

HEBREW TRIANGLE  
A LYRIC ONE ACT PLAY  
BY JAMES M. KEMP

**Hebrew Triangle**

A One Act Play

By James M. Kemp

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**Cast of Characters**

**Saul** – First king of the Hebrew nation, anointed by the priest Samuel. Suffers from melancholia. Has heard rumors that Samuel has anointed a shepherd boy of questionable parentage to replace Saul rather than Saul's son, Prince Johnathan.

**Prince Johnathan** – Saul's first born son who has fallen in love with the shepherd boy who was anointed by Samuel.

**King David** – Late in life, David recalls his love affair with Johnathan who died in battle with the Moloch-worshipping Philistines. David remains loyal to his god named Yahweh and asks for his god's support.

**Narrator** – This offstage voice can be prerecorded.

**Setting** –

The stage is visually divided into three areas from which each character speaks. Spotlights go up and down as each character begins and ends each monologue. Characters may be seated on stools or in chairs and rise and sit at the beginning and end of each monologue.

Characters may be dressed and made up in costumes chosen by the director but consistent on each character as a gestalt.

A projector screen is set behind the set and displays the images as depicted in this script. These images go on and off as each character begins and ends each monologue.

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**Narrator**

The story of David and Jonathan is introduced in [Samuel 1](#) (18:1), where it says that "Jonathan became one in spirit with David, and he loved him as himself", something that modern scholars have described as *philia* or [love at first sight](#).<sup>[18][a]</sup> For [Theodore Jennings](#), it is clear that Jonathan's "immediate" attraction to David was caused by his beauty:<sup>[20]</sup> Modern Biblical scholars, such as John Boswell, suggest that the love affair between Johnathan and David, taking place around 1500 BCE, could be the record of an early same sex marriage.

*(The first image displays on the projector screen.)*



**Saul**

This bailiff of my humor grates me most.

This assuming son of Jesse

that his Holy Oiliness would anoint.

So, between his singing and his looks, I sent him reeling

From me earlier this evening.

I am still capable of rage. Evening contemplation now.

But how that boyish mocker has unwound me!

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I have watched him

Spying at my crown.

He should be more watchful of my humor.

He does need so to fill

That girlish frame to manliness.

He pleased me once with his strumming.

After battle, nightly music was becoming.

His was sweet as any handmaid's.

I was accustomed then

To place my hand upon his head,

not knowing that he read it more a blessing than a thanks.

But even blessing was too lean for his appetite.

When I first discerned his threat, even then, it was too late

to send him back to Jesse's lap.

My own armies fancied him, marveled at

such stature's forcing Philistine to kneel.

Whetted, he must have seen that primal bow

as proper medicine for such disease as his

that gathers to addiction now.

That my own seed bows, I am concerned

to what levels of lowliness. Suspicious, I

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have seen them pray upon their knees as one.

This almoner of mine has habit

Of offering his greater portion to that cub.

His is an ignorance of how great

That portion is to greedy eyes.

These cares encrust my latest dreams

Of lesser than an hour's sleep.  
Repeated nightly this chilled month,

I see a golden youth crawl into my court, stand up erect

And burst from chains

To stripling wielding cutlery.

My counsel witch conjures this youth is Time, will dwell fully in my reign, predicts my golden  
age; unless, I cut myself

from out of old Yahweh's chains.

That which the weird depicts to me

Is fresh Ambition – would prick

the jewels from my embattled crown to adorn his ceremonial gown.

But for the chance I'd take,

I'd pluck his catchy tune. Yes.

Yes, I'd prick his little song

and make a lyre of golden hair and sinewy bone.

I'd betray his seed.

But, what demons would grapple

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with my humor then,

Planting poisons in my feed. Making sacrifice from need?

To betray his ransom creed!



**Johnathan**

In days of old, a woman's tale I now unfold,  
Of love and war, of passions fierce and bold.  
My first was wife of a slain soldier brave,  
Who fell beneath the Philistine's dark wave.

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Triumphs over Meloch's cursed band,  
Yet innocence was lost upon the land.

But joy I found in conquest's fleeting grace,  
Compared to David's gentle face.  
When he enters my father's court with song,  
My heart beats fast, I feel I belong.

He's younger, fairer, with a noble birth,  
His voice and lyre bring joy to the earth.  
Yet in my soul, a strange confusion grows,  
When David's presence in my sight shows.

Across the field, I saw him stand so brave,  
Armed with a sling, a giant's life to save.  
We cheered as blood upon the ground did spill,  
And saw him cut the monster's head with skill.

Now peace has come, yet feelings still remain,  
Whenever David's voice I hear again.  
My heart is torn, in love and jealousy,  
And Samuel warns of false deity.

When David plays, my father's gloom turns bright,  
His melancholy fades into delight.  
And I confess, my soul is torn apart,  
Between these two, I hold a restless heart.

Oh Yahweh, guide my tumultuous mind,  
If love is just, let peace in me I find.  
If not, let wrath consume us all in fire,  
And end the strife that fuels this deep desire.

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**David**

Since before Bathsheba appeared in court,  
Yahweh was my shepherd; my rod; my staff.  
But my Lord, why hast thou forsaken me  
In times when Philistines murdered the man I loved?  
In times when sons betrayed my royal claims?  
In times when no temple walls arose,  
To beautify your creation?

You shaped my comely features,  
That attracted both men and women to me.  
You gave me song to sooth the melancholic mind.  
You anointed my head with oil.

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You showed me paths that led to righteousness.

You brought nations to bow at my feet.

You directed the stones I threw at monsters.

So why do I worry on this day?

Yahweh, in my old age, please reveal

Will I ever be with Johnathan again,

Strolling by still waters, hand in hand?

Will I ever feel the sweetness of his breath,

Warming my neck or his touch on my arm,

After we awake from sharing the night?

Oh Yahweh, tell me if I must still face

Another battle on some plain, defending your kingdom.

Or face decaying temple walls in need of repair.

Or strike down some other monster for denying you?

And in my loneliness, be with me

And let me still be your eternal servant.

But please Yahweh, give me the strength to endure your will.

Let it be written. Let it be done.

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*(LIGHTS FADE)*

THE END