

**Characters:**

(in order of appearance)

(minimum number needed: 16) (cast may extend to 30)

Various Courtiers (male and female; any number)

Nathan - the prophet...middle-aged

Zadok - the priest

David - the king....portrayed as sickly and aging

Bathsheba - David's wife...older now, but still beautiful

Solomon - the king-to-be...begins young, handsome, wise

Guards (2)

Voice - "God" from offstage

Woman #1 - young mother

Woman #2 - young mother

Hiram - King of Tyre...older, David's age

Ben-Arman - a "smelly" camel salesman

Camel #1

Camel #2

Camel #3

Mrs. Solomon, the First - an unattractive Egyptian woman

Miss Edom - young and beautiful

Miss Moab - young and beautiful

Miss Sidon - young and beautiful

Miss Hittite Kingdom - young and beautiful

Miss Ammon - young and beautiful

Queen of Sheba - beautiful, exotic

#1

#2

#3

#4



SAMPLE



# ACT I

## SCENE I

SETTING: BY THE SPRING OF GIHON.

### **Song: “The Coronation” (INSTRUMENTAL)**

*(Scene opens as fanfare is played. Enter King David, Nathan, Bathsheba, Zadok, a few courtiers)*

COURTIER: Long live the King...King David of Israel.

COURT: *(in unison)* Long live the King!

COURTIER: And long live his successor...his son, Solomon.

COURT: *(in unison)* Long live the King!

*(enter all court)*

### **Song: “Solomon” (THE COURT)**

*(as music trails)*

DAVID: Long live the King! My son, Solomon.

*(exit courtiers, Zadok, Nathan)*

*(Solomon is admiring himself in his new robe, chatting with a few lingering courtiers)*

*(Bathsheba and David remain down stage, talking to one another)*

DAVID: Bathsheba.

BATHSHEBA: Yes.

DAVID: I’m so proud of our son, Solomon!

BATHSHEBA: Yes, I, too. He’ll be a great king. Same as his father.

DAVID: A better king than his father.

BATHSHEBA: How can you say that, David?

DAVID: I made many mistakes, my love. You should know that.

BATHSHEBA: Are you saying that I was ...a mistake? Are you saying that our son was a mistake?

DAVID: I am not, wife. I am saying that I made mistakes. And somehow God blessed us in the midst of it all. I'll never understand it.

*(exit courtiers)*

SOLOMON: *(crossing down stage to David and Bathsheba)* So, how do I look, Mother...Dad?

DAVID: Like...a king!

BATHSHEBA: It was a lovely ceremony, wasn't it? I've always loved this place.

SOLOMON: Perfect place for a coronation. I remember coming here to Gihon as a boy. Mother, you used to bring me here.

BATHSHEBA: Yes...what a good boy you were, Solomon.

SOLOMON: Dad...Mother. I am so grateful to you for this...for making me king.

DAVID: You are the best choice.

BATHSHEBA: The only choice.

SOLOMON: No, not the only choice. I am tenth in line for the throne. My brother...Adonijah...

BATHSHEBA: Half brother...

SOLOMON: Yes, my half brother is first in line. And there are eight more brothers...uh, half brothers...before me.

DAVID: God has His hand on you, my son. He has ordained you.

SOLOMON: Then, I am most grateful to Him.

DAVID: May you always be grateful to God.

BATHSHEBA: You are...gifted, Solomon. I knew that when you were just a little boy. Beautiful...bright...always asking questions.

DAVID: *(laughing)* Always...

SOLOMON: Thank you...both of you. Thank you for today...the ceremony, everything.

DAVID: I want to say...*(David clutches his chest, begins coughing)*

SOLOMON: Dad...dad. What's the matter?

DAVID: I'll be all right. Just let me lie down.

BATHSHEBA: Oh...dear. Son, your father hasn't been feeling well lately. He needs to rest. Call to the guard.

SOLOMON: Guard! Guard!

*(enter two Guards)*

SOLOMON: Help my father...please. And see that my parents get home safely.

*(David, Bathsheba begin to exit with courtiers)*

DAVID: *(stopping, turning slowly toward Solomon)* Be strong....Be a man of God. Walk in His ways...keep His law....

SOLOMON: I will, Dad. I will. You rest now.

*(David, Bathsheba, Guards exit)*

**Song: "Solomon" (reprise) (SOLOMON, solo)**

*(Enter Courtier hurriedly, bowing)*

*(underscoring)*

COURTIER: *(out of breath)* Oh...King! Live forever!

SOLOMON: Yes? What do you want?

COURTIER: I have a...a message. A message from your mother, Bathsheba.

SOLOMON: What is it?

COURTIER: She wishes to inform you...that your father, David...

SOLOMON: Say it.

COURTIER: Your father, David....is dead!

SOLOMON: Dead? NO!!!

*(LIGHTS DOWN!)*

**SEGUE MUSIC**

SAMPLE