep the puppets, Uncle Max?

- Yes, can we?

Of course you may, my darlings.

Why else did I tell Professor Kohner
to send the bill to your father?

Well done, frulein.

I really am very much impressed.

They're your children, captain.

My dear, is there anything
you can't do?

Well, I'm not sure

I'll make a good nun.

If you have any problems,

I'd be happy to help you.

Attention, everyone!

I have an announcement to make.

Surprise! Surprise!

Today, after a long
and desperate search...

...I have found a most exciting
entry for the Salzburg Folk Festival.

Congratulations, Max.

And who will you

be exploiting this time?

- The Saint Ignatius Choir?

- Guess again.

Well, let me see now.

The Klopmann Choir?

- No, no, no, no.

- No, no?

Tell us.

A singing group all in one family.

You'll never guess, Georg.

What a charming idea!

Whose family?

Yours.

They'll be the talk of the festival.

- Well, now, what's so funny?

- You are, Max.

You're expensive, but very funny.

- They'll be a sensation!

- No, Max.

It's a wonderful idea.

Fresh, original.

Max! My children

do not sing in public.
You can't blame me for trying.
Children, who shall we hear
from next?
Who?
Yes.
The vote is unanimous.
You, captain.
Me?
- I don't understand.
- Please.
No, no, no, no.
I'm told that you were quite good.
- That was a very, very long time ago.
- I remember, Father.
- Play us something we know.
- Oh, please, Father.
Well...
- Why didn't you tell me?
- What?
To bring along my harmonica.
Edelweiss
Edelweiss
Every morning you greet me
Small and white
Clean and bright
You look happy...
...to meet me
Blossom of snow
May you bloom and grow
Bloom and grow forever
Edelweiss
Edelweiss
Bless my homeland forever
- Edelweiss
- Edelweiss
- Edelweiss
- Edelweiss
Every morning you greet me
- Small and white
- Small and white
- Clean and bright
- Clean and bright
You look happy...

...to meet me
Blossom of snow
May you bloom and grow
Bloom and grow forever
Edelweiss
Edelweiss
Bless my homeland forever
Anytime you say the word, Georg,
you can be part of my new act:
The von Trapp Family Singers.
I have a wonderful idea, Georg.
Let's really fill this house
with music.
You must give a grand
and glorious party for me.
- A party?
- Yes, Father, please!
It's high time
I met all your friends...
...and they met me.
Don't you agree?
- I see what you mean.
- Oh, please!
Children, it's bedtime.
Come now, say good night.
Good night, Father.
- Good night.
- Good night, Baroness Schraeder.
Good night, Father.
Good night, Uncle Max.
It'll be my first party, Father!
- Captain.
- Herr Zeller. Baroness Schraeder.
- Good evening, Herr Zeller.
- Baroness.
How do you do? Good evening.
Did you notice the obvious
display of the Austrian flag?
The women look so beautiful.
I think they look ugly.
You're just scared of them.
Silly, only grown-up men fear women.
- I think the men look beautiful.
- How would you know?

Liesl, who are you dancing with?

Nobody.

Oh, yes, you are.

May I have this dance?

I'd be delighted, young man.

Why didn't you tell me

you could dance?

We feared you'd make us all dance.

The von Trapp Family Dancers.

What are they playing?

It's the Laendler.

An Austrian folk dance.

- Show me.

- I haven't danced since I was little.

You remember. Please?

- Well...

- Please.

All right. Come on over here.

Now you bow and I curtsy.

- Like this?

- Fine. Now we go for a little walk.

One, two, three. One, two, three.

One, two, three, step together.

Now, step hop, step hop.

Now turn under. Not quite.

This way. Hop step, hop.

And under.

Kurt, we'll have to practice.

Do allow me, will you?

I don't remember anymore.

- Your face is all red.

- Is it?

I don't suppose I'm used to dancing.

Why, that was beautifully done.

What a lovely couple you make.

It's time the children

said good night.

We'll be in the hall.

- We have something special prepared.

- Right!

Yes, come on!

All that needless worrying, Georg.

You thought you wouldn't find

a friend at the party.

- A bit chilly out tonight, isn't it?

- Oh, I don't know.

It seemed rather warm to me.

Ladies and gentlemen.

The children of Captain von Trapp

wish to say good night to you.

There's a sad sort of clanging

From the clock in the hall

And the bells in the steeple too

And up in the nursery

An absurd little bird

Is popping up to say "coo-coo"

Coo-coo

Coo-coo

Regretfully they tell us

But firmly they compel us

To say goodbye

To you

So long, farewell

Auf Wiedersehen, good night

I hate to go

And leave this pretty sight

So long, farewell,

Auf Wiedersehen, adieu

Adieu, adieu

To you and you and you

So long, farewell

Au revoir, auf Wiedersehen

I'd like to stay

And taste my first champagne

- Yes?

- No.

So long, farewell

Auf Wiedersehen, goodbye

I leave and heave a sigh

And say goodbye

Goodbye

I'm glad to go

I cannot tell a lie

I flit, I float

I fleetly flee, I fly

The sun has gone to bed

And so must I

So long

Farewell

Auf Wiedersehen, goodbye

Goodbye

Goodbye

Goodbye

Goodbye

Extraordinary!

What they'd do at the festival.

Young lady,

I must have a word with you.

Georg, you won't let this girl
get away. She must join the party.

- No, really l...

- Stop. Stop it now.

- Georg, please.

- You can if you want to, frulein.

I insist.

You will be my dinner partner.

This is business.

Franz...

...set another place next to mine
for Frulein Maria.

- Whatever you say.

- It appears to be all arranged.

- It does.

- I'm not suitably dressed.

You can change. We'll wait.

Captain, you must be very proud
of your youngsters.

I am, thank you.

Is there a more beautiful expression
of what is good in our country...

...than the innocent voices
of our children?

Oh, come now, baron.

Would you have us believe that Austria
holds a monopoly on virtue?

Herr Zeller, some of us prefer
Austrian voices raised in song...

...to ugly German threats.

The ostrich buries his head
in the sand...

...and sometimes in the flag.

Perhaps those who would warn you that

the Anschluss is coming, and it is...
...would get further with you by setting
their words to music.
If the Nazis take over Austria, you
will be the entire trumpet section.
You flatter me.
Oh, how clumsy of me.
I meant to accuse you.
It's very kind of you
to offer to help me, baroness.
I'm delighted, Maria.
I really don't think I have anything
that would be appropriate.
Now where is that lovely little thing
you were wearing the other evening?
When the captain couldn't keep
his eyes off you.
Couldn't keep his eyes off me?
Come, my dear, we are women.
Let's not pretend we don't know
when a man notices us.
- Here we are.
- The captain notices everybody.
There's no need to feel
so defensive, Maria.
You are quite attractive, you know.
The captain would hardly be a man
if he didn't notice you.
Baroness, I hope you're joking.
Not at all.
I've never done a thing to...
You don't have to, my dear.
Nothing's more irresistible to a man
than a woman who's in love with him.
- In love with him?
- Of course.
What makes it so nice is
he thinks he's in love with you.
But that's not true.
Surely you've noticed the way
he looks into your eyes.
And you know, you blushed in his arms
when you were dancing just now.
Don't take it to heart.

He'll get over it soon enough,
I think.
Men do, you know.
Then I should go.
I mustn't stay here.
- Is there something I can do to help?
- No, nothing.
Yes.
Don't say a word to the captain.
No, I wouldn't dream of it.
Goodbye, Maria.
I'm sure you'll make a very fine nun.
Champagne, darling.
I feel like celebrating. Cheers.
- You know something.
- Perhaps.
If you're so clever, tell me how to
get frulein to influence Georg.
I want those children in the festival.
Elsa, this is important to Austria.
Wouldn't do you any harm either.
I thought of that.
Well, if it's a matter of influence...
...maybe the one you have
to be talking to is me.
- Two.
- Three.
- Four.
- Five.
- Six.
- Seven.
Eight.
- Four.
- Two.
- Seven.
- Five.
- Two.
- Six.
Isn't this fun?
- Four.
- I'm number five.
- Oh, yes.
- Eight.
- Two.

- Four.

Six.

Two.

Baroness Schraeder, do you mind
if we stop now? We're tired.
Whatever you want, dear.
We'll do it again tomorrow.
The country's so restful, isn't it?
Have some lemonade.

There must be an easier way.
I get a fiendish delight thinking
of you as the mother of seven.
How do you plan to do it?
Darling, haven't you ever heard...
...of a delightful little thing
called boarding school?

Baroness Machiavelli.

Uncle Max, where's Father?

I think he's in the house.

What's the matter
with all you gloomy pussies?

- Nothing.

- I know. Let's have a rehearsal.

What for?

Let's make believe we're on-stage
at the festival.

- I don't feel like singing.

- Not without Frulein Maria.

Liesl, get the guitar.

Come on, Marta.

Everybody into the group.

Get in your places.

Now be cheerful, right?

Give us the key, Liesl.

Now, impress me.

Gretl, why don't you sing?

I can't. I've got a sore finger.

But you sang so beautifully
the night of the party.

Come on, all of you.

Try something you know.

Enjoy it. Be cheerful.

All right, Liesl.

The hills are alive

With the sound of music
With songs they have sung
For a thousand years
The hills fill my heart
With the sound of music
They wanted to sing for me,
bless their hearts.
That's lovely, lovely.

Don't stop.

- Something long and cool, Georg?

- No, thank you, darling.

- Father?

- Yes, Brigitta?

Is it true Frulein Maria
isn't coming back?

Yes, I suppose it's true.

What have we got here?

- Pink lemonade.

- Laced with lemonade.

I don't believe it, Father.

- What?

- About Frulein Maria.

Oh, Frulein Maria!

Didn't I tell you what her note said?

I'm sure I did.

She said she missed her life
at the abbey.

She had to leave us.

And that's all there is to it.

I think I'm brave enough to try
some of that.

- She didn't even say goodbye.

- She did in her note.

That isn't the same thing.

Not too sweet, not too sour.

Just too pink.

Father, who is our new governess
going to be?

Well...

...you're not going to have
a governess anymore.

- We're not?

- No.

You're going to have a new mother.

A new mother?

We talked about it last night.

It's all settled.

And we're all going to be very happy.

Well, all right, all right.

Run off and play.

Yes, my children?

- My name is Liesl.

- Yes, Liesl?

We, my brothers and sisters,

want to see Frulein Maria.

Frulein Maria?

Oh, Maria.

Come in, please.

Wait here.

I'm Sister Margareta. I understand
you inquired about Maria.

We have to see her.

Will you tell her we're here?

- I'm afraid I can't do that.

- But you've got to!

- She's our governess.

- We want her back.

She didn't even say goodbye.

All we want to do is talk to her.

I'm very sorry,

but Maria is in seclusion.

- She hasn't been seeing anyone.

- She'll see us.

I want to show her my finger.

Some other time, dear.

I'll tell her you were here.

- It was sweet of you to call.

- We have to speak to her!

Run along, children.

Run along home.

I'm sure she'd like to see us.

Sister Margareta, please.

- Goodbye, children.

- Sister Margareta, may we, please?

What was that about, Sister?

The von Trapp children,

Reverend Mother.

They want to see Maria.

Has she spoken yet?
Has she told you anything?
She doesn't say a word,
Reverend Mother, except in prayer.
Poor child.
It's strange.
She seems happy to be back here...
...and yet she's unhappy too.
Perhaps I have been wrong
in leaving her alone so long.
Bring her to me,
even if she's not yet ready.
Yes, Reverend Mother.
Sister Augusta, take our new postulant
to the robing room.
God bless you, my daughter.
Yes, bring her in.
You've been unhappy. I'm sorry.
Reverend Mother.
Why did they send you back to us?
They didn't send me back.
I left.
Sit down, Maria.
Tell me what happened.
I was frightened.
- Frightened? Were they unkind to you.
- Oh, no!
No, I was confused. I felt...
I've never felt that way before.
I couldn't stay. I knew that here
I'd be away from it. I'd be safe.
Maria, our abbey is not to be used
as an escape.
What is it you can't face?
I can't face him again.
Him?
Thank you, Sister Margareta.
Captain von Trapp?
- Are you in love with him?
- I don't know!
I don't know. I...
The baroness said I was.
She said that he was in love with me.
But I didn't want to believe it.

There were times we looked
at each other.

I could hardly breathe.

- Did you let him see your feelings?

- I don't know.

That's what's torturing me.

I was on God's errand.

To have asked for his love would have
been wrong. I just couldn't stay.

I'm ready at this moment
to take my vows.

- Please help me.

- Maria.

The love of a man and a woman is holy.

You have a great capacity to love.

You must find out how God
wants you to spend your love.

But I pledged my life to God.

I pledged my life to his service.

My daughter, if you love this man,
it doesn't mean you love God less.

No.

You must find out.

You must go back.

You can't ask me to do that.

- Please let me stay. I beg...

- Maria.

These walls were not built
to shut out problems.

You have to face them.

You have to live the life
you were born to live.

Climb every mountain

Search high and low

Follow every byway

Every path you know

Climb every mountain

Ford every stream

Follow every rainbow

Till you find your dream

A dream that will need

All the love you can give

Every day of your life

For as long as you live

Climb every mountain
Ford every stream
Follow every rainbow
Till you find your dream
A dream that will need
All the love you can give
Every day of your life
For as long as you live
Climb every mountain
Ford every stream
Follow every rainbow
Till you find...
...your dream
Now, it's not like my children
to be secretive.
We're not being secretive, Father.
And it's not like my children
to be late for dinner.
- We lost track of the time.
- I see.
Who's going to be the first one
to tell me the truth? Friedrich.
Brigitta. Liesl.
Where do you think we were, Father?
If you don't believe us, you must have
some idea of where you think we were.
- Marta.
- Yes, Father.
You tell me.
Friedrich told you, Father.
We were berry picking.
- I forgot! You were berry picking.
- Yes, we love berry picking.
All afternoon?
- We picked thousands.
- Thousands?
- They were all over the place.
- What kind of berries?
- Blueberries, sir.
- Blueberries.
It's too early for blueberries.
- They were strawberries.
- Strawberries?
It's been so cold lately,

they turned blue.

Very well. Show me the berries.

- We...

- Well...

- Show me the berries you picked.

- We don't have them.

You don't have them?

What happened to them?

- We...

- We ate them.

- You ate them?

- Yes!

- They were so good.

- Delicious.

Very well.

Since you've obviously stuffed
yourselves on thousands of berries...

...you can't be hungry anymore,
so I'll have to tell Frau Schmidt...

...to skip your dinner.

It's your fault.

We should have told him the truth.

And made him boiling mad at us?

It's better than starving to death.

We didn't do anything wrong.

We just wanted to see her.

My stomach's making noises.

The least they could have done
was to let us say hello.

- I wonder what grass tastes like.

- I feel awful.

When Frulein Maria wanted to feel
better she used to sing that song.

Let's try it.

Raindrops on roses

And whiskers on kittens

Bright copper kettles

And warm woolen mittens

Brown paper packages

Tied up with strings

These are a few of my favorite things

Why don't I feel better?

Girls in white dresses

With blue satin sashes

Snowflakes that stay
On my nose and eyelashes
- Silver white winters...
- Frulein Maria's back!
...that melt into springs
These are a few of my favorite things
When the dog bites
When the bee stings
When I'm feeling sad
I simply remember my favorite things
And then I don't feel
So bad
- Children, I'm so glad to see you.
- We missed you.
I missed you.
- Kurt, how are you?
- Hungry.
- What happened to your finger?
- It got caught.
- Caught in what?
- Friedrich's teeth.
- Liesl, you all right?
- Just fair.
- Any telegrams been delivered lately?
- None at all.
But I'm learning to accept it.
I'll be glad when school begins.
Liesl, you can't use school to escape
your problems. You have to face them.
I have so much to tell you.
We have things to tell you too.
The most important thing is
that Father is going to be married.
Married?
Yes, to Baroness Schraeder.
Oh, I see.
Father, look!
Frulein Maria's back!
Frulein Maria's back from the abbey.
Good evening, captain.
Good evening.
Everyone inside for dinner.
Dinner!
You left without saying goodbye.

Even to the children.
It was wrong of me. Forgive me.
Why did you?
Please don't ask me.
The reason no longer exists.
Frulein Maria, you've returned.
Isn't it wonderful, Georg?
I wish you every happiness,
baroness.
You too, captain.
The children say you're to marry.
Thank you, my dear.
You are back to stay?
Only until arrangements can be made
for another governess.
There you are.
I must speak to cook
about the schnitzel.
It is entirely too delicious
for my figure.
And it makes you much too quiet
at the dinner table.
Or was it the wine?
Undoubtedly the wine.
You have no idea
the trouble I'm having...
...trying to decide on
a wedding present for you.
Oh, I know. I'm enough.
But I do want you to have
some little trifle for the occasion.
At first I thought
of a fountain pen...
...but you've already got one.
Then I thought perhaps a villa
in the south of France...
...but they are so difficult
to gift-wrap.
Oh, Georg, how do you
feel about yachts?
A long, sleek one
for the Mediterranean...
...or a tiny one
for your bathtub, huh?

- Elsa.

- Where to go on our honeymoon?

Now, that's a real problem.

A trip around the world
would be lovely. And then I said:

"Oh, Elsa, there must be
someplace better to go."

- But don't worry, darling, I'll...

- Elsa.

Yes, Georg.

It's no use...

...you and I.

I'm being dishonest to both of us...

...and utterly unfair to you.

- When two people talk of marriage...

- No, don't.

Don't say another word, please.

You see, there are other things

I've been thinking of.

Fond as I am of you, I really don't

think you're the right man for me.

You're much too independent.

And I need someone

who needs me desperately...

...or at least needs

my money desperately.

I've enjoyed every moment we've had
together and I do thank you for that.

Now, if you'll forgive me...

...I'll go inside,

pack my little bags...

...and return to Vienna

where I belong.

And somewhere out there...

...is a young lady who, I think...

...will never be a nun.

Auf Wiedersehen, darling.

Hello.

I thought I just might find you here.

Was there something you wanted?

No, no, no. Sit down, please.

Please.

May I?

You know, I was thinking

and I was wondering two things:
Why did you run away to the abbey?

And what was it
that made you come back?
Well, I had an obligation
to fulfill...

...and I came back to fulfill it.
Is that all?

And I missed the children.
Yes.

- Only the children?
- No. Yes.
- Isn't it right that I missed them?
- Oh, yes. Yes, of course.

I was only hoping that perhaps you...
Perhaps you might...

Yes?

Well, nothing was the same
when you were away...
...and it'll be all wrong again
after you leave...

...and I just thought perhaps
you might change your mind.

Well, I'm sure the baroness will be
able to make things fine for you.

Maria...

- There isn't going to be any baroness.
- There isn't?

No.

I don't understand.

Well, we've called off our engagement,
you see, and...

- Oh, I'm sorry.
- Yes. You are?
- You did?
- Yes.

Well, you can't marry someone
when you're...

...in love with someone else...
...can you?

The Reverend Mother always says:

"When the Lord closes a door,
somewhere He opens a window."

What else does

the Reverend Mother say?
That you have to look for your life.
Is that why you came back?
And have you found it...
...Maria?
I think I have.
I know I have.
I love you.
Oh, can this be happening to me?
Perhaps I had a wicked childhood
Perhaps I had a miserable youth
But somewhere
In my wicked, miserable past
There must have been a moment of truth
For here you are
Standing there loving me
Whether or not you should
So somewhere in my youth or childhood
I must have done something good
Nothing comes from nothing
Nothing ever could
So somewhere in my youth or childhood
I must have done something good
Do you know when I first
started loving you?
That night at dinner, when you sat
on that ridiculous pine cone.
What?
I knew the first time you blew
that silly whistle.
Oh, my love.
For here you are
Standing there loving me
Whether or not you should
So somewhere in my youth or childhood
I must have done something good
Nothing comes from nothing
Nothing ever could
So somewhere in my youth...
...or childhood
I must have done something
Something good
Maria.
Is there anyone I should go to,

to ask permission to marry you?
- Why don't we ask...
- The children?
How do you solve a problem like Maria?
How do you catch a cloud
And pin it down?
How do you find a word
That means Maria?
A flibbertigibbet
A will-o'-the-wisp
A clown
Many a thing you know
You'd like to tell her
Many a thing she ought to understand
But how do you make her stay
And listen to all you say?
How do you keep a wave upon the sand?
Oh, how do you solve
A problem like Maria?
How do you hold a moonbeam
In your hand?
Herr Detweiler!
- Heil Hitler.
- Oh, good afternoon, Herr Zeller.
Perhaps you've not heard.
I am now the Gauleiter.
Heil Hitler.
Heil Hitler.
I've come from
Captain von Trapp's house.
The only one in the area
not flying the Third Reich flag...
...since the Anschluss.
- But we have dealt with that.
- I don't...
The housekeeper told me
that I would find you here.
The only thing she'd tell me.
What kind of information
are you looking for?
When will the captain return?
Well, he's on his honeymoon trip.
He's not been in touch with us.
Am I to believe he hasn't communicated

with his children in over a month?
How many men do you know...
...who communicate with their children
while honeymooning?
Upon his return, he'll fill
his proper position in the new order.
Naturally.
And may I congratulate you...
...and your people in allowing the
festival to go on tonight as planned.
Why should it not go on?
Nothing in Austria has changed.
Singing and music will
show this to the world.
Austria is the same.
Heil Hitler.
Heil Hitler.
Come, let's go home.
- Why was he so cross?
- Everybody's cross these days.
Maybe the flag with the black spider
makes people nervous.
- Will Father be in trouble?
- He doesn't have to be.
The thing to do
is to get along with everybody.
Remember that tonight at the concert.
Are we really going to sing
before a lot of people?
Look. The von Trapp Family Singers:
Liesl, Friedrich, Louisa, Brigitta,
Kurt, Marta and Gretl.
- Why am I always last?
- Because you are the most important.
There we go.
Are you sure Father will approve
of our singing in public?
He'll be pleased and proud.
- Liesl, do you think so?
- Don't you trust me?
No.
You're a very intelligent girl.
Liesl. Liesl!
Rolfe!

I'm so glad to see you.

It's been su...

Good afternoon.

Give this to your father
as soon as he's home.

- He's on his honeymoon.

- I know.

- You do?

- We make it our business to know all.

- Who's "we"?

- See that he gets it.

- What is it?

- It's a telegram from Berlin.

Don't you want to deliver it yourself?

I'm occupied

with more important matters.

And your father had better be too.

But, Rolfe!

Father!

- We didn't expect you so soon.

- Hello, hello!

We didn't expect you home
until next week!

- Did you bring souvenirs from Paris?

- Hello! How are you?

Why didn't you call us?

We couldn't get through.

I had nothing to do with that.

We came back as fast as we could.

Well, well, well! We missed you!

- We missed you!

- We missed kissing you.

We missed all the noise
in the morning.

- Mostly, we missed hearing you sing.

- Oh, you came back just in time.

Look, Frulein Maria...

I mean Mother.

We're going to sing
in the festival tonight.

We've been having a lovely time!

We've been rehearsing all...

Surprise! Surprise!

Surprises for you on the terrace.

We'll talk about this.

I would've told you but you were away.

I had to make a last-minute decision.

I was fortunate to enter them at all.

They'll be the talk of the festival.

Imagine, seven children in one family!

Max!

Somehow I recall having made it

quite clear to you...

...how I feel about my family

singing in public!

The committee was enchanted.

- What did they say?

- I have never heard such enthusiasm.

- Don't you think just this once...?

- Absolutely out of the question.

- Georg, this is for Austria.

- For Austria?

- There is no Austria!

- But the Anschluss was peaceful.

- Let's at least be grateful for that.

- Grateful?

You know, Max...

...sometimes I don't believe

I know you.

Father, I forgot.

This is for you.

Maria, he has got to at least pretend

to work with these people.

You must convince him.

Max, I can't ask him

to be less than he is.

Then I'll talk to him.

If the children don't sing, well...

...it will be a reflection

on Austria.

Oh, I know.

It wouldn't do me any good either.

Mother? That sounds so nice.

- I like calling you "Mother."

- I like hearing it.

You love Father very much.

I can tell you do.

Very much.

Mother, what do you do when you
think you love someone?
I mean, when you stop loving someone
or he stops loving you?
Well, you cry a little.
Then you wait for the sun to come out.
It always does.
There are so many things I think
I should know but I don't.
- I really don't.
- How can you?
Sometimes I feel the world is ending.
- Then you feel it's just beginning?
- Yes!
It was that way with me. And for you
it will be just as wonderful.
Do you really think so?
When you're 16 going on 17
Waiting for life to start
Somebody kind
Who touches your mind
Will suddenly touch your heart
When that happens
After it happens
Nothing is quite the same
Somehow I know
I'll jump up and go
If ever he calls my name
Gone are your old ideas of life
The old ideas grow dim
Lo and behold
You're someone's wife
And you belong to him
You may think this kind of adventure
Never may come to you
Darling, 16 going on 17
Wait a year...
- I'll wait a year
...or two
Just wait a year...
...or two
Liesl.
What is it?
Berlin.

They've offered me a commission.
I've been requested
to accept immediately...
...and report to their naval base
at Bremerhaven tomorrow.
I knew this would happen.
I didn't think it would be so soon.
To refuse them would be fatal
for all of us.
And joining them would be unthinkable.
Get the children all together.
Don't say anything to worry them.
Just get them ready.
We've got to get out of Austria...
...and this house...
...tonight.
This strains my back
and breaks my heart...
...when I think of the children
missing the festival.
By your announcement
we'll be over the border.
Do you appreciate
the sacrifice I'm making?
You have no choice.
I know. That's why I'm making it.
Why doesn't Father turn the motor on?
Because he doesn't want anyone
to hear us.
What will Frau Schmidt and Franz say?
They'll be able to answer honestly
they didn't know anything.
- Will we be coming back here?
- Someday, Liesl. I do hope someday.
Are Father and Uncle Max going to push
the car all the way to Switzerland?
Something wrong
with your car, captain?
Yes, we couldn't get it started.
Karl.
Fix Captain von Trapp's car
so that it will start.
Excellent, Karl.
I've not asked you where you

and your family are going.
Nor have you asked me why I'm here.
Apparently we both suffer
from a deplorable lack of curiosity.
You never answered the telegram...
...from the Admiral of the Navy
of the Third Reich.
I was under the impression,
Herr Zeller...
...that the contents of telegrams
in Austria are private!
At least, the Austria I know.
I have my orders...
...to take you
to Bremerhaven tonight...
...where you will accept
your commission.
I'm afraid that's going to be
quite impossible.
You see, we...
...all of us, the entire family,
will be...
...singing in the festival tonight.
As a matter of fact, we're going now.
We couldn't possibly
let them down now.
- I just hope we're not too late.
- Yes.
You ask me to believe that you,
Captain von Trapp...
...are singing in a concert?
Believe me, it will be a performance
beyond anything even I've dreamt of.
Like you, Herr Zeller,
I, too, am a man of hidden talents.
Yes.
Here, program.
It says only the names
of the children.
It says
the von Trapp Family Singers...
...and I am the head of
the von Trapp family, am I not?
And these travel clothes

that you're all wearing?
Our costumes, naturally.
This night air is not good
for the children's voices.
Well, a slight delay in my orders
will not be serious.
Therefore...
...you will sing.
You will all sing.
But only because that's what I want.
It will demonstrate that nothing
in Austria has changed.
And when you have finished singing...
...you, Captain von Trapp, will be
taken to Bremerhaven.
Now, if you will all get
into your car...
...we will escort the von Trapp Family
Singers to the festival.
No escort will be necessary.
Necessary? A pleasure, captain.
After all, we would not want you
to get lost in the crowds.
Would we?
No.
Sew, a needle pulling thread
La, a note to follow sew
Tea, a drink with jam and bread
A drink with jam and bread
Tea with jam
Jam and bread
- With jam
- A, B, C
- With jam
- Do-re-mi
Tea with jam and bread
With jam and bread
With jam
With jam...
...and bread
My fellow Austrians...
...I shall not be seeing you again,
perhaps for a very long time.
I would like to sing for you now...

...a love song.
I know you share this love.
I pray that you will never let it die.
Edelweiss
Edelweiss
Every morning you greet me
Small and white
Clean and bright
You look happy to meet me
Blossom of snow
May you bloom and grow
Bloom and grow forever
Edelweiss
Edelweiss
Bless my homeland forever
Edelweiss
Edel...
Small and white
Clean and bright
You look happy to meet me
Blossom of snow
May you bloom and grow
Bloom and grow forever
Edelweiss
Edelweiss
Bless my homeland forever
I think it'll work.
I shall miss all of you.
I shall miss the money
I could have made with you.
Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.
The competition has come
to its conclusion...
...except, we don't know
yet what that conclusion will be.
And while the judges
arrive at their decision...
...I have been given permission
to offer you an encore.
This will be the last opportunity
the von Trapps will have...
...of singing together
for a long, long time.
Even now, officials are waiting

in this auditorium...
...to escort Captain von Trapp
to his new command...
...in the naval forces
of the Third Reich.
And so, ladies and gentlemen,
the family von Trapp again...
...to bid you farewell.
There's a sad sort of clanging
From the clock in the hall
And the bells in the steeple too
And up in the nursery
An absurd little bird
Is popping out to say "coo-coo"
Coo-coo
Coo-coo
Regretfully they tell us
But firmly they compel us
To say goodbye
To you
So long, farewell
Auf Wiedersehen, good night
We hate to go
And miss this pretty sight
So long, farewell
Auf Wiedersehen, adieu
Adieu, adieu
To you and you and you
So long, farewell
Auf Wiedersehen, goodbye
We flit, we float
We fleetly flee, we fly
So long, farewell
Auf Wiedersehen, goodbye
The sun has gone to bed
And so must I
Goodbye
Goodbye
Goodbye
Goodbye
Ladies and gentlemen, I have here the
decision of our distinguished judges.
We will start with the award
for third prize.

For this honor,
the judges have named...
...the first soloist of the choir
of St. Agatha's Church in Murback.
Frulein Schweiger.
Second prize
to The Toby Reiser Quintet.
And the first prize,
the highest honor in all Austria...
...the von Trapp Family Singers.
The family von Trapp.
They're gone!
Come with me.
Quickly, quickly.
I have a place you can hide.
Slowly, slowly.
Open this gate.
Good evening.
Hurry up, woman.
Two men in there.
Six of you cover the yard.
You two, cover the corridor.
Reverend Mother, we didn't realize
we put the abbey in this danger.
No, Maria, it was right for you
to come here.
We thought we might borrow
your car.
I'm afraid our car will do you
no good now.
I've been listening to the wires.
The borders have just been closed.
All right,
if the borders are closed...
...then we'll drive up into the hills
and go over the mountains on foot.
- The children...
- We'll help them.
We can do it without help, Father.
Maria.
You will not be alone.

Remember:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto

the hills from whence cometh my help."

Yes, Mother.

- I'm scared.

- Me too.

God be with you.

- Mother.

- Yes?

Would it help if we sang
about our favorite things?

No, darling.

This is one time it would not help.

You must be very quiet.

Hold tight to me.

Let's try the roof.

Rolfe, please.

No, wait.

Maria.

Children.

It's you we want, not them.

Put that down.

Not another move,

or I'll shoot.

You're only a boy.

- You don't really belong to them.

- Stay where you are.

Come away with us.

Before it's too late.

Not another step.

I'll kill you.

- You give that to me, Rolfe.

- Did you hear me?

I'll kill you.

Rolfe.

You'll never be one of them.

Lieutenant!

They're here!

They're here, lieutenant!

Reverend Mother.

I have sinned.

I too, Reverend Mother.

What is this sin, my children?

Subttulo Ripeado por

~Grupo Utopia~