

The Nun of St. Clare v1.2

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www.gphistorical.org



Jean Parent (father) – Probably about 50, salt & pepper hair, rugged, sad most of the time – preoccupied with a past that is unhappy, except when Genevieve is present.

Genevieve Parent (daughter) – very pretty, cheerful, but reverent. Soft spoken, understanding, has deep love and sympathy for her father. Also has love for all creatures. Jacques Morand is the first person ever to “scare” her. When she meets Jacques, she is extremely polite, but firm in her decision to be a nun.

Young men & women – These are normal young men who try to gain Genevieve’s affection, but easily get distracted by others when she doesn’t join in.

Jacques Morand (suitor) – One of the young men, but this one is not so easily distracted. Has a strange seriousness and focus... sort of like the Scrooge in the Muppet Christmas Carol.

Jacques Morand (werewolf) – probably a different actor, due to costume constraints, but if quick change into werewolf costume is possible, could be the same person.

Witch – To make the point, she should appear as an old hag, dressed scruffily, silently watching all that transpires.

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Troubadour

D **G** **Em** **A7**
LONG AGO, BUT NOT SO VERY FAR AWAY FROM HERE
D **G** **Em** **A7**
THE "COUREURS DES BOIS" CAME TO THE SHORES OF LAKE ST. CLARE
G **A7** **D** **G**
FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF HENNIPEN & DE LA SALLE
Em **A7** **G** **A7** **D**
THESE COURAGEOUS FRENCHMEN CAME FROM THE COOL CANADIAN AIR,

[CHORUS]

G **A7** **D** **G**
TO THE SHORES OF GROSSE POINTE AND THE WATERS OF LAKE ST. CLARE
Em **A7** **G**

A7
(THEY FOUND THE) WALNUT, PLUM AND CHESTNUT TREES AND FEASTED
ON THE PEAR

G **A7** **D**
G
IN THE FUR TRADE THEY MADE THEIR LIVING WITH THE MUSKET AND THE
SNARE

Em **A7** **Em** **A7** **D**
AND MANY FOUND THEIR TRAVELS ENDED AND SETTLED ON LAKE ST.
CLARE

THEY CAME TO TRAP THE SKINS OF FOX AND BEAR
TO SELL IN THE EAST AND EUROPE FOR THE FASHIONABLE FOLKS TO WEAR
THE WORK WAS HARD, THE WEATHER HARSH, AND THE PROFITS BARE
BUT THEY CAME, THEY SETTLED AND BUILT A LIFE AS GOOD AS
ANYWHERE

[CHORUS]

ONE OF THESE MEN WAS JEAN PARENT, AS STERN AS ANY MAN
HE'D BURIED HIS WIFE AND PARENTS 'FORE HE CAME TO MICHIGAN
AND THOUGH IT TORE HIS HEART, HE FINALLY DID LEAVE
WITH THE ONLY BRIGHT SPOT IN HIS HEART, HIS CHILD THE LOVELY
GENEVIEVE

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Scene 1

The scene opens in a small village with a small group of people, some selling and some buying... perhaps 5 or 6 people in all... It is early evening. There should be laughter and milling about, perhaps a little horseplay among the young men... and a little flirting with the young women... to one side, seated on the ground, is the Witch, silently watching all that transpires.

[Genevieve enters, as she makes the rounds of all the vendors, occasionally buying something...]

Henri

[Breaks away from his friends and calls out as he approaches Genevieve...]
Genevieve! *[he moves to her]* Good evening, Genevieve.

Genevieve

Hello, Henri.

Henri

Genevieve. *[A little shy... hemming and hawing]* May I escort you to the Feast

Genevieve

Oh, Henri. It is so kind of you to ask, but I'm afraid not. *[pause... then, reacting sympathetically to his obvious disappointment...]* I'm sorry, Henri. *[She watches him with true compassion as he skulks away, back to his friends who pantomime teasing him. Genevieve drifts over to a small group of girls and strikes up a conversation, with her back to CS. During the next interaction with Jean, another of the young men approaches Genevieve and pantomimes asking her the same question, with the same result.]*

[Jean enters, outfitted as a trapper returning from the field. Gruffly pushing his way through the crowd. As he approaches one of the vendor's stands,]

Jean

Out o' m' way. *[studies the merchandise, holds up a shawl]* How much is this?

Vendor

Two francs.

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Jean

[gruffly] Two francs for this? It's not worth it. I'll give you one.

Vendor

Two.

Jean

Bah! [a hint of a move toward violence, but interrupted by Genevieve who has just finished rejecting the second young man and looks up to see her father.]

Genevieve

[As she runs across the stage toward Jean] Papa! Papa! Oh, Papa. I wondered where you were so late.

Jean

[His whole demeanor changes to a kind loving father] Oh, I just came here *[plunks down the two francs with a private scowl aimed at the vendor, which elicits a huge smile from the vendor as he gazes at the money]* to get THIS for you.

Genevieve

Oh, Papa! You shouldn't have. *[She holds up the shawl to inspect it...with an excited face]* But just the same, *[flings the shawl over her shoulders]* I love it! *[modeling]* I shall wear it at the Feast of St. Clare. *[cuddles the shawl]* But we should be getting home.

[the two of them depart, arm in arm. As they go, the young men in the town eye Genevieve with adoration and longing]

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Troubadour

D **G** **Em** **A7**
SHE LOVED HER FATHER DEEPLY AND WAS HIS ONLY DEAR
D **G** **Em** **A7**
(HE WISHED) ONLY FOR HER HAPPINESS AND (HE WAS) VERY MUCH
SINCERE
G **A7** **D** **G**
THE LOCAL BOYS ALL CRAVED HER AND WANTED HER FOR THEIR MATE
Em **A7** **G** **A7**
D
BUT SHE HEARD ANOTHER VOICE CALLING AND VOWED THAT SHE WOULD
WAIT

[CHORUS]

G **A7** **D** **G**
ON THE SHORES OF GROSSE POINTE AND THE WATERS OF LAKE ST. CLARE
Em **A7** **G**
A7
(THEY FOUND THE) WALNUT, PLUM AND CHESTNUT TREES AND FEASTED
ON THE PEAR
G **A7** **D**
G
IN THE FUR TRADE THEY MADE THEIR LIVING WITH THE MUSKET AND THE
SNARE
Em **A7** **Em** **A7** **D**
AND MANY FOUND THEIR TRAVELS ENDED AND SETTLED ON LAKE ST.
CLARE

Scene 2

Scene is in their cabin, perhaps that evening. Genevieve is sewing while Jean sips on a pipe and reads. Suddenly,

Genevieve

Papa. I have decided what I want to do.... What I must do. *[pause]* I wish to devote my life to the service of God and become a nun.

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Jean

My dear Genevieve, are you sure? This is a very big undertaking and not one to be taken lightly. Are you sure that you are willing to give up the pleasures of this life, never to marry.... Never to have children...

Genevieve

[showing excitement as she speaks] Oh, but Papa, I will be married... married to God... and all children will be my children. *[pause]* I've known this my whole life, but it is only now that I'm willing to admit it. When I was a girl, I'd see the other girls flirting with the boys and I couldn't understand why they'd do such a thing... Then I thought maybe I'd grow into it... but it never happened. After awhile I began to understand that my heart was meant for God alone.

Jean

[Not entirely convinced] Well, my dear, you seem to have thought this through very completely. I will not hold you back. But first, please write to Aunt Helene at the convent in Three Rivers. As the Mother Superior there, she'll know the right questions to ask to make sure this choice you're about to make is the right one. If she agrees, I shall miss you dearly, but will rest knowing that you are following your rightly chosen path.

Genevieve

[Getting up, crossing and hugging her father] I shall write to her tonight. It will take weeks to get a reply, but I am sure she will agree. To show my devotion, I shall build an altar on the edge of the woods by the beach and pray every day to Notre Dame de Bonsecour.

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Troubadour

D **G Em A7**
AND SO SHE SHARED ONLY HER DREAM WITH HER FATHER SO DEAR
D **G Em A7**
SHE SENT A LETTER TO THE CONVENT SO FAR AND YET SO NEAR
G A7 D G
AND SETTLED IN TO PRAY AND WAIT A LONG TIME TO HEAR
Em A7 G A7
D
WHAT HER AUNT WOULD (SAY, AS THE) FEAST / OF ST. CLARE WAS
DRAWING NEAR

[CHORUS]

G A7 D G
TO THE SHORES OF GROSSE POINTE AND THE WATERS OF LAKE ST. CLARE
Em A7 G
A7
(THEY FOUND THE) WALNUT, PLUM AND CHESTNUT TREES AND FEASTED
ON THE PEAR
G A7 D
G
IN THE FUR TRADE THEY MADE THEIR LIVING WITH THE MUSKET AND THE
SNARE
Em A7 Em A7 D
AND MANY FOUND THEIR TRAVELS ENDED AND SETTLED ON LAKE ST.
CLARE

Scene 3

[The Feast of St. Clare. It is a party. All cast members are present. There is dancing... perhaps a reel. There is also a new young man participating in the dance. The Witch is silently in her place. Jean & Genevieve enter, arm in arm, she is wearing her new shawl. They cross the stage, passing the dance. As they do, it is clear that the new young man notices Genevieve and can't keep his eyes off her. Jean & Genevieve take a place at one side of the stage...]

Jean

Genevieve, It's the feast of St. Clair... why don't you join in the dance?

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Genevieve

Oh, Papa. You know that's not for me.

[At this point, the dance ends and the new young man, Jacques, grabs one of the other young men and asks...]

Jacques

Who is that?

Henri

Who is what?

Jacques

That girl over there, standing next to the old man... who is she?

Henri

[flatly] Oh, her. That's Genevieve Parent.

Jacques

[Enthusiastically] She's beautiful.

Henri

Well, she might be, but don't bother.

Jacques

What do you mean, "don't bother". Why not?

Henri

I mean, don't bother! She's too snooty for anyone here. I think every eligible man in the territory has asked her for a date... Apparently she's waiting for someone extra-special... because she has never even danced with anyone.... Except her father. And he's an old grouch. *[beat]* So, my advice, my dear Jacques, is don't bother. *[Henri spots a young lady and steps away from Jacques to join the young lady.]*

[Jacques stands quietly, mulling over what he has just been told, watching Genevieve. After a moment, Jean pantomimes asking his daughter if she'd like some punch, to which she replies with a nod. He crosses the stage to the punch bowl... Jacques seizes the opportunity and approaches Genevieve...]

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Jacques

Bon Soir.

Genevieve

Good evening.

Jacques

Please allow me to introduce myself. I am Jacques Morand. I came here with the explorer Duluth. I was with him when we founded Fort St. Joseph.

Genevieve

[delightedly] Oh, really. Then you must know of the convent at Three Rivers. *[he nods, tentatively]* My Aunt Helene is the Mother Superior there.

Jacques

Interesting! Have you ever been there?

Genevieve

No. But I hope to, someday... *[special meaning in next word]* soon.

Jacques

[The music begins... Jean, beginning to return from the punch bowl with two glasses, spots the pair and hesitates] Genevieve, *[she looks at him askance, because she has not told him her name...]* may I have this dance?

Genevieve

[Kindly] Oh, thank you, but no. My father returns. *[she turns to Jean with a beckoning look...Jacques turns to see Jean quickly approaching in reaction to his daughter's visual appeal... as Jean arrives...]* Papa, this is Jacques Morand... he's an explorer.

Jean

Hello, I am Jean Parent.

Genevieve

Papa, we really should be going.

Jacques

Going? But it is early!

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Genevieve

Oh, but we really must go.

Jean

Yes, surely, my dear. *[Jean hands the punch glasses to the stunned Jacques as Genevieve takes Jean's arm and they walk to the side of the stage... clearly away from the party... Jacques stands there staring at them leave and eventually freezes along with the rest of the party. When Jean and Genevieve are away from the party...]*
What happened there? He seemed like a nice young man.

Genevieve

He scares me. He has a hungry look in his eye. No-one has ever scared me like that.
[they walk on... and offstage.]

[focus returns to Jacques...]

Jacques

[Gently, romantically] Genevieve.... Ah, Genevieve... *[then, with surprisingly fierce intensity...]* I must have you, Genevieve. *[pause, then blackout]*

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Troubadour

D **G** **Em** **A7**
JACQUES MORAND MAY NOT BE AS NICE AS HE APPEARS
D **G** **Em** **A7**
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME GENEVIEVE EXPERIENCED A SENSE OF FEAR
G **A7** **D** **G**
BUT GOOD NEWS FROM THREE RIVERS WAS SOON TO HAVE ITS SAY
G **A7** **G** **A7** **D**
AND GENEVIEVE WOULD SMILE AND FOR THANKS SHE MADE HER WAY

[CHORUS]

Em **A7** **D** **G**
TO THE SHORES OF GROSSE POINTE AND THE WATERS OF LAKE ST. CLARE
Em **A7** **G**
A7
(THEY FOUND THE) WALNUT, PLUM AND CHESTNUT TREES AND FEASTED
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G **A7** **D**
G
IN THE FUR TRADE THEY MADE THEIR LIVING WITH THE MUSKET AND THE
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Em **A7** **Em** **A7** **D**
AND MANY FOUND THEIR TRAVELS ENDED AND SETTLED ON LAKE ST.
CLARE

Scene 4

[Back in the village... people are about... One of them is Jacques. The Witch is silently seated in the usual place. Jean starts across the stage... As he nears CS, Genevieve runs in from the other side, clearly excited... letter in hand...]

Genevieve

Papa! I've been accepted. Aunt Helene has responded and I have been accepted to the convent. I must pack and leave at once.

Jean

[With that mixture of parental joy, pride and sadness at giving up his grown daughter...short pause...] Genevieve... my dear. I'm very happy for you. I will accompany you... Perhaps I will stay in St. Joseph.

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Genevieve

I must go to my alter and give thanks for this great blessing! *[she runs to one side of the stage, where her alter awaits her, and kneels to pray... freezes... remains through the next action set]*

[In the crowd, Jacques has silently witnessed this interchange and realizes that he is about to lose Genevieve forever... he stands there, horrified as the rest of the people (except Henri, who stays in the shadows watching the following interaction) dissolve and leave the stage... except the Witch. She has been motionless throughout all of the action so far... Now, she arises slowly and approaches Jacques...]

Jacques

[Shaking his head as he talks to himself] She's going to the Convent!!

Witch

[Jacques is still spellbound, as if in a trance... the Witch begins, with dry throat] I can help you... for a price.

Jacques

[Coming out of his trance] Wh.. What do you mean, you can help me?

Witch

Just that. I can help you. You want that girl, don't you?

Jacques

Well, yes. How did you know that? *[pause, changing demeanor a bit]* But, she wants to be a nun... she leaves for the convent tomorrow. *[Henri, silently watching, realizes the significance of this... the someone special was indeed divine! He stays focused on the current interaction.]*

Witch

Well, I can help you get her.

Jacques

[A touch disbelieving] And how would you be able to help me?

Witch

I sense that you don't trust me.

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Jacques

Why should I?

Witch

Suit yourself. *[Slowly starts to turn away...]*

Jacques

[A little desperately] Wait! What do you mean you can help me?

Witch

[Pauses... sort of gives him the evil eye...] You'd like to sweep her off her feet... carry her away!! *[short pause]* Have you ever heard of "Loup Garou"? *[Jacques stares at her without comment]* He's a werewolf... With the strength of ten men and very fast... If you were Loup Garou, you could snatch her before anyone knows what has happened and carry her off to wherever you want to take her. She'd be all yours...

Jacques

I could? *[Imagining this for a moment... snapping out of it]* But how would I do that? *[A touch sarcastically]* Become Loup Garou?

Witch

I can give you that power.

Jacques

[Eyes the witch for a moment] You can? How? *[thinks briefly]* And what is your price? How much do you want for this power?

Witch

All I want from you is your soul.

Jacques

My soul. What is that? I am young... I will live for a long time...

Witch

I can wait.

Jacques

But you are old. How will you claim my soul if I outlive you?

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Witch

I'll take that chance...

Jacques

[Clearly thinking he has gotten the better deal] It's a deal. [They turn and leave the stage. Henri, who has witnessed this interchange steps out, thinks a moment and runs toward Jean's home. As Henri exits, Genevieve re-animates at her alter, saying her prayers]

Genevieve

[During prayers, Jacques, as Loup Garou, enters from opposite side of the stage, breathing heavily, with a slight growl, at first walking slowly, looking at his hands, arms and body... Then realizing what has happened, looks up to see Genevieve, pauses, then stalks over to her...her back is turned as she kneels, so she does not see him approach.]

And please bless all of the people of this town and, most of all, my father. He will miss me dearly and I pray you will help him to understand that I must follow this call. *[Suddenly Loup Garou steps on a branch when he is a few feet from her... this arouses her awareness, she turns, and, frightened, stands as he growls and runs to her... she, screams, faints and falls to the ground. He admires his catch briefly and bends to pick her up. At this moment Jean arrives with his musket, followed closely by Henri.]*

Jean

Leave her! *[he begins to draw his musket as Loup Garou sees him and turns to flee... takes two or three steps away and Jean pulls the trigger... instead of falling, Loup Garou freezes... Lights shrink to focus on the frozen Loup Garou]*

