

A For Effort

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Narrator: (Offstage) King Solomon was not only the wisest man of his day, but also, quite possibly the most romantic guy who ever lived. His poetry, preserved for us in the “Song of Songs” is some of the most beautiful and romantic ever written. However there *are* certain passages in the book that, apparently, through translation difficulties and the passing of 29 centuries, sound a bit less impressive to the modern ear. Or..... could it be that Solomon just had a bit of a dry spell now and then. After all being King of Israel was a hard job with many tasks and responsibilities. What might have happened when Solomon returned home to his young bride, the Shulamite, after a hectic day?.....

(Lights come up as Solomon enters)

Solomon: Shula! I’m Home! (His movements show that he is tired after a long day. He takes off his crown and sandals, sits and props his feet up)

Shula enters from opposite side of the stage)

Shula (With excitement and delight): Oh Solomon, my friend, my husband, delight of my heart! How wonderful to see you....., to once again bask in the glory of your presence. How was your day, dear?

Solomon: (Fatigued) You wouldn’t believe it if I told you. Dad never told me this would be such a tiring job. Every time I turn around it’s, “Your highness, seal this. Your highness, sign that. Sire, the deadline’s coming up for that new proverb. Oh King, could you decide who this baby belongs to?”

Shula: (Sympathetically) Ahhh, I’m sorry you had such a hard day...but I’ll tell you something that might cheer you up. I’ve been thinking about that vacation we took last spring.... (Dreamily)You remember, when we stayed in those different villages. We took

those early morning walks in the vineyards. I can still almost smell the pomegranate blooms and Oh...The fragrance of the mandrakes! And I was especially remembering the beautiful poetry you recited to me. Have you been writing any more of your poetry, Honey?

Solomon: Well...No, not this week, I've been pretty busy building the temple and kingly stuff like that.

Shula: (Disappointed) Ohhhh, You write such beautiful poetry.

Solomon: (Excited) Oh, well, Let's see what I can come up with off the top of my head. Let's see ahhhh...Vanity of vanities, all is vani.... No, that won't do.... Ahhh...(Looks at Shula) You have such beautiful eyes, they overwhelm me,.... They're just like ahdoves. Yeah, Doves!

Shula: (Encouragingly) Doves are good....

Solomon: Yeah, and ah...Your legs are like.....like jewels,

Shula: (Flattered) Jewels, Huh?

Solomon: (Continues) And your hair.... Your hair is like....ah.... is like a flock of goats...

Shula: (Confused, brushing the back of her hair with her hand) Goats?

Solomon: Yeah, a flock of goats, (Eloquently) descending mount Gilead!

Shula: Is that good?

Solomon: (Nervously) Good?!... Why, it's beautiful! And, and your (gets mischievous look on his face and whispers in Shula's ear)

Shula: (Grins Shyly) Oh, Solomon....

(Solomon continues to whisper)

Shula: (Surprised) They're like what?!

Solomon: (Nervously) Did I mention that I've been real busy?...Let's see, How about your navel? Ahhh... Your navel is just like a goblet.

Shula (Looking down) Thanks..... I Think.

Solomon: And ahhh.... your waist is just like a mound of wheat.....

Shula: (Looks down with a worried look putting her hands on her hips) Have I gained weight?

Solomon: (Nervously) Oh, no! Of course not! Perhaps "mound" was a poor choice of words. I meant like this *thing* of wheat..... with lilies growing around it!

Shula: (Uncertain) Oh.

Solomon: (Flustered) And, and.... Your teeth....

Shula: My teeth?

Solomon: Yeah, your teeth are like..... are like sheep....

Shula: (Trying to help) Well sheep *are* white.

Solomon: They're like sheep ah...a line of sheep just coming up from being washed..... I mean they're not any missing And there are hardly any gaps between them.....

Shula: Hmmm....

Solomon: And your lips.... Your lips are just like.... Like red ribbons....

(A worried look comes across Shula's face as she feels her lips to make sure they haven't collapsed)

Solomon: And your ah..... your ah..... temples. They're like two halves of a pomegranate.....

(As Solomon stammers on, Shula picks up a hand mirror and frantically inspects her temples for defects)

Solomon: And your neck..... is just like ah.... an ivory tower, with ah.... A thousand shields hanging on it.....

(Shula puts down the mirror and rubs her neck with her hands. She then pulls up her collar to hide the rash she imagines to be there)

Solomon:Well, maybe not shields,something real smooth and pretty like.....
Would you mind if I started over?

Shula: I think you might have said enough.

Solomon: (Flustered) But I know I could do better if I just had a little time to think.
Maybe if I just go sit on my throne for awhile, I can come up with something better.....

Shula: (Flirting) Maybe you just need a little *inspiration*.

Solomon: I think what I need is to just sit down and think. I don't know wha.. (Stops suddenly and looks at Shula)Inspiration? What did you..... have in mind?

Shula: Oh, we'll come up with something. (She takes his hand and begins to lead him off stage)

Solomon: (To the audience) Wow I *am* a pretty good poet.

Shula: Come on, Psalm-boy.

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