

WE'RE IN THE BIBLE  
 (To the tune of We're  
 in the Money)  
 We're in the Bible.  
 We've got survival.  
 Someday there's gonna  
 be a Rashi on us.  
 We're in the Bible.  
 It feels so tribal.  
 We're gonna be translated by Onkelus



In the Good Old Biblical Times  
 (Sung to the tune: In the Good old Summertime)  
 In the good old biblical times  
 In the good old biblical times  
 In the good old biblical times  
 Bout the good old biblical times.  
 And those are the kind of things to know  
 Cause they hadn't figured out rhymes  
 The poets all spoke in parallelisms  
 they didn't have nickels or dimes.  
 They'd pay by weighing out shekels cause  
 In the good old biblical times  
 They'd pay by weighing out shekels cause  
 As a way of expressing praise.  
 The men all had a thousand wives  
 And the women all died giving birth.  
 And that's the way it was  
 when our forefathers roamed the earth.

That was our Purim Spiel  
 (Sung to the tune of My Country 'Tis of Thee)

That was our Purim spiel.  
 So it was no big deal.  
 At least it's done.  
 It was a little long.  
 We could have cut a song.  
 Perhaps the language was too  
 strong.  
 For the little ones.

But we brought you the truth.  
 Sharp as a serpent's tooth.  
 For you to see.  
 The way it really was.  
 In the days of Achashvuz  
 And you could see it all becuz  
 God made TV



Created by Michael Rand  
 (This Program is Y2k Compatable)

Songs to sing along with:

- Miriam BenHaim
- Sandra Bergman
- Howard Berkowitz
- Howard Eisenberg
- Jonah Fisher
- David Fishman
- Sarah Jacobs
- David Kronfeld
- Bethamie Horowitz
- Sophia Holtz
- Amira Mintz-Morgenthau
- Avital Mintz-Morgenthau
- Yocheved Muffs
- Briyah Paley
- Rebekah Racz
- Michael Rand
- Sharon Rebell
- Sarah Rebell
- Dovid Roskies
- Shana Roskies
- Eliana Schleifer
- Beverly Schneider

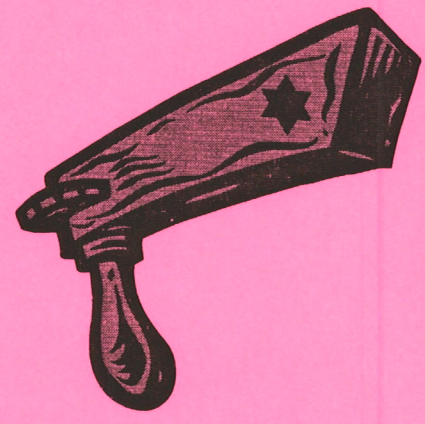
STARRING (in alphabetical order):

- SCRIPT Howard Berkowitz, Howard Eisenberg,
- David Kronfeld
- SOUND Bruce Rodin
- PIANO Lori Skopp
- STAGE MANAGER Iana Dreyer
- VIDEOGRAPHER Wing Lee
- PROGRAM Michael Rand
- PRODUCER Minyan M'at Productions, Inc.
- DIRECTOR David Roskies



The Millennial Purim-Shpil

Purim, 2000  
 Minyan M'at Players



## Purim Shpiel 2000

(flashlight illumination crisscrossing closed curtains as is found skyward at a Hollywood opening)

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the Shushan Purim Shpiel Academy Awards. This is our 2450th year, if you're holding the ArtScroll *Playbill*, or our 2150th year, if you're holding the H.L. Ginsberg *Playbill*. This year, as something special, the Academy had decided to focus on the spiel of one particular minyan farther out in galus than we are. We contracted with a group called Minyan M'at who, it was common knowledge, put massive effort into their productions each year. This year, however, apparently because Lubavitch had infiltrated M'at and convinced the script writers that Moshiach was coming and the spirit of Cecil B. DeMille would write the spiel for them, nothing had been done. M'at, in desperation, decided at short notice to have a Millennial spiel. Whose Millennium they thought this was we have no idea. In any case, the writers figured that they could just pull a few numbers here and there from past spiels and pass their laziness off as a post-modernist, deconstructed collage for their overeducated and easily bamboozled membership. When the Academy got wind of this nonsense, we tried to pull out. But the lawyers in that minyan are like pitbulls so we were stuck with whatever they gave us.

Let me give you a little background on where we will be going and the group that will be hosting us. If you will look at the giant video screen here (indicating the closed curtains).....that's right, sir (as if in dialogue with someone in the front row) you have to imagine there's video screen here...you're going to have to imagine a lot tonight...like costumes...like talent. Here you see an aerial view of M'at's west side. Our local sources tell us that a man named Giuhani seems to be accepted as king of the entire city except for the Upper West Side. You will note that the only landmarks these people seem to frequent is the Jewish Theological Seminary and Zabar's. Apparently, only academics, lawyers and psychotherapists are permitted to live in this neighborhood and they keep the economy going by consulting each other. This area is much kinder and gentler than when M'at was started in 1978 by people no other minyan would have but it has not been completely gentrified. Here is an exclusive shot of a squirrel mugging a pigeon in Riverside Park.

So far as anyone can figure out the first minyan Purim spiel was held in the Kelman's living room in 1980. No script has been found from this performance but a shepherd searching for a lost lamb in a large crack in the plaster in the Kelman's building came across some fragments. Our scientists have painstakingly reconstructed these bits and they suggest that the first spiel was inspired by someone named Mickey Rooney who wanted to put on a show.

Well, I see the M'at spiel is ready to begin and I know they will be relying on the kindness of strangers and the power of booze to put this one over. Here we go with what may well set Torah scholarship and musical theater back twenty years.

In 1995 this was their big opening number.

p.29 - entire cast in two opposing chorus lines "Another opening..."

(To Bethamie's Choreography):

CAST OPENS: "Another Opening, Another Show" (Kiss Me Kate)

Another Purim

Another Spiel

A show with charm and some great appeal  
At least that's how all the writers feel  
Another Purim and another spiel.

Another show from Minyan Maat  
We hope you like it and laugh a lot  
The words are ours but the tunes we steal

Another Purim...yes, another Purim... and another spiel.

In 1982, when the minyan was still small and you could have a simcha for 150 bucks, the spiel had a movie theme. Fortunately a celluloid copy of Vashti's song from "Vashti Doesn't Live Here Anymore" still existed, so Bethamie was able to recreate the greatness of the original. Many said the following number rivaled the poignancy of Orson Welles' commercials for Gallo wine.

p. 2 Bethamie

You walk in to the court one day  
and humiliate your wife  
You tell me to dance  
for all your friends--  
I was the show piece of your life.

You thought that I would follow you  
And do all that you say  
It's no surprise, that I won't listen to you, won't listen  
to you. Cause--

CHORUS:

You're so vain, I bet you think this Scroll is about you, about. . .  
don't you? don't you?

1982 was the only year in which the writers were so ambitious, they decided to move onto a song about the yontif after Purim with "Waders of the Holy Ark."

p.2 Fishman with chorus

Sung to theme from Star Wars

Louses, l-l-l-louses, all through your houses, and onto your skin,  
Louses, off rabid mouses, into your trousers, then up on your chin.  
Coming, soon after blood coursing through the Nile, it spells out, another  
disaster  
Frogs rotting in piles causes rising of gorge and bile; the message, that  
God is the Master!

Murrain, m-m-m-murrain, bringing your sheep pain, and your cattle death,  
Followed by great boils, pustulent black boils, reeking of rank oils, and  
stinking your breath.  
Your livestock, cowering mindlessly in their flocks, are picked off by  
hungry predators:  
Your chickens, are gobbled up by tigers, wolves and fox; your piglets, by  
alligators!

Hailstones, h-h-h-hailstones, leaving just pale bones, if you stay  
outside;  
Then locusts, making you brokest, your crops up in smoke-est, you'll wish  
you had died.  
Three days of darkness will send you stark raving mad, you'll be fit for a  
straitjacket;  
Your sons' deaths, from infant to late adolescent lad, will set off a hue  
and a racket!

Watch for Plague Wars, Episode 10, coming soon, to a minyan near you!!

In 1984, people began to complain about the space on the second floor. This biliousness was to become the perpetual leitmotif of the minyan. So the spiel that year focused on the trials and tribulations of life on the Upper West Side, including finding an apartment, finding a parking space and, here, the most plaintive question since Esau sobbed before Isaac: "Where Are All The Jewish Men?"

ESTHER & WOMEN SING:

Where are all the Jewish men -- over 30?  
Where are all the Jewish men  
I want to know.  
Not in touch, too much in touch  
Gone to gay bars some of them  
When will they ever learn? (2)

Where are all the Jewish men  
Clean or dirty?  
Where are all the Jewish men  
My mother wants to know  
Insecure, ambivalent  
Not quite through with therapy  
Why do I for one yearn? (2)

Where are all the Jewish men  
Prude or flirty  
Where are all the Jewish men  
*Jewish women* ~~My mother~~ wants to know.  
Just divorced, not yet divorced  
Not quite ripe for intimacy  
When will they to us turn? (2)

And when Jewish men and women meet, they can have but one shared thought. So, after they decide on an e-stock mutual fund, their minds tend to turn to children...and then to mush. It's ironic that in 1984, when this song was introduced, there weren't enough children in the minyan to sing a trio.

In this scene Haman is a would-be writer. His latest book, *Fiscal Crisis in Spain 1490-1492: A Comedy*, had just been panned by Mordecai. Meanwhile his wife, Zeresh, is fuming because their son just been closed out of Shushan Science, Horace Woman and Persian Tech, all because of Jewish competition.

Children : (To the tune of "Just You Wait, Henry Higgins"  
from My Fair Lady)

Just you wait Jewish people, just you wait  
You will see what we do to those we hate  
To force you out of your location  
We will... end rent stabilization  
Just you wait, Jewish people, just you wait!

Just you wait, Jewish people, just you wait  
Nothing you can do to change your fate  
On Sundays you will starve  
We'll lock and close Zabar's  
Just you wait...

Just you wait, Jewish people, just you wait  
It will aid little to assimilate  
We will make you move your car  
~~Everyday~~ and on shabes, twice as far!  
Just you wait...

Heschel

Just you wait, Jewish Children, just you wait  
You will see what we do to those we hate  
We will make you rarer than a Gypsie  
Moving ~~Ramat~~ to Poughkeepsie  
Just you wait, Jewish children, just you wait.

In 1985, the spiel writers hit on a true goldmine. Many aficionados of the Purim spiel scene regard that year's work as a cross between "Crime and Punishment" and "Oklahoma" but only if they are totally unfamiliar with both and are very, very drunk.

Esther was presented as a struggling single-mother Upper West Side analyst trying to eke out a living treating Biblical character disorders. She had to contend

with tortured patients whose conflicted emotions were so walled-off they were entitled to a second day of Purim.

Her first patient of the day was Aaron the High Priest who complained about how, just because he was the older brother, he had to make all the sacrifices.

p.6 top David Kronfeld

Yis ma hands must always be so clean  
Rub 'em, scrub 'em, soften 'em with vaseline, specially on Shabbas...

Ahm a peaceful man: why must they make me feel like Jack the Ripper?  
Slice the flesh, dice the flesh, specially on Yontuf & Yom Kippur.

Ahm not a fashion plate, I never was cut out to be a dandy;  
Tell me why I can't go to shul without 5 linen suits to change in handy

(After the first few words of the chorus:) Excuse me, I gotta change  
my shirt. Another sacrifice is coming up. (Exit)

Her next patient comes, quite literally, from Eretz Yisrael. Ed Greenstein  
flew in just to reprise his role as the prophet Ezekiel. Ed seemed just the one since  
he had reported seeing many winged, four-faced creatures during the '60's.

Esther: Have a seat.

Ezekiel: Thank you, madame.

Esther: Now what can I do for you?

Ezekiel: I have a problem in getting people to take me seriously.  
An incredible credibility problem.

Esther: What makes you think that?

Ezekiel: Whenever I speak, people nearly choke on their laughter,  
and I often hear comments such as, "That guy's a nut,"  
"Put him away," and "The man's bonkers." They frequently  
accompany such comments with a gesture (GESTURES) in  
which they move an index finger in a circular motion  
opposite the right temple.

Esther: I see. Do you have any idea why people react in this way?

Ezekiel: I eat parchment, lie on the ground motionless for months  
at a time, and describe to my audience a vision of God,  
which I have seen. God speaks to me.

Esther: Uh huh. I see. Do you drink, Mr., Mr., uh, I'm sorry, I  
forgot to ask your name.

Ezekiel: Oh, yes. I am called, Ezekiel ben Buzi.

Esther: Boozy, eh? So you do drink.

Ezekiel: No. Buzi was my father's name.

Esther: Then did your father drink?

Ezekiel: No.

Esther: What about your mother?

Ezekiel: No, he never drank my mother. She died naturally.

Esther: Naturally. Well, you say you've seen God. Tell me more about that.

Ezekiel: Yes, just one moment, while I assemble my back-up group.

Ezekiel's Song (to the tune of "Monster Mash")  
--female back-up group underlined

I was walking by the Habur Canal one night  
When my eyes beheld an eerie sight  
Four creatures from the sky were gliding down  
And when they reached me, they sang in Dolby Sound

O biri bim  
They were four cherubim  
O biri bim  
They each had four panim  
O biri bim  
An ox, an eagle, a lion, and a man  
O biri bim  
They were four cherubim Wa-oo

Their wings stuck together and they flapped to a beat Wa-oo  
They could only drive forward, they had circular feet Wa-oo  
When they touched down, I saw them move into park Wa-oo  
But I had always thought that they belonged on the ark

O biri bim etc.

Above them I spied a throne shoo-be-shoop wa-oo  
The color of fabulous stones shoo-be-shoop wa-oo  
And on the throne there sat ~~the~~ Lord wa-oo  
I have to confess I was awed! (pause) wa-oo

I fell on my face, but God said I was to stand Wa oo  
He said, "I've a job for you to do, Son of Man. Wa oo  
Tell my people to repent, sound the alarm. Wa oop  
But be careful they don't put you on the funny farm!"

O biri bim etc.



Esther's penultimate (that means, "on managed care") patient was the one who first raised the question of "What was a nice Jewish girl doing in a place like that?": woman

Sarah Jacobs

Dinah Dinah don't be so flirtacious  
These local philistines are really very cretinacious  
Dinah Dinah don't hang out with gentiles  
They have too much on their genitiles

Dinah! Dinah!  
Don't you be a floozy  
If you do we'll come and get you with our uzi  
Dinah! Dinah!  
Don't act like a zonah  
You should go out with someone like Harbonah

Bonah bonah bonah bonah  
Binga bonga boonga  
That means "hello baby" in Chaldee  
Bonah bonah bonah bonah binga bonga boonga  
That's what Hamor said to me

Ponah bonah binga bonga boonga  
Then he pulled his hot rod up and we went for a ride  
Bonah bonah binga bonga boonga  
Now he wants me for his bride!

So what am I gonna do?

Playing Esther's last patient of the day was the only Nobel Laureate the writers had ever succeeded in blackmailing into a spiel: woman  
p.8 Dovid

ESTHER: Yes Mr. Noah, what can I do for you?

NOAH: Bloated bodies. Millions of bloated bodies. All I could see was the water and the bodies.

ESTHER: When did this happen?

NOAH: For 40 nights and 40 days the rain came down. We heard but we did not believe. And then it was too late.

ESTHER: Can you describe what happened?

NOAH: Words cannot express. Only one who has seen it can ever know. I was watching. My wife was watching from inside the ark. The chickens were watching. The cows were watching...

ESTHER (interrupts): So what did you do?

NOAH: What did I do? What could I do? I was silent. My wife was silent. The bloated bodies were silent. Yes, and even God, I am ashamed to say, was silent.

ESTHER: I think I understand.

NOAH: Understand? How can you begin to understand? How can you imagine that you begin to understand? How can you imagine that you imagine that you begin to understand what no one has ever seen before?

Never think you might have anything to say  
That could elucidate the meaning of that day  
Just give thanks silently because I undertook  
To express your suffering in my next book.

It's not a book about an ordinary flood  
But of a kingdom not of day nor night but mud  
And of the terror that came with the earth and silt  
Far worse than drowning and destruction -- it was guilt.

This guilt is burnt into my conscience like a brand  
There's none who's wracked with holy suff'ring like I am  
And could there be someone more qualified than me  
To bear witness with such grace and modesty?

Yes, my silence is a legend in its time  
It ranks in popularity with sex and crime  
A modesty so awesome no one has yet dared  
To suggest my sacred suffering could be shared.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES:

In reaction to the intensity of the skits of '85, in '86 M'At sought relief in simpler times. I don't think Sinatra's hit, "Shushan, Shushan," with its famous opening "Start spreading the news, they're killing the Jews..." was from the 50's, but the yune was.

SANDY (TO THE TUNE "Get a Job")

Get the Jews  
Sha-na-na-na, sha-na-na-na-na  
Get the Jews  
Ka-ba-la-la, Ka-ba-la-la-la  
Get the Jews  
Ha-la-cha-cha, Ha-la-cha-cha-cha  
Get the Jews  
Ha-le-vay-ya, he-le-va-ya-ya-ya  
A mekhaya! Oy, a mekhaya!

ALL: Yip yip, yip, yip, yip, yip, oy-oy-oy-oy-oy. Get the Jews...

While we couldn't afford to pay for the rights to "Why Must I Be An Agagite In Love," we do have this number.

ELINOR: (tune of "Big Girls Don't Cry")

Bad Goys, Oh MY! (hold head)  
Bad Goys, Oh My! ( " " )

BARRY:

Bad goys make us cry ai ai

[CHORUS in parentheses]

(Make us cry)  
Bad Goys make us cry  
(Why do they make us cry?)

Bad goys make us cry ai ai  
(Make us cry)  
Bad Goys make us cry  
(I wonder why!)

Why don't they stay home (ED: stay home)  
In their pagan digs  
Stay home (stay home)  
Eatin' dogs and pigs  
Stay home (stay home)  
We don't give two figs  
For any of their awful way ay ays

Bad goys make us cry ai ai  
(Make us cry) n't  
Good Jews should have to die  
(SHOULDN'T HAVE TO DIE!)

In 1987 the Rebbe of M'Oz welcomed Dorothy and her three companions: the Seeker of spiritual enlightenment, the Intellectual and the Feminist. Here, in the closest M'at ever came to the final aria of "Madame Butterfly," is Dorothy's Lament.

Somewhere o'er Sloans and Zabars  
Way up high  
There's a place that may be our  
Home way up in the sky.

Somewhere over a chapel  
Many floors up  
There's a place with a promise  
Not to tshedrey our kop.

Our minyan's really rather small  
Yet isn't small  
It seems to be a riddle!  
A minyan on the avant garde  
Traditional  
Yet also in the middle.

Somewhere over the streetlights  
What we seek  
Is a place that can be our  
Home for three hours a week.

Somewhere over a chapel  
Way up high  
There's a room that I heard of  
That we could beautify.

A place where we can be ourselves  
With empty shelves  
It's difficult to find it;  
A place that when we look around  
We each can say:  
(Recitative) "Well, actually, you know, really, I don't  
mind it!"

┌ Somewhere over the streetlights  
If fate is kind  
We'll find a perfect place -- yet  
There's one thing to keep in mind:  
└

Repeat 1st  
stanza

In this next number, Miriam proves the pundits wrong who said she could never break out of the Dorothy stereotype of her original role and into the Feminist request for bodily accoutrements.

FEMINIST:

I would spend my time out-drinkin'  
the men instead of shrinking  
like a flower on the walls.  
No more asking, I would demand  
I'd out-bully Betty Friedan  
If I only had the balls!

If some flannel-suited mister  
Tried to harass any sister  
Down through the corporate halls;  
I would flatten his libido  
Like a nuclear torpedo  
If I only had the balls!

*W/L* ~~I~~ would dominate the minyan  
and insist on ~~my~~ opinion  
No matter whom it galls;  
*we'd* ~~I~~ be brazen, ~~I'd~~ be pushy  
And ~~be~~ davening ~~we'd~~ be mushy  
If ~~I~~ only had the balls! (Curtsy)  
*we*

In 1988 the minyan went out West. Strangely enough, this theme resulted in an Ode to Julia Child.

p.16 top Sandy and ~~chorus~~ Michael Rand

... [to tune of Git along, Little Doggies]

It's early in the mornin', there's flapjacks for breakfast  
With links of hot sausage and hot fried pork rinds  
The eggs with the bacon are swimmin' in butter  
The folks who won't eat this are out of their minds

Yippy ti-yi-yay, git alon', little vidn  
Its your indigestion and none of my own  
Yippy ti-ti-yay, git alon', little vidn  
Let him without ch'lest'rol pass the first gallstone.

Announcer drags shtender to middle of stage, taps the microphone and says:  
"The Shushan lottery is now up to ten thousand talents of silver...Cool!"  
"We now break for a number of commercial messages."

Beverly -

Ladies, get your credit cards ready for an unprecedented offer...a product of Old Time Religion, Inc., manufactured in Minyan Ma'at's own factory in Mea Shearim...the Beverly Schneider-negger Pumping Iron kit...a complete set of graduated weights...in the shape of Torahs...for women who wish to secretly build their muscles so that, like Beverly Schneider they, too, can successfully perform hagbah. (CRISPLY!) Batteries not included...Add \$10 for demonstration video secretly filmed on location at a Minyan Ma'at Shabbat service.)

KING: I hate when they do that. Women should stick to galilah.

COMMERCIAL NO. 4:

DAVID:

Now, at long last the invention you've all been waiting for. From the inventor of the Shabbat elevator, comes the Shabbat siddurvator...a wheeled carrier that wends its way down the aisles from seat to seat allowing congregants to gently deposit their siddurim and chamashim to be returned to the shelves. It's glat-kosher. It's solar-powered. It's voice-activated....with a starter that kicks in when the final note of Adon Olam is sung. But the best thing about this new device is that it allows congregations to dispense with Howard Eisenberg's final announcement.

KING: Also with Howard Eisenberg. (CHANGES CHANNEL)

The Academy would like to make this special offer. Because of an overstock, we are able to make available this C.D. of Jewish feminist hits at a special price. It includes: "Tie That Yellow Tfillin Round Your Arm and Head," the great "I Can Only Do Kiddush 'Cause They Say I Have No Chassidus," and the unforgettable "If I Don't Count In Your Minyan, You Don't Count In My Bed."

We would like to thank the two chorale groups that entertained our studio audience while we went to commercial: The Api-Chorus and The Norman Chubby Knuckle Choir.

Returning to our program - having survived the '80's, by 1990 one of the minyan's members was becoming so notorious that, for the first and only time, a member was directly lampooned. Here the roasting is done by the gender who knows the goose best.

p.18 Howie E.

DARLENE:

(To "Buttercup" from "Mikado")

I'm Darlene Wisenberg  
Sweet Darlene Wisenberg  
A passion for babies I've got  
But then, why shouldn't it be?  
They've been so good to me.  
(SMILES AND POINTS TO HUDSON RIVER)  
Look...moored out there? That's my yacht.

Childbirth is such a pain  
You won't hear me complain!  
I'm not the one being torn.  
Girl child or boy, you see  
I get my royalty (BIG SMILE)  
Each time a baby is born.

The '91 Purim spiel was performed in the trenches. War was raging in Iraq, and so Uncle Mordi of the Mossad planted Esther as a spy in Saddam's palace. Desperate writers connected the following song by having Vashti appear on "A Current Megillah."

Vashti's Song  
(tune: My Favorite Things)

My name is Vashti, I'm here with a story.  
I'm doing this neither for fame nor for glory,  
But that Ahashverosh -- well, he's done some things,  
And he isn't one of my favorite kings.

I've always been good; no back talking or sassing.  
But now I'm the victim of sexual harrassing.  
I did all he asked, but enough is enough,  
He commanded for me to appear in the buff.

When I said no, well, he just couldn't take it,  
But I stood my ground, I would not appear naked.  
And that was the end of my life with that man,  
And basically that's when my problems began.

He's a pervert,  
He's a lecher  
That's my whole report,  
If you can't reveal this on National TV,  
I'll take it to the su-prime court.

In 1994 M'at scholarship proved itself once again as they conclusively demonstrated that Mark Twain and Sholom Aleichem were one and the same when they did "A Connecticut Yenta In King Achasveras' Court." Here, a member of the minyan, who prefers to remain anonymous, performs the bluest number of two decades; "Esther's Seduction Song."

p.27 bottom Sharon R.

ESTHER'S SEDUCTION SONG:  
(tune: "Deep in the Heart of Texas")

I never fight.  
I'm great at night  
I'll teach you what safe sex is.

Scheherezade  
Ain't got my bod  
You'll soon forget your ex-es.

No need for trials  
I'd win by miles  
I've simply no defects-es.

In any position  
I'm nuclear fission  
You'll find I've great reflexes.

For those of you who collect Purim spiel trading cards, you'll know that the following is from the same year as the opening number, 1995. Here you get a real feel for how the writers, year after tedious year, would rely on the convention of sparkling dialogue followed by a sprightly tune.

NARRATOR

Then it was off to Hollywood and Mammoth Studios. Sam Money-loser was looking for the right director for his next blockbuster movie.

DIRECTOR

(He's wearing a baseball cap and jacket. Tres informal. And he looks and sounds like Ed Greenstein. As show proceeds he goes from cheerful to morose.)

I hear you're looking for a d'rector. Well, I'm your man.

PRODUCER

*You with the cap!*  
~~You with the baseball cap~~ what are you -- a replacement second-baseman?

DIRECTOR

I'm a d'rector...d'rect from Hollywood. But I also study Tanach at the Jewish Theological Seminary. So filming "Esther" will help me cultivate my Jewish identity.



PRODUCER

What's your name?

DIRECTOR

Ed Greenstein. But in Hollywood I'm known as...Purim Spielberg.

PRODUCER

The one and only Purim Spielberg?

DIRECTOR

That's me.

PRODUCER

Wow. You had some really tremendous hits!

DIRECTOR

That's right. My first big hit was a movie about a Jewish singles weekend in outer space. It was called, "Close Encounters with Your Own Kind."

ED

Right...and now I'm ready to take on the Megillah. But I warn you. If you want me to do this project, it's gotta be authentic. It's got to be B.C.

PRODUCER

B.C.?

ED

Biblically Correct. The way things were in the good old Biblical times.

CHORUS

Sings: (Tune: In the Good Old Summertime)

In the good old biblical times  
In the good old biblical times  
They'd pay by weighing out shekels  
Cause they didn't have nickels or dimes.  
The poets spoke in ~~parallisms~~ parallelisms  
Cause they hadn't ~~yet~~ figured out rhymes  
And those are the kind of things to know  
Bout the good old biblical times.

In the good old biblical times  
In the good old biblical days  
They'd sacrifice their children  
As a way of expressing praise.  
The men all had a thousand wives  
And the women all died giving birth  
And that's the way it was  
When our forefathers roamed the earth.

1996 was the year when being a troika member, an unsavory proposition in the best of times, required the candidates to be certifiably insane. The minyan seemed to be on an express train to oblivion and only the Purim spiel could save stave off disaster. Vashti, overcome by the situation, started to sound like Tevye.

p.34 top adult

Vashti sings: IF I WERE A RICH MAN

If we'd all contribute  
If we'd write an itty bitty teeny ~~little~~ check or two or three  
Every day I'd sit with Herman Sands,  
Drawing up the most extensive plans,  
With a cost that constantly expands  
Acting like a wealthy man.

The next number really was good enough to be in "Oklahoma."  
p.34 middle two voices

SPLIT THE MINYAN (sung to "Oklahoma")

S-p-l-i-t....the Minyan, it's the way to satisfy our needs  
We will save our dough, and still can grow  
At a breakneck pace and unsafe speeds!

S-p-l-i-t...the Minyan, choose a way that breaks the group apart:  
By starting hour, or by those who davven slower  
Or by those who think themselves so smart!!!

We know we belong to the clal...(To the clal!)...but the clal, on  
the whole is not small! (Is not small!)

And when I say....SPLIT  
It's 'cause two hundred don't....FIT  
Into a space meant for a hundred twenty -- groyse khochma,  
that's it!

Since this minyan has always suffered from wanting to have its cake and eat it, too, while also checking the kashrut, as well as the environmental policy of the caterer, there was no way they could decide on just one finale.

WE'RE IN THE BIBLE  
(To the tune of We're in the Money)

We're in the Bible  
We've got survival  
Someday there's gonna be a Rashi on us.  
We're in the Bible  
It feels so tribal  
We're gonna be translated by Onkelus

We're part of Torah  
Just like Gomorrah  
We're gonna have a place in Jewish affairs  
We're part of Torah  
Sure and begorrah  
They're gonna read of us for a hundred thousand years.

(Tune: My Country 'Tis of Thee)

That was our Purim spiel  
So it was no big deal  
At least it's done.  
It was a little long  
We could have cut a song  
Perhaps the language was too strong  
For the little ones.

But we brought you the truth  
Sharp as a serpent's tooth  
For you to see  
The way it really was  
In the days of Achashvuz  
And you could see it all because  
God made TV.