

WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE

JEAN-FRANCOIS REGNARD and RIVIERE DUFRESNY

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Table of Contents

<u>WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE</u>	1
<u>JEAN-FRANCOIS REGNARD and RIVIERE DUFRESNY</u>	2

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Etext by Dagny

Translated and Adapted by Frank J. Morlock C 1986

CHARACTERS:

Peasant, father of Jaqueline
Jaqueline, his daughter
Pierrot, in love with Jaqueline
Columbine, in love with Pierrot
Harlequin, guardian of the Tree
Octavio, a shepherd
Scaramouche, an old man
Mezzetin, his son
Catos, a cousin of Harlequin's
Old Lady

Six men, four women

The scene represents a square before a large Tree. The Tree is hollow, and the hollow is large enough for a person to step inside. There is a bow hung over the opening. There are some tents around the Tree and several tombs. A sign says: The Tree of Lucretia. Harlequin sits at a booth which has a sign saying: Guardian of the Sacred Tree of Chastity.

Harlequin

There are lots of things to consider when you think about marrying a country girl. If you ask her: "Would you like to take a walk?" she replies: "To be sure, sir." "Would you like me to kiss—your hand?" "To be sure, sir." "Would you like me to ——?" "To be sure, sir." Agreeable always—to be sure! But what's this girl coming here want? She must be a Parisienne because she intends to turn a man's head. Never did a nymph of the Tuileries do the tricks better by moonlight. Better let her make all the advances—that's the fashion these days.

(Columbine enters and curtsies to Harlequin.)

Harlequin (ignoring her)

La, la, la—

(Columbine curtsies again.)

Harlequin (whistling)

Whee——

Columbine (furiously to herself)

So! One only gets scorn for throwing oneself at a man's head. I shall be proud. (turning away in a huff)

Harlequin

The girl must be stupid to be so easily discouraged. Well, I am not simpleton enough to let her go. (to Columbine) Madame—can one ask— what time is it? Don't you have a watch?

WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE

Columbine

My watch isn't working.

Harlequin

Women have charming little watches which sometimes mark the time for love.

Columbine

This watch doesn't ring for you.

Harlequin

Had I the good fortune to—see in the shadow of the dial of the sun of your beautiful eyes—

Columbine

I am only the dial of the frigid moon. (lifting her veil) Stop the nonsense. We've known each other a long time.

Harlequin

Decidedly, I've seen that face before. Didn't we study together?

Columbine

Yes. We were in service at Paris.

Harlequin

Peace, peace, let's not talk of being in service. I have risen in this village to be a man of consequence.

Columbine

So I heard. You are guardian of the Tree of Lucretia. And that's why I wish to renew my acquaintance with you.

So that you can help me.

Harlequin

If you wish to prove your chastity—

Columbine

Certainly not.

Harlequin

You relieve my mind.

Columbine

Enough of your stupid jokes. Will you help me?

Harlequin

Willingly, provided you say nothing of our old acquaintance.

Columbine

Do you know a certain Pierrot?

Harlequin

To my cost. This Pierrot has taken all my hopes from me. He is going to marry my beautiful Jaqueline. Boo hoo.

Columbine

Then indeed, we have common interest. I wish to marry Pierrot. You wish to marry Jaqueline. We must work in concert to prevent their marriage.

Harlequin

I dream of it every minute.

Columbine

Pierrot loves me.

Harlequin

And I, I love Jaqueline.

Columbine

Listen to the way I've devised to prevent the marriage. Pierrot wants Jacqueline to prove her chastity before they marry. To do this he will ask her to sit in the Tree of Lucretia. Now if—But here is Pierrot with Jaqueline's father.

Harlequin

I had better prepare for the Ceremony of the Tree.

(Exit Harlequin. Enter Pierrot and the Peasant.)

Pierrot

I tell you, I am as obstinate as an old doctor.

WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE

Peasant

But you're not reasonable. Hold on, here's Columbine who will decide for us.

Pierrot

I don't like it, no, I don't like it at all. I once offered to marry her and a girl always bears a grudge against those who start something and don't finish it.

Columbine (aside to Pierrot)

No, no, I will take your side—don't worry.

Pierrot

I ask you to excuse my deserting you to marry Jaqueline. Please don't feel bad. I will marry you some other time.

Columbine

Yes, yes, there will be an opportunity.

Peasant

Columbine—you be the judge. Isn't Pierrot wrong to demand that my daughter prove her purity by coming to the Tree? She's a young girl who's always been under lock and key, carefully guarded.

Columbine

But that proves nothing. Didn't you ever hear of a passkey?

Peasant

My late wife always watched her with the utmost care.

Columbine

Your wife may have had those distractions which make it hard for the guardian to guard herself.

Peasant

My wife was very watchful. A shepherd never guarded his flock better.

Columbine

Yes, but if the watch dog is having a good time rolling around on its back, the wolf soon takes the sheep by the throat.

Peasant

Nonsense. My wife always watched her daughter intently.

Columbine

It wouldn't be the first nesting egg that hatched prematurely. (to Pierrot) There, Pierrot, you see how I take your side?

Peasant (to Pierrot)

If you're so suspicious, why do you want to get married?

Pierrot

Far be it from me to be suspicious. But, when we've got this wonderful Tree that will prove a woman's chastity—I simply don't wish to get married without it. I want Jaqueline to sit in the Tree, and I am going to find Harlequin to prepare the Ceremony.

(Exit Pierrot.)

Columbine

What an obstinate man! But, why do you object to Jaqueline proving her chastity by taking the test? Perhaps, you think her credentials are false?

Peasant

No.

Columbine

Or, do you think the question an insult?

Peasant

No. I understand how Pierrot feels. Very natural. One would like to be sure. But, if she takes the test and passes it, as I'm sure she will, all the other girls in the village will hate her.

Columbine

That's a thought.

Peasant

WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE

Why don't you take the test?

Columbine

Me? Why should I do that?

Peasant

You see. No one dares to do it.

Columbine

Oh, I dare. I'd just rather not.

Peasant

Why not?

Columbine

Why not?

Peasant

Why not?

Columbine

Because——

Peasant

That proves my point.

Columbine

Not at all. They say that for the least little thing the Tree will close on a girl and suffocate her. Why risk it?

Peasant

But, it's never happened yet, has it?

Columbine

Not recently, that I know of. But there are moments when a girl is afraid to be honest with herself. And, who can be sure that isn't the case with the Tree? And for that reason, I advise you not to expose your daughter to any such silly test before I've talked to her. Go get her for me and I will tell you honestly whether she ought to risk this awful test.

Peasant

I am sure of her, but, to please you, I will bring her to talk with you.

(Exit Peasant.)

Columbine

Jaqueline is a big silly—both dumb and stupid. I can't see what either Pierrot or Harlequin can see in her. But I will trap her easily enough. All I have to do is convince her not to sit under the Tree. Pierrot will marry me instead of her, and Harlequin will marry Jaqueline.

(Re-enter Peasant with Jaqueline.)

Peasant

Here daughter—answer all the questions Miss Columbine asks of you— and don't hide anything from her. It's a question concerning your life.

(Exit Peasant.)

Columbine

Here, my young lady—which do you like most: the villainous Pierrot or the ravishing Harlequin who is always singing at your window?

Jaqueline

I told my father yesterday that it seemed to me that I like Harlequin best. But Dad convinced me that it's Pierrot I want the most and that I must marry him. Father knows best, I guess.

Columbine

Would you like me to teach you how to be wiser than your father in this matter?

Jaqueline

Oh, you would make me very happy.

WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE

Columbine

Here's the secret. Imagine that Pierrot is on one side and the adorable Harlequin is on the other. Now, your father says to you: "Jaqueline, one of these two men will be your husband—so kiss him." The one which you go to first is the one you love best—that's certain.

Jaqueline

Oh, truly, then it's Harlequin I love, for I want to kiss him first.

Columbine

Well—if you love Harlequin, it is simple to marry him. Here's how you do it. Pierrot wants you to go to the Tree. Refuse to do it. Pierrot won't want you and Harlequin will marry you.

Jaqueline

To be sure—but everyone will think I'm a bad girl. And, my father says that if that happens to a girl, no one will ever want her. He says it's a fate worse than death—he says—

Columbine

He says, he says—Indeed, I can see you know nothing of the world.

Jaqueline

Oh, lady, I'm a good girl; my father has told me so, and I want to sit under the Tree.

Columbine (aside)

Indeed, I can see I'll have to change my approach. (aloud) Well, then, go under the Tree. Don't wait. Make all your friends hate you. Go, get suffocated.

Jaqueline

The Tree won't suffocate chaste girls.

Columbine

But, are you sure you're chaste?

Jaqueline

Truly, I am. Ask my father.

Columbine

Do you really know what it is to be chaste and pure?

Jaqueline

To be chaste and pure is—is—but, can't one be chaste and pure without knowing what it is?

Columbine

No.

Jaqueline

No?

Columbine

No. I can see your mother had never told you. I am going to explain it to you. It's only a manner of speaking of protecting one's honor.

Jaqueline

Oh!

Columbine

But, there are several ways of losing it.

Jaqueline

Oh! There's more than one way to lose it?

Columbine

Indeed! Have you ever met a wolf?

Jaqueline

Oh, no. I would die of fear.

Columbine (aside)

That won't work. (aloud) Have you ever slept in the hay, or in a bed of leaves?

Jaqueline

Oh, never. I never go in the woods for fear of mosquitoes.

Columbine (aside)

WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE

I'm not getting anywhere. (aloud) Did you ever let the cat get the cheese?

Jaqueline

Hey, does that prevent a girl from being chaste?

Columbine

That'll do it.

Jaqueline

Oh, lady!

Columbine

And, how did this misfortune happen to you?

Jaqueline

One day, I had a little cheese with cream, and the cat came.

Columbine

Horrible! And then?

Jaqueline

I beat the cat, but it wouldn't go away. It became furious—

Columbine

Ah, what misfortune! Well—?

Jaqueline

I dropped the cheese and I ran away.

Columbine

Well, it's certainly time. Aren't you ashamed?

Jaqueline (protesting)

But any girl would have done the same thing in my place. It was a horrible cat. You would've, too.

Columbine

And you are rash enough to expose yourself by coming under the Tree?

Jaqueline

But, Columbine, it was a big cat, and it really wasn't much cheese.

Columbine

Go ahead—the Tree will suffocate you.

Jaqueline

Oh, I won't do it. How miserable I am—

Columbine

You've got to preserve your life—

Jaqueline

But, my reputation—

Columbine

Do you want to die?

Jaqueline

But, Pierrot—

Columbine

He's coming now.

(Enter Pierrot.)

Pierrot (to Jaqueline)

Come on, come on, the bird trap is all ready. I am going to put you right in the middle of that Tree—

Jaqueline

Hey, Pierrot!

Pierrot

What! You tremble already—just seeing the tombstones of sluts that were suffocated by the Tree for their sins?

(Enter Harlequin.)

WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE

Harlequin (singing)

Awesome Tree—Roman antiquity.
Planted by chaste Lucretia—
Your sap lives where chastity reigns.
But alas, you are nothing but a rotten stump.
For you died with Lucretia—for lack of company.
The woman of today is but a broken reed—
Who preserves only the leaves of her honor.
O ancient, fatal Tree, your pitiless trunk
Wipes out all unfaithful women.
Ah, if you were planted in the courts of kings
Such places would be barren, and seldom frequented.

(Enter Scaramouche as a sick magistrate followed by Mezzetin, his son.)

Scaramouche (sadly)

Sir—sir—

Harlequin

Has your wife been suffocated by the Tree, sir?

Mezzetin (laughing)

Ah, ah, no, no. My father was never married.

Harlequin

The father cries, the son laughs.

Scaramouche

It's that—it's that—that I am—

Harlequin (mimicking him)

Well—what are you?

Mezzetin (laughing)

Ah, ah, everything my father is telling you is true.

Scaramouche

I am the teacher in our village.

Harlequin

Ah, ah,—schoolmaster.

Mezzetin

Ah, ah, it's my father who, ah, it's my father who—ah, he's going to tell you, he's going to tell you—(laughing)

Scaramouche

I am the one who composed—

Mezzetin

Yes, yes, my father did it—ah, ah, all of it. I did some, too—ask him about it, ask him.

Scaramouche

I composed the slanderous songs about the cat who got the cheese. And the girls who gave it to him. And my son sings them.

Mezzetin

Ah, ah, ah, yes, and we are here to compose songs about the girls who come under the Chastity Tree—ah, ah, because they say today some girl must try it.

Harlequin

And what do you do?

Scaramouche (weeping)

I'm the one who sings the gay songs.

Mezzetin (laughing)

And I sing the ones that make you cry.

WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE

Harlequin (to Scaramouche)

I invite you to laugh at my funeral. (to Mezzetin) and I invite you to cry at my wedding. Now here it will be necessary to sing sad songs for the girls who are suffocated and to sing merry songs about the girls who refuse to go in. Let's see if you know what to do.

Scaramouche (humming sadly)

Hem, hem, hem.

Harlequin

Joyous prelude.

Scaramouche (singing)

To the marriage of Jaques

Who came to celebrate—

Harlequin (mocking him)

Who comes to celebrate—hey, very well put.

Mezzetin (humming)

Hem, hem, hem.

Harlequin

That's what they call entering into the character—To declaim in tune! The sound agrees with the words. This man will make a new opera.

Scaramouche (singing)

To a man who was stabbed,

Then hanged after he was dead—

Harlequin

Haven't you got something else?

Mezzetin

Ah, ah, ah.

Harlequin

Sorry beginning.

Mezzetin

To be sure, sir, I have one that's very new. The heroic combat of a rooster and a hen. (singing)

We witness today a cruel fight.

Between a cock and a hen.

The angry hen

Bit the cock, the cock.

But a happy silence ensued.

The cock gave shout

Cock a doodle doo

What a how do you do.

The hen is happy

When the cock is singing.

(Exit Mezzetin and Scaramouche. Enter Octavio.)

Octavio

Sir, I am very much afflicted. I don't know what's become of my mistress. I saw her come in this side here. I still don't believe she was foolish enough to go in the Tree—for she was very prudent.

Harlequin

I'll tell you what. I'll read the epitaphs of those maidens who were suffocated by the Tree. See if you can recognize her.

Lucretia invites you to pity her fate

She killed herself in the arms of Tarquin

What a strange thing to do.

Octavio

WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE

I am too young to have loved Lucretia.

Harlequin

Passerby, regard my misfortune
In a moment a young thief ran in my door.
I tried to show him out.
I only opened to tell him
He couldn't come in.
And so he got in.
Who would have believed that!
Such a small oversight.
Alas, that for opening my door
I must suffer death. Was she your love?

Octavio

No, no. She never opened her door to me. I always came in the window.

Harlequin

Here lies the heroine of this village
Weak in love but very bold.
Through vanity she had found death in the Tree.
But of all the prudes of her time
She had the best of it.
She had joined the glorious reputation of being Chaste
To the pleasures of being wanton. Was she your love?

Octavio

No.

Harlequin

Here lies Aimee
Who died dancing the bournee.
She danced so wildly
She got the fidgets
And died of lack of respiration
Without even going in the Tree. Is this your mistress?

Octavio

No, my mistress doesn't know how to dance.

Harlequin

Here lies a maiden who thought she was chaste.
She restricted her love to simple bantering,
Or, so she said. To a hundred innocent games.
And to prove her chastity—she went under the Tree.
And now she's dead you see. Was this your mistress?

Octavio

No, sir. My mistress never made jokes. She was always in earnest.

Harlequin

There no epitaph on that tomb there.

Old Woman (seated on the tomb)

Alas, I am the epitaph.

Harlequin

Well, I believe you weren't made of marble in your youth.

Old Woman

I intend to spend the rest of my life on this tomb, so I can inform all the passersby of the virtue of my daughters.

Harlequin

Inform me first.

WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE

Old Woman (descending from the tomb)

I am very unfortunate! I had only thirty daughters, and five are buried here in one tomb.

Harlequin

Seems to me, you are very fortunate. Apparently the five dead ones were not very chaste. They would have spoiled the other twenty-five. And, in fact, they proved the others were innocent. There are many large cities that cannot furnish that number.

Old Woman

Ah, the five deceased died by accident, and it was from natural feeling.

Harlequin

Natural feelings are the most tender. Tell me your story.

Old Woman

Here, sir. As I was walking here.

Harlequin

With your thirty daughters?

Old Woman

Yes, sir, with my little family. The youngest went to play in the Tree. As soon as she entered, she fell into a faint. Then one of her sisters went after her from natural feeling. She, too, fell into a faint, and then a third—

Harlequin

From natural feeling?

Old Woman

With two others and the fourth followed.

Harlequin

From natural feeling?

Old Woman

I ran quickly to prevent the fifth from entering. Alas, I arrived a little too late. What a shame it would be if I hadn't had more children. For they are—

Harlequin

So filled with natural feeling. (to Octavio) Well, friend, your mistress was good natured and had natural feeling?

Octavio

No, sir. My mistress had neither sister, nor brother, nor mother, nor relative, and she was going to marry me just so she could have some relations.

Harlequin

Since your mistress isn't here, I must continue the Ceremony.

Our Tree is going to open—

This old stump will serve as a touchstone

To distinguish true gold from fool's gold.

If here there is someone pure

Without mixing or alloy

That comes to find in this hollow

A certificate of purity

She will be rewarded.

But if someone has the audacity

To approach here full of vanity

And void of fidelity

I pity the poor boasting virgin

Who thinks to triumph over this Tree.

Already I shiver

For the Sacred Tree

Will suffocate 'er.

(Harlequin opens the Tree. Mezzetin comes out dressed as a peasant girl and faints.)

WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE

Octavio

There she is! That's my mistress. Why did she hide herself in the Tree without telling me?

Harlequin

You will learn this isn't the first stupidity she's been guilty of without informing you.

(The Farmer and Pierrot carry Mezzetin upstage and put Mezzetin down.)

Octavio

Damn. For the little she's given me, she shouldn't be dead.

Harlequin

Dead is dead.

Octavio

She was always subject to the vapors.

Harlequin

Cure her then, cure her if you can.

Octavio

If I had pee from the Queen of Hungary, I could cure her of any type of vapors.

Mezzetin (breathing)

Ah, ouf! It's because you cured me that the Tree suffocated me. (falling back) I am dead.

Octavio

She isn't dead.

Harlequin

Perhaps, she only fainted.

Octavio

Maybe the Tree only punishes in proportion to the evil done. I swear to you, I only kissed her hard.

Harlequin

That shouldn't lead to a faint these days.

Mezzetin

It's because I'm delicate. (falling back) Ah! Ouf!

Octavio

She's coming around, I tell you.

Harlequin

That's easy to see. (to Mezzetin) Did you give in?

Mezzetin

I don't know what you're talking about. Ah, ouf!

Octavio

Come, courage. She's coming back, sir—because when I took her hand, she wasn't paying any heed.

Harlequin

Most don't pay any heed. She could have consented without thinking. Consent is quicker than thought.

Mezzetin (getting up and singing)

Ah, ah, ah, ah.

Ah, what a great escape.

I wanted to prove my virtue.

I counted on it.

But it failed.

Ah, ah, ah, what a great escape.

Few girls like me

Prove true blue

If they are put in the Tree.

How lucky I was to escape.

Harlequin

For this once, the Tree pardons you.

WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE

(Octavio and Mezzetin exit arm in arm. Enter Catos with a baby in her arms.)

Catos (singing to the baby)

La, la, la, la.

Harlequin

Hey, it's my cousin Catos! What the devil brings you here? And where'd you get the baby? Ah, I understand. You bring this little girl here to test her chastity! She will always be able to say the Tree certified her. Very clever idea, cousin. No risk at all.

Catos

No, you're wrong. I came here to test myself in the Tree.

Harlequin

But, Catos, consider—

Catos

You're right—you're right—

Harlequin

You—you're very wrong.

Catos

To hell with the other girls in this village. I'm going to trap the Tree.

Harlequin

It will be the Tree that traps you.

Catos (aside)

The Tree won't dare to shut on a little creature like this. I'm sure she's pure enough for the two of us. I wouldn't be so stupid as to go in without her, cousin.

Harlequin

You speak a part. Is some remorse bothering you? Are you reminded of something?

Catos

It's nothing—pish.

Harlequin

Oh, remember pish and push?

Catos

Pish—pish, that's all.

Harlequin

It takes no more than a pish to wrong an honest girl.

Catos

Not so much cackling. Put me in the Tree, I want to go through with the Ceremony.

Harlequin

You're so ready. But, perhaps it will be a funeral ceremony.

Catos

Hey, hurry up. I am dancing already to make the scandalmongers shut up.

Harlequin

Do you remember what I said to you that day I found you crying by the fountain?

Catos

That was the day I lost a little—acorn.

Harlequin

You don't cry over losing a little acorn. You lost something else with it.

Catos

Oh, not much with it.

Harlequin

But, the other day, you were lost in the woods, and I put you on the right road.

Catos

I prefer that none of that be true. You are going to see that I will enter the Tree with my head held high.

WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE

Harlequin

The business is evident. But, if you absolutely wish to risk the boat —give the little girl to someone else to take care of.

Catos (hotly)

I'll take care of her. She's safe with me.

Harlequin

Better if you left her.

Catos

What, me leave this little runt! I love her too much.

Harlequin

Catos, Catos, I see your trickery. You believe you can hide behind the diapers of this pure little girl and get away with it. But you deceive yourself. In the case of virtue the strong protects the weak—and I believe you've been wilder than this baby has been chaste.

Catos

What! The Tree will suffocate this sweet little baby?

Harlequin

Assuredly.

Catos

She's an only child—and if something happened—I am going to take her to her mother.

(Exit Catos. All the players return.)

Harlequin

Come rare phoenix of village girls
Who wish to appear very chaste.
You will make your pretty friends jealous
By appearing alone as pure and chaste before all eyes.
To do that is to accuse the others of weakness.
Tremble in approaching the Tree of Lucretia.
If there are some who fear to prove it today
But still wish to prove their chastity in proper form
Come back in a decade or two.
I'll wait for you under the Tree.

Jaqueline (to her father)

Ah, Daddy, you've come just in time. Take me away and hide me.

Harlequin

Oh, no, if you please. You must submit to the law.

Peasant

What's this daughter? You shame me! What's going on?

Columbine

Alas, the poor child.

Pierrot

She has—

Peasant

She has—

Harlequin

She has—now she will tell you herself. She let the cat get the cheese.

Jaqueline

I couldn't help it. It was a monstrous cat.

Pierrot

Sir, if the cat has skimmed the cream off the milk, find someone else who will eat the porridge, if you can. And you, Miss, wait for me under the Tree. I am going to hook up with Columbine.

WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE

Columbine (aside)

That's all I ask.

Harlequin

I pity her—and as no person will marry her after such a confession, I believe myself obligated to take her myself.

Peasant

I am very happy to be rid of the little bitch.

Octavio (singing to Jaqueline)

They say it is shameful
For village boys
To suffer a girl to be chaste.
Your virtue scares us
But your scheme makes us bold.
And you render us honor
By losing your reputation to us.

Columbine (singing)

When a young pussy
With an air of modesty
Needs only a little help
On the velvet path
Like a little kiss
The purest of prudes
Can bring the matter
To a successful end.
The matter is delicate
But no one fears—
The matter is delicate—
My word it's such a little thing
One ought to leave it to the cat.

Harlequin

Certainly no one can refuse the cat.

Chorus

The cat, the cat, the cat, the cat—
What's the use of getting angry
When the little pussy
Has taken all the cream?
Such a delicate morsel.
When the little minx
Come purring and flattering
Better cry out—
The cat, the cat, the cat.

Harlequin

It is time to prove her innocence.

Jaqueline

If I'm married to Harlequin, I don't care what anybody says about me.

Harlequin

But, I care, as now your honor is mine. Gentlemen, please understand that the cheese the cat ate was real cheese. Cream cheese. Brie as a matter of fact.

Jaqueline

What do you mean?

Harlequin

And to prove her chastity, I am going to put her in the Tree right now.

WAIT FOR ME UNDER THE TREE

(Harlequin puts Jaqueline in the Tree.)

Pierrot

I smell a trick.

Jaqueline (singing)

I am the most chaste in my village.

My mother told me

And I believe her

That any girl who argued about it

Could come under the Tree with me.

(Now several girls want to go to the Tree, but the men prevent them.)

Harlequin (holding on to Catos as he sings)

There's nothing so tempting

As arguing about it.

But a prudent girl

Ought not to endanger her life.

Content yourself with dancing

And singing under the Tree.

Catos (singing)

I swear that I am pure.

My oath ought to be believed.

No one can prove a thing.

But if you want me to formally prove it—

Wait for me under the Tree.

Octavio (singing)

Margret, what madness

To put yourself in a Tree.

The law says you will lose your life

But I want you for my wife.

Still you ought to die—I really should let you

Because so many times you've told me

—Wait for me under the Tree.

Chorus of girls

A girl who's a little light

May die without resurrection.

But me, I've learned about love

And without dying

I can have a rendez-vous

Under the Tree.

Harlequin (to the audience)

If the play pleased you, we beg your applause. If not, we'll close up shop. And while we're waiting, give us your money. Then wait for us under the trees.

CURTAIN