

THE CREATION CHRONICLES

Created by Ted & Lee

Scene: SOLOMON

Characters: Solomon, Nathan (young man with baseball cap)

Scripture text: Song of Solomon

Props: Quill, book, sheet of paper from legal pad

Length: 10 minutes

(NATHAN enters)

NATHAN: You know when two people find each other ... when there seems to be a ... well, it's a sense that you know ... you just know ... that ... well it's love ... and you know ... well, there's this woman ... and she's ... whooo ... and it's love ... and I was supposed to meet her underneath her balcony and I was working on the ... with the paper ... what I would say to her and ... I got nothing. I gotta get some help ... *(Pause)* I know just the guy ... I am so stupid!
(Exits)

SOLOMON: *(Enters with a feather quill in hand; writing in a book)* A gentle answer turneth aside wrath, but a harsh word stirs up anger. Better a simple dinner of herbs and soup, where love is, than the fatted ox and hatred with it. He who runs with scissors ... will put his eye out. God helps them that help themselves ... NAAAAAAAH! A fool who returns to his folly is like ... a dog who returns to his own ... vomit. I love this. He who keeps in the company of the dull...

NATHAN: *(Enters carrying a sheet torn from a legal pad)* Solomon! Solomon! You've gotta help me!

SOLOMON: Nathan! I'm writing! Leave me alone.

NATHAN: Listen, you gotta help me. Everyone knows you're good with women.

SOLOMON: Where did you hear that?

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****PURCHASE REQUIRED FOR PERFORMANCE AND DUPLICATION****

NATHAN: It's all over. Everybody knows that. Come on, there's this girl and I'm supposed to talk to her underneath her balcony, and I've got writer's block ... you've gotta help me.

SOLOMON: See here, Nathan. I cannot just go and blurt something out as a rooster spits up corn.

NATHAN: *(Pause to let this sink in)* Sure you can! C'mon! Look, here's what I've got so far.

SOLOMON: *(Reads NATHAN'S paper)* "Oh my love, you are so ... purdy."
(Pause) I will help you.

NATHAN: Great! Let's go.

SOLOMON: Tarry a moment, Nathan. I'd like to hear a bit about this woman. Describe her visage.

NATHAN: Her what?

SOLOMON: Her countenance. *(NATHAN still doesn't understand)* Her face! What does she look like?

NATHAN: Oh, man, she is like really... purdy. She's the prettiest girl in all of Jerusalem.

SOLOMON: Yes, yes, Nathan. Aren't they always? I'm talking about specifics.

NATHAN: Specifics?

SOLOMON: Yes, specifics. It's not enough to tell a woman that you love her. You must tell her why. Otherwise, you are as vinegar on the wounds of a sluggard. *(NATHAN tries to figure this out)* Describe her eyes. Use a simile.

NATHAN: A simile?

SOLOMON: A comparison statement using like or as...

NATHAN: Solomon! There she is!

SOLOMON: *(Pause – looks)* She's a Rose of Sharon. A Lily of the Valley. *(He crouches behind NATHAN to coach him, a la "Cyrano de Bergerac")*

NATHAN: Yeah, that. Oh my love, how beautiful you are. Your eyes are like...

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SOLOMON: Doves.

NATHAN: Oh, that's good! Your eyes are like doves. Oh my love, how beautiful you are. Your hair is like...

SOLOMON: A flock of goats.

NATHAN: A flo ... What?

SOLOMON: A flock of goats.

NATHAN: Goats!? What the...

SOLOMON: Nathan, do you want me to do this?

NATHAN: *(Nods)* Your hair is like a flock of goats.

SOLOMON: Moving down the slopes of Gilead.

NATHAN: Moving down the slopes of Gilead. My love, how beautiful you are. Your teeth are like...

SOLOMON: A flock of shorn ewes.

NATHAN: A flock of shorn ewes.

SOLOMON: All of which bear sons...

NATHAN: All of which ... Is everything gonna be livestock?

SOLOMON: I don't know, Nathan. I'm making this up as I go along.
(Cues him) All of which bear sons...

NATHAN: All of which bear sons...

SOLOMON: And not one among them is bereaved.

NATHAN: And not one among them is bereaved. Your teeth. You got 'em all.
(Winces with eye on Solomon)

SOLOMON: Move on, move on!

NATHAN: My love, how beautiful you are. Your cheeks...

SOLOMON: *(Has nothing)*

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NATHAN: Wow, what to say about those cheeks. (*Pause*) Those cheeks, the ones I've spoken of previously...

SOLOMON: Are like the two halves of a pomegranate.

NATHAN: What?

SOLOMON: A pomegranate.

NATHAN: I can't say that.

SOLOMON: It isn't livestock.

NATHAN: It's a fruit!

SOLOMON: And?

NATHAN: Your cheeks are like a fruit?

SOLOMON: Nathan, are you aware that my wisdom is like the waves on the ocean, the grains of sand on the shore, the stars in the firmament?

NATHAN: Firmament?

SOLOMON: It's poetry, it means lots of space.

NATHAN: (*Back to woman*) Your cheeks are like the two halves of a pomegranate.

SOLOMON: No, no. Let it sing. Pomegranate...

NATHAN: Pomegranate.

SOLOMON: No. Pomegranate. Use your soft palate.

NATHAN: Pomegranate. Use your soft...

SOLOMON: DON'T SAY THAT! MOVE ON.

NATHAN: Oh my love, how beautiful you are. Your nose...

SOLOMON: Uh oh.

NATHAN: I say your nose is like...

SOLOMON: A tower of Lebanon.

NATHAN: A tower of Lebanon. What? No, not the size but rather the...

SOLOMON: Elegance.

NATHAN: Elegance.

SOLOMON: And stature...

NATHAN: And stature ... of said nose. *(Pause)* My love, how beautiful you are! Your navel...

SOLOMON: What? NO. NO.

NATHAN: I say your navel...

SOLOMON: (*"Pig Latin"*) IXNAY ON THE AVELNAY.

NATHAN: Why?

SOLOMON: Nathan, you do not speak to a woman about her navel.

NATHAN: You can! C'mon, whaddya got?

SOLOMON: Uh, all right ... Is it an inny or an outey?

NATHAN: I don't know that!

SOLOMON: We'll assume inny. It's more common and probably better for metaphor. Your navel is a rounded bowl that never lacks for mixed wine.

NATHAN: Mixed wine? What does that mean?

SOLOMON: I have no idea. It's just beautifully esoteric.

NATHAN: Esoteric?

SOLOMON: Subtle. Women don't want you to be crass.

NATHAN: No. No. *(Back up to the woman)* Your navel is like a rounded bowl which never lacks for mixed wine.

SOLOMON: *(Writing something in his book; looks up)* Well?

NATHAN: She's smiling.

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SOLOMON: I told you.

NATHAN: Solomon, she really, really likes it.

SOLOMON: Good. Good. Here, you are on your own now. (*Hands NATHAN the book*)

NATHAN: (*Reading from the book*) "Your lips distill nectar. Honey and milk are under your tongue. How much better is your love than wine, the fragrance of your oils than any spice. Set me as a seal upon your heart, as a seal upon your arm. For your love is as strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love, nor can floods drown it." Oh, Solomon, that's wonderful! Thank you!!

SOLOMON: You're welcome, my boy. Now, Nathan if you decide to publish this, I want the credit.

NATHAN: You got it! (*Exits*)

SOLOMON: I do believe this is the most beautiful love-poem-song I have ever written. I just hope it's never taken out of context. (*Exits*)

END

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6

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