

A mist upon the waters—void of sense
And passion of the body. Think you Saul
Lives after death, and that your ghost shall
find

Him glorious and an immortal god?

What folly, Loruhamah, do you talk!

Come slay him with my sword and win the gods!

LORUHAMAH. I laugh at you!

DOEG. What poor pretence of laughter!

Come, take the sword and slay!

LORUHAMAH. Give me the sword!

DOEG. Thrust swiftly through his heart!

[Loruhamah takes the sword from Doeg.]

LORUHAMAH. Uncover him!

[Doeg stoops and draws aside the cloak that covers the body of Saul, revealing him in armour.]

DOEG *[looking up at Loruhamah]*.

His breast is covered but his throat is bare!

LORUHAMAH *[lunges swiftly with the sword at Doeg's throat]*.

As yours is bare!

[Doeg, avoiding the thrust, leaps and catches the arm of Loruhamah.]

DOEG. Now shall you die for this!

[There is a brief struggle that ends with Doeg wresting the sword from Loruhamah.]

LORUHAMAH *[offering her breast to Doeg]*.

Strike quickly!