Sixteen Going on No. 14 Seventeen

(LIESL, ROLF)

CUE:

ROLF: The only one I worry about

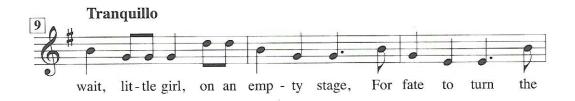
is his daughter.

LIESL: Me? Why?

ROLF: How old are you, Liesl?

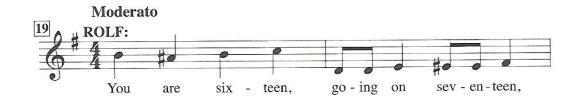
LIESL: Sixteen. (LIESL sits.) What's wrong with that?

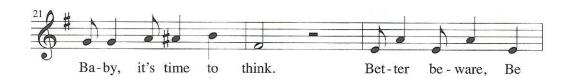


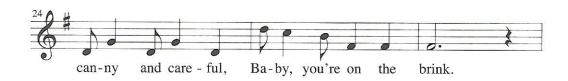


























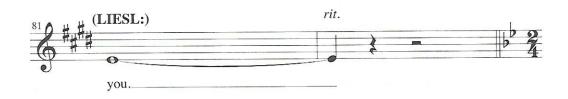


(ROLF sits next to LIESL and timidly takes her hand. LIESL coyly withdraws her hand, and slides away from ROLF. ROLF slides closer to her and once again takes LIESL's hand, but this time with more confidence. LIESL smiles at ROLF and then stands, stiffly. ROLF also stands, bowing formally to LIESL. LIESL responds with a curtsy. ROLF and LIESL begin to dance in a traditional way, much like the Ländler. Their dance becomes more exuberant, breaking into an enthusiastic polka. ROLF and LIESL end their dance.)









(ROLF takes LIESL's hand, kissing it formally and then exits. As soon as ROLF is out of sight, LIESL jumps with joy and shouts.)

