

(Melchior reaches to kiss Wendla.)

WENDLA: Oh Melchi—

(Then, hesitating) I don't know.

MELCHIOR *(Cradling her head on his breast)*: No matter where I am,
I hear it, beating . . .

WENDLA: And I hear yours.

(Melchior leans close, kisses Wendla.)

Melchior . . .

(He kisses her again. Presses his body onto hers.)

No—wait—no—

MELCHIOR: Wendla . . .

WENDLA: Wait—stop. I can't. We're not supposed to.

MELCHIOR: What?

(No response.)

Not supposed to what? Love? I don't know—is there such
a thing? I hear your heart . . .

*(Gospel-tinged music with a modern groove begins. The Boys
and Girls are revealed, gathered in quiet chorus.)*

. . . I feel you breathing—everywhere—the rain, the hay . . .
Please. Please, Wendla.

(He presses himself forward. Kisses her.)

BOYS AND GIRLS *(Quietly)*:

I believe,

I believe,

I believe,

Oh I believe.

All will be forgiven—I believe.

*(The song continues under, growing in intensity, for the rest
of the scene.)*

WENDLA: Melchi, no—it just—it's . . .

MELCHIOR: What? Sinful?

WENDLA: No. I don't know . . .

MELCHIOR: Then, why? Because it's good?

(No response.)

Because it makes us “feel” something?

*(Wendla considers, then suddenly reaches and pulls Melchior
to her. She kisses him. He holds her, and gently helps her lie
back.)*

BOYS AND GIRLS:

I believe,

I believe,

I believe,

Oh I believe.

All will be forgiven—I believe.

I believe,

I believe,

Oh I believe.

There is love in Heaven—I believe.

MELCHIOR: Don't be scared.

*(Wendla hesitates, then nods. Melchior kisses her. Touches
her breast.)*

WENDLA: No.

MELCHIOR: Please—

WENDLA: Don't. It . . .

MELCHIOR: What?

(Wendla takes his hand, places it back on her breast.)