



Book, Music & Lyrics by  
Robert John Ford

Draft 5.2

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## ABOUT THE MUSICAL

You know him from "The Sound Of Music," but how did a dancing messenger boy become a member of the Nazi Youth movement during one fateful summer? Was he the villain or just a naïve, hormonal teenager? And exactly how do you spell his name? "Rolf(e)" tells the hilarious back-story of an unheralded and misunderstood hero-wannabe who would do anything for love and the resistance, while also examining more serious and timely themes such as gender/sexual identity, the rise of fascism, and the challenge of discerning what is actually true in an era of disinformation.

Combining music in the style of Rodgers & Hammerstein, the teen angst of "Spring Awakening," the laughs of "The Book of Mormon," and the bawdiness of "Cabaret," "Rolf(e)" is a musical for the entire family... assuming the kids in the family have already figured out how to bypass any parental controls on their TVs and devices.

## SYNOPSIS

Abandoned as an infant by his mother, Rolf(e) was raised by Austrian monks and became the featured vocalist of the boys choir. Now at age seventeen, Rolf(e) has become a typical naïve, hormone-fueled adolescent. Recognizing Rolf(e) needs something to keep his mind and body occupied, his guardian Brother Paul secures a messenger job for him. While delivering his first telegram, Rolf(e) meets a girl – whose name he mistakenly believes to be Diesel – and falls madly in love with her. After repeated failed attempts to make contact with her again, he disguises himself as a Baroness in order to gain admittance to a party at Diesel's family mansion. However, Diesel is unimpressed with his ingenuity, chastising and dismissing him for not boldly entering the party in a uniform to publicly declare his love as a "real man" would do. Herr Zelner, the local Nazi party leader, takes the opportunity to recruit Rolf(e) to be a new member of an undercover unit of the Hitler Youth – the GOTHYMs. Although Rolf(e) is unfamiliar with the beliefs and practices of the Nazi party, he accepts the offer, believing the uniform will be what finally wins over Diesel. After his first meeting with the GOTHYMs and its leader Karl, he learns it stands for Girls Of The Hitler Youth Movement and is comprised of what appears to be men who dress as women. Believing Rolf(e) is like them, Karl reveals that the GOTHYMs are actually gender non-conforming individuals who are secretly leading the resistance to the Nazis. Once Rolf(e) learns of the true and horrific nature of the Nazis and their plans to possibly harm Diesel and her family, he assumes a covert leadership role in the resistance. Working with Karl and the GOTHYMs, Rolf(e) concocts an elaborate plan to help Diesel escape Austria, even though she is unaware of his heroic efforts and his undying love until after the plan has succeeded.

## DEVELOPMENTAL HISTORY

The first draft of the libretto was completed in 2019 and the score was completed in 2020. A staged reading was presented in the spring of 2022 and a workshop production is scheduled for the spring of 2025.

## PLAYWRIGHT BIO

Robert John Ford is an award-winning playwright, composer, lyricist, and theatre producer. Since 2005, his plays and musicals have been seen by more than 75,000 people, and his songs have been performed onstage throughout the United States by notable Broadway performers including Jeremy Jordan and Laura Benanti.

In 2012, he was selected to participate as a lyricist in the prestigious BMI Lehman Engel Musical Theatre Workshop in New York and continues his involvement today in the Advanced Workshop. In June 2014, he was one of five artists selected to be an Iowa Arts Council Fellow in the inaugural year of the program. He is the recipient of The Vittum Award, The Cloris Leachman Award for Outstanding Achievement, and numerous project grants from the Iowa Arts Council and The National Endowment for the Arts. His musicals have been nominated for seven Cloris Leachman Awards and six BroadwayWorld "Best Of The Decade" Awards, and his plays have been selected as the winner of several national new play competitions, including The Ashland New Play Festival, The Iowa Playwright's Workshop, and Cygnet Theatre's Playwrights in Process. His full bio and list of works can be found at [robertjohnford.com](http://robertjohnford.com).

## CHARACTERS

*A minimum of 16 actors – as listed below, with many playing multiple roles – is required. All stage directions are written with the minimum cast number in mind. The ideal cast size, however, is 24 or greater. All roles should be cast without regard to racial or cultural background, ethnicity, gender-identity/presentation, sexual orientation, physical abilities, etc. unless specifically stated.*

## PRINCIPAL ROLES

ACTOR 1 (male identifying/presenting)

- ROLF(E) – Hormone-fueled orphaned Austrian boy in his late teens; naïve about matters of love and geo-politics; bari-tenor  
*NOTE: name should be pronounced as if the “e” is silent.*

ACTOR 2 (female identifying/presenting)

- DIESEL (VON PRATT CHILD 1) – Austrian girl in her mid teens; confident, sophisticated, and romantically aggressive; the love of Rolf(e)’s life; mezzo-soprano

ACTOR 3 (any gender identity/presentation)

- KARL (GOTHYM 1)^ – Gender non-conforming leader of the GOTHYMs; a cross-dressing cabaret singer and secret member of the resistance; tenor
- CHOIR BOY
- VILLAGER
- PARTY GUEST

ACTOR 4

- MONSIGNOR STACIATORI – Representative from the Vatican; a bit creepy, possibly a pedophile; overly fond of Rolf(e)
- HERR ZELNER – High-ranking Nazi officer in Austria; Rolf(e)’s mentor-turned-nemesis
- VILLAGER

ACTOR 5

- BROTHER PAUL – Head monk of the monastery where Rolf(e) lives; wise and understanding; father-figure to Rolf(e)
- VILLAGER 1 – a street musician/busker
- PARTY GUEST
- NAZI CABARET PATRON
- WEDDING GUEST

ACTOR 6

- BROTHER WILHELM – Another monk of the monastery; harsher and cynical; less patient with Rolf(e)
- VILLAGER 2 – a sausage vendor
- BUTLER
- NAZI CABARET PATRON
- WEDDING GUEST

ACTOR 7

- THE CAPTAIN (FATHER VON PRATT)
- HERR SCHULTZ – Villager who employs Rolf(e) as a messenger boy and serves as his romantic advisor
- CABARET PATRON

## CHARACTERS

ENSEMBLE ROLES (minimum of 9)

ACTOR 8

- WOMAN (MOTHER VON PRATT)
- VILLAGER/VENDOR
- PARTY GUEST
- CABARET PATRON

ACTOR 9

- VON PRATT CHILD 2 (BOY)
- CHOIR BOY 1 (JOSEF)
- VILLAGER/VENDOR
- NAZI
- PARTY GUEST
- GOTHYM^ 2 (BITSY)

ACTOR 10

- VON PRATT CHILD 3 (GIRL)
- CHOIR BOY 3 (LEIMAN)
- VILLAGER/VENDOR
- NAZI
- PARTY GUEST
- GOTHYM^ 3 (MITZIE)

ACTOR 11

- VON PRATT CHILD 4 (GIRL)
- CHOIR BOY 4
- VILLAGER/VENDOR
- ANGEL 1
- NAZI
- PARTY GUEST
- GOTHYM^ 4 (LIZA)

ACTOR 12

- VON PRATT CHILD 5 (BOY)
- CHOIR BOY 2 (RAIMUND)
- VILLAGER/VENDOR
- NAZI
- PARTY GUEST
- GOTHYM^ 5 (FLOPSY)

ACTOR 13

- VON PRATT CHILD 6 (GIRL)
- CHOIR BOY 5
- VILLAGER/VENDOR
- ANGEL 2
- NAZI
- PARTY GUEST
- GOTHYM^ 6 (LOTTA)

ACTOR 14

- VON PRATT CHILD 7 (GIRL)
- CHOIR BOY 6
- VILLAGER/VENDOR
- ANGEL 3
- NAZI
- PARTY GUEST
- GOTHYM^ 7 (HILDA)
- (portrayed by an older male?)

ACTOR 15\*

- HELGA
- PARTY GUEST (PRINCE)
- CABARET PATRON
- WEDDING GUEST
- GOTHYM^ 8 (ONYX)

ACTOR 16

- BARONESS SHAFER
- VILLAGER/VENDOR
- CABARET PATRON
- WEDDING GUEST
- GOTHYM^ 9 (SNOWY)

^GOTHYM is an acronym for Girls Of The Hitler Youth Movement.

## SCENES &amp; SONGS

- Act I Prelude  
Song: "Overture"
- Act I, Scene 1 – A cemetery in the courtyard of an abbey  
Song 1: "The Ballade of Rolf(e), Part 1" – Karl, Ensemble
- Act I, Scene 2 – A green grassy meadow high in the Austrian Alps, 1939  
Song 2: "A Bigger Part" – Rolf(e)
- Act I, Scene 3 – The chapel of a monastery, a short time later  
Song 3: "Morning Prayer" – Choir Boys  
Song 4: "What Are We Gonna Do About Rolf(e)?" – Brother Paul, Brother Wilhelm, Monsignor Staciatori
- Act I, Scene 4 – The monastery bunkroom, a short time later  
Song 5: "A Bigger Part (Reprise) / Occupied (Intro)" – Rolf(e)
- Act I, Scene 5 – The village marketplace, the next morning  
Song 6: "Occupied" – Rolf(e), Herr Schultz, Villagers
- Act I, Scene 6 – The front door of the Von Pratt home, immediately following  
Song 7: "I Think" – Rolf(e), Angels
- Act I, Scene 7 – Outside the telegram office, a short time later  
Song 8: "Confusing, Disgusting, Depressing Things" – Herr Schultz, Villagers 1 and 2
- Act I, Scene 8 – The gazebo on the Von Pratt estate, later that evening  
Song 9: "I'm Open To Suggestions" – Diesel
- Act I, Scene 9 – The bunkroom of the monastery, a short time later
- Act I, Scene 10 – The streets of the village, the next day and weeks after  
Song 10: "Gets Around" – Rolf(e), Josef, Raimund, Leiman
- Act I, Scene 11 – The bunkroom of the monastery, a few weeks later  
Song 11: "Say Yes To The Dress" – Josef, Raimund, Leiman, Choir Boys
- Act I, Scene 12 – The ballroom of the Von Pratt family home, that evening  
Song 12: "You Don't Say No" – Herr Zelner  
Song 13: "A Man In A Uniform" – Rolf(e), Herr Zelner, Ensemble
- Act II, Scene 1 – A seedy cabaret in Salzburg, a few weeks later  
Song 14: "The Lusty Milkmaid (Mary, the Dairy Whore)" – Karl, GOTHYMS
- Act II, Scene 2 – A backstage dressing room, immediately following  
Song 15: "Exist" – Karl, GOTHYMS
- Act II, Scene 3 – Outside the cathedral, the next day  
Song 16: "I've Outgrown You" – Diesel, The Children  
Song 17: "Dressing Down Diesel" – Karl, GOTHYMS
- Act II, Scene 4 – The chapel of the monastery, that afternoon  
Song 18: "Find Another Way" – Brother Paul
- Act II, Scene 5 – Outside the stage area of the festival, a few weeks later
- Act II, Scene 6 – Numerous locations at various times  
Song 19: "The Ballade of Rolf(e), Part 2" – Karl, Bros. Paul & Wilhelm  
Song 20: "I Never Knew" – Rolf(e), Diesel  
Song 21: "Finale: What Happens In Between / A Bigger Part (Reprise)" – Rolf(e), Ensemble

## Act I, Scene 1

*The music of the "Overture" transitions into underscoring for the first scene. The lights slowly rise on a cemetery in the courtyard of an Austrian abbey. Crypts, headstones, and other monuments to the dead dot the foreground, as the Alps loom in the distance against a dusky sky.*

*The VON PRATT FAMILY – including THE CAPTAIN (FATHER), WOMAN (MOTHER), and SEVEN CHILDREN including DIESEL – are frozen against the courtyard wall, held at gunpoint by ROLF(E), a seventeen-year-old young man in full Nazi Youth attire. As the music suspends on one note, THE CAPTAIN slowly takes a few steps toward ROLF(E) in an attempt to end the standoff.*

ROLF(E)

Not another step. I'll kill you.

THE CAPTAIN

You give that to me, Rolf(e).

ROLF(E)

Did you hear me? I'll kill you.

*Face-to-face, THE CAPTAIN boldly grabs the gun. ROLF(E) briefly tries to maintain control of it, but then almost willingly gives it up.*

THE CAPTAIN

You'll never be one of them.

*ROLF(E) hangs his head in shame for a moment until he suddenly stands tall and defiant.*

ROLF(E)

(Yelling) Lieutenant! They're here!

*ROLF(E) blows a whistle that is hanging around his neck, apparently to alert some unseen colleagues.*

*At the sound of the whistle, ROLF(E) and the VON PRATT FAMILY members freeze in place as the music begins. A CHORUS consisting of people ROLF(E) has met in his life prior to this moment – KARL, a cabaret performer, HERR ZELNER, a Nazi, BARONESS SHAFER, a noblewoman, BROTHER PAUL and BROTHER WILHELM, two monks, and HELGA, a vendor (and others if cast size allows) – emerge from behind the headstones and arches, then stand in place directly addressing the audience.*

*Song 1: "The Ballade of Rolf(e), Part 1"*

KARL

A WHISTLE BLOWS, THERE'S TENSION IN THE AIR.

HELGA

Tension!

KARL  
HOW WILL THEY ESCAPE WITH NAZIS EVERYWHERE?

BROTHER PAUL  
Here!

BROTHER WILHELM  
And there!

HERR ZELNER  
And everywhere!

*The VON PRATT FAMILY members break their freezes. They quickly exit, except for DIESEL, who lingers and looks back at ROLF(E), who remains frozen.*

KARL  
THEY RUN FROM THE ABBEY AS FAST AS THEY CAN,

BARONESS SHAFER  
Run, damn it, run!

KARL  
NOT KNOWING THEIR FREEDOM IS PART OF A PLAN,

DIESEL  
Wait – a plan?

KARL  
Yes!

DEvised BY THIS BRAVE AND HEROIC YOUNG MAN,

ROLF(E)  
*(Briefly breaking his freeze) Me!*

KARL & ALL  
BUT WHO IS HE?

BROTHER WILHELM  
Not the villain you thought he was.

BROTHER PAUL  
No – he was...

A CHOIR BOY,

HERR ZELNER  
A HITLER YOUTH,

DIESEL  
A MAN OF SEVENTEEN.

ROLF(E)  
*(Briefly breaking his freeze and exchanging glances and smiles with DIESEL)*  
Correction – seventeen going on eighteen!



BARONESS SHAFER  
YOU'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE ON BOTH THE STAGE AND SCREEN.

HELGA

In "The Sound..."

HERR ZELNER

(Cutting her off) You can't say the title!

*HERR ZELNER waves what appears to be legal papers of some sort, maybe emblazoned with "Copyright Infringement."*

BROTHER PAUL

Then how can we use his name?

*KARL draws them all in as if to reveal a secret.*

KARL

WE TWEAK IT A BIT SO IT'S NOT SPELLED THE SAME,

BROTHER PAUL

Ah – change it a little!

KARL

Yes!

IT'S KNOWN AS "FAIR USE" AND IT'S LEGAL FAIR GAME.

BROTHER WILHELM

Verdict – acquittal!

*BROTHER WILHELM takes the papers from HERR ZELNER and rips them up.*

KARL

So...

FOR PARODY REASONS, HIS CHARACTER NAME  
WILL HENCEFORTH BE...

When written...

R-O-L-F... IN PARENTHESES... E.

ENSEMBLE (x ROLF(E))

ROLF(E)!

BROTHER PAUL

A BROTHER,

DIESEL

A LOVER,

KARL

A FRIEND.

SMALL GROUP 1

A HERO WHOSE NAME WE WILL DEFEND,

KARL

Regardless of...

SMALL GROUP 2

WHETHER OR NOT THERE'S AN "E" AT THE END.

ROLF(E)

*(Briefly breaking his freeze)* Either way, it's pronounced "Rolf(e)."

ENSEMBLE (x ROLF(E))

THAT'S RIGHT, IT'S ROLF(E)! – ROLF(E)!

IT'S MEANT TO BE AMBIGUOUS,

NOBODY GAVE THE RIGHTS TO US, YOU SEE.

KARL

That's why it's...

ENSEMBLE (x ROLF(E))

R-O-L-F... E?

ROLF(E)

*(Briefly breaking his freeze)* You see, in the movie, my name is spelled with an "e," but in the play, it's not.

ENSEMBLE (x ROLF(E))

Oh! *(Ad libs: That explains the parentheses, etc.)*

BROTHER WILHELM

A SELFLESS LAD,

BROTHER PAUL

A GENTLE LAD,

DIESEL

A SWEETHEART THROUGH AND THROUGH.

BARONESS SHAFER

Who was loyal to Austria.

HERR ZELNER

Ha!

KARL

THOUGH MANY MAINTAIN A DIFF'RENT POINT OF VIEW.

HERR ZELNER

He was a Nazi!

KARL

*(To audience)* And you probably think the same.

FOR FEW PEOPLE KNOW OF WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN,

And a lot happened between...

THE START OF HIS LIFE AND THIS BETTER KNOWN SCENE,

DIESEL

...the scene in which my family escapes.

*The lighting then narrows to just the singers, as the cemetery scenery disappears.*

ENSEMBLE (x ROLF(E))

SO LISTEN, MY FRIENDS, TO THE TALE OF THIS TEEN  
IN FRONT OF YOU.  
EACH WORD IS TRUE!

HELGA

LET'S START AT THE VERY BEGINNING...

HERR ZELNER

A sehr gut place to start!

*Underscoring continues. At this point in the song, the ENSEMBLE actors reenact some of the most important moments in ROLF(E)'s life.*

BARONESS SHAFER

As a baby, Rolf(e) was left on the doorstep of a monastery by his young mother who could not care for him.

BROTHER PAUL

Like Moses in the reeds, Rolf(e) appeared as a gift from God, and we embraced him as one of our own.

BROTHER WILHELM

As a young boy, he had the beautiful soprano voice of an angel and soon became the featured vocalist of our boys' choir...

HELGA

A title he would maintain well into his seventeenth year, as he experienced a genetic condition known as "constitutional delayed puberty..."

HERR ZELNER

More commonly known as "late bloomer syndrome."

BROTHER PAUL

So on that fateful day when Rolf(e) the young boy suddenly transitioned into Rolf(e) the young man...

BROTHER WILHELM

A day when his voice dropped an octave...

BARONESS SHAFER

And hair began to sprout in unmentionable places...

HERR ZELNER

And he grew many inches...

HELGA

Not just in height, according to the legend...

BROTHER PAUL

Rolf(e) was distraught and confused, not understanding why he had been cursed with the changes occurring in his body.

KARL

In other words, he became a normal awkward teenager.

*With ROLF(E) positioned in the center, the ENSEMBLE spreads out on the entire stage for the song's big finish.*

ENSEMBLE (x ROLF(E))

YOU'RE UP TO SPEED, THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.

BARONESS SHAFER

Unless you don't know the source material – then you're screwed.

ENSEMBLE (x ROLF(E))

THE REST OF THE FACTS UNFOLD THROUGHOUT THE SHOW.

HERR ZELNER

So pay attention!

ENSEMBLE (x ROLF(E))

FORGET ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE BEEN LED TO BELIEVE,  
THE STORY OF ROLF(E) ISN'T WHAT YOU PERCEIVE.  
HE HAD A FEW TRICKS UP HIS ARYAN SLEEVE  
AS YOU WILL SEE.

R-O-L-F...

R-O-L-F...

R-O-L-F...

ROLF(E)

In parentheses...

ENSEMBLE (x ROLF(E))

E!

R-O-L-F...

E!

*End of song.*

*End of scene, immediately transitioning into...*

## Act I, Scene 2

*In the transition, the following is projected: "Salzburg, Austria, in the last Golden Days of the Thirties."*

*Underscoring (1a. Scene Transition) begins and the lights slowly rise, revealing a pristine, green grassy meadow high in the Austrian Alps. A few boulders, trees, and small slopes border on the pasture, which is surrounded by the majestic snow-covered peaks of other nearby mountains against a clear blue sky.*

*ROLF(E), attired in traditional Austrian alpine clothing of the era, enters. He holds a tattered book in front of his face from which he reads aloud with some notable dyslexic difficulty.*

ROLF(E)

"A moogling – glooming – peace this morning with it brings. The sun, for worros – sorrow – will not show his head. Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things. Some shall be darponed – pardoned – and some nupished – punished. For never was a story of more woe, than this of Juliet and her Romeo."

*He closes the book and contemplates what he has just read.*

Fearless in battle... the love of a woman... and a death both noble and tragic – all by the time Romeo was just sixteen going on seventeen. I am now a full year older than him – why then, God, is my existence so mundane? In this drama called life, I seem to be...

*Song 2: "A Bigger Part"*

ROLF(E)(cont.)

STUCK IN THE ENSEMBLE,  
STUCK IN ONE SMALL ROLE,  
STUCK WITHOUT A CHANCE TO BLOOM AND GROW.

Forever.

NEVER IN THE SPOTLIGHT,  
NEVER IN CONTROL,  
NEVER CAST TO PLAY A ROMEO.

No!

FOR EV'RY TIME GOD CALLS (YOU CALL) OUT "PLACES,"  
I GET BLOCKED IN UPSTAGE SPACES  
WHERE I'M ONE OF MANY FACES  
IN THE CROWD.

ALL MY WORDS ARE NON-ESSENTIAL.  
ALL MY MOVES? INCONSEQUENTIAL!  
WHO WILL SEE MY TRUE POTENTIAL  
IF GOING OFF THE SCRIPT IS NOT ALLOWED?

*(Prayerfully)* Dear Lord...

ROLF(E) (cont.)

LET ME HAVE A PURPOSE,  
LET ME HAVE A GOAL,  
LET ME HAVE A CHANCE TO STEAL THE SHOW.

So...

TO BE A GREAT PROTAGONIST,  
TO RIDE OUT EV'RY PLOTLINE TWIST,  
TO PROVE I'M BRAVE AND SMART,  
I'LL NEED A BIGGER PART.

IF ALL THE WORLD IS ONE BIG STAGE,  
AND WE ARE MERELY PLAYERS,  
I'LL NEED MORE SCENES, MORE MONOLOGUES,  
TO SHOW MY MANY LAYERS.

LET ME FACE MY TYBALT,  
LET ME PLUNGE THE KNIFE,  
LET ME WIELD A SWORD THAT'S NOT PRETEND.

SO IF I AM TO SLAY MY FOES,  
AND BE THE MAN WHO'S ASKED TO POSE  
FOR SCULPTED WORKS OF ART,  
I'LL NEED A BIGGER PART.

A PART WHERE I CAN SAVE THE DAY  
I CAN GET THE GLORY,  
NOT SOME MINOR ROLE  
IN SOMEONE ELSE'S STORY.

A PART WHERE I AM NUMBER ONE,  
OR SOMETHING MORE THAN ZERO.  
A PART WHERE I CAN GET THE GIRL  
AND BE HER WHITE KNIGHT HERO.

Yes!

LET ME FIND MY JULIET,  
LET ME FIND MY WIFE!  
LET ME FIND MY PARTNER AND MY FRIEND.

SO IF I'M MEANT TO WOO A MATE  
AND HAVE THE TIME TO INFILTRATE  
MY LEADING LADY'S HEART,  
I'LL NEED A BIGGER PART.

*The music slows and softens.*

LET ME PICK MY TITLE,  
LET ME SCRIPT MY LIFE,  
LET ME CHOOSE WHICH PAGE TO WRITE "THE END."

DEAR GOD, PLEASE HEAR THIS ONE REQUEST  
BEFORE I'M DEAD AND LAID TO REST,

Ideally...

ROLF(E) (cont.)  
 BEFORE THE (MY) NEXT SCENE STARTS,  
 GIVE ME A BIGGER PART...

*In the brief musical interlude, a church bell begins to toll in the distance, but ROLF(E) is at first oblivious to it. Suddenly a young WOMAN, attired in an alpine dress that perhaps a novice nun of the era might wear, enters in a sprint and crosses by ROLF(E), unknowingly dropping her wimple near him. She continues to cross the stage and exits. ROLF(E) gazes at her curiously and a bit longingly.*

Give me a bigger part.

*End of song.*

*Underscoring (2a. Scene Transition) begins. The music takes on a magical tone, as if a wish is being granted. Horrified, ROLF(E) looks at his crotch, which appears to be greatly expanding. His voice is also now one octave lower.*

Oh my... Something has changed within me... Something is not the same... Why do I suddenly sound like this? *(Smelling his armpit)* And what is that stench? *(Tapping and clearing his throat to resume normal vocal pitch)* Oh no – I have angered you, Lord, by asking for too much, and now you have sent the devil himself to dwell – and swell – within me!

*At that moment, the WOMAN re-enters and bends over to retrieve the wimple at ROLF(E)'s side. In this position, her eyes are lined up with his crotch and she notices the sizeable bulge.*

WOMAN

Oh.

*She stands, and they both look each other up and down, as if it's the first time each has seen a member of the opposite sex up close. A wry smile comes across the WOMAN's face, but the chiming bell brings her back to reality.*

*(Frustrated)* Oh...

*And she exits in a sprint. Now ROLF(E) also becomes fully aware of the chiming bell.*

ROLF(E)

And now I'll be late for chapel, too!

*ROLF(E) attempts to sprint away, but is slowed by an awkwardness, discomfort, and twinge of pleasure he has not experienced before.*

Ow. Ooh. *(Looking at his crotch)* Be gone, Satan!

*ROLF(E) exits.*

*End of scene, seamlessly transitioning into...*

## Act I, Scene 3

*The chapel of a monastery, a short time later. Six (or more) CHOIR BOYS, in red and white robes and with hands together and pointed toward heaven, are positioned in a way that obviously indicates a choir member is missing. BROTHER PAUL stands to the side, his head bowed in prayer, while MONSIGNOR STACIATORI leers at the boys with a twisted grin. BROTHER WILHELM leads the CHOIR BOYS in the a cappella falsetto singing of all or part of the morning prayer, which loosely translates to "I love my testicles, my only testicles. I think I'll need them when I grow up. From bro to bro, God, I plead and beg you... Please don't take my testicles away."*

*Song 3: "Morning Prayer"*

CHOIR BOYS

EGO MEOS TESTES AMO, SOLO TESTES MEOS.  
 PUTO OPUS ESSE ILLIS CUM ADOLESCUNT.  
 AB BRO USQUE AD BRO, DEUS, ORO ATQUE OBSECRO.  
 QUAESO NE TESTICULOS MEOS AUFERAS.  
 AMEN.

*End of song.*

*BROTHER PAUL and MONSIGNOR STACIATORI approach BROTHER WILHELM and the CHOIR BOYS.*

BROTHER WILHELM

Beautiful, my children.

BROTHER PAUL

Surely the finest boys' choir in all of Europe.

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

With the voices of angels. Winged, naked little cherubs.

BROTHER PAUL &amp; BROTHER WILHELM

*(Uncomfortably)* Yes.

BROTHER PAUL

But where is Rolf(e), Brother Wilhelm?

BROTHER WILHELM

Nowhere to be found, Brother Paul. Surely this latest infraction proves he no longer belongs here.

*At that moment, ROLF(E) enters, running toward the CHOIR BOYS, hands folded in front of his crotch. He finds his place in the front row, where he towers above the other boys.*

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

Well, well, well – who do we have here?

BROTHER PAUL

His name is Rolf(e).



MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

Is that spelled with an "e" at the end?

BROTHER PAUL

No one really knows.

BROTHER WILHELM

It is God's will that it remains ambiguous.

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

I see. So tell me more about this Rolf(e).

BROTHER PAUL

Unlike the other boys, who have not yet reached their twelfth year, Rolf(e) is much older...

BROTHER WILHELM

XVII going on XVIII.

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

No wonder he is so tall!

BROTHER WILHELM

Much taller than he was just last night.

BROTHER PAUL

It appears Rolf(e) is rapidly entering manhood.

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

And there's nothing quite like the feeling of rapidly-entering manhood.

BROTHER PAUL

There's got to be a better way to phrase that.

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

I must meet him at once!

*MONSIGNOR STACIATORI walks quickly over to where ROLF(E) is standing, still with his hands folded over his crotch. BROTHER PAUL and BROTHER WILHELM follow.*

BROTHER PAUL

Monsignor Staciatori, may I present to you Rolf(e).

ROLF(E)

Your Excellency.

BROTHER PAUL

The Monsignor is here on official business.

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

I've been sent by the Holy Father himself to groom young men for the Vatican choir. And first impressions are very important.

BROTHER PAUL

Rolf(e), aren't you forgetting something?

Sir? ROLF(E)

Hands to heaven, my child. BROTHER PAUL

But I have a bit of a problem. ROLF(E)

(*Sternly*) Hands to heaven! BROTHER WILHELM

*ROLF(E) slowly lifts his hands, revealing that he is sporting a sizable bulge in his pants.*

I choose him. MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

But you have yet to hear him sing, Monsignor. BROTHER PAUL

Nonetheless, he shows excellent promise. MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

Rolf(e), where have you been? Why were you late? BROTHER WILHELM

I lost track of time. I was in the mountains... praying. ROLF(E)

The evidence suggests otherwise. BROTHER WILHELM

But it's true! ROLF(E)

And what were you praying for? BROTHER PAUL

A... a bigger part. ROLF(E)

Well done, God. MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

Rolf(e), go change into your robe, and I will visit you shortly in your bunkroom. BROTHER PAUL

Yes, Brother Paul. ROLF(E)

*ROLF(E) exits. The lights fade on the CHOIR BOYS while BROTHER PAUL, BROTHER WILHELM, and MONSIGNOR STACIATORI step aside to have a private conversation. Music begins.*

The poor boy. His body is changing, yet he does not understand why. BROTHER PAUL

BROTHER WILHELM

All the more reason we must intercede now! For if we do not, the devil will teach him how to take matters into his own hands.

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

Those big, strong hands.

BROTHER PAUL

I think you're overreacting.

BROTHER WILHELM

To the contrary. Mark my word, from this day forward...

*Song 4: "What Are We Gonna Do About Rolf(e)?"*

BROTHER WILHELM (cont.)

HE WILL STEAL AWAY AT BREAK OF DAY,  
RETURNING LATE FOR CHAPEL.  
THE BOY WILL LEAVE TO PICTURE EVE  
WHILE HE STROKES HIS... ADAM'S APPLE.

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

OR FANTASIZE ABOUT JUST GUYS  
WITH WHOM HE'D LIKE TO GRAPPLE.

BROTHER WILHELM

No.

BROTHER PAUL

YOU FEAR THAT MASTER ROLF(E) IS NOT MONASTIC?

BROTHER WILHELM

Exactly!

WE MUST BEGIN TO DISCIPLINE  
THIS LUSTFUL LAD SEVERELY.  
IF THIS PERSISTS, LET'S SLAP HIS WRISTS  
UNTIL HE SEES THINGS CLEARLY.

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

OR SPANK HIS REAR EACH TIME WE FEAR  
HE'S ACTING RATHER QUEERLY.

BROTHER PAUL, BROTHER WILHELM

No.

BROTHER PAUL

MY FRIENDS, I THINK THOSE METHODS ARE TOO DRASTIC.  
THE CHILD IS TOO NAÏVE TO KNOW OF SEX.  
THE PROBLEM WE NOW FACE IS MORE COMPLEX.

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

Indeed, this is a delicate subject...

BROTHER WILHELM

To be discreetly discussed using only metaphors and double entendres as we men do. Agreed?

BROTHER PAUL, MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

Agreed.

BROTHER PAUL, BROTHER WILHELM, MONSIGNOR STACIATORI  
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ABOUT ROLF(E)?  
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ABOUT A BOY WHO'S HALF A MAN?

BROTHER PAUL  
(*Pointing to his head*) UP HERE, HE NEVER AGES,

BROTHER WILHELM  
(*Nodding to his crotch*) DOWN THERE, A DEMON RAGES,

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI  
THAT'S WHY HE NEEDS A PATIENT PRIEST  
TO TEACH HIM HOW TO TAME THE BEAST.

Yes?

BROTHER PAUL, BROTHER WILHELM

No!

BROTHER PAUL, BROTHER WILHELM, MONSIGNOR STACIATORI  
WHAT CAN BE DONE TO KEEP HIM FROM SIN?  
WHAT CAN BE DONE TO KEEP HIM SWEET AND PURE?

BROTHER PAUL  
FOR HOW CAN YOU STOP A SEEDLING FROM GROWING?

BROTHER WILHELM  
HOW CAN YOU STOP A YOUNG COCK FROM CROWING?

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI  
WHY DO I FANTASIZE THAT I'M A HEN? CLUCK!

BROTHER PAUL & BROTHER WILHELM  
YES, WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ABOUT ROLF(E)?

BROTHER WILHELM  
HOW DO YOU KEEP A PIG WITHIN ITS PEN?

BROTHER PAUL  
JUST A DAY AGO, HE LAGGED IN MATURATION,  
BUT TODAY HE'S HAD A TOTAL TRANSFORMATION,

BROTHER WILHELM  
WHICH IS PROOF THERE'S BEEN A HYPER-ACTIVATION  
OF HIS GLANDS.

And you know what comes next...

IT WILL ONLY TAKE THE SLIGHTEST STIMULATION  
FOR THE SEAMEN TO DEPART HIS NAVAL STATION.

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI  
THEN WE'LL TRULY HAVE A STICKY SITUATION  
ON OUR HANDS.

BROTHER WILHELM

He's right!

WE MUST CLEANSE HIS FILTHY MIND,  
IF WE DON'T, HE WILL GO BLIND  
WHILE HE PLAYS WITH HIS APPENDAGE LIKE A TOY.

BROTHER PAUL

No...

HE'S JUST A PUPPY WITH A BONE.

BROTHER WILHELM

HE'S A DOG WHO'S NOW FULL GROWN!

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

HE'S BOTH DAVID AND GOLIATH IN ONE BOY!

BROTHER PAUL

MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T QUESTION GOD'S PLAN.

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

He is "the man."

BROTHER PAUL

MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T TRY TO INTERFERE WITH NATURE'S WAY.  
(FOR) HOW CAN YOU STOP VOLCANOES FROM BLOWING?

BROTHER WILHELM

HOW CAN YOU STOP THE LAVA FROM FLOWING?

MONSIGNOR STACIATORI

WHY DO I FANTASIZE THAT I'M POMPEII?

BROTHER PAUL, BROTHER WILHELM, MONSIGNOR STACIATORI  
YES, WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ABOUT ROLF(E)?

BROTHER PAUL

HOW DO YOU TURN BACK TIME TO YESTERDAY?

*End of song.*

*End of scene, immediately transitioning into...*

## Act I, Scene 4

*The monastery bunkroom, immediately following. The room is dim and gray, furnished with several bunk beds and small wood chairs, with ragged curtains over the windows. ROLF(E) is wearing his choir robe, which is now much too short. BROTHER PAUL enters.*

BROTHER PAUL

Rolf(e)?

ROLF(E)

Oh, Brother Paul, please forgive me. I go to the hills when my heart is lonely, but I swear I did nothing today to incite the beast between my legs.

BROTHER PAUL

It's not a beast, my child.

ROLF(E)

It's not?

BROTHER PAUL

At least not in the biblical sense. Think of it as a... oh, what's a good metaphor... a "lust balloon." Do you understand?

ROLF(E)

I don't even understand why you're talking about a metal fork.

BROTHER PAUL

Not a metal fork, a meta... never mind, that's not important. What I'm trying to say is that you've reached an age when the more your mind desires something, the more that particular part of your body will inflate, like a balloon.

ROLF(E)

Then I must really lust for Austria.

BROTHER PAUL

I suspect it's responding to something more tangible.

ROLF(E)

But what else could it be?

BROTHER PAUL

Rolf(e), tell me what you were doing just prior to your... expansion.

ROLF(E)

*(A bit sheepishly)* Well, I was in a meadow, daydreaming, and praying for a bigger part.

BROTHER PAUL

Aha. Rolf(e), sometimes God needs more specificity.

ROLF(E)

But all was fine until this girl appeared...

BROTHER PAUL

*(Interrupting)* A girl?

ROLF(E)

I believe she's a postulant at the abbey.

BROTHER PAUL

Ah yes, I'm aware of that young lady, who I think... will never be a nun. Stay away from that one.

ROLF(E)

I will, Brother. She seems a bit verrückt anyway – as she ran away, she kept shouting "the hills are alive!"

BROTHER PAUL

But nonetheless, she intrigued you?

ROLF(E)

Yes, as I seem to be suddenly fascinated by frauleins in general.

BROTHER PAUL

And do you fantasize about doing anything with them?

ROLF(E)

I must confess – while waiting here, I was thinking about wooing them, and kissing them, and... going all the way.

BROTHER PAUL

And by "going all the way" you mean...

ROLF(E)

Receiving the sacrament of holy matrimony, of course.

BROTHER PAUL

Aha.

ROLF(E)

Just like Romeo and Juliet.

BROTHER PAUL

What do you know of those star-crossed lovers?

ROLF(E)

I must confess another transgression.

*Ashamedly, ROLF(E) reveals the copy of "Romeo & Juliet" he was reading and hands it to BROTHER PAUL.*

BROTHER PAUL

Where did you get this?

ROLF(E)

I found it at the village library in the "to be burned" bin. I had just finished reading it when the girl ran by, and a few seconds later... (*miming something similar to a balloon inflating in his pants*).

BROTHER PAUL

Rolf(e), your body is simply responding this way because, like your mind, it desires to be with... a woman.

ROLF(E)

It does?

BROTHER PAUL

Yes. And that's completely natural. You just haven't learned how to control it yet.

ROLF(E)

But if what you're saying is true, then why did my balloon not deflate when I was running back to the monastery?

BROTHER PAUL

Were you wearing your wool undergarments today?

ROLF(E)

Yes.

BROTHER PAUL

Then as a first step to prevent these problems in the future, you must not wear such items again.

ROLF(E)

Why, Brother? Is it a sin?

BROTHER PAUL

No, but at your age, friction is not your friend.

ROLF(E)

So you're telling me to go Gestapo?

BROTHER PAUL

I believe the term is "going command..." – oh, never mind.

ROLF(E)

*(Anguished)* Oh, why am I the only one who has been cursed in this way?

BROTHER PAUL

Not cursed, my child – blessed. Incredibly blessed. But I now realize how little you know about the facts of life. And I, a cloistered man, would not be the best instructor. *(Following a moment of contemplation)* Rolf(e), it seems to be the will of God that you leave us.

ROLF(E)

Leave the monastery?

BROTHER PAUL

I would be doing you a great disservice to keep you contained within these walls any longer. It is time for you to go out and see more of the world.

ROLF(E)

You mean you're sending me to Vatican City with Monsignor Staciatori?

BROTHER PAUL

Heavens, no – the last thing you need is a literal beast between your legs. No, we must keep you occupied, for an idle mind is the devil's playground. I shall send you to a place where you can learn to focus on a specific task.



ROLF(E)

Like a... a camp where you can concentrate?

BROTHER PAUL

No such place supposedly exists, my child. No, what you need is a job, and Herr Schultz is in need of a new messenger boy. You can work for him during the day, and then return to the monastery in the evenings. I will make arrangements for you to start tomorrow morning.

ROLF(E)

Oh thank you, Brother Paul!

*BROTHER PAUL crosses to and opens the door as if to exit.*

BROTHER PAUL

But Rolf(e), I urge you to heed one piece of advice if you really want to be successful.

ROLF(E)

I do!

BROTHER PAUL

Stay away from girls for awhile. Now get some rest— you have a big day tomorrow.

*BROTHER PAUL exits, and the lights fade on the bunkroom, leaving only ROLF(E) in a spotlight.*

ROLF(E)

Tomorrow. What will that day be like? I wonder...

*Song 5: "A Bigger Part (Reprise) / Occupied (Intro)"*

ROLF(E) (cont.)

DEAR GOD, IT SEEMS YOU HEARD MY PLEA  
AND GAVE THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD TO ME,  
A WORLD WHERE I CAN START  
TO PLAY A BIGGER PART.

In a story yet to be written, in a play yet to be performed.

A BLANK WHITE PAGE,  
A BRAND NEW CHAPTER,  
A FRESH BEGINNING TO A LIFE THAT'S NOW MY OWN.

AN EMPTY STAGE,  
A CUE TO ENTER,  
A GIANT STEP INTO A WORLD I'VE NEVER KNOWN.

FOR NOW I HAVE THE ONE THING THAT WILL END ALL DISTRACTIONS,  
THE ONE THING THAT WILL TERMINATE MY WAYWARD THOUGHTS AND  
ACTIONS,  
THE ONE THING THAT WILL RID MY WORLD OF PHYSICAL ATTRACTIONS...

I'm the luckiest boy — man — alive.

ROLF(E) (cont.)  
FOR GOD HAS GIVEN ME THE GIFT OF  
A TIME-EATING, SOUL-DEFEATING, ENERGY-DEPLETING...  
JOB!

*End of scene (but not end of song), immediately transitioning into...*

## Act I, Scene 5

*The village marketplace, the next morning. A tranquil picture of a town awakening – the sun rising, the birds chirping, the VENDORS opening up their shops and produce carts as VILLAGERS begin to emerge from their houses. The music (5a. Scene Transition) continues, underscoring the dialogue.*

*ROLF(E), now attired in a messenger boy uniform, enters with his bike, marveling at this brand new world and his freedom to explore it. HERR SCHULTZ steps out of the telegram office, and ROLF(E) confidently approaches him.*

ROLF(E)

Herr Schultz?

HERR SCHULTZ

Yes?

ROLF(E)

I am Rolf(e).

HERR SCHULTZ

Ah, my new delivery boy.

ROLF(E)

I am ready for my first assignment.

HERR SCHULTZ

Not so fast – you first need to fill out your paperwork with HR.

ROLF(E)

HR?

HERR SCHULTZ

Herr Reinhardt.

*HERR REINHARDT steps out of the office, and hands a paper and pen to ROLF(E).*

HERR REINHARDT

*(Abruptly)* Sign here, please.

*ROLF(E) signs. By now, the marketplace is filled with VENDORS and VILLAGERS.*

HERR SCHULTZ

Now you are officially employed. And times being what they are, this may be the most important job in our country.

ROLF(E)

*(Excitedly shouting)* Now begins... the occupation of Austria!

*In a panic, the VILLAGERS scream and start to scatter, while the VENDORS start to close up their shops and carts.*

HERR SCHULTZ

No, no, no, my friends – the boy is simply excited about his new job.

*HERR SCHULTZ calms them and restores order. Some of the VILLAGERS and VENDORS gather around HERR SCHULTZ and ROLF(E).*

Rolf(e), here is your first telegram. It is to be delivered to a naval captain who lives in a large mansion several miles outside of Salzburg, up near the lake. It will take you some time to get there. Can you fulfill this mission?

ROLF(E)

Yes, sir!

*At that moment, the WOMAN – now in a sun hat and carrying a guitar case and carpet bag – skips confidently across ROLF(E)'s path until she exits. He stares at her.*

HERR SCHULTZ

Hmm, boy – it seems you are easily distracted. Maybe you're not the man for this job after all.

*ROLF(E) snaps out of his trance, remembering his mission with renewed determination.*

ROLF(E)

Oh, but I am, Herr Schultz. And now that I have an important responsibility, I promise – that will never happen again.

*Song 6: "Occupied"*

*As ROLF(E) sings, more VENDORS and VILLAGERS gather around.*

WITH MY MIND AND BODY OCCUPIED,  
I WILL TAME THE BEAST IN ME.  
IF THE DEVIL TRIES TO WHISPER IN MY EAR,  
ANGELS WILL APPEAR  
TO BEAT HIM OFF!

HERR SCHULTZ

THERE'S GOT TO BE A BETTER WAY TO PHRASE THAT.

ROLF(E)

WHEN OLD SATAN'S VOICE IS AMPLIFIED,  
I WILL SPEAK MORE FORCEFULLY.  
"GO AWAY, BEEZLEBUB,  
I'M A PRIVATE COUNTRY CLUB  
IN WHICH YOUR MEMBERSHIP HAS BEEN DENIED.  
NOW EXCUSE ME, FOR I'M OCCUPIED."

PLACES TO BE,  
DEADLINES TO MEET,  
MISSIONS TO BE ACCOMPLISHED.  
NO TIME TO DAYDREAM, NO TIME TO SPARE,  
NO CHANCE OF FRICTION – I'M NOT WEARING UNDERWEAR!

HERR SCHULTZ  
 THAT'S WHAT IS KNOWN AS "TOO MUCH INFORMATION."

ROLF(E)  
 WHEN TEMPTATION TRIES TO SNEAK INSIDE,  
 I WILL SAY "NO VACANCY.  
 MOVE ALONG, UNWANTED SIN,  
 THERE IS NO ROOM AT THIS INN.  
 GO FIND SOME OTHER PLACES TO RESIDE,  
 (FOR) TODAY I'M FULLY OCCUPIED."

HERR SCHULTZ  
 Now that's what I want to hear! Be on your way, young Rolf(e)! And be  
 careful – we're supposed to have thunderstorms later today!

*As ROLF(E) mounts his bike and begins riding it through the  
 village as the VILLAGERS and VENDORS usher him on his way.  
 Occasionally he stops to interact with them.*

VILLAGERS & VENDORS  
 WITH HIS MIND AND BODY OCCUPIED,  
 HE WILL MASTER SELF-CONTROL.

*VILLAGER 2, a fruit vendor, holds up two melons as if they  
 are breasts.*

VILLAGER 2  
 IF A FRAULEIN SAYS "DO YOU LIKE MY CANTALOUPE?"

ROLF(E)  
 I WILL ANSWER "NOPE,  
 I LIKE YOUR PEAR."

*ROLF(E) confidently grabs a single pear from the vendor's  
 cart.*

VILLAGER 2  
 HE HASN'T MASTERED METAPHORS LIKE WE HAVE.

VILLAGERS & VENDORS  
 WITH HIS THOUGHTS AND ACTIONS PURIFIED,  
 HE WILL SAVE HIS MORTAL SOUL.  
 BEING TASKED WITH GODLY DEEDS  
 WILL SUPPRESS HIS CARNAL NEEDS.

ROLF(E)  
 NO LONGER WILL I SWELL EXCEPT WITH PRIDE...

What pride?

VILLAGER 2  
 ROLF(E)  
 THE PRIDE OF BEING OCCUPIED.

VILLAGERS & VENDORS  
*(to ROLF(E))*  
 YOUR BODY – IT'S LIKE A TRAIN.

ROLF(E)

All aboard!

VILLAGERS & VENDORS  
YOUR MIND — THE ENGINEER.

ROLF(E)

Woo! Woo!

VILLAGERS & VENDORS  
SO IF YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR LOCOMOTIVE ON TRACK,

VILLAGER 1  
YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO GET DERAILED IN HERE. (*pointing to his head*)

VILLAGERS & VENDORS  
NOW GET YOUR CABOOSE IN GEAR!

VILLAGER 2

That's a metaphor!

*With the lights fading out on the village and VILLAGERS,  
ROLF(E) continues to ride his bike as the scenery changes  
behind him. With every word he sings, he grows more  
confident and triumphant.*

*End of scene (but not end of song), immediately transitioning into...*

## Act I, Scene 6

*The exterior front door of the Von Pratt family home, immediately following. ROLF(E) parks the bike, rings the doorbell, and continues to sing.*

ROLF(E) (cont.)  
 WITH DISTRACTIONS ALL BUT NULLIFIED,  
 I WILL FOCUS ON MY GOAL.  
 I WILL NEVER LOSE MY WAY,  
 I WILL NEVER GO ASTRAY,  
 AS LONG AS GOD IN HEAVEN IS MY GUIDE,  
 AND I KEEP MY MIND AND BODY OCCU...

*As he builds to a triumphant finish to the song, the door opens. DIESEL, a beautiful and buxomly young woman, appears and steps outside the door, closing it behind her as the music briefly holds.*

DIESEL

Yes?

*ROLF(E) gazes at DIESEL and melts.*

ROLF(E)

*(Out to audience, frustrated) Oh scheisse.*

*Immediately aroused, he places the telegram in front of his crotch on the button of the song.*

*End of song.*

*ROLF(E) continues to gaze at DIESEL, speechless, until she finally breaks the silence.*

DIESEL

Well, have you something to say?

ROLF(E)

*(Trying to regain composure) Good afternoon, fraulein. I have a telegram for Captain Von Pratt.*

DIESEL

Von Pratt?

ROLF(E)

*(Pointing to the name on the telegram) Von Pratt. That's what it says right here.*

*DIESEL grabs the telegram from him. He now covers his crotch with just his hands.*

DIESEL

*(Examining the telegram) That's not what it says. See? You've transposed the "p" and the "t." Nonetheless, you are at the right house, as that is indeed my father's name on the telegram. (Flirtingly) And what is your name, young delivery boy?*

ROLF(E)

I'm not a boy. I'm seventeen, going on eighteen.

DIESEL

Then what is your name, young delivery man?

*DIESEL seductively brushes her hands through ROLF(E)'s hair to straighten it.*

ROLF(E)

*(Flustered, momentarily uncertain)* Uh... Rolf(e). Rolf(e)? Rolf(e)!

DIESEL

Are you barking?

ROLF(E)

No – my name is Rolf(e).

DIESEL

Oh. Is that spelled with an "e" at the end?

ROLF(E)

No one really knows. It is God's will that it remains ambiguous.

DIESEL

Well, there's nothing ambiguous about me, young Rolf(e). My name is...

*At that moment, a loud boatswain's call is heard. DIESEL is saying her name to ROLF(E), but he is only able to make out "eisel." He leans in, and indicates several times that he still isn't getting it. Finally the whistle stops.*

ROLF(E)

Who is blowing that whistle?

DIESEL

That's father signaling us for a lineup. I suppose it means our new governess has arrived. *(To herself)* Which reminds me – I need to find a pine cone. Anyway, I must go.

ROLF(E)

But wait – when will I see you again?

DIESEL

*(Handing him the telegram)* Here – take this back. Return tonight at eight to deliver it. I'll sneak away from dinner and meet you down by the lake.

ROLF(E)

But we're supposed to have thunderstorms tonight.

DIESEL

Then meet me outside the gazebo.

ROLF(E)

Where?

DIESEL

The gazebo! The pavilion!



ROLF(E)

I've never heard either of those words before.

DIESEL

*(Pointing)* That enclosed, lattice-trimmed octagonal glass structure right over there.

ROLF(E)

That's a placebo?

DIESEL

Ga-ze-... never mind, that's not important. Just meet me there tonight, Rolf(e)... with or without your "e."

ROLF(E)

I will... um... *(Still unsure of her first name)* Fraulein Von Pratt.

*DIESEL leans in and gives ROLF(E) a quick kiss on the cheek and then closes the door on him. Covering his hands with his crotch, He turns out to the audience. He falls back against the door and then begins to slide down it as if in great pain. But his face shows that he is completely and forever in love, and, as everything else in the real world around him fades away and the song intro begins, ROLF(E) begins to sing.*

*Song 7: "I Think"*

Oh... can this be happening to me?

*DIESEL reappears, almost dreamlike, with three ANGELS surrounding her and providing back-up vocals.*

ROLF(E) & ANGELS

(SHA LA LA LA)  
I MET A GIRL  
AND BOY, I'M FEELING GAY.  
(SHA LA LA LA)  
ONLY THAT GIRL  
CAN MAKE ME FEEL THIS WAY.

(SHA LA LA LA)  
SHE'S HEAVEN-SENT,  
THE ANSWER TO MY CALL.  
TO QUENCH MY THIRST  
I'LL PLUNGE HEAD FIRST  
INTO HER WATERFALL.

*Now ROLF(E) begins to directly interact with his fantasy DIESEL.*

Yes...

(SHA LA LA LA)  
I MET A GIRL,  
NOW LIFE WON'T BE THE SAME.

ROLF(E) & ANGELS (cont.)

(SHA LA LA LA)  
SHE TOUCHED MY SOUL  
WHEN SHE FIRST SPOKE HER NAME.

(SHA LA LA LA)  
SHE CAUGHT MY EYE,  
AND WARMED MY FRIGID HEART,  
(AND) WITH JUST ONE WORD,  
SHE SOMEHOW STIRRED  
ANOTHER BODY PART.

*Now ROLF(E) grabs DIESEL's hand.*

Now...

(OOOOH)  
WE'RE A PAIR, (NOT THE FRUIT)  
WE'RE IN SYNC. (GREAT BAND NAME!)  
WITH MY COMPANION  
I'LL RUN TO A CANYON  
AND SHOUT TO THE WORLD FROM THE BRINK  
THAT HER NAME IS DIESEL!  
(*fading echo*: DIESEL, DIESEL, DIESEL, DIESEL, DIESEL)  
DIESEL... I THINK. (YOU THINK?)

I'M NOT QUITE SURE, BUT I THINK THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID. (NOPE.)  
DIESEL VON PRATT — YEAH, THAT SOUNDS RIGHT IN MY HEAD. (NOPE.)  
WHAT'S IN A NAME? WILL SHAKESPEARE WROTE AND I REPEAT...  
"A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD SMELL AS SWEET." (AWWW.)

(SHA LA LA LA)  
THOUGH SHE'S MY FIRST,  
SHE CLEARLY IS THE ONE.  
(SHA LA LA LA)  
I'VE BEEN ENSNARED  
WITHIN THE WEB SHE SPUN.

(SHA LA LA LA)  
I'M ROMEO  
WHO FOUND HIS JULIET.  
I MUST NOT LOSE  
THE PERSON WHO'S  
THE ONLY GIRL I'VE MET.

SHE ENCHANTS,  
SHE ENTHRALLS,  
THIS PRINCELY FELLA  
WANTS THAT CINDERELLA  
TO JOIN HIM AT ALL OF HIS BALLS.

*ROLF(E) bows and extends his hand as an invitation to  
dance.*

Where...

ROLF(E) (& ANGELS) (cont.)

(AAAAAH)  
 WE'LL SHARE A DANCE,  
 AND THEN A TENDER KISS.  
 WE'LL FALL IN LOVE,  
 FALL INTO LOVE'S ABYSS.

*ROLF(E) gets down on one knee and takes DIESEL's hand.*

(AAAAAH)  
 SOON I'LL PROPOSE,  
 OF COURSE, SHE'LL YODEL 'YES!'  
 THE SPELL'S BEEN CAST,  
 AND THEN, AT LAST,  
 I'LL WED MY SORCERESS.

TIE THE KNOT,  
 (LIKE A HORSE'S REIN,)  
 LINK THE LINK.  
 (SHE'S YOUR BALL AND CHAIN.)  
 I'M THE TITANIC  
 AND SHE'S THE ATLANTIC  
 IN WHICH I WILL HAPPILY SINK.  
 AND HER NAME IS DIESEL!  
 (*gurgly water sounds: DIESEL, DIESEL, DIESEL, DIESEL, DIESEL*)  
 DIESEL... I THINK.

*The lights fade on DIESEL and the ANGELS, leaving just  
 ROLF(E) in a spotlight.*

VON PRATT'S SWEET DAUGHTER  
 HAS LED ME TO WATER  
 AND THIS HORSE IS READY TO DRINK.  
 AND HER NAME IS DIESEL!  
 DIESEL... I THINK.  
 (OOOOH WAAAH).

*End of song.*

*With a look of sheer bliss on his face, he hops on his bike  
 and exits. The lights slowly fade into a blackout.*

*End of scene, immediately transitioning into...*

## Act I, Scene 7

*Outside the telegram office, a short time later. HERR SCHULTZ is standing in the doorway, looking impatient, and several other VILLAGERS – including VILLAGER 1, a musician/busker, and VILLAGER 2, a sausage vendor – are milling about the street. ROLF(E), now with his messenger boy jacket tied around his waist to hide his problem, enters walking alongside his bike, still with a love-struck look on his face.*

HERR SCHULTZ

Rolf(e), it's almost dusk. Where have you been?

ROLF(E)

To the moon, Herr Schultz. To the moon!

HERR SCHULTZ

That's where I'll send you if you're ever late again.

ROLF(E)

*(Loudly, drawing the attention of the other male VILLAGERS)* Then send me now, for I need to retrieve it for my love.

HERR SCHULTZ

Your love? *(Now understanding)* Aha. So much for your assurances that you would remain focused on your job.

ROLF(E)

How was I to know that I would be struck by Cupid's arrow? And it felt so good, I can't wait to be penetrated again.

HERR SCHULTZ

There's got to be a better way to phrase that.

VILLAGER 1

One day on the job, and the boy is already chasing die muschi.

ROLF(E)

She's not a cat – my Diesel is the most beautiful girl in the world.

VILLAGER 2

Wait – her name is Diesel?

ROLF(E)

I think?

VILLAGER 1

That can't be right.

ROLF(E)

No matter – she's requested that I return tonight!

VILLAGER 2

Tonight? But we're supposed to have thunderstorms.

ROLF(E)

I know – that's why we're meeting in the gazebo.

VILLAGER 1

The what?

ROLF(E)

You know – an unclothed, lettuce-trimmed octopus structure.

VILLAGER 1

I think he's gone verrückt.

ROLF(E)

*(Suddenly distressed)* Oh, but how can I see her tonight when I still don't know how to control my lust balloon?

VILLAGER 1

Kid, what the hell are you talking about?

ROLF(E)

*(Nodding to his crotch)* My lust balloon. It's a metal fork.

VILLAGER 2

He means metaphor.

VILLAGER 1

Is it a metaphor, though? "Lust balloon" seems more like a double entendre to me.

HERR SCHULTZ

It's right in that linguistic gray area.

VILLAGER 2

Either way, I think the kid is trying to tell us he's fighting "the battle of the bulge."

VILLAGER 1

Now that's a double entendre!

ROLF(E)

*(Ashamedly)* It's been an even bigger problem since I met Diesel. Look.

*Facing upstage and toward the other men, ROLF(E) removes the jacket tied around his waist. The men marvel at what they see.*

VILLAGER 2

Give the boy scout a merit badge for pitching an impressive tent.

ROLF(E)

And now my lust balloon won't deflate. How do I stop this from happening?

VILLAGER 1

Get married.

*VILLAGER 1 and VILLAGER 2 laugh.*

HERR SCHULTZ

Gentlemen, this is no laughing matter. As elders, it is our responsibility to help the lad, for, as we know all too well, a "lust balloon" inflated to that level of pressure will eventually... burst.

Burst? That sounds horrible!  
ROLF(E)

Only if it happens prematurely.  
VILLAGER 1

Prematurely?  
ROLF(E)

Too early in the wooing process.  
VILLAGER 2

You mean like before eight o'clock?  
VILLAGER 1

The boy is as dense in the brain as he is in his pants.  
VILLAGER 2

Rolf(e), the secret to preventing your balloon from inflating, let alone bursting, is to employ certain mental imagery.  
HERR SCHULTZ

But I already tried keeping my mind and body occupied.  
ROLF(E)

It's more complex than that.  
HERR SCHULTZ

*Song 8: "Confusing, Disgusting, Depressing Things"*

HERR SCHULTZ (cont.)  
WHEN MY ZEPPELIN'S INFLATING,  
LIKE THE HINDENBERG, I MUST WILL IT TO DROP.  
OR ELSE MY BALLOON  
A MOMENT TOO SOON  
MIGHT SILENTLY, VIOLENTLY POP.

Oh the humanity!  
VILLAGER 2

HERR SCHULTZ  
UNDER SUCH STRAIN,  
A WEAPONIZED BRAIN  
IS BETTER THAN ARROWS AND SLINGS.  
SO WHEN I START LOSING  
MY BATTLE WITH OOZING,  
I THINK OF CONFUSING THINGS.

Ask yourself...

WHY BRIGHT COPPER KETTLES TURN GREENISH,

Yeah... are they envious of something?  
ROLF(E)

HERR SCHULTZ  
WHY WHISKERS ON KITTENS GROW FREAKISHLY LONG,

ROLF (E)

DID GOD GET IT WRONG?

HERR SCHULTZ

WHY SILVER WHITE WINTERS GROW WARMER,

ROLF (E)

Whoa... is the sun getting closer?

HERR SCHULTZ

WHY ALL OF US FREQUENTLY BREAK INTO SONG.

ROLF (E)

AND HOW DO WE KNOW WHEN TO ALL SING ALONG?

HERR SCHULTZ

Exactly. So Rolf(e), take my advice...

WHEN YOU MEET HER GAZE,  
JUST LET YOUR EYES GLAZE,  
AND THINK OF CONFUSING THINGS.

Works like a charm!

VILLAGER 2

Maybe for you, but I find a slightly different approach is more effective.

WHEN MY WIENERSCHNITZEL'S STEAMING,  
SOLVING SILLY RIDDLES WON'T MAKE IT LESS HOT.  
EVEN ON LOW,  
THE JUICES STILL FLOW  
FROM MY STRANGE-LOOKING, PRESSURE-COOKING BRAT.

VILLAGER 1

That's the wurst.

VILLAGER 2

ONE MENTAL TRICK  
STILL SLOWS ME DOWN QUICK,  
IT WORKS FOR BOTH PAUPERS AND KINGS.  
YES, WHEN I START LUSTING  
AND FEEL I'M NEAR BUSTING,  
I THINK OF DISGUSTING THINGS.

LIKE WORMS IN YOUR CRISP APPLE STRUDEL,

ROLF (E)

Ewww... are they still alive?

VILLAGER 2

OR SNOWFLAKES THAT STAY ON YOUR SNOT-COVERED NOSE.

ROLF (E)

THAT DRIPS ON YOUR CLOTHES?

VILLAGER 2

OR MAGGOT-FILLED SCHNITZELS WITH NOODLES,

ROLF(E)

I'm never eating at your house.

VILLAGER 2

OR BROWN PAPER PACKAGES FILLED WITH DEAD CROWS.

ROLF(E)

A SMELL QUITE HORRENDOUS AS THEY DECOMPOSE.

VILLAGER 2

Now you're getting it! So Rolf(e), take my advice...

WHEN YOUR LEGS ENTWINE  
YOU WON'T CROSS THE FINISH LINE  
IF YOU THINK OF DISGUSTING THINGS.

Works every time.

VILLAGER 1

Not so fast. I, like most men, have to take even more extreme measures.

WHEN MY "MAGIC FLUTE" IS TRILLING,  
MYSTIFYING QUESTIONS WON'T CUT IT FOR LONG.  
IT'S QUITE WELL KNOWN  
SUCH THOUGHTS WON'T POSTONE  
MY CLIMACTIC, OPERATIC SONG.

*(Operatically, in octaves)* Oh, oh, oh!

BUT I KNOW A WAY  
TO CALMLY DELAY  
THE MOMENT MY FAT LADY SINGS.  
SO WHEN I START GUESSING  
I'M SECONDS FROM MESSING,  
I THINK OF DEPRESSING THINGS.

Truly morose...

LIKE RAINDROPS ON ROSES ON COFFINS,

ROLF(E)

Like at a funeral?

VILLAGER 1

OR GIRLS IN WHITE DRESSES WHO DIE OF THE FLU,

ROLF(E)

WELL NOW I FEEL BLUE.

VILLAGER 1

OR WILD GEESE THAT FLY INTO WINDMILLS,

ROLF(E)

Their heads cut off in mid-flight.

VILLAGER 1

OR CREAM-COLORED PONIES THAT SOON WILL BE GLUE.



ROLF(E)  
AND NOW I'LL BE SAD WHEN I GO TO THE ZOO.

VILLAGER 1  
You got it! So Rolf(e), take my advice...

WHEN YOU FIRST EMBRACE,  
JUST STARE INTO SPACE,  
AND THINK OF...

HERR SCHULTZ  
CONFUSING...

VILLAGER 1  
NO — THINK OF...

VILLAGER 2  
DISGUSTING...

VILLAGER 1  
NO — THINK OF DEPRESSING...

HERR SCHULTZ  
Ah, hell, you're gonna need all three...

ROLF(E), HERR SCHULTZ, VILLAGER 1, VILLAGER 2  
CONFUSING, DISGUSTING, DEPRESSING THINGS.

*End of song.*

*End of scene, immediately transitioning into...*

## Act I, Scene 8

*Outside the gazebo in the gardens of the Von Pratt estate, later that evening. ROLF(E), alone, is nervously pacing around. Underscoring (8a. Scene Transition) until dialogue begins.*

ROLF(E)

*(To himself, trying to boost his confidence)* I'm older, I'm wiser, and she needs someone like me telling her what to do. I can do this.

*ROLF(E) continues to pace and talk to himself, unaware that DIESEL has entered behind him. She taps him on the shoulder, and he turns to find her uncomfortably close.*

DIESEL

*(Seductively)* Well, hello again, R-O-L-F and maybe E.

*As she says each letter of his name aloud, DIESEL slowly writes the letter with her finger on ROLF(E)'s chest.*

ROLF(E)

What are you doing?

DIESEL

Spelling your name on your tight, probably hairless Aryan chest with my delicate yet highly-skilled finger. Too bad your name doesn't have a "g."

*DIESEL makes the circle part of the letter, than her finger moves down his stomach and toward his crotch to make the tail. ROLF(E) turns away from her.*

ROLF(E)

*(Quietly repeating his new mantra while covering his crotch with his hands)* Decapitated geese... grub-infested pastries... climate change...

*DIESEL repositions herself so that she is facing ROLF(E) once again.*

DIESEL

Now you do me.

ROLF(E)

Come again?

DIESEL

Use your finger to spell my name.

ROLF(E)

Your name?

DIESEL

My name.

*With a confused and terrified look on his face, ROLF(E) slowly lifts his shaking finger, then puts it on his own chest and attempts to start spelling. DIESEL grabs his finger and starts to bring it to her chest.*

DIESEL (cont.)

No, silly – on my chest.

*ROLF(E) quickly pulls his finger away and sits on a bench, hunched over with his legs crossed. DIESEL sits next to him.*

ROLF(E)

But you see, I can't. I have... CWB.

DIESEL

CWB?

ROLF(E)

CWB. Congenital Word Blindness.

DIESEL

Genital what?

ROLF(E)

Congenital Word Blindness. It's a condition where I see letters on the page differently than other people. Sometimes they switch places from where they should be.

DIESEL

Oh, so that's why you think my family's last name is Von Pratt.

ROLF(E)

It's not?

DIESEL

No, silly. It's...

*A loud thunderclap drowns out whatever DIESEL is saying. From ROLF(E)'s expression, it is clear that once again he has not heard the name.*

ROLF(E)

Well, anyway, the point is, when it comes to my ability to read and write, life gave me melons.

DIESEL

I promise I won't discipline you for poor spelling... unless you want me to. Here – I'll help you get started.

*DIESEL grabs ROLF(E)'s finger and brings it to her chest.*

Now write the first letter of my name.

*Sheepishly, ROLF(E) traces out a "D" around her chest.*

Did you just write a "D?"

ROLF(E)

Uh... yes?

DIESEL

There isn't a "D" anywhere in my name.

ROLF(E)  
*(Scrambling to cover his mistake)* Oh. I, um, misunderstood. You see, I was writing the first letter of... the pet name I have for you.

DIESEL  
 You've already given me a pet name? How romantic! Tell me what it is!

ROLF(E)  
 Um... Diesel.

DIESEL  
 Diesel?

ROLF(E)  
 Uh, yes – because... you get my engine combusting.

DIESEL  
 Well, I suppose it will have to do. But now I must give you a pet name too. I think I'll call you... Edelweiss.

ROLF(E)  
 Edelweiss? Why Edelweiss?

DIESEL  
 Because you're tall, and white, and clean, and bri... *(catching herself)* well, you're white and clean. But hardly small, and *(scanning the bulge in his pants)* I've noticed that you look happy to meet me.

*ROLF(E) jumps up and turns away from her, embarrassed that she has noticed his curse. Another clap of thunder is heard.*

ROLF(E)  
 Perhaps I should be on my way, before the cloud burst.

DIESEL  
 I see. *(A bit put off)* I'm beginning to think the spelling of your name isn't the only thing about you that's ambiguous.

ROLF(E)  
 What do you mean?

DIESEL  
 Rolf(e), don't you like me?

ROLF(E)  
 Oh, I do, Diesel – very much.

DIESEL  
 Then isn't there something more you'd like to do before you leave?

ROLF(E)  
 Well, yes. But how will I know if you wish to do the same?

DIESEL  
 Oh, Rolf(e), Rolf(e), Rolf(e)...

*Song 9: "I'm Open To Suggestions"*

*DIESEL begins her instructions and seduction, becoming more blatant and aggressive as the song progresses. For the most part, ROLF(E) looks confused and terrified throughout.*

DIESEL (cont.)

WHEN A GIRL INVITES A BOY TO HER GAZEBO  
ON A DARK AND STORMY HOT MIDSUMMER NIGHT,  
SHE EXPECTS THE BOY TO COMPREHEND  
SHE LIKES HIM MORE THAN "AS A FRIEND"  
AND ANYTHING HE TRIES WILL BE ALRIGHT.

WHEN A GIRL INVITES A BOY TO HER GAZEBO  
AND THERE'S NOT ANOTHER LIVING SOUL IN SIGHT,  
SHE EXPECTS THE BOY TO UNDERSTAND  
HE'S AUTHORIZED TO TAKE COMMAND  
FOR SHE WILL ACQUIESCE WITHOUT A FIGHT.

SO IF REJECTION'S WHAT YOU FEAR,  
THEN LET ME MAKE THIS VERY CLEAR  
I'LL ANSWER YES TO ALL REQUESTS AND QUESTIONS.  
I GIVE MY FULL CONSENT TO YOU,  
JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO DO...  
I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS.

NOTHING IS TOO ILLICIT,  
NOTHING IS TOO TABOO.  
I'M EAGER TO BE COMPLICIT,  
IN ORDER TO TANGO, IT TAKES TWO.

SO... THE SOONER THAT YOU MAKE YOUR MOVE,  
THE SOONER I CAN DEFTLY PROVE...  
I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS.

*Dance break, which features a segment of "What Are We Gonna Do About Rolf(e)?" Directing ROLF(E), DIESEL acts out a wedding processional, and then she takes the lead as they prance around the gardens. Near the end of the dance break, there is lightning and a loud burst of thunder, and it begins to rain. DIESEL grabs ROLF(E) by the hand and guides him into the gazebo. She pushes him down so that he is seated on one of the benches and then walks back to the door, locks it, and drops the key down her cleavage. She sings as she walks back to ROLF(E) and eventually sits very close to him on the bench.*

WHEN A GIRL INVITES A BOY TO HER GAZEBO  
AND SHE LOCKS THE DOOR AND THROWS AWAY THE KEY,  
SHE EXPECTS THE BOY TO KNOW FOR SURE  
HER THOUGHTS ARE ANYTHING BUT PURE  
AND THERE'S NO NEED FOR HIM TO FLEETLY FLEE.

WHEN A GIRL INVITES A BOY TO HER GAZEBO  
AND SHE HIKES HER LUCKY DRESS ABOVE THE KNEE,  
SHE EXPECTS THE BOY TO GET THE HINT  
WITHOUT IT SPECIFIED IN PRINT  
THAT ANYTHING HE DOES IS FINE BY ME.

DIESEL (cont.)

I'm talking about me!

SO IF YOU'RE WORRIED I WILL SQUEAL  
SHOULD YOU INSIST WE SEAL THE DEAL,  
I PROMISE I WON'T SPEAK OF OUR TRANSGRESSIONS.  
I'VE BEEN DIRECT WITH WHAT I'VE SAID,  
WHY CAN'T YOU GET IT THROUGH YOUR HEAD?  
I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS...  
I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS...

*DIESEL runs her hand along his thigh.*

ROLF(E)

Ohhh... cats with facial hair... animal cruelty...

*DIESEL leans in for a kiss.*

DIESEL

I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS.

*DIESEL kisses ROLF(E) on the cheek; his face is a combination of bliss and sheer terror. He breaks away from DIESEL and runs to the door; finding it locked, and knowing he's too timid to retrieve the key, he finally bursts through one of the panes of glass and runs away. DIESEL steps outside into the rain to watch him, then stretches her arms out and shouts joyfully.*

Whee!!!

*End of song.*

*End of scene, immediately transitioning into...*

## Act I, Scene 9

*The bunkroom of the monastery, a short time later. With the rain still pouring down outside, ROLF(E), soaking wet, climbs into the room through the window, trying not to wake the other CHOIR BOYS who are sleeping in their bunk beds. But he stumbles and knocks over something that makes a loud crashing noise, waking up everyone in the room. Panicked, the CHOIR BOYS – including JOE (CHOIR BOY 1), RAY (CHOIR BOY 2), and LEE (CHOIR BOY 3) – quickly disguise themselves as girls by putting on mop wigs and burlap dresses. They also arm themselves with chairs. ROLF(E) lights a candle and sees the spectacle.*

ROLF(E)

Whoa – what are you doing?

LEE

Rolf(e), is that you?

ROLF(E)

Yes.

JOE

Whew – we thought you were Monsignor Staciatori again.

ROLF(E)

But why are you wearing disguises, Joseph?

RAY

We've found that he doesn't stay long if we look like girls.

JOE

So we've become quite skilled at creating makeshift wigs and dresses.

LEE

Voila – instant priest repellent.

ROLF(E)

Impressive. (*Lovestruck*) Though you'll never look as beautiful or smell as sweet as the real thing.

JOE

How would you know?

ROLF(E)

I just danced with the most perfect angel in the world.

RAY

Tell me more, tell me more! Did you get very far?

LEE

(*Scolding RAY*) No – we're not doing that.

ROLF(E)

Alas, I don't know when I'll see my sweet Diesel again.

JOE  
 Wait – her name is Diesel?

ROLF(E)  
 I think?

RAY  
 That can't be right.

ROLF(E)  
 Regardless, it may be days or weeks or months before there's another telegram to deliver to her house.

LEE  
 Then you have to find a way to see her somewhere else.

ROLF(E)  
 But where?

JOE  
 Surely she has to be out and about at some point in the next few weeks.

ROLF(E)  
 Even so, I'll be stuck at my messenger job.

RAY  
 I know – what if we serve as lookouts around the village, alerting you whenever we spot her?

ROLF(E)  
*(To all CHOIR BOYS)* You'd all do that for me?

ALL CHOIR BOYS EXCEPT JOE, RAY, LEE  
*(Individually)* No. I'm out. Not a chance. I already made other plans.

*Uninterested in this idea, All CHOIR BOYS except JOE, RAY, and LEE return to their beds (and ultimately exit the stage).*

ROLF(E)  
 Then it looks like it's just the three of you – Josef, Raimund, and Leiman.

JOE  
 Your three best friends just happen to be... *(Pointing to himself)*  
 Joe...

RAY  
*(Pointing to himself)* Ray...

LEE  
*(Pointing to himself)* Lee!

ROLF(E)  
 Joe, Ray, Lee!

JOE  
 Okay – we'll start spying on her after tomorrow morning's choir practice.



ROLF(E)

Can we not call it "spying?" That sounds so... sinister.

LEE

How about stalking?

ROLF(E)

Perfect.

RAY

But how can we stalk her if we don't even know what she looks like?

ROLF(E)

*(Ripping open his wet shirt and pointing to his chest)* Look right here – her face is etched upon my heart.

LEE

*(Looking closely)* Oh yeah – there it is!

JOE

You really should have a doctor look at that.

ROLF(E)

Are we good?

*ROLF(E), JOE, RAY, and LEE put their hands together in solidarity.*

ROLF(E), JOE, RAY, LEE

Let's stalk!

*End of scene, immediately transitioning into...*

## Act I, Scene 10

*The streets of the village, the next few weeks.*

*A few VILLAGERS are wandering about or tending to their shops. ROLF(E) enters on his bike and searches for DIESEL but sees nothing. Eventually JOE enters, looking sweaty and disheveled, as if he's been running for quite some time. Note: if cast size permits, the various scenes of the FAMILY can be acted out as they are being described by JOE, RAY, and LEE.*

## Song 10: "Gets Around"

JOE

Rolf(e) – I've had a sighting!

ROLF(E)

WHAT DID YOU SEE, JOE?  
WHAT DID YOU SEE?

JOE

*(Out of breath)* Diesel, her siblings, and the governess leaving the house.

ROLF(E)

AND WHERE DID THEY GO, JOE?  
WHERE DID THEY GO?

JOE

Salzburg, the market, where the governess juggled fruit. And then...

THEY BOUGHT A LOAF OF BREAD  
THAT I THINK WAS MULTI-GRAIN.  
THEY PACKED A PICNIC LUNCH  
IN A BASKET MADE OF CANE.  
THEY'RE WEARING MATCHING CLOTHES  
THAT ARE PRACTICAL BUT PLAIN.  
THAT IS MY FULL REPORT, SIR.

ROLF(E)

Then I'm off to the marketplace!

JOE

But Diesel's no longer there. Do you understand what I'm telling you?

ROLF(E)

Not exactly...

JOE

Rolf(e)...

YOUR GIRLFRIEND GETS AROUND.  
SHE MOVES FROM PLACE TO PLACE,  
AND COVERS SO MUCH GROUND,  
MAINTAINING A BREAKNECK PACE.

JOE (cont.)  
 EACH DAY, IT'S SOMEWHERE NEW,  
 IT'S HARD TO PINPOINT HER LOCATION.  
 YOUR GIRLFRIEND GETS AROUND,  
 BUT NEVER GETS AROUND TO YOU.

ROLF(E)  
 So we have no idea where she is right now?

*RAY enters. Like JOE before, he looks sweaty and disheveled.*

JOE  
 No. But here comes Ray – maybe he has an update.

ROLF(E)  
 WHAT DID YOU SEE, RAY?  
 WHAT DID YOU SEE?

RAY  
*(Out of breath)* Diesel, her siblings, and the governess crossing the bridge.

ROLF(E)  
 AND WHERE DID THEY GO, RAY?  
 WHERE DID THEY GO?

RAY  
 Down by the river, where the governess taught them to skip. And then...

THEY HEADED FOR THE HILLS  
 ON A CUTE BUT RUSTIC TRAIN.  
 THEY'RE LEARNING HOW TO SING,  
 SINGING DO-RE-MI REFRAINS.  
 A SWEET BUT VAPID SONG  
 THAT'S NOW STUCK INSIDE MY BRAIN.  
 THAT IS MY FULL REPORT, SIR.

ROLF(E)  
 Then I'm off to the mountains!

RAY  
 But Diesel's no longer there. Do you understand what I'm telling you?

ROLF(E)  
 Yes...

MY GIRLFRIEND GETS AROUND.

RAY  
 That's right.

SHE MOVES FROM SPOT TO SPOT.  
 UNBRIDLED AND UNBOUND,  
 A PONY WHO'S HOT TO TROT.

RAY (cont.)  
 EACH DAY, SHE BIDS ADIEU,  
 IT'S HARD TO GUESS HER DESTINATION.  
 YOUR GIRLFRIEND GETS AROUND,  
 BUT NEVER GETS AROUND TO YOU.

ROLF(E)  
 So we have no idea where she is right now?

*LEE enters. Like JOE and RAY before, he looks sweaty and disheveled.*

RAY  
 No. But here comes Lee – maybe he has an update.

ROLF(E)  
 WHAT DID YOU SEE, LEE?  
 WHAT DID YOU SEE?

LEE  
 Diesel, her siblings, and the governess riding on bikes.

ROLF(E)  
 AND WHERE DID THEY GO, LEE?  
 WHERE DID THEY GO?

LEE  
 Mirabell, the gardens, where they jumped up and down the steps. And then...

THEY HUNG DOWN FROM THE TREES  
 LIKE SOME LOCAL URCHIN SNAKES.  
 THEY PADDLED A CANOE  
 AND THEN FELL INTO THE LAKE.  
 THEY MET THE BARONESS  
 WHO SEEMED ELEGANT BUT FAKE.  
 THAT IS MY FULL REPORT, SIR.

ROLF(E)  
 So Diesel's back home now, only minutes after I delivered a telegram to the captain.

LEE  
 Yes. Well, actually – who knows? Because...

ROLF(E)  
 I know...

ROLF(E), JOE, RAY, LEE (*in counterpoint*)  
 MY GIRLFRIEND (YOUR GIRLFRIEND) GETS AROUND.  
 SHE MOVES FROM PLACE TO PLACE,  
 AND COVERS SO MUCH GROUND,  
 MAINTAINING A BREAKNECK PACE.

EACH DAY, IT'S SOMEWHERE NEW,  
 IT'S HARD TO PINPOINT HER LOCATION.  
 YOUR GIRLFRIEND GETS AROUND,  
 BUT NEVER GETS AROUND TO YOU.

ROLF(E)  
SHE NEVER GETS AROUND TO ME.

*End of song.*

*By the end of the song, the scenery has shifted to the next scene.*

*End of scene, immediately transitioning into...*

## Act I, Scene 11

*The bunkroom of the monastery, a few weeks later. ROLF(E) is pacing, while JOE, RAY, and LEE are sprawled out on chairs or the floor, exhausted and defeated. Other CHOIR BOYS are observing from their beds.*

JOE

I give up.

ROLF(E)

Give up? But we've only been doing this for an afternoon!

RAY

That was a montage. It's been four weeks, and we've yet to catch up with her.

ROLF(E)

And I thought today was going to be the day. Instead, I just made it worse.

JOE

Worse?

ROLF(E)

I had an actual telegram to deliver to Captain Von Pratt. But he caught me throwing rocks at Diesel's window again and chased me off the estate. I was so flustered that I forgot to give him his message.

RAY

*(Momentarily encouraged)* Then you can deliver it tonight, when you know she'll be home!

ROLF(E)

The Captain will never let me anywhere near her. Besides, he's hosting a big party tonight.

LEE

How do you know that?

ROLF(E)

*(Displaying the telegram)* It's in the telegram.

RAY

*(Taking and examining the telegram)* Let me see that. It's from a Baroness Von Veganberger in Klagenfurt. *(In a pretentious baroness voice)* "I regret to inform you that I am no longer able to be in attendance at your ball tonight, as my husband inconsiderately chose this very day... to die."

LEE

One less guest. Who cares.

JOE

*(As an idea is coming to him)* Wait... don't you see? Baroness Von Veganberger will be in attendance tonight!

*JOE retrieves one of the mop wigs and puts it on ROLF(E)'s head. Not understanding, ROLF(E) looks toward the door and windows.*

ROLF(E)

What – has Monsignor Staciatori returned?

JOE

No, Rolf(e) – you are going to that party disguised as the Baroness!

RAY

*(Rejuvenated)* Brilliant! I can make him a wig!

LEE

And I can make him a dress!

CHOIR BOYS

*(Now interested)* And we can teach him how to walk and talk!

ROLF(E)

Friends, I appreciate your wanting to help. But I believe there's a lot of debate these days about whether or not a man in a dress is still funny.

JOE

You don't have to be funny – just convincing enough to get you in the door.

ROLF(E)

But a Baroness would not be wearing a burlap dress to an elegant party.

JOE

Then we'll have to find some other fabric.

LEE

But where?

*ROLF(E), JOE, RAY, and LEE ponder this for a moment, with each of them touching or standing near or gazing at the drab curtains in the bunkroom. As a breeze causes the curtains to billow, a knowing look comes over LEE's face.*

JOE

I've got it! We'll alter a choir robe.

RAY

Yes – it's practically a dress already!

LEE

And red is your color! You are definitely a summer.

RAY

And there are plenty of religious baubles in the chapel that we can use to accessorize the look. Very fashion smart.

LEE

And very haute couture.

ROLF(E)

Hot what?

LEE

Haute cou... never mind, that's not important.

JOE

So... what do you say?

ROLF(E)

I don't know. I don't want Diesel to think I'm not a real man because I'm wearing a dress.

JOE

Rolf(e), there's nothing inherently feminine or masculine about clothing. Just look at history and other cultures...

*Song 11: "Say Yes To The Dress"*

*With each verse of the song, the CHOIR BOYS give a historical and cultural runway fashion show, making do with the limited resources and materials available to them at that moment.*

JOE (cont.)

GREAT MEN THROUGHOUT THE AGES,  
PHARAOHS AND KINGS AND SAGES —  
WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT DEAD IN PANTS AND SHIRTS.

For instance...

RAMSES AND TUTANKHAMON —  
TWO EGYPTIAN STYLISH LAWMEN —  
BUILT THE PYRAMIDS IN MINI-SKIRTS.

RAY

PLATO AND ARISTOTLE —  
FAMOUS GRECIAN SUPERMODELS —  
SHARED THEIR DEEPEST THOUGHTS IN FLOWING GOWNS.

LEE

NERO AND GLADIATORS —  
HOT ITALIAN FASHION PLATERS —  
FIDDLED IN THEIR TUNICS AND LAUREL CROWNS.

JOE

And what did all these great men have in common?

CHOIR BOYS

THEY SAID YES TO THE DRESS,  
YES TO THE DRESS,  
DRESSING IN A DRESS  
IS DRESSING FOR SUCCESS.

JOE

FASHION IS A SOCIAL CONSTRUCT,  
IT ISN'T SET IN STONE AS SOME MAY SAY.

CHOIR BOYS

SO SAY YES TO THE DRESS, YES TO THE DRESS,  
FOR IT WILL MAKE YOU GLITTER AND BE GAY.



JOE

And at this moment in time, gay only means happy!

ROLF(E)

Well, you boys all look super gay!

CHOIR BOYS

We are!

CHOIR BOY 1

CORTEZ AND JUAN BATISTAS –  
LATIN-BLOODED FASHIONISTAS –  
SHOWED SOME LEG WHILE FIGHTING ACROSS THE GLOBE.

CHOIR BOY 2

JUDGES AND COURTROOM JURISTS –  
MAGISTRATING HAUTE COUTURISTS –  
RULED FROM THEIR BENCHES IN SILKY ROBES.

CHOIR BOY 3

GREAT SCOTS AND IRISH PIPERS –  
FROM THE DAY THEY'RE OUT OF DIAPERS –  
PLAYED THEIR CELTIC MUSIC IN PLEATED KILTS.

CHOIR BOY 4

SULTANS AND ANCIENT PERSIANS  
ON THEIR MIDDLE EAST EXCURSIONS  
WORE EXOTIC KAFTANS WITHOUT THE GUILT.

RAY

Why?

LEE

I think you know...

CHOIR BOYS

THEY SAID YES TO THE DRESS,  
YES TO THE DRESS,  
DRESSING IN A DRESS  
IS DRESSING TO IMPRESS.

JOE

GENDER IS A SOCIAL CONSTRUCT,  
REFLECTING DIFF'RENT CULTURE'S POINTS OF VIEW.

CHOIR BOYS

SO SAY YES TO THE DRESS, YES TO THE DRESS,  
FOR IT WILL MAKE A REAL MAN OUT OF YOU.

*Dance break, featuring the CHOIR BOYS creating various possible fashion looks for ROLF(E), almost like the cartoon characters in a Disney fairytale. Note: the final fashion look should not be revealed here but instead in the next scene.*

ALL

SAY YES TO THE DRESS,  
YES TO THE DRESS,  
ACTING IN A DRESS  
IS VERY SHAKESPEARE-ESQUE.

ROLF(E)

You're right!

COSTUMES ARE A SOCIAL CONSTRUCT,  
AND AT THIS POINT I'VE NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE.

CHOIR BOYS

SO SAY YES TO THE DRESS, YES TO THE DRESS,  
THEN WALK BACK TO YOUR GIRLFRIEND IN HER SHOES.

JOE

So... what do you say now?

ROLF(E)

I say... call me Baroness!

*End of song.**End of scene, immediately transitioning into...*

## Act I, Scene 12

*The ballroom of the Von Pratt family home, later that evening. A grand and glorious party is in progress, and exquisitely-attired and bejeweled PARTY GUESTS – Austrian nobility, military officers, etc. – are waltzing (11a. Waltz Sequence), as THE CAPTAIN, BARONESS SHAFER, and HERR ZELNER look on from the sidelines. At the completion of the dance, the PARTY GUESTS exit the dance floor and begin chatting until the BUTLER – standing at the entrance to the room – makes an announcement.*

BUTLER

Presenting... Baroness Von Veganberger.

*ROLF(E) – disguised as Baroness Von Veganberger – enters grandly. He is attired in an outrageous ball gown with odd accessories crafted from the monastery's religious artifacts. His face is thick with makeup, and a styled mop wig is on his head. He draws the attention of everyone in the room as he makes his way to greet THE CAPTAIN and BARONESS SHAFER in a receiving line. HERR ZELNER is close by, observing.*

ROLF(E)

*(In a haughty feminine voice)* Captain, Baroness, how kind of you to let me come.

*THE CAPTAIN and BARONESS SHAFER look at ROLF(E) suspiciously but nod politely.*

THE CAPTAIN

You are looking very healthy and happy... and tall, Baroness. Frankly, I'm surprised you came – did I not hear your husband died today?

ROLF(E)

Died... as in "passed away?" Oh, heavens no – he... *(covering on the fly)* simply dyed his hair. An instant makeover disaster.

THE CAPTAIN

Well, we are delighted you could join us.

*A PRINCE standing nearby takes the opportunity to insert himself into the conversation.*

PRINCE

Tonight I'm going to party like it's nineteen-thirty-nine.

THE CAPTAIN

*(Making introductions)* Baroness... Prince.

PRINCE

Let's go crazy. Let's get nuts!

ROLF(E)

I shall put you on my dance card.

*The PRINCE struts away.*

ROLF(E)

*(To the Captain)* Oh – and how are the children, especially the eldest girl whose name escapes me at the moment?

THE CAPTAIN

Ah, you mean my beautiful daughter named...

*THE CAPTAIN is interrupted by a big fanfare from the orchestra and an announcement by the BUTLER. Once again, ROLF(E)'s attempt to learn DIESEL's real name is thwarted.*

BUTLER

Ladies and gentlemen, it is time for... the Ländler.

*The PARTY GUESTS take to the dance floor and participate in the traditional folk dance.*

THE CAPTAIN

The Ländler – the symbol of all that is good about Austria.

*HERR ZELNER uses this opportunity to insert himself into the conversation.*

HERR ZELNER

You mean a cherished relic from its unenlightened past. *(To ROLF(E))* Good evening, Baroness – I don't believe we've met. I am Herr Zelner, aspiring Gauleiter of the Salzburg district.

ROLF(E)

Oh. *(Charmingly)* You're aspiring and I'm perspiring.

*HERR ZELNER laughs heartily, as he is smitten.*

HERR ZELNER

Delightful.

THE CAPTAIN

Herr Zelner, I will not have you spread your propaganda tonight.

HERR ZELNER

Captain, what's going to happen is going to happen. To show you that nothing will change in Austria once the Anschluss occurs, shall we ask these lovely ladies to participate in its most traditional folk dance?

THE CAPTAIN

*(Increasingly agitated by HERR ZELNER)* I would, but I see my son on the terrace who clearly is in need of a dance lesson himself. If you'll please excuse me.

*THE CAPTAIN exits through a terrace door. BARONESS SHAFER follows to spy on him, leaving ROLF(E) alone with HERR ZELNER.*

HERR ZELNER

You must forgive The Captain – he resists change, but he will come around. *(Extending his hand)* Shall we dance, on a bright cloud of music?

ROLF(E)

*(Momentarily transfixed)* My – you are so lyrical. *(Shaking it off)* But I am not a very good dancer.

HERR ZELNER

Don't worry – you'll be in very skilled hands.

ROLF(E)

That's what worries me. And that is why I must decline.

HERR ZELNER

Baroness, in case you haven't learned this by now...

*Song 12: "You Don't Say No (To A Nazi)"*

HERR ZELNER (cont.)

YOU DON'T SAY NO TO A NAZI,  
WE ALWAYS GET WHAT WE WANT.  
THE TRUTH IS WE CAN BE QUITE NASTY  
THOUGH WE SEEM SO NONCHALANT.

YOU WON'T BE FOND OF OUR MOTTO,  
IT ISN'T FORGET AND FORGIVE.  
YOU DON'T SAY NO TO A NAZI...  
AND LIVE.

*(Barking out a command to the guests)* Sing!

RESISTANCE IS FUTILE, (BELIEVE US)  
YOU'LL GIVE IN LIKE POLAND AND FRANCE. (OOH LA LA)  
OUR TACTICS ARE BRUTAL, (THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT)  
WE HAVE VAYS OF MAKING YOU DANCE.

YOU MUST BE NICE TO A BROWNSHIRT,  
IT PAYS TO BE... *(spoken)* COOPERATIVE.  
YOU DON'T SAY NO TO A NAZI... *(spoken)* NO, NO, NO,  
AND LIVE.

*(To ROLF(E))* We dance!

*Waltz dance break. HERR ZELNER sweeps ROLF(E) on to the dance floor. ROLF(E) awkwardly tries to get into a comfortable position to dance with him, as he's getting a little handsy. The other PARTY GUESTS eventually join in.*

No, Baroness – let me lead.

*They dance. But ROLF(E) is not focused on HERR ZELNER, as his eyes are searching the room for DIESEL.*

Are you looking for someone?

ROLF(E)

Oh no – just taking it all in. I'm a woman who loves elegant balls.

HERR ZELNER

Then you've come to the right place.

HERR ZELNER, PARTY GUESTS  
 DO NOT PISS OFF A FASCIST,  
 WE CAN BE A TAD... (*spoken*) SENSITIVE.  
 YOU DON'T SAY NO TO A NAZI...  
 AND LIVE.  
 LIVE, (WE WANT TO LIVE)  
 LIVE, (PLEASE LET US LIVE)  
 LIVE!

*End of song.*

*As the dance comes to an end, once again the BUTLER makes an announcement.*

BUTLER

Ladies and gentlemen, at this time, the Captain's children wish to bid you goodnight.

*The BUTLER steps to the side of the door, as if to make way for the entrance of the children.*

ROLF(E)

*(Excitedly)* At last I will get to see my love... *(catching himself)* I mean, the Captain's lovely children.

*All of the PARTY GUESTS murmur with excitement and stare at the entrance to the ballroom, expecting to see the Von Pratt children make an entrance. But when no one enters, the PARTY GUESTS begin to look impatient and concerned, prompting the BUTLER to step into the doorway again to make another announcement.*

BUTLER

To clarify, your presence is requested in the entrance hall, where the children will bid you goodnight in an elaborate song and dance number on the staircase.

*Again, the BUTLER steps to the side of the door and begins ushering out the PARTY GUESTS. ROLF(E) eagerly begins to make his way to the door too, but is stopped when HERR ZELNER grabs his arm. They are the only two remaining in the room.*

HERR ZELNER

What's your rush, Baroness?

ROLF(E)

I wish to see the children perform, of course! *(Stretching to see past him and into the entrance hall)* And now you've made me miss the cuckoo clock choreography!

HERR ZELNER

I assure you they will reprise it later.

ROLF(E)

But I must see her – them – now! *(Again gazing toward the entry hall)* Oh no – the little one is scootching up the stairs. And now they're all on the second-floor balcony. They're wrapping up the song and waving. *(Sadly singing and waving)* Goodbye.

*Dejected, ROLF(E) turns and meanders to the other side of the room away from the door, with HERR ZELNER on his heels.*

ROLF(E) (cont.)

I've missed yet another chance.

HERR ZELNER

Another chance at what?

ROLF(E)

*(Covering)* You know... to experience the Family Singers at their peak, before success and fame go to their head, before everyone starts saying "you sold out, man – it used to be about the music."

HERR ZELNER

Well, while we are momentarily alone, I'm not going to miss my chance.

*HERR ZELNER forcefully embraces ROLF(E) and tries to kiss him.*

ROLF(E)

Herr Zelner – may I remind you that I'm a married woman.

HERR ZELNER

And I happen to know that your husband is, in fact, dead.

ROLF(E)

But how do you know...

HERR ZELNER

We make it our business to know everything. And if you do not wish to suffer the same fate as your late husband, I suggest you be more... cooperative.

*His hand slowly travels toward ROLF(E)'s crotch. He grabs at it, and what he feels causes him to jump back in shock.*

Holy Hitler – do you have a third leg?

ROLF(E)

No, Herr Zelner.

HERR ZELNER

Well, you're much too old to be wearing a chastity belt.

ROLF(E)

Herr Zelner, you can't let the Captain know, but I'm not really Baroness Von Veganberger. I'm a man. Or at least I'm a man inside a seventeen-year-old boy.

HERR ZELNER

Whoa – in another few minutes, I would've been the same thing.

*The PARTY GUESTS begin to reenter the ballroom.*

ROLF(E)

Please don't reveal my secret!

HERR ZELNER

On the contrary, I must arrest you, you deviant transvestite.

ROLF(E)

Trans what?

HERR ZELNER

Transvestite. A man who assumes the dress and manner of a woman.

ROLF(E)

But I was only doing it this one time to win the love of The Captain's daughter, as he has forbidden me from seeing her.

HERR ZELNER

So this is not a lifestyle choice?

ROLF(E)

No.

HERR ZELNER

And you are, in reality, attracted to women?

ROLF(E)

I have a lust balloon to prove it.

HERR ZELNER

And this was purely a covert mission?

ROLF(E)

Covert?

HERR ZELNER

Stealthy. Undercover. Secret.

ROLF(E)

Yes – secret! But I have failed again.

HERR ZELNER

*(An idea brewing)* No, you actually may have succeeded.

ROLF(E)

Succeeded?

HERR ZELNER

Boy, what is your name?

ROLF(E)

Rolf(e).

HERR ZELNER

Is that spelled with an "e" at the end?

ROLF(E)

Why do people keep asking that?



HERR ZELNER

Rolf(e), I lead a secret unit of young Nazi men who specialize in the art of deception like yourself. Based on what I've observed tonight, you would be a perfect candidate.

ROLF(E)

Thank you, Herr Zelner. But geo-politics don't really interest me. And besides, until I win my love's heart, I cannot focus on anything else.

HERR ZELNER

*(Menacingly)* Did you not just hear my song "You Don't Say No To A Nazi?" I warn you, Rolf(e) – those who do not focus on Der Führer's master plan may be sent to a concentration camp.

ROLF(E)

You mean they actually exist?! And all this time I could've been learning how to concentrate?

HERR ZELNER

Take a few minutes to consider my generous offer, and I shall return momentarily for your answer.

*HERR ZELNER steps away. ROLF(E), looking to escape, sees the open door to the terrace and moves toward it. But as he is about to exit, he collides with the entering DIESEL, who is in disguise herself as a nobleman. ROLF(E) immediately recognizes her.*

ROLF(E)

Diesel?

*Knowing that only one person calls her by this name, DIESEL suspiciously looks ROLF(E) up and down before knowing for certain that it is him.*

DIESEL

Rolf(e)?

ROLF(E)

Oh Diesel – I'm so very, very, very happy to see you.

DIESEL

Hard to tell when you're wearing that gown.

ROLF(E)

I know – isn't it fabulous?!

DIESEL

Rolf(e), why are you dressed like that?

ROLF(E)

I was about to ask you the same question.

DIESEL

I'm determined to taste my first champagne, whether or not father approves.

ROLF(E)

And I'm determined to show you the true me.

DIESEL

A transvestite?

ROLF(E)

Ah – I know what that is now, and no, I am not that. I only pretended to be a baroness so I could get into this party to see you.

DIESEL

*(Petulantly)* A real man wouldn't need to put on some silly disguise to sneak into my home – he would burst through the door, dressed in a regal uniform, and declare his undying love for me for all to hear.

ROLF(E)

*(Shouting)* But I am a real man!

*Realizing that all PARTY GUESTS have heard this and are now looking in his direction, and that HERR ZELNER is rushing to his side, ROLF(E) adjusts his voice and statement accordingly.*

...eater. A real man-eater. Oh, oh here I come. Watch out boys, I'll chew you up. *(Catlike)* Rowr...

*This appeases the PARTY GUESTS who return to their socializing. HERR ZELNER is now at ROLF(E)'s side, unaware of DIESEL's true identity.*

DIESEL

You say you're a real man, but you continue to behave like a boy of seventeen.

ROLF(E)

Going on eighteen!

DIESEL

You know, that really goes without saying. Unless you have some way of manipulating the time/space continuum, your age will always advance chronologically. So no matter what age you are, I'll be able to deduce what age you're "going on" without you telling me every time. It's just a pet peeve of mine, okay?

ROLF(E)

Sorry.

DIESEL

Regardless, "Baroness," I have no intention of playing these adolescent games with you. You may return only when you are ready to be serious.

*DIESEL sneaks a glass of champagne off of a table and exits. HERR ZELNER approaches and escorts ROLF(E) to another part of the stage as the lights on the ballroom fade.*

HERR ZELNER

So have you made your decision, Rolf(e)?

*But before ROLF(E) can respond, the WOMAN runs by with travel bag and guitar in hand, as if maybe she's on the escape after an awkward conversation with a baroness. ROLF(E) and HERR ZELNER look at her curiously for a moment, then resume their conversation.*

ROLF(E)

Herr Zelner, in this secret special unit, will I get to wear a regal uniform?

HERR ZELNER

Oh yes. As they say, the clothes make the man.

ROLF(E)

A real man?

HERR ZELNER

Yes, my little Pinocchio.

ROLF(E)

I don't know who or what that is, but... count me in!

*HERR ZELNER escorts ROLF(E) – who happily believes he has come up with a foolproof plan to win DIESEL – into a new and seemingly wonderful world. Throughout the first part, ROLF(E) begins to shed the dress and accessories he is wearing.*

*Song 13: "A Man In A Uniform"*

ROLF(E) (cont.)

A MAN IN A UNIFORM  
IS SOMEONE WHO CANNOT BE DISMISSED.  
A MAN IN A UNIFORM  
IS SOMEONE NO WOMAN CAN RESIST.

FOR THAT MAN SEEMS MORE VALIANT,  
MASCULINE AND REFINED.  
SO WHEN MY BEST GIRL  
SEES ME STRIKE A POSE  
IN TAILORED CLOTHES,  
IT'S GONNA BLOW HER  
CHURLISH, GIRLISH MIND.

*Now, various male and female NAZIs – attired according to their position/rank – enter and begin to measure ROLF(E) for his uniform.*

NAZIS

A UNIFORMED MAN  
IS A WELL-INFORMED MAN

HERR ZELNER

WHO MAKES IT HIS BUSINESS  
TO KNOW WHAT, WHERE, AND WHEN.

NAZIS

A UNIFORMED MAN  
IS A WELL-REFORMED MAN

HERR ZELNER

WHO VOWS TO MAKE AUSTRIA  
GREAT AGAIN.

ROLF(E)

Ooh, can I get that on my hat?

HERR ZELNER

You got it!

NAZIS, ROLF(E)

A MAN (YES, A MAN, NOTHING LESS!)  
IN A UNIFORM (IN A SUIT, NOT A DRESS!)  
IS SOMEONE WHO YOUNG AND OLD RESPECT.  
(CUZ HE'S DRESSED FOR SUCCESS!)

NAZIS, ROLF(E) (cont.)

A MAN (YES, A MAN, NOT A MOUSE!)  
IN A UNIFORM (IN A SHIRT, NOT A BLOUSE!)  
IS SOMEONE NO WOMAN CAN REJECT.  
(HE'S THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE!)

NAZIS

FOR THAT MAN (WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN!)  
SEEMS MORE PRINCELY, (SWOON)  
DIGNIFIED,

ROLF(E)

FASHION-SMART?

NAZIS

Yes!

ROLF(E)

SO WHEN MY BEST GIRL  
SEES I'M RESOLUTE  
IN MY NEW SUIT,

ROLF(E), NAZIS

IT'S GONNA WARM HER  
FRIGID RIGID HEART.

*Now the NAZIs completely surround ROLF(E) to allow for a  
costume quick-change. Some may be carrying in the costume  
items as they are described.*

NAZIS 1 & 2

A BROWN SHIRT AND BLACK PANTS  
THAT GO WELL TOGETHER.

NAZIS 3 & 4

A NECKTIE AND CROSS-STRAP  
AND BOOTS MADE OF LEATHER.

## NAZIS 5 &amp; 6

A SLEEK NARROW CAP  
WITH A BRIM SLIGHTLY WIDER.

*The reveal – ROLF(E) emerges from the crowd, fully-attired  
in a Nazi uniform, with a swastika armband. He is caught  
up in the moment, emboldened and proud.*

ROLF(E)

A CHERRY RED ARMBAND  
WITH ONE AWESOME SPIDER!

ROLF(E) (cont.)

(Referring to swastika) Does it matter that I don't know what this stands  
for?

NAZIS

No!

*Now swastika images appear, as the NAZIs carry on banner  
poles topped with golden eagles.*

ROLF(E), NAZIS

A MAN IN A UNIFORM  
IS SOMEONE WHO STANDS OUT IN A CROWD.  
A MAN IN A UNIFORM  
IS SOMEONE WHO MAKES HIS WOMAN PROUD.

FOR THAT MAN SEEMS MORE MANNERED,  
CONFIDENT, WORRY-FREE.

ROLF(E)

SO WHEN MY BEST GIRL  
SEES I'M DEBONAIR  
IN FORMAL WEAR,  
IT'S GONNA MAKE HER  
CALL FOR, FALL FOR ME.

NAZIS

WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN!  
IN A UNIFORM!  
WHAT A MAN, WHAT A MAN!  
IN A UNIFORM!  
WHAT'S HIS NAME, WHAT'S HIS NAME?

ROLF(E)

R-O-L-F...

NAZIS

IN PARENTHESES...

ROLF(E)

E!

*End of song.*

*End of scene and Act I.*

## Act II, Scene 1

*A seedy cabaret in Salzburg known as The Bow Wow Club, several weeks later. CABARET PATRONS – including HERR ZELNER and two other high-ranking NAZI officials – are seated at candle-lit tables that face a small stage, on which a combo of musicians is performing. Music, conversations, laughter, and cigarette smoke blend together. A moment later, ROLF(E) – now in full Hitler Youth attire – enters and scans the crowd, looking very lost. Finally, HERR ZELNER spots him and stands to get his attention.*

HERR ZELNER

Rolf(e) – come join us!

*ROLF(E) makes his way to the table.*

ROLF(E)

Herr Zelner – I'm relieved to see you. I was certain I was in the wrong place.

HERR ZELNER

You're exactly where you're meant to be. *(To the two NAZI officials at his table)* Gentlemen, this is the young man I was telling you about. He has just returned from Berlin after completing his three-week Nazi indoctrination program. He was the head of his class!

ROLF(E)

I majored in goose-stepping.

HERR ZELNER

And now he will be the newest member of GOTHYM.

ROLF(E)

GOTHYM?

HERR ZELNER

GOTHYM – the name of the secret special unit to which you've been assigned. And you'll get to meet the other members very soon. But I thought you might enjoy some entertainment first.

*The house lights in the cabaret dim. ROLF(E) sits next to HERR ZELNER.*

Ah, the show is about to begin!

*The combo begins playing a song. A single light comes up on the stage, revealing the emcee KARL attired in a risqué, S&M-influenced costume. Seated with their legs wrapped around the back of a chair, they begin to sing. A very slutty milkmaid named Mary – played by one of the GOTHYMS – appears, and as the song progresses, it becomes increasingly bawdy and campy.*

*Song 14: "The Lusty Milkmaid (Mary, the Dairy Whore)"*

GOTHYM (MARY)

Hallo!

KARL

ONCE, ON A DAIRY,  
LIVED A GIRL NAMED MARY,  
WHO WAS A LUSTY MILKMAID.

*Now, other milkmaids appear, all portrayed by GOTHYMs.*

SHE, AND HER SISTERS,  
ALL WERE TEATY TWISTERS,  
MASTERS OF THEIR TRADE.

*Now, a cow appears, portrayed by two GOTHYMs. The milkmaids  
take their positions to milk the cow.*

YOUNG EAGER WORKERS,  
SKILLFUL UDDER JERKERS,  
FORMED AN ALL-GIRL CHAIN GANG.

THREE SESSIONS DAILY,  
THEY WOULD LABOR GAILY  
AS THEY SWEETLY SANG...

*The milkmaids begin to pull on the cow's udders, much to  
its delight.*

GOTHYMS

SQUIRT, SQUIRT, SQUIRT, SQUIRT,  
SQUIRT, SQUIRT –  
THAT'S THE MILKMAID'S SONG.  
SQUIRT, SQUIRT, SQUIRT, SQUIRT,  
SQUIRT, SQUIRT –  
SQUIRTING ALL DAY LONG.

KARL & GOTHYMS

THEY SAW IT AS THEIR DUTY,  
NOT A BARNYARD CHORE.  
(BUT) IT MEANT MUCH MORE TO MARY,  
MARY THE DAIRY WHORE.

*Mary gets more risqué as the song progresses.*

GOTHYMS

SQUEEZE AND YANK AND  
SQUEEZE AND YANK AND  
SQUEEZE AND YANK AND  
REST. AAH.

KARL

MARY WAS HANDY,  
UNABASHED AND RANDY,  
WITH AN EXTENSIVE SKILL SET.

KARL (cont.)

HER GRIP OF STEEL  
MADE THE GUERNSEYS SQUEAL  
AND THE HOLSTEINS SWEAT.

FLICKING AND TEASING,  
TIGHTENING AND EASING,  
MILKING EACH LAST TEASPOON.

STRONG AND INSPIRED,  
MARY NEVER TIRED  
AS SHE SANG THIS TUNE.

With her sisters!

GOTHYMS

SQUIRT, SQUIRT, SQUIRT, SQUIRT,  
SQUIRT, SQUIRT –  
THAT'S THE MILKMAID'S SONG.  
SQUIRT, SQUIRT, SQUIRT, SQUIRT,  
SQUIRT, SQUIRT –  
SQUIRTING ALL DAY LONG.

KARL & GOTHYMS

SHE MAKES THE CATTLE HAPPY,  
THEY STAMPEDE BACK FOR MORE.  
THE COWS COME HOME TO MARY,  
MARY THE DAIRY WHORE.

*Now one or more other sexualized cows appear. Each one  
steps up to get milked by Mary.*

MARY (MARY)  
DAUGHTER OF A FARMER,  
CHEEKY FREAKY CHARMER.  
MARY (MARY)  
CREAMY BUTTER GUTTER SLUT.

KARL

Yes, she's just a girl who can't say no!

DRAWN BY HER POWERS,  
COWS NOW WAIT FOR HOURS  
FOR A MARY MILKSHAKE. (MOO)

LACTATING BOVINES  
STAND IN LONG AND SLOW LINES,  
DUSK TIL MORNING'S BREAK. (COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!)

AIMING TO PLEASE THEM,  
SHE WON'T CEASE TO SQUEEZE THEM  
TIL SHE GETS A PAIL-FUL (OH!)

MOOING WITH PLEASURE,  
ALL THE BIDDYS TREASURE  
MARY'S TUG AND PULL.



KARL (cont.)

And they sing...

GOTHYMS, KARL

SQUIRT, SQUIRT, SQUIRT, SQUIRT,  
SQUIRT, SQUIRT –  
THAT'S THE MILKMAID'S SONG.  
SQUIRT, SQUIRT, SQUIRT, SQUIRT,  
SQUIRT, SQUIRT –  
SQUIRTING ALL DAY LONG.

*At this point, the GOTHYM portraying Mary lavishes attention directly on ROLF(E) in his seat, but it doesn't seem to elicit any strong response from him.*

KARL

IF YOU BELIEVE HER TALENTS  
ARE WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR,  
YOU'LL WANT TO VISIT MARY,  
MARY THE DAIRY WHORE.

GOTHYM (MARY)

You never see a lonely cowherd.

*End of song.*

*The GOTHYMS exit the stage as the cabaret audience applauds. The house lights come up.*

HERR ZELNER

It appears you're a hit with the ladies, Rolf(e).

ROLF(E)

*(To himself)* And yet my lust balloon has abated. The Nazis have made me a master abater.

NAZI OFFICIAL

There's got to be a better way to phrase that.

HERR ZELNER

Anyway, I believe it's time we paid a visit to the frauleins in their dressing room.

*HERR ZELNER leads ROLF(E) to a door to the backstage area.*

*End of scene, immediately transitioning into...*

## Act II, Scene 2

*A backstage dressing room in The Bow Wow Club, immediately following. KARL and the other GOTHYMs – BITSY (GOTHYM 2), MITZIE (GOTHYM 3), LIZA (GOTHYM 4), FLOPSY (GOTHYM 5), LOTTA (GOTHYM 6), HILDA (GOTHYM 7), ONYX (GOTHYM 8), and SNOWY (GOTHYM 9) – are engaged in a variety of activities – fixing their hair and makeup, changing costumes, chatting, etc. There is a knock on the door – it opens slightly, and HERR ZELNER's voice is heard from outside.*

HERR ZELNER

Knock knock – are you decent?

MITZIE

Never have been, and never will be.

*Some of the GOTHYMs giggle.*

HERR ZELNER

May I enter?

FLOPSY

Through the back door as always, Herr Zelner!

LOTTA

Just remember to tell us when you're all the way in, little man!

*More giggling. HERR ZELNER enters,*

HERR ZELNER

Hallo, girls. I have a surprise guest for you!

ONYX

It better not be that Uncle Max pervert again.

LIZA

He still owes me from his last visit!

HERR ZELNER

No, no, no – this one's a first-timer. Come in – don't be shy!

*ROLF(E) sheepishly enters.*

FLOPSY

Ooh, look what baba has brought us.

*Several of the GOTHYMs rush to ROLF(E) and surround him.*

LOTTA

What's your name, pretty boy?

ROLF(E)

*(Flustered, momentarily uncertain)* Uh... Rolf(e). Rolf(e)? Rolf(e)!

SNOWY

Are you barking?

LOTTA

I hope so, because I like it doggie style.

HERR ZELNER

Down, my rabid rottweilers. His name is Rolf(e). Spelled with an "e" at the end? Sometimes yes, sometimes no. It is Der Fuehrer's will that it remains ambiguous.

*Several of the GOTHYMs continue to fawn over ROLF(E). From afar, KARL tries to indicate to them to tone down their behavior.*

BITSY

So handsome.

SNOWY

And proper.

LIZA

And quiet.

ONYX

A regular Aryan the Librarian.

LOTTA

What's the matter – pussy got your tongue?

ROLF(E)

No...

LOTTA

Well, the night is young, Master Rolf(e).

MITZIE

Be careful – her pussy has teeth.

*LOTTA hisses and shows their teeth.*

ROLF(E)

It's just that I've never been in a girl's dressing room before.

HERR ZELNER

Ah, but this is not just a dressing room – this is your new headquarters. Rolf(e), I present to you the Girls Of The Hitler Youth Movement. GOTHYM for short.

ROLF(E)

You mean this is my secret special unit?

*KARL approaches HERR ZELNER and ROLF(E).*

KARL

You mean he's one of us?

HERR ZELNER

Your newest member.

FLOPSY

So we didn't have to put on this... act... for him?

HERR ZELNER

Of course you did – I wanted Rolf(e) to see what he'll be doing.

ROLF(E)

But I don't understand – why have I been assigned to a secret special unit of girls?

HERR ZELNER

Onyx – show Rolf(e) your secret special unit.

*Facing toward ROLF(E) but away from the audience, ONYX maneuvers in a way that suggests they are untucking and displaying their penis. Upon seeing this, ROLF(E)'s eyes bulge and his mouth drops.*

ROLF(E)

Wow – that lust balloon is even bigger than mine!

ONYX

Ah, white boys.

HERR ZELNER

I knew Rolf(e) here would be perfect for this unit the minute I first saw him dressed as a baroness at a party.

MITZIE

Ah.

*The GOTHYMs exchange glances, as if they have a new unspoken understanding.*

HERR ZELNER

You see, Rolf(e), these fine young men are also highly adept at disguising themselves as young women. By day, they maintain the appearance of your average male Hitler Youth member, but by night, they tuck it away and assume the appearance of loose women, infiltrating the opposition and the traitors within our own ranks, seducing them until they... burst with information, just as they demonstrated with you.

ROLF(E)

I'm proud to say I wasn't even close to bursting. *(The disappointment dawning on him)* Aw, wait – that's because you're all men.

HERR ZELNER

All men indeed! Karl here is the leader of the group – in fact, he is so loyal to the Third Reich that he came up with the GOTHYM idea in Berlin and volunteered his friends to serve as spies.

ROLF(E)

Then why doesn't he disguise himself as a woman too?

HERR ZELNER

Karl becomes Karla when necessary.

HILDA

We call her Fraulein Scheister.

*There is a knock on the door and a voice is heard from outside.*

VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

Herr Zelner, you have a telephone call from Berlin.

HERR ZELNER

*(Moving to the door)* I must take leave for a moment. Karl will provide all the information you need as well as your apparel. *(Menacingly)* And remember, Rolf(e) – no one can ever know the truth about the GOTHYMs.

*HERR ZELNER exits. BITSY runs to the door, opens it slightly enough to peek out, and then closes it.*

BITSY

He's gone. We're clear.

KARL

*(To ROLF(E))* Don't worry – you and your secret are safe with us, and we'll do everything in our power to protect you.

ROLF(E)

My secret?

SNOWY

We know who you are – what you are – because we are too.

ROLF(E)

I... I don't understand.

ONYX

Honey, we don't dress like this...

LIZA

Or act like this...

BITSY

Or talk like this...

MITZIE

Or live our lives like this to deceive and take advantage of other people...

LIZA

No, I'm not, let's say, a difficult, unreliable stage actor simply posing as an older woman because I'm not getting the roles I believe I'm entitled to...

HILDA

And I'm not, let's say, a difficult, unreliable voice actor simply posing as an older British housekeeper in order to see my three children that I lost custody of in my divorce...

LOTTA, FLOPSY

And we're not, let's say, two musicians posing as women so they can join an all-female band and seduce a blonde bombshell simply to escape some gangsters who they witness committing a crime.

ALL GOTHYMS

That would be offensive.

ONYX

No darling – Herr Zelner doesn't know it, but this is truly a part of who we are.

LIZA

*(Singing)* We are what we are...

MITZIE

*(Scolding LIZA)* No – we're not doing that.

ROLF(E)

Wait – you mean you're really – and I know this word! – transvestites?

SNOWY

That's a very broad term for men who dress as broads...

HILDA

But that is, indeed, what all nine of us have in common.

BITSY

While we are very different in other ways.

LIZA

For instance, myself...

*Song 15: "Exist"*

LIZA

I LIKE WOMEN,

LOTTA

I LIKE MEN,

FLOPSY

I LIKE ANYONE  
JUST TELL ME WHERE AND WHEN.

MITZIE

I'M JUST EIGHTEEN,

ONYX

THIRTY-TWO,

HILDA

I HAVE BUNIONS MORE THAN  
TWICE AS OLD AS YOU.

SNOWY

I'M A DOCTOR,

LIZA  
I'M A CLERK,

BITSY  
I'M A FLAUTIST  
WANNA SEE MY FINGERWORK?

ONYX  
I'M A FATHER,

FLOPSY  
I'M A SPOUSE,

HILDA  
I'M THE BASTARD CHILD  
OF JOHANN BAPTIST STRAUSS.

GOTHYMS  
BEAUTIFUL AND LUMINESCENT,  
INNER TRUTH THAT CANNOT BE DENIED.  
INFINITE AND OMNIPRESENT,  
SENDING OUT A MESSAGE FAR AND WIDE...

WE EXIST,

KARL  
AND PROUDLY TESTIFY IT.

GOTHYMS  
WE EXIST,

MITZIE  
DON'T KNOCK IT 'TIL YOU TRY IT.

GOTHYMS  
DRAG BRINGS US TOGETHER  
TO RIDE OUT THE STORMY WEATHER  
ALL BEDECKED IN LACE AND LEATHER  
WHILE OUR SOULS ARE FULLY BARED.

WE EXIST,

LOTTA  
WE'RE MORE THAN JUST OUR GENDER.

GOTHYMS  
WE EXIST,

KARL  
SO DRINK IN ALL OUR SPLENDOR,  
FOR WE'RE A BLENDED COCKTAIL WITH A TWIST...

SNOWY  
Honey, we exist.

*Underscoring continues.*

BITSY

And now you'll be safe among your own kind.

ROLF(E)

Fraus... frauleins... you're mistaken – I am not a transvestite.

KARL

But Herr Zelner said he found you dressed as a baroness.

ROLF(E)

To win the love of a girl!

HILDA

Is she a lesbian?

ROLF(E)

No, she's Austrian!

LOTTA

So then you're not a homo.

ROLF(E)

I've never heard that word before.

LIZA

Is she joking?

BITSY

Homo – a man who likes men?

SNOWY

Do you like men, honey?

ROLF(E)

Well, yes. Generally I like everybody.

MITZIE

Like the Luftwaffe, this is going right over her head.

KARL

Be kind – he is young and naïve, and his sexuality is probably still fluid.

ROLF(E)

No, I'm actually bone dry.

FLOPSY

*(Cozying up to him)* Well let's see what I can do about that.

ROLF(E)

*(Adding it up)* Wait – are you saying you have the desire to... kiss another man?

LOTTA

Those of us who identify as homosexual men do, yes.

ROLF(E)

Well, if that's what a homosexual is, then I am not a homosexual.



LOTTA

(To ROLF(E)) Then how do you identify?

ROLF(E)

Identify? I guess I'm a... twink.

MITZIE

Twink?

ROLF(E)

Tall, well-intended Nazi kid.

KARL

Ladies! We have a problem here. We have just divulged our secret to someone who truly identifies as a Nazi.

MITZIE

Now we must kill you.

ROLF(E)

But it doesn't matter to me that you are transvestites, and homosexuals, and... all those other words. Gender and dress are just social constructs.

ONYX

Very enlightened for someone whose bulb is so dim.

KARL

So you mean you won't tell Herr Zelner?

ROLF(E)

Not if you don't want me to. Like you said - we're all on the same team, and I don't want to do anything to undermine our collective effort to serve der Fuehrer and the Third Reich.

MITZIE

Damn - now I really do have to kill you.

ROLF(E)

Why?

KARL

Rolf(e), we do not serve der Fuehrer.

FLOPSY

We oppose the Nazi regime.

LIZA

We work to undermine the Third Reich.

KARL

They are the bad guys, and we are the resistance!

ROLF(E)

But Hitler said "there are very fine people on both sides."

ONYX

Are you sure it was Hitler who said that?

ROLF(E)

And Herr Zelner said you volunteered to be Nazi spies.

KARL

And that's who we pretend to be – he thinks we're simply putting on an act, loyal servants going above and beyond the call of duty to serve the Third Reich, while we are in fact, saving ourselves...

HILDA

While helping others who the Nazis deem "undesirables."

ROLF(E)

Undesirables?

BITSY

Each and every one of us.

*Song 15: "Exist" (continued)*

BITSY

I'M A GYPSY,

LIZA

I'M A JEW,

MITZIE

I'M AN INVALID,

BITSY, LIZA, MITZIE

WE'RE WORTHLESS IN THEIR VIEW.

ONYX

I'M TOO DARK-SKINNED,

HILDA

I'M TOO OLD,

LOTTA

I'M TOO SHORT IN HEIGHT,

ONYX, HILDA, LOTTA

WE'RE NOT FORMED IN THEIR MOLD.

FLOPSY

I'M A "COCKROACH,"

SNOWY

I'M A "LOUSE,"

BITSY

I'M A "CENTIPEDE,"

FLOPSY, SNOWY, BITSY

WE'RE VERMIN IN THEIR HOUSE.

LIZA

WE'RE "SUB-HUMAN,"

ONYX

WE'RE "ILL-BRED,"

MITZIE

WE'RE THE "UNTERMENSCHEN,"

GOTHYMS

AND THEY WANT US DEAD.

HILDA

HATERS,

SNOWY

FASCISTS,

LOTTA

CLOSET CASES,

HILDA, SNOWY, LOTTA

ALL BELIEVE WE POSE A MORAL THREAT.

BITSY, MITZIE, LIZA, FLOPSY, ONYX

THEY ERASE OUR NAMES AND FACES

CERTAIN ALL THE WORLD WILL SOON FORGET...

GOTHYMS

WE EXIST,

LOTTA

DESPITE HOW THEY MISTREAT US.

GOTHYMS

WE EXIST,

SNOWY

AND WON'T LET THEM DEFEAT US.

KARL

WE WORK UNDERCOVER

TO PROTECT EACH FRIEND AND LOVER

SO THE WEHRMACHT WON'T DISCOVER

IT'S OUR MISSION TO ENSURE...

GOTHYMS

WE EXIST,

HILDA

AND HAVE THROUGHOUT THE AGES.

GOTHYMS

WE EXIST,

ONYX

AND WON'T BE PUT IN CAGES.



SNOWY

Like the local naval Captain who is getting married tomorrow.

ROLF(E)

Local naval Captain?

KARL

Herr Zelner says the Captain is about to receive a commission into the German Navy. But word is that he too is a resister – he is certain to be shipped off to the camps if he declines, along with his seven children.

ROLF(E)

Seven children? *(Now certain and distressed)* Diesel!!

*The GOTHYMs all stare at ROLF(E), not understanding why he shouted out this seemingly random word. Eventually LOTTA joins in.*

LOTTA

*(Shouting)* Leded!

*Now ALL stare at LOTTA.*

What – I thought we were shouting out types of petrol.

ROLF(E)

Diesel is the name of The Captain's daughter – the girl I love!

FLOPSY

Wait – her name is Diesel?

ROLF(E)

I think.

MITZIE

That can't be right.

ROLF(E)

Regardless, I must warn her.

KARL

And we shall help you. That is, if you promise to keep our secret, privately renounce your allegiance to the Nazis, and join us.

ROLF(E)

*(Sheepishly)* Honestly, I really only became a Nazi for the uniform. And now that I know what they do to people like you – people like us – well, consider me part of the GOTHYM resistance!

KARL

Excellent. Now, you'll have a chance to intercept Diesel tomorrow, as we have been assigned to monitor The Captain's wedding. But you must be very careful not to arouse the suspicion of Herr Zelner. Here's what we will do...

*KARL pulls ROLF(E) aside as the lights fade.*

*End of scene, immediately transitioning into...*

## Act II, Scene 3

*Outside the cathedral, the next day. Church bells are ringing and organ music resonates from within the cathedral – the song being played is a majestic version of “What Are We Gonna Do About Rolf(e)?” (14a. Scene Transition). WEDDING GUESTS are gathered around the front doors, waiting for the wedding party to exit. Monitoring the activities from afar are several GOTHYMS – including ROLF(E) and KARL – now attired in their Hitler Youth uniforms.*

ROLF(E)

(To KARL) She should be coming out any second now.

*Several people – possibly THE CAPTAIN, WOMAN, and THE CHILDREN – emerge from the cathedral to loud celebratory shouts from the WEDDING GUESTS. DIESEL is the last to appear. The sounds of a car door closing and a car driving away is heard. The crowd dissipates and eventually only DIESEL and possibly some of the CHILDREN remain.*

There she is! (*Whisper shouting*) Diesel! Diesel!

*They move to one another while KARL and other GOTHYMS stay back and observe from afar. DIESEL looks at ROLF(E) inquisitively.*

DIESEL

Really, Rolf(e) – another costume?

ROLF(E)

It's not a costume – it's a uniform. I... I kinda inadvertently joined the Hitler Youth movement.

DIESEL

Well that explains why you went missing for the past few weeks. Why would you do something so offensive?

ROLF(E)

You said you wanted a man in a uniform.

DIESEL

And yet you're still a toddler playing jingoistic dress-up. Well, Rolf(e), a lot has happened since I last saw you...

*Song 16: “I’ve Outgrown You”*

DIESEL

ONCE I WAS A SILLY GIRL,  
SO INNOCENT AND PURE,  
BUT LATELY LIFE HAS BEEN A WHIRL  
AND NOW I'M MORE MATURE.

(I) DON'T WANT ADOLESCENT BOYS  
WHO THINK THEY'RE PETER PAN.  
I'M NOW A WOMAN WHO ENJOYS  
A FULLY GROWN-UP MAN.

WHAT WE SHARED WAS JUST A FLING,  
 NOTHING I WOULD CALL "A THING,"  
 HANGING BY A TATTERED STRING OR TWO.

I FELT NEVER-ENDING LUST,  
 YOU FELT — WHAT'S THE WORD? — NON-PLUSSED,  
 SUCH A CARNAL MISMATCH JUST WON'T DO...

BABY BOY — I'VE OUTGROWN YOU,  
 SORRY, BUT IT'S TRUE.  
 MY SEX ADVANCES SO MUCH FASTER.

FAV'RITE TOY — I'VE OUTGROWN YOU,  
 I CRAVE SOMETHING NEW.  
 YOU LACK THE SKILLS REAL MEN HAVE MASTERED.

YOU NEED TIME BUT I NEED ROMANCE,  
 LET'S AGREE TO END THIS SLOW DANCE,  
 ROLF(E), IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE TO HAVE KNOWN YOU.

BUT I'VE OUTGROWN YOU, I'VE OUTGROWN YOU,  
 PLAY YOUR SILLY GAMES WITH SOMEONE ELSE.

ROLF(E)

I'm sorry I disappeared and I now know that I messed up, but Diesel, please listen — I have some very important information you must share with your father.

*But DIESEL will have none of his pleading and doubles-down on her barbs. THE CHILDREN join in as backup singers.*

DIESEL

BABE, YOU SIMPLY FELL BEHIND  
 THE MOMENT YOU TOOK FLIGHT.  
 HOW QUICKLY YOU WENT OUT OF MIND  
 WHEN YOU WENT OUT OF SIGHT.

MEN NOW LINE UP AT MY DOOR  
 AND MOST I'M LETTING IN.  
 SO MANY SUITORS I'VE LOST SCORE,  
 BUT IN THE END I WIN.

RAINER WHETS MY APPETITE,  
 GERHARD'S HARD AT WORK EACH NIGHT,  
 FRITZ DOES THINGS CONSIDERED QUITE TABOO.

FRANK SAYS WORDS THAT MAKE ME BLUSH,  
 HEINZ IS NEVER IN A RUSH,  
 THAT'S WHY YOU RECEIVED THE FLUSHEROO.

HONEY BOO — (SHE'S OUTGROWN YOU)  
 DON'T BE SUCH A CHILD.  
 ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU ARE OLDER.

BUCKAROO — (SHE'S DISOWNED YOU)  
 PAPERS HAVE BEEN FILED.  
 THAT CHILL YOU FEEL IS FROM MY SHOULDER.

CLEARLY I DESIRED PASSION,  
 YOU PASSED UP YOUR CHANCE TO CASH IN,  
 IF YOU'D MADE A MOVE I WOULD'VE BLOWN YOU...

VON PRATT CHILD

A kiss.

DIESEL  
 BUT I'VE OUTGROWN YOU, (SHE'S OUTGROWN YOU)  
 LAY YOUR VIRGIN EYES ON SOMEONE ELSE.

ROLF(E)

But Diesel...

DIESEL  
 HANS IS HANDY WITH HIS HANDS,  
 OTTO'S GREAT ON OTTOMANS,  
 ERNST DOES WHAT AN EARNEST FAN SHOULD DO.

GIANT ANDRE TREATS ME GOOD,  
 ELIJAH HAS IMPRESSIVE WOOD,  
 AND NONE OF THEM MISUNDERSTOOD MY CUE...  
 LIKE YOU!

SWEETIE PIE - I'VE OUTGROWN YOU,  
 CLEANED MY DINNER PLATE / WIPED AWAY THE SLATE.

VON PRATT CHILD  
 YOU WERE HER MEAL'S APPETIZER.

DIESEL  
 OTHER GUYS - THEY'VE DETHRONED YOU,  
 YOU MUST ABDICATE,

VON PRATT CHILD  
 AND DISAPPEAR JUST LIKE THE KAISER.

DIESEL  
 SURE, YOU MAY BE BROADLY CHESTED,  
 HIGH-CHEEKBONED AND GOLDEN-CRESTED,  
 AND A PART OF ME STILL WANTS TO BONE YOU...

BUT I'VE OUTGROWN YOU, I'VE OUTGROWN YOU,  
 TRY YOUR TIRED ACT ON SOMEONE ELSE.

*Now it's a full-on dance routine with THE CHILDREN, with  
 DIESEL getting more brazen in her assertions.*

VON PRATT CHILD  
 SO LONG, FAREWELL,  
 ADIEU TO YOU,  
 GOODBYE!

VON PRATT CHILDREN  
 BYE, BYE, ROLF(E), YOU'VE BEEN REJECTED,  
 TOSSED ASIDE AND UNSELECTED,  
 DISAPPROVED AND DISCONNECTED,  
 CREEP ON SOMEONE ELSE!



## DIESEL

ORVILLE RIDES ME LIKE A BIKE,  
WILBUR KNOWS JUST WHEN TO STRIKE,  
KASPER DOESN'T GHOST ME LIKE YOU DO.

BERTHOLD HOLDS ME IN HIS ARMS,  
VIKTOR WINS ME WITH HIS CHARMS,  
KOHL'S SO HOT MY SMOKE ALARMS COME TO.

ANTON CHECKS OFF EV'RY BOX,  
MICHAEL J.'S A TOTAL FOX,  
PAUL PLOWS LIKE A FABLED OX THAT'S BLUE.

SIGMUND LIKES ME FOR MY MIND,  
WOLFGANG KEEPS ME WINED AND DINED,  
MAXWELL'S HOUSE IS WHERE WE GRIND THE BREW.

LUDWIG PLAYS ME LIKE A SONG,  
ARNOLD (AHNOLD) COMES ON VERY STRONG,  
JONAS BRINGS HIS BROS ALONG TO VIEW.

HEDWIG INCHES CLOSE TO ME,  
MORITZ MAKES ME SPRING WITH GLEE,  
ONE GUY SIMPLY NAMED "EMCEE" STOPS THROUGH.

*The EMCEE from "Cabaret" pokes his head out and shakes his head in denial.*

I CHOOSE TO CANCEL — NOT POSTPONE YOU...  
( 'CUZ) I'VE OUTGROWN YOU.

*End of song.*

## VON PRATT CHILD 2

Why aren't we performing that song at the festival?

*HERR ZELNER enters, and upon seeing ROLF(E) talking to DIESEL, he quickly moves toward them to intercept. ROLF(E) sees him coming and grabs DIESEL by the arm.*

ROLF(E)

Diesel, there's no time for us at the moment.

*As ROLF(E) leans in to whisper in DIESEL's ear, HERR ZELNER rushes in and blocks the whisper by raising his right arm in between them.*

HERR ZELNER

Heil Hitler!

*ROLF(E) awkwardly snaps to attention.*

ROLF(E)

Heil Hitler.

HERR ZELNER

Return to your post at once.

ROLF(E)

Yes sir.

*ROLF(E) starts to leave, but turns his head back when DIESEL calls to him.*

DIESEL

You're right, Rolf(e) – there's no time for us.

*ROLF(E), wounded to the core, hangs his head and returns to his post, as HERR ZELNER interrogates DIESEL.*

HERR ZELNER

You're The Captain's daughter, aren't you?

DIESEL

Yes.

HERR ZELNER

I have a message for you to deliver to him.

DIESEL

I'm afraid that's quite impossible. Father and Mother – *(blissfully drifting off for a moment)* that sounds so nice, I like calling her Mother – Father and Mother have just now departed on their honeymoon.

HERR ZELNER

And where are they going?

DIESEL

Herr Zelner, how many newlyweds do you know who tell their children where they are going on their honeymoon?

HERR ZELNER

You're of no help to me at all. *(Calling to KARL)* Karl, please escort the young lady home.

*KARL approaches and grabs DIESEL by the arm. She continues to resist and refuses to leave. From afar, they both observe HERR ZELNER approach ROLF(E).*

Rolf(e), why were you talking to The Captain's daughter?

ROLF(E)

Um... I was doing some surveillance, trying to ascertain vital information about The Captain's destination.

*As ROLF(E) is speaking, HERR ZELNER can't help but notice the large bulge in ROLF(E)'s pants.*

HERR ZELNER

Hmmm... your mouth says one thing, but your *(with a long awkward glance downward but not saying the words)*... tells a very different story.

*HERR ZELNER is now very suspicious of him.*

HERR ZELNER (cont.)

Rolf(e), I must remind you that any sign of disloyalty – or any unauthorized fraternization with the enemy, whatever form she may take – will be dealt with severely. And it might interest you to know that, should The Captain disobey his orders from Berlin when he returns, his entire family will suffer the consequences. Do I make myself clear?

ROLF(E)

Yes, Herr Zelner.

HERR ZELNER

Excellent. Now you return to the monastery and collect your things – you'll be moving into the barracks with the other GOTHYMS where I can keep an eye on you.

*As ROLF(E) is about to exit, he takes another look at DIESEL, who shouts more verbal daggers to him.*

DIESEL

Rolf(e) – if you really want to prove to me you're worthy of my love, you'd walk right over here and demand that this fascist release me.

*Knowing he's still under the watchful eye of HERR ZELNER, ROLF(E) does nothing but turn away from DIESEL.*

Fine – I'll just wait until I'm rescued by a real man, like Gunther, or Matteo, or Heinrich, or...

*Defeated, ROLF(E) exits, and HERR ZELNER follows. KARL and the other remaining GOTHYMS approach and surround DIESEL. They look her up and down but don't say a word.*

Well, are you going to try to intimidate me too?

*Song 17: "Dressing Down Diesel"*

*KARL dresses down DIESEL in full GOTHYM cattiness.*

KARL

WHEN I DECIDE TO SPEAK MY MIND,  
THERE'S ZERO CHANCE I'LL "SHUSH."  
MY LANGUAGE MAY SEEM UNREFINED,  
BUT I NEVER BEAT AROUND THE BUSH.

Metaphor!

YOU TREAT THAT BOY LIKE DIRT,  
YOU CLAIM YOUR BELL'S BEEN RUNG. (Hah!)  
BUT BECAUSE YOU CAUSED MY FRIEND TO HURT,  
I'M DONE BITING MY TONGUE...

*\*GOTHYMS may ad-lib interjections in these places.*

GIRLFRIEND, YOU'RE BEING KIND OF A BITCH. (\*Uh huh.)  
DARLING, AIN'T NO ONE SCRATCHING YOUR ITCH. (\*Uh uh.)  
WHEN YOU SPEAK OF OTHER BOYS,  
YOU'RE JUST MAKING MEAN GIRL NOISE.  
DIESEL, YOU'RE BEING KIND OF A BITCH.

GOTHYM

BITCH!

*By this point, DIESEL is both confused about what brought this on as well as a bit offended by the accusation.*

KARL

YOU MUST EARN THE RIGHT TO ACT LIKE A DIVA...

GOTHYM

How dare she.

KARL

SINGING WITH YOUR SIBLINGS ISN'T ENOUGH.

GOTHYM

It's fluff.

KARL

CHANGE YOUR TUNE OR HE'LL BE SAYING ARRIVE...

Derci.

SURE, HE'S NOW A NAZI YOUTH,  
BUT YOU'RE MUCH WORSE, TO TELL THE TRUTH...

(CUZ) GIRLFRIEND, YOU'RE BEING KIND OF A BITCH.\*  
DARLING, YOUR HAUGHTINESS IS PURE KITSCH.\*

WHEN YOU SHOOT THAT SWEET BOY DOWN,  
YOU'RE THE QUEEN OF CATTY TOWN.  
DIESEL, YOU'RE BEING KIND OF A BITCH.

BITCH, LET'S GO!

*Big tap dance break. Maybe a dance throw-down between the GOTHYMS and the CHILDREN. DIESEL is eventually persuaded and humbled by their words. \*\*DIESEL may ad-lib interjections in these tap breaks.*

KARL, GOTHYMS

GIRLFRIEND, YOU'RE BEING KIND OF A BITCH.\*\*  
DARLING, YOUR ARIA IS OFF-PITCH.\*\*

KARL

I CAN JUDGE YOU THROUGH AND THROUGH,  
(FOR) I'M A BIGGER BITCH THAN YOU.

GOTHYMS

DIESEL...  
DIESEL...  
DIESEL...

KARL

*(Sternly)* NOW, THE NEXT TIME YOU MEET HIM  
YOU WILL LOVINGLY GREET HIM  
AND SHOULD YOU MISTREAT HIM  
YOU'LL FEEL THE WRATH OF THIS BITCH.

KARL

Any questions?

*DIESEL, having seen the error of her ways, is confused nonetheless.*

DIESEL

Just one – who... who are you?

*End of song.*

*Blackout.*

*End of scene, transitioning into...*

## Act II, Scene 4

*The chapel of the monastery, that afternoon. Other than the sound of a faint hymn in the air (16a. Scene Transition), it is quiet and peaceful. ROLF(E), alone, is kneeling and praying inaudibly. BROTHER PAUL enters and approaches him from behind.*

BROTHER PAUL

I was told you had returned.

ROLF(E)

Oh, Brother Paul, I don't know what to do. The love of my life is in great danger, yet if I warn her and get caught, I will be in great danger myself. Who will save her?

BROTHER PAUL

I recall a young man who, not so long ago, was praying to have a bigger part.

ROLF(E)

But I didn't know that with a bigger part comes bigger conflict.

BROTHER PAUL

Rolf(e), you've come this far – you need to complete your character arc.

ROLF(E)

There's no time to build a boat!

BROTHER PAUL

Not that kind of ark. I hope you thank god every day that you are handsome.

ROLF(E)

What if we brought Diesel and her family here and hid them until arrangements can be made for their safe passage out of Austria?

BROTHER PAUL

My son, these walls were not meant to hide you or anyone else from the challenges of the world outside. You have to face them. You have to play the part you were born to play.

*Song 18: "Find Another Way"*

BROTHER PAUL

YEARS AGO, I AWOKE  
TO THE CRY OF A BABE  
WHO WAS LEFT ON MY DOORSTEP  
ON A COLD, DARK NIGHT.

HE WAS SMALL, HE WAS WEAK,  
AND HIS BREATH BARELY CAME,  
BUT HE KNEW NOT TO GIVE UP,  
WITHOUT A FIGHT.

FOR HE SENSED EVEN THEN  
THERE WOULD COME A MOMENT WHEN  
HE'D BE CALLED BY HIS MAKER  
TO SAVE THE DAY.

BROTHER PAUL (cont.)  
(SO) HE CHOSE LIFE WHEN HE HEARD  
GOD COMMAND HIM WITH THESE WORDS...  
FIND ANOTHER WAY.

NOW THAT BOY IS A MAN  
WHO EMBARKED ON A QUEST,  
BUT GOT LOST ON HIS JOURNEY  
AFTER ONE WRONG TURN.

THOUGH HE FEELS MORE AFRAID  
AND UNSURE WITH EACH STEP,  
HE'D BE WISE TO HEED THIS LESSON  
WE ALL MUST LEARN.

NOT EACH PATH TO ONE'S FATE  
IS MARKED AND PAVED AND STRAIGHT  
BUT IT STILL MUST BE TAKEN  
EV'RYDAY.

SO WHEN DOUBT, FEAR, AND DREAD  
SEEM TO BLOCK THE ROAD AHEAD...  
FIND ANOTHER WAY.  
FIND ANOTHER WAY!

*As the song reaches its soaring conclusion, ROLF(E) is standing with his head held high, bathed in the glow of a heavenly light. He is reborn and resolute.*

*End of song.*

*End of scene, immediately transitioning into...*

## Act II, Scene 5

*Outside the stage area of the festival, a few weeks later. ROLF(E), KARL, and other members of the GOTHYMS – in their Hitler Youth uniforms – stand guard near the entryway. A VOICE from inside is heard over a microphone.*

VOICE (OFF-STAGE)

Thank you, Von...*(brief microphone feedback, enough so that the next word is inaudible)*... Family Singers. Your call time tonight is 7:00pm. Next on the stage – The Toby Reisner Quintet. This is places for The Toby Reisner Quintet.

*HERR ZELNER emerges through the entryway and stops to talk with the GOTHYMS.*

HERR ZELNER

The rehearsal for the folk festival is going very smoothly. There must be no problems tonight – through music, we must show the world that nothing in Austria has changed since the Anschluss.

KARL

I beg to differ, Herr Zelner – with you as our Gauleiter, Austria has changed for the better.

HERR ZELNER

There are some who do not believe this is so. And I still have some very important business to attend to. Rolf(e), come here.

ROLF(E)

Yes, Herr Zelner.

*ROLF(E) steps to meet HERR ZELNER face to face. HERR ZELNER retrieves a telegram from his pocket.*

HERR ZELNER

I'm putting you in charge of the guard corps for tonight's festival, but until then, I have a special assignment for you. It is my understanding that The Captain will be returning from his honeymoon today. This telegram contains orders for him to immediately report to Bremerhaven to accept his new commission in the German Navy.

ROLF(E)

And you would like me to deliver it to him at his home, sir?

HERR ZELNER

*(Sinisterly)* No, I think I should like to watch you deliver it to his eldest daughter. You are capable of being firm with her, correct?

ROLF(E)

Yes, sir.

HERR ZELNER

Then you shall prove it. The family has just finished rehearsing – I will go in and escort the young lady out myself.



*HERR ZELNER exits. While remaining still in their places, ROLF(E), KARL, and the GOTHYMS converse with a sense of urgency in their voices.*

ROLF(E)

The time has come – we must put our plan into action immediately. It will be very dangerous – are you all still willing to help?

KARL

Rolf(e), we owe our lives to you. You could've revealed our secret weeks ago, but instead, you've been our savior...

MITZIE

Our brother...

SNOWY

Our friend...

LOTTA

With benefits.

ONYX

It's true – we never would've had two weeks paid leave and full dental coverage had you not negotiated with Herr Zelner.

FLOPSY

So we will do anything for you.

LOTTA

*(Not subtly)* Anything.

ROLF(E)

Thank you. You all understand your assignments, yes? *(GOTHYMS nod affirmatively)*. Good. Each of you must give the performance of your lifetime.

*ROLF(E) sees HERR ZELNER and DIESEL emerge from the entryway.*

And now I must do the same.

*ROLF(E) approaches them, maintaining a very serious demeanor.*

Diesel! Diesel!

*KARL sweeps by DIESEL and quickly whispers to her.*

KARL

Play nice, bitch.

*Making sure that KARL sees how overjoyed she acts to see ROLF(E), DIESEL runs to him. HERR ZELNER keeps a close eye on both of them.*

DIESEL

Rolf(e)! Rolf(e), I'm so glad to see you. It's been such...

ROLF(E)

*(Interrupting, coldly)* Good afternoon. You will take this, please, and deliver it to your father as soon as he comes home.

DIESEL

He's still on his honeymoon.

ROLF(E)

I know that.

DIESEL

You do?

ROLF(E)

We make it our business to know everything about everyone.

DIESEL

Who's we?

ROLF(E)

See that he gets it!

DIESEL

What is it?

ROLF(E)

It's a telegram from Berlin.

DIESEL

Don't you want to come over tonight and deliver it yourself?

ROLF(E)

I am now occupied with more important matters. And your father better be too if he knows what's good for him.

*ROLF(E) gives DIESEL the telegram, and then abruptly turns and walks away and returns to his original guard post.*

DIESEL

But Rolf(e)...

*Heartbroken, DIESEL exits. HERR ZELNER approaches ROLF(E).*

HERR ZELNER

I must admit, I was starting to question your loyalty to the Third Reich, Rolf(e). But based on what I just heard, and what I observed in your face and pants, and your unflinching willingness to plagiarize an entire scene of dialogue, I am convinced you are one of us and that you have successfully extinguished any flame you may have had for The Captain's daughter.

ROLF(E)

I serve only you, Der Fuehrer, and Germany.

HERR ZELNER

I now place my full trust in you.

KARL

In the meantime, Herr Zelner, perhaps you and I should position ourselves outside The Captain's house to make sure he does not try to escape.

HERR ZELNER

Excellent idea, Karl. Let's go. *(Saluting)* Heil Hitler!

ROLF(E), GOTHYMS

Heil Hitler!

*HERR ZELNER begins to exit. KARL follows, but before exiting completely, turns to ROLF(E) and gives him an affirmative nod. The GOTHYMS all huddle around ROLF(E).*

ROLF(E)

All right, GOTHYMS, man your positions!

*The GOTHYMS give ROLF(E) a disappointed look.*

SNOWY

Rolf(e)... we've talked about this...

ROLF(E)

Oh. Right. GOTHYMS, gender irrelevant your positions!

*Satisfied, the GOTHYMS all scatter in various directions as the light fades on ROLF(E).*

*End of scene, immediately transitioning into...*

## Act II, Scene 6

*A darkened and empty stage, sometime later. Lights come up on KARL, BROTHER PAUL and BROTHER WILHELM, who directly address the audience.*

KARL

Well, you all know what happens from this point forward. Or at least you think you do...

*Song 19: "The Ballade of Rolf(e), Part 2"*

*During the entire song, all of the action described is acted out in quick little snippets by THE CAPTAIN, WOMAN, VON PRATT CHILDREN, HERR ZELNER, and ROLF(E).*

KARL

THE HOURS PASS, THE DAY TURNS INTO NIGHT.  
THE CAPTAIN DECIDES THE VON PRATTS MUST TAKE FLIGHT.  
THEY SNEAK FROM THE HOUSE SO THE BUTLER WON'T SEE,  
BUT THEN THEY GET CAUGHT BY HERR ZELNER AND ME,  
WE'RE THERE TO MAKE SURE THE CAPTAIN WON'T FLEE;  
HE ASKS...

HERR ZELNER

"WHAT'S UP?"

BROTHER PAUL

THE CAPTAIN SAYS...

THE CAPTAIN

"WE'RE HEADED TO THE FEST."

BROTHER WILHELM

HERR ZELNER INQUIRES...

HERR ZELNER

"THEN WHY SO STRANGELY DRESSED?"

WOMAN

"THEY'RE COSTUMES!"

BROTHER PAUL

THE CAPTAIN'S NEW WIFE BOLDLY LIES.

HERR ZELNER

"THEN LET ME ESCORT YOU"

BROTHER WILHELM

HERR ZELNER REPLIES,

HERR ZELNER

"FOR YOU MUST COMPETE FOR THE FESTIVAL PRIZE,"

KARL, BROTHER PAUL, BROTHER WILHELM  
AND SO THEY GO  
STRAIGHT TO THE SHOW.

BROTHER PAUL

THEY SING!

BROTHER WILHELM

THEY WIN!

KARL

FOR THIS NIGHT THEY'RE SPOT ON.  
BUT WHEN IT'S ANNOUNCED, ROLF(E) ENTERS AND SHOUTS

ROLF(E)

"THEY'RE GONE!"

KARL

THEY RUN TO THE ABBEY AS FAST AS THEY CAN,  
WHILE SEEMINGLY LACKING A PRAYER OR A PLAN,  
IT'S THERE THEY ENCOUNTER A GUN-TOTING MAN.  
WHO MIGHT THAT BE?

You know who it is...

KARL, BROTHER PAUL, BROTHER WILHELM  
R-O-L-F... IN PARENTHESE... E.

*End of song.*

*KARL exits, but BROTHER PAUL and BROTHER WILHELM remain,  
continuing to serve as narrators with music underscoring.*

BROTHER PAUL

Which brings us back to where we started.

*The lights rise on the abbey cemetery, with ROLF(E) and the  
VON PRATT FAMILY all in the exact same positions as they  
were at the top of Act I, Scene 1.*

ROLF(E)

Not another step. I'll kill you.

THE CAPTAIN

*(Referring to the gun) You give that to me, Rolf(e).*

ROLF(E)

Did you hear me? I'll kill you.

BROTHER WILHELM

*(Commenting on the scene playing out) Brilliant acting...*

ROLF(E)

*(Aside) Some might say Tony Award-worthy acting...*

BROTHER PAUL

For now you know that Rolf(e) was only pretending to be the villain.

BROTHER WILHELM

But what you don't know is...

BROTHER PAUL

The Captain was in on Rolf(e)'s plan too...

BROTHER WILHELM

And the two of them were now playing a well-scripted scene.

*The lights go down on the cemetery, but the WOMAN, VON PRATT CHILDREN, and THE CAPTAIN remain on stage while a light comes up on ROLF(E) and DIESEL, who have moved to another part of the stage and are reenacting the telegram exchange moment from Act II, Scene 5. Only this time, we see that ROLF(E) slips a note into the telegram.*

BROTHER PAUL

You see, when Rolf(e) delivered the telegram to Diesel that afternoon...

BROTHER WILHELM

He snuck a note to The Captain with his plan...

BROTHER PAUL

Including everything he should say and do.

*The light goes down on ROLF(E) and DIESEL while a light comes up on THE CAPTAIN on another part of the stage, reading the note in the telegram.*

BROTHER WILHELM

First, the Captain was instructed to lead his family out of their house at exactly eight o'clock...

*Now the WOMAN and VON PRATT CHILDREN including DIESEL join THE CAPTAIN, and they are illuminated in what appears to be auto headlights. HERR ZELNER approaches them.*

BROTHER PAUL

At which time Herr Zelner would be waiting there to "catch" them in their attempted escape...

BROTHER WILHELM

Assisted by Karl, who was really there to make sure the family was escorted to the festival...

BROTHER PAUL

Where the actual escape would be carried out.

*Now THE CAPTAIN, WOMAN, and VON PRATT CHILDREN are miming their performance at the festival. HERR ZELNER observes from nearby.*

BROTHER PAUL

At the festival, Rolf(e) told The Captain to stretch out their performance –

BROTHER WILHELM

Add 64 measures to their operatic performance of a song about tea with jam and bread...

BROTHER PAUL

Encourage a sing-along with the audience...

BROTHER WILHELM

Perform an un-demanded encore...

BROTHER PAUL

So that the GOTHYMs would have enough time to distract the Nazis guarding the performance hall.

*THE CAPTAIN, WOMAN, and VON PRATT CHILDREN exit, but HERR ZELNER remains.*

BROTHER WILHELM

Then, after the family exited the stage, they had only a few minutes to make their way to the next planned destination – a nearby abbey.

*KARL – dressed as Fraulein Scheister – takes the festival stage.*

BROTHER PAUL

Luckily, they gained a few additional valuable seconds when the third prize winner, Fraulein Scheister, took not one but sixteen bows.

*KARL comically takes many bows, until they finally reveal their true identity to the audience by removing their wig.*

KARL

I deserved better than third prize.

BROTHER WILHELM

Now, Rolf(e) understood that his life would be in danger if he was revealed as the mastermind of the escape...

BROTHER PAUL

So to prove his "loyalty" to the Nazis and Herr Zelner, he knew he had to be the one to run in and shout...

ROLF(E)

*(Entering)* They're gone!

*HERR ZELNER exits in a hurry.*

BROTHER PAUL

So, following Rolf(e)'s instructions, The Captain hid his family in the cemetery of the abbey, where Rolf(e) pretended to find them.

*The lights rise again on the abbey cemetery, with ROLF(E) and the VON PRATT FAMILY all in the exact same positions in which they were the last time they were seen earlier in this scene.*

BROTHER WILHELM

Now at this point, Diesel and the rest of the family had no idea Rolf(e) and her father were performing a scene...

BROTHER PAUL

So when Diesel watched her father bravely approach Rolf(e) at gunpoint...

*Face-to-face, THE CAPTAIN grabs the gun. ROLF(E) briefly tries to maintain control of it, but then willingly gives it up.*

THE CAPTAIN

You'll never be one of them.

BROTHER WILHELM

She did not know that Rolf(e) was willingly handing over the gun so the family would have protection on their journey.

KARL

And then, Rolf(e) engaged in one final act of betrayal...

*ROLF(E) hangs his head in shame for a few seconds until he suddenly stands tall and defiant.*

ROLF(E)

*(Yelling)* Lieutenant! They're here!

*ROLF(E) blows a whistle that is hanging around his neck.*

BROTHER PAUL

For if Diesel knew that Rolf(e) was helping the family, she would try to convince him to escape with them...

BROTHER WILHELM

Which is something Rolf(e) knew he could not do at that moment...

KARL

As his sudden disappearance would endanger the lives of his GOTHYM brothers and sisters who had done so much to help him.

BROTHER PAUL

So Rolf(e) had to stay and appear to be "the bad guy..."

BROTHER WILHELM

While the Von Pratts and Diesel...

KARL

The love of his life...

BROTHER WILHELM

Were on their way to freedom.

*THE CAPTAIN, WOMAN, and VON PRATT CHILDREN exit.*

BROTHER PAUL

But to delay the Nazis just a little bit longer in their pursuit...

KARL

The GOTHYMS had one final trick up their habits.

*ONYX and SNOWY enter, dressed as nuns, carrying engine parts of an auto. They remove their wimples to reveal their true identity, and then exit.*



KARL (cont.)

Hours later, in the wee hours of the morning, Rolf(e) finally met up with the family high in the mountains.

*KARL, BROTHER PAUL and BROTHER WILHELM exit as ROLF(E) and DIESEL enter from opposite sides, alone under a star-filled night sky. They look at each other, smile, and gradually move closer to one another.*

DIESEL

Rolf(e) – you're here!

ROLF(E)

I'm here.

DIESEL

Father told me everything you did for us. For me. And now we can be together, forever.

*Song 20: "I Never Knew"*

DIESEL (cont.)

I HAVE DREAMED ABOUT THIS MOMENT,  
A SECOND CHANCE TO START AGAIN.  
NO MORE LIES CONCEALING  
MY FEELINGS WITHIN.

WHY DID I EXPRESS INDIFFERENCE  
AND PRETEND TO DISAGREE?  
YOU WERE KIND AND I WAS BLIND  
BUT NOW MY EYES CAN SEE...

HOW YOU SAVED MY LIFE,  
WHAT YOU HAD TO DO,  
WHY YOU RISKED IT ALL FOR ME...  
I NEVER KNEW.

ROLF(E)

HOW I WISH I COULD'VE TOLD YOU  
I'D ALWAYS KEEP YOU SAFE AND WARM  
AND WE'D BE TOGETHER  
TO WEATHER EACH STORM.

BUT THE DEPTH OF MY AFFECTION  
WAS THE TRUTH I HAD TO HIDE.  
ALL A SHOW TO MAKE YOU GO  
WHILE QUESTIONS BURNED INSIDE...

WAS IT WORTH THE PAIN?  
WAS OUR STORY THROUGH?  
WOULD WE EVER MEET AGAIN?  
I NEVER KNEW.

DIESEL

I COULD'VE KNOWN THE THRILL OF YOUR EMBRACE,

ROLF(E)

I COULD'VE HELD YOU IN MY ARMS,

DIESEL  
FROM THE VERY MOMENT WE FIRST MET.

ROLF(E)  
IT'S ALL FORGOTTEN, WE'RE TOGETHER NOW.

DIESEL  
I COULD'VE KNOWN THE SOFTNESS OF YOUR FACE,

ROLF(E)  
YOU'RE SAFE WITH ME, NO ONE CAN DO YOU HARM.

DIESEL  
BUT ALL I'VE KNOWN IS REGRET.

ROLF(E)  
YET, WE SURVIVED...

DIESEL, ROLF(E)  
SOMEHOW.

ALL THE WORDS WE NEVER WHISPERED (IN THE NIGHT)  
ALL THE DAYS NOT HOLDING HANDS, (SO TIGHT)  
ALL AT LAST IS IN THE PAST  
FOR NOW WE UNDERSTAND...

DIESEL  
WHY YOU MADE ME GO,

ROLF(E)  
THOUGH I LET YOU GO,

DIESEL  
HOW YOUR HEART...

ROLF(E)  
MY HEART...

DIESEL, ROLF(E)  
STAYED TRUE,

ROLF(E)  
JUST HOW MUCH YOU LOVED ME,

DIESEL  
JUST HOW MUCH YOU LOVED ME,

ROLF(E)  
JUST HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU.

I love you too.

DIESEL, ROLF(E)  
I NEVER KNEW.

*End of song.*

*ROLF(E) and DIESEL embrace and finally share a magical kiss. She then grabs his hand as if to guide him away. But ROLF(E) stops, and as she looks at him, he shakes his head "no," lifts her hand to his mouth, and gives it one last kiss. He then breaks free, steps backwards while taking one last look at her, and exits.*

Rolf(e)!

*The light fades on Diesel. KARL and the entire ENSEMBLE slowly enter.*

KARL

That was the last time Rolf(e) and Diesel ever saw each other. For you see, while Diesel and her family escaped and settled in America, Rolf(e) still had important, life-or-death work to do in Austria.

BROTHER PAUL

Over the next few years, he became the premiere undercover female impersonator in all of Europe...

KARL

Which allowed him to help hundreds of Untermenschen – including all of the GOTHYMS and me – to escape our certain deaths.

BROTHER WILHELM

But Rolf(e) wasn't as lucky. A photograph from April thirtieth, nineteen-forty-five, shows Rolf(e) – dressed as Eva Braun – on the arm of Adolph Hitler as they both entered the Führerbunker in Berlin.

KARL

He was never seen or heard from again.

BROTHER PAUL

Yes, there were many other less-convoluted and less-dangerous ways in which Rolf(e) could've executed his plan, but as we all know by now, his brain wasn't his greatest asset.

BROTHER WILHELM

Nor was his lust balloon.

KARL

You see, what makes a person "real" is not their body...

HILDA

Or their age...

ONYX

Or how they dress and talk and walk...

KARL

No, what makes a person real is what's inside...

DIESEL

When they accept and live their truth...

KARL

Even if the truth is distorted or lost to time.

*Song 21: "Finale: What Happens In Between / A Bigger Part (Reprise)"*

KARL (cont.)

EV'RY PERSON'S STORY  
OF THE PRIVATE LIFE THEY LED  
IS MORE THAN WHAT WE SEE ON FILM  
OR IN BOOKS WE MAY HAVE READ.

DIESEL

ACTS GO UNRECORDED,  
TRUE INTENTIONS GET IGNORED,  
EMOTIONS TOO COMPLEX FOR WORDS  
ARE DENIED OR UNEXPLORED.

KARL, DIESEL

WE'RE LED TO MAKE ASSUMPTIONS  
BASED ON FRAGMENTS OF EACH SCENE  
BUT TRUTH IS ONLY FOUND WHEN WE LEARN  
WHAT HAPPENS IN BETWEEN.

ALL (EXCEPT ROLF(E))

EV'RY PERSON'S STORY  
IS A TALE NOT FULLY TOLD.  
THE BURDEN FALLS ON US TO CHOOSE  
WHAT TO SHARE OR TO WITHHOLD.

WE CONSTRUCT THE PUZZLE  
WHEN THE PIECES SEEM TO FIT,  
BUT MANY HAVE BEEN LOST TO TIME,  
WHILE OTHERS, WE OMIT.

WE FOCUS ON MERE MINUTES  
OF A MILLION LITTLE SCENES,  
BUT TRUTH IS ONLY FOUND WHEN WE LEARN  
WHAT HAPPENS IN BETWEEN.  
TRUTH IS ONLY FOUND WHEN WE LEARN  
WHAT HAPPENS IN BETWEEN.

*ROLF(E) enters and takes center stage, surrounded by the  
ENSEMBLE.*

ROLF(E)

I LIVED MY LIFE AS BEST I COULD,  
AND IN THE END I DID SOME GOOD  
AND WON MY DIESEL'S HEART.

I did it.

I PLAYED A BIGGER PART.

*End of song.*

*End of scene and play.*