

King Saul Part 2
Sample: Act I

1.1

1 [*Enter Saul and his Army, Abner amongst them, all sleeping*]
2 [*Enter David and his Fighters, Abishai among them*]

Abishai

3 O starless Night that dams our Destiny
4 And hath obscur'd our Path from its Conception:
5 Pretend, and lend an Ear to my Lament.
6 *Saul*, King of Lunatics hunts *David* still,
7 And this Eternal Night of War draws on.
8 Our rightful King is Outlaw'd in his Home
9 Whilst vicious Brutes run free, by Right? What King
10 Would waste his Armies harrying his best
11 And only General, whilst *Philistines*
12 Encroach on ev'ry Border in our Sight?
13 What King pursues a Path of private Woe
14 Whilst all around him feel the pinch of Danger,
15 Neglect, and Famine? What King *David* would
16 Allow these Evils to befall his People?
17 Thou hadst him in thine Hands o *David* in
18 Thine Hands, and thou serender'd him but for
19 Old *Samuel*: his ill choosing of that clown king.

David

20 This Monarch was once *Saul* the Merciful,
21 And God does not forget his former greatness.

Abishai

22 That Former costs our Lives o *David*, and
23 The Lives of ev'ry citizen we fail
24 To shield by flying Mad *Saul's* Powers. Here,
25 At last, the Emperor of Maniacs
26 Again has fallen in thy Grasp. But give
27 A word, and I will cut that poison'd throat,
28 That all this bilious infection
29 Will froth and bubble out as of an old
30 And aching Sore, there freeing the foul Source
31 O'th' very Leprosy of our Kingdom.

David

32 Thou shalt not lay a hand on him, *Abishai*.
33 This golden Circle calls a man a King,
34 But these are empty words without the Seal

35 And Sanction from Above.
 36 But soft: no Halberd at his sleeping hand,
 37 But th' Sword of Love. This Glaive was erstwhile servant
 38 To th' hand of Jonathan, our Prince, a Monarch
 39 More sweeter than this poor Head, cruciated
 40 Beyond e'en bestial reckoning's extent.
 41 For love of Jonathan I keep this pledge:
 42 Withdraw my Fighters, prove your Loyalty.

43 [*They withdraw above. The Angel enters, playing*]
 44 [*Song*]

45 *Angels now withdraw from thee,*
 46 *Soon thy Spirits will be Free,*
 47 *Evanesce without Revenge,*
 48 *Pity comes from thine own End.*

49 *Thank thy Blessed King Above,*
 50 *That long ago thou hadst his Love.*

51 [*The Angel exits*]

David [*above*]

52 Awake o *Israel* awake! Where is
 53 Your Guard? Your Paling falls to slumber, shames
 54 Your King, o *Israel*!

Abner [*awakens*]

55 Arise! Arise,
 56 We're taken by surprise. To Arms, *Israel*.

57 [*All awake and arm*]

David

58 My King! Behold your Sword, this wicked Barb
 59 That hunts me like a Boar in a Bush, this Tooth
 60 So oft hath sought to sting and bite my Flesh,
 61 'tis Mine again: the second Badge of mine
 62 Unflagging Loyalty. You offer'd once
 63 Your Armor to me when I slew the Giant
 64 Of *Gath*; you knelt to me. And now would'st pierce
 65 Mine Heart? What Seal, what proffer'd Evidence
 66 Would quell the Hounding of your Heart, would calm
 67 The Seas of your enraged Spirit *Saul*?
 68 Wouldst hunt me unto Death? then 'tis the Death
 69 Of all: your Country falters, headless, nears

70 Perdition's Brink. Go Home my Father, lead
71 Your People, make this Land as promised.
72 Leave me to *Philistine*: we cannot all
73 Be Weapons, some must be the People's Health.
74 I kneel again my Sov'reign, beg again
75 Of you: go Home and rule and trust your Boy,
76 Return to *Israel* your Grace and Joy.

77 [*David and his Fighters exit*]

Abner

78 My King, I'll find and execute the Guards
79 That fail'd their Sovereign tonight.

80 [*Soldier brings in Recab and Baanah, worthless men*]

First Soldier

81 My Lord,
82 These worthless men were charg'd to keep you safe
83 Tonight.

Abner

84 Fall swains, prepare thyselfes for Justice.

Recab

85 'twas he that fail'd the watch o noble one.

Baanah

86 He lies, my Lord. 'twas he.

Recab

87 Nay this squawker slept whilst I prepar'd my Meal.

Baanah

88 'tis false: he slept whilst I made Water there.

Abner

89 You both are guilty: both shall die tonight.

First Soldier

90 Death is Bitter.

King

91 What say'st?

Abner

92 He calls Death Bitter, King.

King

93 Is it? Release him *Abner*.

Abner

94 Your Highness?

King

95 Release the fallen Soldiers both. Let them

96 Run Home unto their Families: at once.

Abner

97 Of course my Cousin. Off you slave-born Dogs,

98 Return in shame unto your Families.

99 This Camp is not secure my Lord, shalt off?

King

100 Strike up a march for Home.

Abner

101 A March to Home.

102 [*Cheers. Exeunt, manet the King, Abner apart with Recab and Baanah away*]

Recab

103 Come *Baanah*, let's away with *David's* men.

104 'tis sure that Outlaws will not be as strict.

Baanah

105 Th'art wise *Recab*: come, let's hurry after.

106 [*Exeunt Recab and Benaiah*]

King

107 I dream'd that briefly gave me comfort, but

108 Whatever in the World is free of Bite

109 And Bitterness is far from *Israel*:

110 My ev'ry Breath exhausts me, desiccates

111 My Lungs and mummifies this wizen'd Spleen,

112 Depleting me of Hatred, Passion, Ardor

113 And Life. My Quickening is fallen to

114 Insouciance for Death, for Breath, for All.

115 Angel, your songs avail me nothing, *David*,

116 Your Voice avails me nothing, *Yahweh*, I

117 No longer tremble at your Name, o King

118 Of Cruelty so infinite beyond
 119 Mine own. No, your Name avails me Nothing.
 120 Still *David* is my greatest Enemy:
 121 Shall I continue hunting him to Death?
 122 I visit ev'ry cause for Vengeance on him
 123 And still he slays me not, delivers not
 124 This early-ancient Fool from grating Breath,
 125 From all the pond'rous beatings of this Heart.
 126 Is't I alone who longs an End for suff'ring?
 127 O let that clouded Curtain fall, I beg
 128 You any, prove my Cynic's reas'ning wrong
 129 And let that sweet eternal Rest wash o'er me.
 130 No? Never mercy for Mad *Saul*? Then halt
 131 We on, thou Fiend in royal Robes, 'til Death
 132 Or other Boon reneges thy cursed Breath.

Abner

133 My nephew, King, hardby I learn'd your woes
 134 And I would balm your vague anxieties.
 135 There is within the shambled town of *Endor*
 136 A fawning Witch who's rumored to speak
 137 And carry Conf'rence with the Dead. If that
 138 Great *Samuel* has departed past the tall
 139 And unforgiving opalescent Gates
 140 Of grave Mortality, mayhap that Hag
 141 Or Devil's Wench might make a pact with him
 142 To offer Guidance in exchange for but
 143 A minute's Breath upon the living Earth.

King

144 Is Breath so sweet?
 145 I'll hide in mean habiliments and sell
 146 Myself as but a desp'rate Highwayman
 147 Who seeks the wisdom of the Dead, forsooth
 148 This gentle Lie is scarce a bit untrue,
 149 And there I'll beg of *Samuel* what in life
 150 I was too Proud to ask: the King absconds
 151 To offer final Obsequies to that
 152 The final Judge of *Israel*, and pray
 153 Again my rank Humility might Save
 154 My Fam'ly from th' Conclusion of our Blood.

155 [*Exit*]

1.2

156 [*Music without. Enter Nabal and his wife Abigail, with their Servants*]

Nabal

157 Why must I play the host to those Outlaws?
 158 Who is that *David* son of *Jesse*? What
 159 Owe'st we that Outlaw? Receive him coldly men,
 160 And *Abigail* thou grant him not the least
 161 Repast from's Journey: we are not his Slaves.

162 [*Nabal exits*]

Abigail

163 *David* is mighty, I fear his Temper
 164 If we obey all that mine Husband's said.
 165 Receive him coolly, not so cold as to
 166 Enflame his wrath. Deliver little, yet
 167 Never so little as to goad his Thirst,
 168 Lest we should suffer his voracious fury.

169 [*Horn. Abishai enters with the Three, Joab, Eleazar and Benaiah*]

Abishai

170 Our Army seeks a warm Hearth for the Night,
 171 And warmer Hearts to tides us 'til the Day.
 172 King *David* comes but who is here to bid
 173 Him welcome? a Maid and her Lace tiers:
 174 Hast thou no Father girl? nor Brother home
 175 To here embrace the now and future King
 176 Of *Israel*?

Abigail

177 I beg forgiveness Lord,
 178 I am no Maiden, rather wife to Lord *Nabal*,
 179 Who asks a moment's absence to prepare
 180 A place for dreaded *David* and his men.

Eleazar

181 Call thyself but Maid and any place will do.

Benaiah

182 And hast a Sister, Maiden?

Abigail

183 No, and neither any Maidens hereabouts, for I am *Nabal's* wife.

Benaiah

184 *Eleazar*: what's *Nabal*?

Eleazar

185 'tis but a word, and one of many tongues. In elder Greek 'tis *fool*, our mother tongue of
 186 Hebrew calls it *Wilt*, in *Philistine* the word means *Shame*, and in the North 'tis us'd alike
 187 with *failure* and *folly*.

Joab

188 *Benaiah, Eleazar*, enough. Do I hear a banquet song and cheers within?

Benaiah

189 Methinks I liketh *wilt* the best.

Eleazar

190 I too, o coz, I too; it ringeth true,
 191 For where be that *Nabal* that took to wife
 192 This lusty Maid? Is it a man that can
 193 Or will not stand before the Three, the fighters
 194 Of *David* and his Army? like a weed
 195 That's out of bloom, that small *Nabal* withers
 196 My thoughts and kindles naught but dryness, nothing.

Benaiah

197 Yet here's a Flower full of Bloom that kindles
 198 Full Naught within my naughts and nothing dry
 199 But rather nothing any other kind,
 200 And kind perforce she be, t'endure *Nabal*,
 201 That low, that wither, empty, fool, *Nabal*,
 202 This girl, this Maiden, hath no Husband, but
 203 A Nothing. Wouldst have nothing, Maiden, take
 204 That nothing, then, from me, who has Nothing,
 205 As well as any man, and more than he,
 206 Who such a wilting failure, fails to be.

Abigail

207 *Nabal*, pray come and welcome here your Guests.

Joab

208 If your dissenting Husband will not come
 209 And honor *David*, who has suffer'd pains
 210 To keep the region free from *Philistines*,
 211 Then offer us your name, and I will give
 212 Protection unto you by my name, *Joab*.

Abigail

213 My name is *Abigail*, *Nabal's* wife, and
 214 I welcome you all here into our Home.

215 My Lord: I beg you come and greet your guests.

Nabal [*without*]

216 My Guests are in, I banquet them, I know

217 No *David*: get him gone.

Abigail

218 O Husband soft.

Eleazar

219 But soft, I hear the echo of a Man.

Benaiah

220 A soft man, and only, but an echo.

Abishai

221 Your Husband hosteth others, leaves us dry?

Benaiah

222 Yet ne'er as dry as he.

Eleazar

223 Nay never dry,

224 He soundeth sopping wet, 'tis cup-fallen.

Abishai

225 Thine Husband fails his Host by drunkenness?

Abigail

226 O *David*, Majesty of our respite,

227 I beg forgive mine Husband's oversight.

Benaiah

228 A *David*, he?

Eleazar

229 A *David* and a foot,

230 Else two *Davids*, one upon another.

Abishai

231 Enough.

232 Thou lady *Abigail* art in the presence

233 Of mighty Troops who safeguard all this land

234 Against the *Philistine* and lesser bandits.

235 *Benaiah*, *Eleazar*, and *Joab*, th' three

236 Have risk'd their lives for me alone, and they

237 Have hazarded those lives a dozen times
 238 Apiece for us all: *Joab*, Brother to
 239 *Abishai*, when the army retreated
 240 From the *Philistines* at *Lehi* he held
 241 His ground in a Field of lentils, and there
 242 Defeated the *Philistines*, with *Yahweh*
 243 Delivering us a great victory.
 244 There *Eleazar*, when th'*Israelites* retreated,
 245 Held his ground in a Field of barley, there
 246 He fought the *Philistines* until his hand
 247 Had grown so tired it cleaved to his sword,
 248 When we return'd, there were only corpses
 249 Left to plunder. And now here is *Benaiah*,
 250 A strong man who performed mighty deeds.
 251 He struck down the two sons of *Ariel*
 252 Of *Moab*, slew a lion in a cistern
 253 On bitter'st Winter day, and even kill'd
 254 A Son of *Egypt*, seven and a half
 255 Feet tall. This *Egyptian*'s spear was as big
 256 As the crossbeam of a weaver's loom, yet
 257 *Benaiah* struck him down with but a club.
 258 I here proclaimeth these Strong Men The Three,
 259 Commanding over all but *David*, general.

Joab

260 And *Abishai*, both wise and powerful,
 261 He kill'd three hundred men with his great spear.

Eleazar

262 We honor him as cunning, just, and wise.

Benaiah

263 Restraining us, when zeal, outweighs our Reason.

264 [*David enters*]

David

265 The men are set: where is the Lord o'th' House?

Abishai

266 He drinks within.

David

267 And gave no order for
 268 Our keeping?

Abishai

269 Not a single order, Lord.

David

270 What means to starve us all? Where is the Man?

Abishai

271 He drinks. Within.

Nabal [*within*]

272 Mine *Abigail*, prevail

273 Those men begone by any means, but turn

274 A smile and bid them come another day.

275 [*They sing within*]

276 *But turn a smile*

277 *And bid them come ano' o' other day.*

278 *But turn a wink*

279 *And bid them come ano' o' other day.*

280 *But turn a kiss*

281 *And bid the young men go' o' o' away.*

282 *But promise this*

283 *And hope they come a neve' e' er day.*

David

284 Is *David* scorned like a poxy Beggar

285 As gratitude for th' wager of his Life?

286 Curst like a bondsmen by our King, but now

287 A common Drunkard casts me out?

288 It will not be endur'd: *Benaiah* go

289 Without and bring thy thorned cudgel, we

290 Shall teach this House to know humility,

291 To offer Hospitality to him

292 That earns of it; oh e'en the lowest Cur

293 Expects a wormy crust of Bread, and we

294 Are sung out as though knavish clowns? *Abishai*,

295 Summon our Swordsmen.

Benaiah

296 My club is ready.

Abigail

297 O gather foodstuffs, ready beds, demand

298 Attendants wait on them. O *David*,

299 I cry thee mercy for mine Household's sake,

300 On me falls this Inequity my Lord.

David

301 Creation, here behold thy Destiny,
 302 Thy purpose and intent render'd full
 303 In this soft coral cheek, thy Progeny
 304 Hath scatter'd countless Chances for this Jew'l,
 305 This crystal-facet Eye whose Twin by right
 306 Should smolder Jealousy despite her same
 307 Astounding glamour. Lips that glister bright
 308 And offer supple welcome, breath to tame
 309 The turbulent Barbarian. Such Curls
 310 Of lustrous Lines luxuriate a Stone,
 311 Upon Inamorata that would churl
 312 A Queen's Crown, it makes a Goddess alone.
 313 I thank the wisdom of thy Countenance,
 314 For here I learn the End of Existence.

Nabal [*within*]

315 O bid them never come a day.

Eleazar

316 What day has *David* grown articulate?

Benaiah

317 'tis empty breath.
 318 The visage of her Face could light the Sun,
 319 And I would light a son within her Legs.

Abigail

320 Come servants, make a banquet for this Lord.

Benaiah

321 Wouldst bear my Company, then bear a ton
 322 Of this most barb'rous Horse, thy comp'ny begs;
 323 I mark this bosom, how it makes, to heave.

Joab

324 *Benaiah*, hold.

Benaiah

325 I hold already, cannot hold, for long,
 326 Though she would, hold a long, that makes to Leave
 327 When I can hearken to raucous Song
 328 Within this breast, it beats tattoos to me
 329 That has the might to take what he here asks.

Eleazar

330 *Benaiah.*

Benaiah

331 But render Beasts a moment and thou'ldst see
332 That Maiden's Joy's Submission to her Tasks.
333 My Will is not thy Will, but to enmesh,
334 The boundless bounty of our sev'ral Flesh.

David

335 *Benaiah*, back thou beast.

Benaiah

336 *David*; wouldst strike your servant?

David

337 I strike no servant but a mungrel ape,
338 And turn it out as readily if he
339 Will never heark'n to th' mast'ry of his Will.

Eleazar

340 Methinks he'll mast'ry of his Will presently
341 Without the unmade Maiden to tame it.

Benaiah

342 Forgive thy servant, *David*.

David

343 Beg of her.

Benaiah

344 Forgive this brash and braving beast, my Lady.

Abigail

345 I've born misdeeds before: I will again.

David

346 But not within my sight.

Abigail

347 Thou'rt kind.

David

348 And just.

349 [*Nabal enters*]

Nabal

350 Who stirs this agitation in mine House?
351 If thou wouldst make Vociferation,
352 I spurn thee from mine Home; begone thou Varlet.

David

353 I thank you for your generosity.

Nabal

354 What's that? I say I spurn thee thence, without
355 My grace or Bounty: be ye gone.

David

356 My Lord,
357 The kindness of your Wife excuses all
358 The coarseness of your vulgar speech, and though
359 She breaks your will with such a kindness, I
360 Will render gratitude and mercy still.

Nabal

361 Art thou mad? wilt not stir, I'll try another:

Eleazar

362 This nothing will be nothing soon.

Nabal

363 I tell
364 Thee get thee gone.

Benaiah

365 We do not budge.

Joab

366 Not one.

Nabal

367 Ye Gods I am entrapp'd: o summon Guards
368 To guard my pretty Flesh.

Eleazar

369 I have spied prettier.

Benaiah

370 And I, greater.

Joab

371 And worthier of Guard.

David

372 Come *Nabal*, hither, and receive my thanks.

Nabal

373 For what, knave?

Abigail

374 Husband, to protect our House
375 And servants from the general's disdain,
376 I offered repast and rest to him.

Nabal

377 Thou wretched woman! thou deni'st my Will
378 Within mine House? what is this *David* I
379 Shouldst scrape and worship so within mine House?
380 I spet upon that patched rogue, I dance
381 Upon his Grave: there lie thou down thou Gnome
382 That I might tread Oh Gods! my breath is gone,
383 What ist, mine Heart, mine Head, it swims, where ist,
384 What ist, that man, that *David*, rise, o stand
385 And pity me, o Gods, I fall.

Eleazar

386 He dances
387 Upon the ground, 'tis as he said: rejoice
388 That prophet who but lately quak'd and now
389 Lies stiller than the spongy feculence.

Abigail

390 Bear him out.

391 [*The Servants carry Nabal off*]

David

392 There perceive the Justice of
393 Our God: I thank thee *Abigail* that rescues
394 From th' Sin of Vengeance this humble Servant.

Abishai

395 Without our sight, he's out of mind: Lord *David*,
396 Shall we retreat from th' Pow'rs of *Saul* forever?
397 If you would never lead an Army to
398 His Gates and conquer that mad Monarch, we
399 Must move beyond his Borders where *Abner*

400 And's Soldiers will not reach.

David

401 I pray'd *Michal*
 402 Might one day be delivered, alas,
 403 'tis not of *Yahweh's* mind. Send *Joab* out
 404 To learn the fates of *Jonathan* and *Michal*,
 405 And measure *Abner's* strength: he'll meet with us
 406 At *Gath* in *Philistine*.

Abishai

407 At *Philistine*?
 408 We cannot stand alone against the King
 409 *Achish* and's tall battalions: we are
 410 But scatter'd Outlaws, meager men without
 411 The Heraldry to match the *Gathan* blood.

David

412 Was *David* not a Shepherd's son? Was *Saul*
 413 Not of the least of *Israel's* Families?
 414 Was *Samuel* himself no greater than
 415 We bloodless few? We march to *Philistine*.

Abishai

416 Ay, General: we march to *Gath* at once.

417 [*Exeunt, manet Abigail*]

Abigail

418 Pray Justice, swifter than the Winds of Change
 419 Deliver me from *Nabal's* cloying bands
 420 Of Marriage: I'd be free to bind myself
 421 Unto that Lord. Though low, his Bust and Brow
 422 Surmount the stooping gait of those who follow
 423 His Word, Authority and Majesty
 424 That dwarf an Emperor's. My supple Lips,
 425 Though high would sink for him. When *Nabal's* died,
 426 I'll fly to *Gath* and beg be *David's* Bride.

427 [*Exit*]

1.3

428 [*Flourish and drums. Procession of Gathan guards*]
 429 [*Enter King Achish and the Lords of Philistine*]

King Achish

430 My Lords, what news of *David*? *Saul's* Lapdog
 431 Hath vanish'd from the Auspice of our Sight:
 432 Wherefore that mighty Dwarf hath suddenly
 433 Took up the Virtues of Humility
 434 And scantiness? which we long hop'd he'd learn.
 435 Hath th' raving Royal Jew at last disco'er'd
 436 His hiding place and skew'r'd is own right Arm?

First Lord

437 I've no Report of *David* King *Achish*,
 438 But *Saul* hath pull'd his Powers back to *Israel*
 439 And soon will buffer up our Borders tight
 440 Enough to shame a bowstring: we have lost
 441 The merry Hour when *Israel* might've been ours.

Achish

442 Impetuous as lost *Goliath*: learn
 443 From fallen Giants, do not emulate
 444 Their Pride or thou shalt fall with it.

First Lord

445 My Lord.

Second Lord

446 My King, the fort'nate Son was last espied
 447 Within their northern Borders, skirmishing
 448 Against our supernumerary Troops:
 449 He minc'd them well and prov'd them Valueless.

Achish

450 The Goblin Boy is kind to sweep the Motes
 451 From out our Cellars. But 'til we've beheld
 452 His sever'd Head upon our posts, we'll hunt
 453 The Fiend that cause our children to quiver
 454 In their Beds, with a fury, riv'ling *Saul's*.

455 [*A horn blows. A Gathan Messenger enters*]

Messenger

456 My Sov'reign! *David* and his Brigands come.

Achish

457 To arms, you follied Lords.

Messenger

458 Forfend my Lord,

459 For he is come with Olive branches in
 460 His Standard posts and White cast o'er his Armor:
 461 He supplicates for Peace, your Highness.

Achish

462 The Might
 463 Of *Israel* here sues to reconcile?
 464 Then bring the Captain forth, alone, surrounded
 465 By our Guard.

466 [*Messenger exits*]

Second Lord

467 Will *David* come alone?

Achish

468 Who slew the Giant?
 469 He's meager and swift, he is small and deadly.
 470 We mock him Grecian Boy, yet he would dance
 471 Into a Lion's Den for *Saul*: what else
 472 Is heralded but that the Maniac
 473 Here shames him with *Israel's* Surrender?

474 [*David enters, armed, with Gathan Guards*]

David

475 *Achish*, the Sovereign of *Philistine*,
 476 Here humble *David* kneels for Clemency,
 477 And begs the kindness of the Blood of *Gath*.

Achish

478 Dream I? Or has the absent Sun erupted
 479 To Dazzle th' Senses of mine Eyes and Ears?
 480 The Portals of a Man are not above
 481 Deception when the Heart is weak, neither
 482 Beyond the coaxing of a Poltroon when
 483 He quivers in his Couch; yet I am not
 484 These things. However, these mine Orbs of Light
 485 Hath flatter'd me when I am known to flounce
 486 And primp my Greatness, make a Demigod
 487 Within the enervated thin partition
 488 Of a Man's Skin. Eyes, desist to beguile,
 489 Ears, cease to betray with such pleasing Music,
 490 Allow that crushing Mountain, Truth, to fall
 491 Upon me: I am *Atlas* 'neath Honesty.
 492 Do you surrender yourself to me Boy?

David

493 For years, my King pursueth me despite
 494 The passion of my fury 'gainst your Lands,
 495 Despite the scores of full battalions thou
 496 Hast lost to *David's* Army, still I'm suspect
 497 Within *Saul's* sore outwitted Eyes. Driven
 498 Outside the bound'ries of Endurance, I
 499 Have let harsh Fate reshape me to that thing
 500 My Lord anticipates: his Deserter.

Achish

501 And wouldst thou give him his Deserts?

David

502 My lord,
 503 I only flee from him, and beg you let
 504 Me serve Protector to a Village here
 505 In *Philistine*. Thou knowest my worth, *Achish*:
 506 Take up thy sling, and I'll cast volleys of Swords
 507 And barbed Spears against thine enemies,
 508 That they'll retreat upon the very echo
 509 Of th' Name of *Gath*.

Achish

510 Is that the Sword of *Gath*
 511 That falleth in mine Eye? Set't on the Ground.

David

512 This trophy of our first Adversity
 513 Is here returned unto *Philistine*.
 514 That blade hath serv'd me well in Desperation,
 515 I pray that it will serve you better still.

Achish

516 Leave us.

517 [*Exeunt, manet David and Achish*]

David

518 My King?

Achish

519 Not yet. You have done much injury to me, *David*. This Sword, once in the mighty hand
 520 of *Goliath*, had fell'd a thousand enemies of *Philistine*. And when he offered truce, you
 521 used this blade to cut off the Giant's head.

David

522 He offered no Truce, my King, but single combat. I won that combat, and took the
523 mighty trophies of that valiant warrior.

Achish

524 *Goliath* bowed to make Peace, while you have slaughtered our people.

David

525 I have faced thy soldiers, in honorable combat, and bested them through thorough
526 thought and but occasion strength of arms, outmatched by weaponry, resource, and
527 position, I have outflanked thine armies. Make me thy general: I ask no arms nor even
528 soldiers, mere sanctuary, and I shall turn my skill and strategy against thy foes.

Achish

529 Against *Goliath*

David

530 *Goliath*, Highness, was a braggart and a fool: an humble stone slew the Dragon of his
531 Pride. Thy Pride alone stays thee from the inestimable Power of my Strong Men, the
532 Three, and my Resources. Wouldst press a stone into the eye of thy Brow? Or wouldst
533 take thy bane, the Haunter of thy children's Nightmares, and turn that beast against thine
534 Enemies? Give me my life, and my Sword is thine.

Achish

535 Your sword is in mine hands, o *David*: what might
536 I wreak with such a blade?

David

537 I am still arm'd.

Achish

538 A second blade?

David

539 This Sword was Gift to me
540 By princely Knight, a Hero who once charg'd
541 A scatter 'f Men against your Warriors,
542 Prevailing 'gainst a Doom unfathomed.
543 *For Jonathan!* they cried, *for Israel*
544 *And Jonathan!* When humble Shepherd laid
545 *Goliath* low, this Prince presented me
546 His Arms and prophesied that I would be
547 Renown'd beyond himself in *Israel*.
548 The echo of his Praise rang true in Days,
549 But now his King rejecteth me: the right

550 And undefeated Arm of *Israel*
 551 Extends himself to you. What will, my liege?

Achish

552 'tis done: I take the Arm of *Israel*,
 553 I take the Bane of *Philistine*, and knight
 554 Him with the Sword of *Gath*: and by the Nail
 555 Of *Goliath*, I take thee as mine own.
 556 Arise, Dread *David*: take thee charge of *Zilkag*,
 557 A Village far from *Israel*, that you
 558 May never find repentance for the Wise
 559 Submission you have made today.

David

560 My Lord.

561 [*Achish exits*]

David

562 O Lord, thou hast provided past mine Hopes,
 563 For in th'extremities of *Philistine*
 564 Our deeds shall be nor check'd nor testified,
 565 And I shall slaughter *Philistine* in secret
 566 Whilst earning praises of that bandied King.
 567 I thank thee *Yahweh*, yet shudder in the hopes
 568 That *Jonathan* forgiveth: o *Jonathan*,
 569 I have bewhor'd thy Praises, barter'd with
 570 Thy loving Prophecies, betray'd our Oath
 571 That we had sworn, and Guilt here murmureth
 572 A Fury in my single Heart, where Both
 573 Had once tremor'd. That I should value Life
 574 Before the Honor of our Love is Shame
 575 Unto that very Love, beyond a Wife
 576 And Husband's mere affection. Foul Fame
 577 Befall my treach'ry to that Piety,
 578 Expulse this feculent forsaking Husk
 579 'pon Earth as base as the Dubiety
 580 O'th' Coining of our Love, which turneth Dusk
 581 Of Bodies banished to Night of Woe,
 582 When 'gainst thy loving Soul mine own turns Foe.

583 [*Exit*]

1.4

584 [*Enter Jonathan, solus*]

Jonathan

585 A Sailor lost at Sea, 'tis said, is anchor'd
 586 To th' Rocks where first his Coarse was set upon
 587 The floor of th' divine Firmament below.
 588 And as the Flesh is eaten by the Fish,
 589 And as the very bones are worn to soot,
 590 For all the Years of his Blood's lineage,
 591 That poor born Serf is there encas'd within
 592 A fluid Enclosure, mew'd up within
 593 A flowing Prison, thence surrounded by
 594 The motile purpose he's denied. And such
 595 A Sailor is this fallen Prince: for Love
 596 Of blessed *David* I have surrender'd
 597 My Crown, my Line, my freedom and my Purpose.
 598 'tis Loyalty alone constraineth me
 599 And binds me in this Sepulcher of Dead
 600 Inconsequential Loyalty: that ghosts
 601 Poor *Jonathan* into a Word unspoken.
 602 If Loyalty could craft the Life of Worth,
 603 Then *Paltiel* should be a joyfuller Man:
 604 Alas his Obsequies have never won
 605 *Michal*: my Sister's beating Heart becomes
 606 The sole Aspect and Symphony of *David's*
 607 Anointment, his Accomplishment and Value:
 608 Her very Silence to her Husband *Palti*
 609 Recites orchestral elegies for *David*,
 610 An exercise in impotent Fury,
 611 To spurn poor *Paltiel* who ever fails
 612 T'engender even liking in his Queen,
 613 Endangering her life before the King,
 614 If he were wont t'exert his Eyes and study
 615 His Descent. *Saul* once sought to sever off
 616 His line, his firstborn Son, and hence we trust
 617 Th' demented Diadem of *Kish's* Son
 618 To safeguard all our Jewish Nation?
 619 But what can Children do when facing these
 620 The Evils of our Parent Age: revolt
 621 Against our chosen chief director? Pause,
 622 I wonder as I wander: who has cast
 623 That poor distracted Mortal as our King?
 624 Was't *Samuel* or his God, our *Yahweh* chose
 625 To make th'afflicted man our Apogee's
 626 Authority, the Zenith of our Kind,
 627 Now fall'n to the Nadir of all his Race.
 628 Was't folly born of *Samuel's* Pride? Mistakes
 629 Beget mistakes as Fools beget their fools.

630 Or was't the will of *Yahweh* here abusing
 631 His Chosen? Is poor sullied *Saul* our Crest?
 632 I find it more forgivable, the choosing
 633 Of Mortals gone awry, that we'll redress't.
 634 If our fall'n Blood is but the Overture
 635 To *David's* Reign, I welcome that Rapture,
 636 That *Israel* might once again run pure:
 637 From out my Fam'ly's poison'd line, a Cure.

638 [*He Exits*]

1.5

639 [*Alarums. Davids Outlaws fight and defeat many Philistines*]
 640 [*Enter David and the Three*]

Eleazar

641 Lord *David*, *Achish* and his Army come
 642 To sortie with our Powers.

Joab

643 Th' Bodies have
 644 Been burn'd, there's none to testify to him
 645 Our latest treachery to *Philistine*.

646 [*Flourish. Enter King Achish with the Lords of Gath*]

Achish

647 *David*, where hast thou fought today?

David

648 'twas the
 649 Negev of *Judah*, Lord.

Achish

650 No penance still,
 651 For making War against thine own Nation?

David

652 Nothing my King, my debt to you dissolves
 653 All thought of Home and foolish Sentiment.

Achish

654 Thy words ring richly General, for we
 655 Are come with grievous News: the Seasons are
 656 As Fruits, we must partake of them thereon
 657 Their Hour, and rip'ning now's the Day to stand

658 And make our final war against King *Saul*
 659 To expel stout *Israel* from the Earth.

David

660 'tis Excellent: now you will see of what
 661 Your servant is capable.

Achish

662 Hast no pity?

David

663 None, Lord.

Achish

664 Not for *Saul* that uplifted you?

David

665 Uplift me on a spit: no not a jot.

Achish

666 And for that *Jonathan* you lately prais'd?

David

667 I am, my Sovereign, thy Sword to wield:
 668 If thou wouldst aim me at that *Israel*,
 669 I beggeth but the day therein to Work
 670 And thou o Highness, thou wilt weep upon
 671 The Sights of thy poor Enemies, shalt weave
 672 A Second Flood thereon the pitiless
 673 Massacre I have wrought, shalt fall tearing
 674 The wicked Image from wash'd Eyes, before
 675 I'll loose one Drop for they that banish'd me.

Achish

676 'tis past the greatest Aspirations
 677 Thy King had hop'd. Repeat the phrasing of
 678 Your Sentiment before my Council o' War,
 679 And they shall slip you loose against *Israel*.

680 [*Flourish. Exeunt, Manet David and Joab*]

Joab

681 Can *Yahweh's* Chosen speak with such bitter
 682 Vexatious Tongue against our *Israel*?

David

683 I speak with Passion to the Purpose, man:
684 With equal Passion will I turn upon
685 The Forces of our Rivals, deeply lock'd
686 Against our King, and like a planted bed
687 Of Locusts, infested there in his Plot,
688 We'll burst the belly of his Powers thus
689 That *our* King consumeth and digest
690 The quickly fetid leavings of our Work.

Joab

691 You speaketh strange of late, my General.

David

692 O *Joab*, I have murdered mine Honor
693 I'th' Name of this Device: nothing remains
694 But th' Purpose, Goals surmount mine holy Pride.
695 Go, secretly reveal unto the Three
696 This Strategy for *Philistine's* demise,
697 And pray it nam'd not Treacherous, but Wise.

698 [Exeunt]

For more, please contact Jared McDaris: jared@jaredmcdaris.com