# Begin

## **MARIA**

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

MARIA passes her as FRIEDRICH steps forward.

## **FRIEDRICH**

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

# **MARIA**

Boy? Why, you're almost a man.

FRIEDRICH steps back, pleased. LOUISA steps forward.

# **LOUISA**

I'm Brigitta.

MARTA giggles.

# **MARIA**

(crosses behind LOUISA)

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

## **BRIGITTA**

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

#### **KURT**

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

# **BRIGITTA**

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

# **KURT**

If I did think so, I wouldn't say so. (snapping to attention)

I'm Kurt, I'm eleven – almost.

## **MARIA**

That's a nice age to be, eleven – almost.

## **MARTA**

(steps forward left of MARIA, pulling her skirt)

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

## **MARIA**

Pink is my favorite color, too.

GRETL steps forward and stamps her foot.

END