

**PURIMSPIEL 5761, MINYAN M'AT**  
**"WHO WANTS TO BE A SURVIVOR?"**  
 Version 3.1

**DRAMATIS PERSONAE: (Casting tentative)**

Ehud	Jonathan Jacoby
Arik	Binyamin Cirlin
Narrator	Sharon Rebell
AhashRegis	Danny Goldschmidt/Stanley Moses
Esther	Jocelyn Maskow
Rudi	David Kronfeld
Vashti	Lori Skopp
Hillary	Debbie Rand
W	David Fishman
Bilidechai	Gary Dreiblatt
Lot	Michael Rand

Sup.Ct. Justices Miriam Dreiblatt, Sam & Dena Kronfeld, Yoni Bokser, Sarah Rebell

**SCENE 1: Prologue**

*(One big guy—Arik – and one short guy – Ehud – enter, looking glum, enter from opposite wings, meet at mike center)*

EHUD: *(morose)*

Hey Arik -- tonight is Purim. We have to be happy. Time to act funny!

ARIK: *(more morose)*

Ehud, how can we be happy? How can we act funny? There is bitterness and anger in our land, mourning in our community. We can't act funny until after the sadness is over.

EHUD:

No, we have no choice but to learn to live with our sadness; we must be funny even when we are sad.

ARIK:

No, Ehud. We will wait until everything has calmed down. Then we can act funny.

EHUD:

No, during.

ARIK:

I say after.

EHUD:

During.

ARIK:

After.

EHUD: *(thoughtful pause)*

Arik, perhaps we can be funny together.

ARIK:

Ehud, I cannot be funny with you. How could we ever be funny together?

EHUD:

You're right. We can't be funny together. I can't be funny with you.

ARIK: *(thoughtful pause)*

Ehud, I have an idea! Maybe together we can be funny.

EHUD:

Sure! .... No. We can't be funny together. I'm leaving.

ARIK:

Wait! We can't answer this ourselves. Let's ask the people to decide! Okay everybody. We're taking a vote. Whoever wants us to be funny, raise your hand. *(Counts)* Now whoever doesn't want us to be funny, blink your eyes. Okay. You want us to be funny. Okay, we're going to be funny. *(Ehud starts walking off, stage right)* Hey ... Ehud ... where are you going *(runs after him)*. Ehud...come back ... Ehud ... We're going to be funny... Ehud!

*(Ehud and Arik exit. Enter from both wings Ahashregis, Narrator, Esther, Hillary, Rudi, Billdechai, Haman Dubya, Justices, converge at mike center, kids front, tall adults back)*

SONG *(All, sung to "To Life")*

Tonight, tonight, it's Purim  
It's Purim, it's Purim, tonight  
Come in and sit back and laugh a lot  
We've got a spiel that's hot  
'Cause it's Purim tonight!

Tonight, tonight, it's Purim  
It's Purim, it's Purim -- again!  
Laughter is very important to  
Every observant Jew  
When it's Purim -- ay-men!

*(all but Narrator step back as curtain closes. Narrator takes mike center and plants it front right.)*

**SCENE 2: Meet the Characters**

NARRATOR: *(Intones, as if reading from Bible)*

And it came to pass in the days of Ahashregis, he, Ahashregis who ruled from Boca unto Tampa, 127 counties in all ... that the great communicators of his realm, those from NBC and ABC and CBC and B2C and see-the-bee and do-re-mi, determined to select one who would become the King's favorite, to be the #1 assistant to this pretentious poobah, the Big Gouda, the leader of the great hegemony of the East. And the communicators held focus groups, and hocus groups, and POTUS groups and ordained a contest to select a special friend for the Great Leader. And for the televising of this contest they sold advertising galore, enough to retire the national debt! *(Lower voice, in a parenthetical remark)* except for the 10-year bond left outstanding to keep the mortgage resale market alive. And they named this contest: "Who Wants to be a Survivor?"

And candidates gathered from the four corners of the Earth, and were ushered into the great gym of Equinox where they spent six months drinking infusions and six months in the saunas, while their life histories were examined by those members of the FBI who had not bowed down to the Baal or otherwise sold secrets to the Former Babylonian Empire. And through the scientific marvels of that empire, known as techno-babble-on, other candidates from a contest in ancient Persia were also gathered, so as to provide quality control in judging the event. (*Ahashregis enters onto proscenium stage left*)

AHASHREGIS:

Welcome, welcome to my contest. My name is Achashregis, and I'm here to take you all on a marvelous adventure. We are going to the wildest place in my kingdom -- no telephones, no microwaves, no indoor plumbing, no indoors at all. It's a deserted beach, on the western border of my kingdom: brutal, primitive, poisonous, dangerous, elemental. There is nothing there but beach and palm trees. I call it (*each word stressed separately*) West Palm Beach.

And from a universe of thousands of contestants, all dying just to please me, we have winnowed out a small group of the most ruthless, alluring, cunning, conniving, thrilling and physically fit inhabitants of my realm who will vie with each other in tests of strength and skill and daring, to see which one will survive.

And that survivor will win the grand prize -- to be my own special royal buddy. To massage my feet and feed me grapes and fan me with palm fronds and wash my olives and crack my almonds -- and maybe, maybe have some influence on the way I run this kingdom. Power -- isn't that what everybody wants, a little power? Well isn't it?

Well, we've got them waiting on my deserted beach, where they've been living for days, eating nothing but rats and those horrid little jelly candies that they throw at simchas. Yech.

So step aboard my magic carpet -- are you ready to fly? Got your carpetbags everybody? Okay, here we go. (*Curtain opens. 7 contestants in frozen positions, some wearing cut offs and ripped T shirts.*) Oh, look at them, look at them. They're so real-life. So nitty-gritty. So wonderfully stinky already, living here at West Palm Beach. Let me introduce them to you. (*points*) Here's Arik, and Ehud, and Hillary and Rudi and (*points to Esther*) excuse me, who are you? -- I don't remember ever seeing you before.

ESTHER:

I'm Esther, your Regis-ness.

AHASHREGIS:

Oh, Esther, humma humma. Oooh, I have to remember you. Anyway, here's Billdechai and Haman Dubya. Like I said, have you ever seen such a collection of ruthless, conniving, alluring, devious people in your life? Oh, I love them.

SONG (*Ahashregis, sung to "These Are a Few of My Favorite Things" at mike L; children enter carrying large oak tag name cards on strings to affix to candidates during first 2 verses. Candidates then gather at mike R to sing chorus.*)

There's Arik and Ehud and here's Haman Double-ya,  
Over there's Hillary and boy will she trouble ya,  
All of these people who'll do anything,  
They'll backstab and cheat to be almost a king.

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Over there's Billdechai chatting with Rudi,  
And finally Esther, who's really a cutey --  
All of these people who hour after hour  
Are dreaming and scheming to come into power.

Keep my counsel, touch my scepter, live a life of ease  
Influence royalty and once in a while  
Issue a few decrees.

ALL: We're Arik and Ehud and Rudi and Hillary  
Just hang around and you'll see who we pillory  
Only one here will remain in the end  
Only one left as the king's special friend

Keep his counsel, touch his scepter, have his ear in reach  
It's getting much hotter and things will explode  
Here at West Palm Beach.

NARRATOR:

Tonight, to determine our grand prizewinner, we will subject the contestants to three tests: the test of intelligence, the test of talent, and the test of strength. Let us now meet the candidates.

AHASHREGIS: *(takes mike in hand, goes up to Ehud)*

Ehud is a former commando from Kochav Yair. He likes to dress in wigs and confuse his closest confidants. His partnership fight at his Real Estate Trade firm recently made the headlines, and he is taking his first vacation in 55 years.

NARRATOR: *(takes mike in hand, goes up to Billdechai)*

Billdechai, also known as Willy the Id, is a sorry excuse for a composite character, but charmed the eunuchs overseeing the preliminary competition out of their, well, you know what. He is thought to be the incarnation of Gautama Buddha, the great soul, and can feel your pain from 50 yards away in 70 languages.

AHASHREGIS: *(goes up to Dubya)*

Haman Dubya is a chief executive officer with ambitions to rise higher, at least 50 cubits. The offspring of a family with distinguished pedigree, this composite character has just completed an advanced degree in spoonerisms and malapropisms

EHUD:

This Palm Beach place reminds me of Eilat, and I would never trade Eilat away.

BILLDECHAI:

No one is asking you to trade anything, Ehud. Just to make a good faith gesture – a few hundred acres here, a square mile there ...

DUBYA:

Now, I don't think it's any of our business how you negotiarize with the PLU. I hear that they got Faisal Hussein on their team. Pass the word to him that his uncle Saddam is burnt toast.

BILLDECHAI: *(to Hillary)*

Say honey, have you seen my cigar ...

HILLARY:

Do I know you?

BILLDECHAI:

You can't forget me that fast. I was the hero in the Megillah, the leader of the sons of light against the sons of darkness. I knew all the details of every plot, from Bigtan to Haman -- you know, (*emphasize*) the plot wonk. I always ended up smelling like roses and wearing purple and crimson and the city of Shushan on the Potomac was joyous and glad.

ESTHER:

Well, uncle, you ended up covered with sludge from your last minute acts of good feeling and feeling good. Why did you pardon all those people?

BILLDECHAI:

Well, Ehud here was making the case to me ...

EHUD:

Leave me out of this. I'm retired.

BILLDECHAI:

Actually, I felt their pain, I really did.

DUBYA:

Oh come on. That's the lamest line since "it depends on what you mean by "is"".

BILLDECHAI:

Ouch! (*Points at audience*) You there in the 12<sup>th</sup> row, third from the aisle! Stop kicking the kid in front of you! I can feel that, you know. (*Turns to cast*) You see, I can relate to everyone, and the decision wasn't easy. It was like this.

**SONG** (*Billdechai, sung to "If I were a Rich Man", mike L*)

If I pardoned Rich man, deidle etc.

I'd create an olam m'tu'kan

Encourage messianic thought!

And if I pardoned Rich man, deidle etc.

I'd negate the rumor that I'm sly,

The calumny that claims I won't stay bought!

I wouldn't pardon Michael Milken, Jonathan Pollard, or

Any common crim'nal in the pen --

To gain absolution, *cha-ra-tah* must be sincere;

Qualifications include: only white collar

And no mutterings from army men;

The CIA must say he's in the clear.

(*singing*) "Pardon me, O Billdechai" -- "How about me, O Billdechai"

Enough to make a Catholic priest climb up the wall, a deedle a deedle a die!

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But if I pardoned Rich man, deidle etc.  
I would perform *pid-yon sh-vu-yim*, the Skverer  
Rebbe said it would apply.

So when I pardoned Rich man, deidle etc.  
I redeemed a scoundrel and bum,  
Endowed my library with a princely sum,  
(*shouted slowly*) Earned a portion in the world to come, and managed  
To poke Ken Starr in the eye.

HILLARY:

Well, I can't win with him still around. I say we should vote him off, now. All in favor, say "aye"!

ALL, EXCEPT BIILDECHAI (*who looks shocked*)  
Aye!!! (*Hillary leads Billdechai off*)

NARRATOR

One down, and it's still only day one of, "Who Wants to Be a Survivor?"!

### SCENE 3: Meet more Characters

NARRATOR:

... and now, let's meet some more contestants. (*Picks up microphone, moves to Esther*) Esther, a former Miss Shushan, is the lead actress in "Marry Me, Marry Me", now performing at the Palace Theater. She is also co-author, with Dr. Atkins, of the best-selling "The Fast Three-Day-Fast Weight Loss Plan". While apparently outgoing, her friends claim that she sometimes seems to be harboring some deep secret.

AHASHREGIS: (*picks up microphone, moves to Rudi*)

Rudi is a government worker who lives in a mansion on the Upper East Side. An arresting, take-charge kind of guy, he recently put his bulldog up for adoption, and has started dressing up as a marshmallow. An artist was recently commissioned to sculpt his likeness, to be known as "A Statue of Limitations".

NARRATOR: (*points to piano*)

Vashti ... (*Vashti gets up from piano, enters stage steps R*)

AHASHREGIS:

Vashti! What is she doing here? I thought you were ...

VASHTI:

Lost? Dead? Delisted?

AHASHREGIS: (*chastened*)

Well, I haven't seen you in a long while. How did you get past the eunuchs overseeing this contest?

VASHTI:

Oh, it was no problem -- I posed as a stage musician. Where there's a will, there's a way.

AHASHREGIS:

Well, all I remember is that you had a will, and I did away with you.

VASHTI:

And that's all you remember? How quickly they forget!

SONG (*Vashti, sung to "If I Only Had a Brain", at mike R; rest of contestants move to mike L*)

He'd call Vashti, Vashti, Vashti,  
Every day he wanted Vashti  
To come and dance and sing. (ALL: do-doo, do-doo, do-doo)  
He'd say Vashti, you're so pretty,  
I'll give you another city  
Won't you come and please the king. (ALL: do-doo, do-doo, do-doo)

Oh he, would say to me,  
Dear Vashti you're the fairest of them all  
He would tack my picture up upon his wall  
And then would kiss it, if it should fall

He'd click-on the icon "Vashti "  
On the royal Macintosh-ti,  
When-he needed cheering up. (ALL: do-doo, do-doo, do-doo)  
He would make Charbonah get me  
Then he'd pat me and he'd pet me  
And he'd treat me like his pup. (ALL: do-doo, do-doo, do-doo)

Then I, would wonder why,  
I was so prepared to do what I was told  
Was it love or just obedience or gold;  
The whole routine -- was getting old.

So when I heard "Vashti Vashti"  
I decided that this Vashti  
Had simply had enough. (ALL: do-doo, do-doo, do-doo)  
Well he begged me and implored me  
And he said that he adored me  
But I simply answered, "Tough". (ALL: do-doo, do-doo, do-doo)

Then he got sore at me  
He had them toss me out the kitchen door  
I had never been alone outside before  
I'd never even, gone to the store.

So the years fled and this Vashti  
Out among the great unwashed-y  
Grew philosophical and wise. (ALL: do-doo, do-doo, do-doo *fade back to stage center positions*)  
And so tell me what's the sin there  
If now I'd like to get back in there  
'cause I've learned to compromise.

HILLARY:

Compromise -- that's the New Democratic way, that's me. I'm going to win, and I'm going to campaign in every one of those 127 counties and listen to the people because Persians need someone who cares for them, and I'm going to wear out my six black pant suits (*holds up fingers in victory sign, emphasize every word separately*) until I win this contest!

RUDI:

I wouldn't bet on it Hillary. You're an interloper from some alternate Purimspiel and you don't know how to play the game. You've never won a contest in your life, and you'll never win any contest. Why? Because you don't have any con-test-osterone!

ESTHER: *(sweetly)*

Now Rudi, that's not fair. We can't all have elevated androgens like you.

RUDI:

No, you have elevated Esther-gens,

ESTHER: *(sweetly)*

Well of course. The feminine mystique is what will win this contest. Didn't we all hear about that in the Megillah reading?

#### **SCENE 4: Intelligence Challenge**

NARRATOR:

We will begin the competition with a test of intelligence. We can't directly measure intelligence, so we will use the quiz format, as opposed to looking at your academic records.

DUBYA:

Oh shucks, and I had a straight 'A' average!

ESTHER:

You did?

SONG (*Dubya, sung to "It's Howdy-Doody Time", at mike L; other contestants to mike R*)

My name is Double U

I went to Bubble U.

Took Cheerleading 101

And Basketweaving 2.

ALL: His name is Double U

He went to Bubble U.

Cheerleading 101

And Basketweaving 2.

My dad was president

A White House resident

While all my time was spent

In snorting Pepsodent.

I drank a lot of booze

I tried a lot of brews

I never read the news

It made me too confused

ALL: He drank a lot of booze

He tried a lot of brews

He never read the news

It got him too confused



I never was a smarty  
I never acted arty  
I joined the GOP  
Because it was a great big party.

DUBYA:  
Give me a “W”!

ALL:  
“W”!

DUBYA:  
See how easy that is to spell?

NARRATOR:  
Okay. This round will be made up of multiple-choice questions. The topic: “Great Survivals in History.” First question. The survivors of the Titanic lived because they had:

- A) Cell phones
- B) Vitamins
- C) Life boats
- D) Life insurance

EHUD: *(Raises hand first)*  
Ooh -- ooh!

NARRATOR:  
Ehud, you were first

EHUD:  
Cell phones!

NARRATOR:  
No, I’m sorry.

HILLARY:  
Life insurance! Everyone needs insurance. Life insurance, health insurance.

DUBYA:  
No. That Hillary’s so stupid. The answer’s “vitamins”. You know, like little pills and stuff.

NARRATOR:  
No, I’m sorry

ESTHER:  
The answer is C, “life boats”!

NARRATOR:  
Right you are! One point for Esther.

AHASHREGIS:

Now, next question. The survivors of the Donner Party lived because they ate:

- A) Trail mix
- B) Kasha varnishkes, even though they didn't like them
- C) Happy Meals, or
- D) Human flesh

Now, think hard about your answer.

ARIK:

Happy Meals! I love Happy Meals!

AHASHREGIS:

No.

RUDI:

Kasha varnishkes. You know, that ethnic stuff.

AHASHREGIS:

Sorry, Rudi.

DUBYA:

It was the trailer mix. I'm from Texas, I know all about that stuff.

AHASHREGIS:

No. Yes, Esther?

ESTHER:

The answer is D -- Human flesh. Pooh-pooh-pooh.

AHASHREGIS:

Right you are again. Another point for Esther.

NARRATOR:

Now, ready for another? On Gilligan's Island, they survived because:

- A) Gilligan was a technological genius
- B) The island had a Club Med on it
- C) The rich guy had enough money for everybody
- D) They were only actors in a studio

Think hard.

EHUD:

I'm sure it's because Gilligan was a genius. You can never be too clever.

NARRATOR:

Sorry...

VASHTI:

It's the Club Med answer. Club Med is such a fun place. You play around, you meet new people....

NARRATOR:

No, I'm sorry.

DUBYA:

That's such an easy one. It was the guy with the money. It's the trickle down thing -- the rich guy lets the little guys eat his crumbs.

NARRATOR:

Sorry, that's not the answer.

ESTHER:

The answer is D -- It's because they were only actors in a studio.

NARRATOR:

She does it again, folks!

AHASHREGIS:

This is one clever young lady! Now, we have a general knowledge question. Okay, ready...

Who was Haman Dubya's father? Was it

- A) George Bush
- B) George Washington
- C) George Burns, or
- D) George of the Jungle

DUBYA: *(Raising hand wildly)*

I know! I know!

AHASHREGIS:

Yes?

DUBYA: *(Suddenly looking blank)*

Oh shoot. It just slipped my mind. Oh shoot. Tell me, can I call someone?

AHASHREGIS:

Who would you like to call?

DUBYA:

My father.

AHASHREGIS:

Sorry, not on this one. I'll need your answer.

DUBYA:

Oh man, that's a tough one. Uh, er, er. It must have been George of the Jungle. That's because I remember him running around from office to office going *(does a Tarzan call)* Ahh-ee-ah-ee-aaah!

AHASHREGIS:

Sorry.

ESTHER:

The answer is A -- George *Bush*. Like on the JTS logo.

NARRATOR:

Right you are. She does it again folks. And that concludes Round One. It is time for the contestants to eliminate one from the group. Everyone will take a ballot and place a mark next to someone's name. The person receiving the most votes will leave the game. *(Three children distribute paper ballots cut in shapes of butterflies, then set up bowl {prop} on stool {prop} before Narrator. Two other children very slowly parade a large mock-up ballot in oak-tag across the proscenium. It shows black holes all over the place, curvy dotted lines connecting them to names of contestants, which are in two offset columns. Contestants quickly pretend to mark ballots, fold them, and deposit them in bowl.)*

NARRATOR: *(opens ballots one by one, speaks solemnly)*

Vashti ... Dubya ... Vashti ... Hillary ... Vashti ... Ehud ... Vashti ... Buchanan – I think that was probably a vote for Vashti. Vashti, it's been good to have you with us, and don't forget tomorrow's interview on the talk show "Survivor Guilt". *(Vashti leaves)*

RUDI: *I got back to you, man to man. As hard as this is for me,*  
Say, Regis, I'm going to have to ~~bow out~~, too. I recently had a thorough medical check-up, and what I learned has led me to rethink my future. *leave the center.*

SONG *(Rudi, sung to "It was an-Itsy Bitsy-Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini, at mike L)*

I've got an itsy-bitsy teeny-weeny problem with my ... er ... linguini

It's a problem that's getting me down

An itsy-bitsy teeny-weeny problem with my ... er ... zucchini

But let's not trumpet it all over town

It's a problem that makes me feel ~~bashful~~ *I'd prefer not to*  
And of which I would rather not speak  
It's a problem I'd like to keep private  
And if, the good Lord permits, it won't leak!

ALL: 2-3-4

Tell the people where you're sore!

I've got an itsy-bitsy teeny-weeny problem with my muscle-ini

It's a problem I'd like not to discuss

An itsy-bitsy teeny-weeny problem with my *(whispers)* little weenie

Let's keep the details just between us.

Well if ever they should take out my zucchini

Folks would line up and pay to see 'em *I am sure people would love to see him*

And in fact, it should be an exhibit

On the walls of the Brooklyn Museum!

ALL: 2-3-4

Tell the people where you're sore!

He's got an itsy-bitsy teeny-weeny problem with his muscle-ini

RUDI: It's a problem I'd like not to discuss

ALL: An itsy-bitsy teeny-weeny

RUDI: problem with my *(whispers)* little weenie

Let's keep the details just between us.

**SCENE 5: More Characters**

AHASHREGIS: *(throws arm over Rudi)*

That's a tough break, Rudi, but I'm over 50, so I understand. We'll miss you. *(Rudi exits. Aside, in loud voice:)* Not!

NARRATOR:

To prevent any further irregularities in the ballot, we will change the procedure: next round, *(hand out to audience)* you will cast the deciding vote!

In the mean time, let's meet our remaining contestants. Hillary works as a part-time marriage counselor. She recently moved to Westchester with her unemployed husband and a load of fine furniture that they *(pause)* got on sale at Ikea? A brilliant student, she went from Kindergarten to Full Professor in just eight years. Aside from an incredible record, Hillary, that's a huge savings in the cost of education to your family!

HILLARY:

Oh, I wouldn't say that. This education has cost me a lot more than anyone will ever know.

AHASHREGIS:

Arik is a bulldozer driver who lives on a farm in Nitsana. He recently became senior partner in his firm, when the former executive, Bibi the bobo, made a booboo and went bye-bye. Arik, what did you think of the megillah reading we just heard?

ARIK:

I liked the part about the fighting in Shushan. Impaling the 10 sons is the way to get quiet from those out to kill us. This is an ugly neighborhood, and only force is understood.

EHUD:

I don't know, Arik. Sometimes I think you catch more bees with honey than with rotten kiddush wine. Sometimes you have to give a little to get a little, give a little more to get a little less, maybe give a lot to get nothing at all...

ARIK:

Freier! On the 13th of Adar you'd still be dead!

DUBYA:

Well, Big Ehud, I don't want to countervene in your affairs, but I'll tell you this: I've always thrown my support before the little guy and the little guy has always shown his loyalty to me for my support. I think we should work together to eliminate some of the opposition, *(pause, point to Esther and Hillary)* maybe knock up some of the ladies out of the competition.

HILLARY:

That is the kind of Yahoo, sexist attitude I have spent my entire public life fighting. It's bad enough to find that response in segments of the electorate, but to find public officials against you just because of gender is, is ... revolting. And it's so common, though they deny it. Oh sure, they want women as political interns. *(Pause for reactions)* But raise your head, and it bumps against the proverbial you-know-what!

SONG *(Hillary, sung to "Who Will Buy", at mike R)*

Who can find, a fair politician  
Open mind, who looks past my skirt?  
I'm not blind, the standard is double

But knowing doesn't salve the hurt.

A male politico has it easy  
He can shake and flirt and wink.  
But on a woman it seems cheesy  
It's a fast way to raise a stink!

Who will crack, the glass ceiling open  
With a thwhack, will level the field?  
There's no lack, of qualified women  
With talents heretofore concealed.

'Cause in the not-for-profit sector  
We've made it all th'way to the top.  
Now we must convince the elector  
That this progression cannot stop!

I'll survive, and come out a winner  
I'll connive, and win at this game  
Then I will thrive, the pick of the litter --  
*(slow)* I'll take my kid gloves off, start feeding at the trough  
I know the ways -- I'm one smart dame!

#### **SCENE 6: Talent Challenge**

NARRATOR:

The next round in the contest to find our survivor will be the talent show. The candidates will be exposed to a series of *(stress every syllable)* terpsichorean settings, *(candidates look puzzled, turn to each other)* and should be judged on how well they adjust and blend in. The transitions may be brutally abrupt, so I ask to turn off your cell phones, defer that need to cough, cease blinking and still your hearts. *(Turn towards stage)* Candidates, are you ready?

5 CANDIDATES:

You say so!?

*(Dance music plays, about 20 seconds each: classical, twist, disco, classical again. Candidates do what they have to do.)*

AHASHREGIS:

That was incredible. I don't think I've ever seen anything so lacking in grace since the carnage at Ctesiphon. It's going to be a tough decision to select who gets eliminated. *(to audience)* Well, who votes to oust Arik?

NARRATOR:

Who says Esther?

AHASHREGIS:

Who's against Arik?

NARRATOR:

Who says Hillary has to leave?

AHASHREGIS:

Now, please put aside your political biases. Who thinks Dubya should be eliminated?

NARRATOR:

Hillary, you have been elected to leave!

HILLARY:

I demand a recount!

NARRATOR: *(to audience)*

What do you think?

DUBYA:

Now that's the kind of trick I could have expected her to pull. We've counted those *(sticks hand up)* hand ballots 5 times already.

AHASHREGIS:

I'm sorry, the time period for appeal has elapsed. Next time, try electronic balloting. *(Hillary leaves.)*

**SCENE 7: Strength Challenge**

NARRATOR:

The next round will be the test of strength.

ARIK:

Strength! Finally, something we can agree upon, Ehud. We should present a united front in this challenge.

ARIK and EHUD: *(in cheerleading chant)*

Alef, bet, gimmel, daled

Who has defense really solid –

Coalition, coalition, yeah!!

SONG *(Ehud and Arik, sung to Palmach anthem, at mike L)*

Never think that we are softies.

We're tough like a pachyderm

We know how to cut and shuffle the deck

So the government will stand firm.

ARIK: First the left wing tries to snow us

EHUD: Then the right wing tries their hand

ARIK: Aryeh Deri tries to stall us

EHUD: Yossi Beilin wants me banned.

ARIK: Stuff the cabinet with ministers

Co-opt all the right MP's

EHUD: Push Mizrachi to the sidelines

Let them dangle in the bree-ee-ee-eeze.

BOTH: Policies are not impor-or-tant  
We are the leaders, right or wrong!  
We know how to take care of ourselves  
Because united we are strong!

NARRATOR:

Well, that sentiment is very well expressed, but tonight, we will test that strength by Lot-casting. We will see who is the strongest at casting Lot.

EHUD:

You mean casting lots?

NARRATOR:

No -- I mean casting Lot. We have him right here, Lot ben Nahor, the nephew of Abraham. Lot, come on out! Everybody, give him a big hand! A big, big hand for Lot! *(applause. Lot enters stage left, throws up hands, bows, greets Narrator, circles back to Achashregis)*

AHASHREGIS: *(vaudeville patter)*

Lot -- it's so nice to see you.

LOT:

Nice to be here, Achash-Regis.

AHASHREGIS:

Tell me, Lot, how's the family?

LOT:

Oh, they're fine.

AHASHREGIS:

How's the wife, Mrs. Lot?

LOT:

Oh, she's fine. She's become a journalist.

AHASHREGIS:

Oh really? A journalist?

LOT:

Yeah, she works on a newspaper -- she has her own column.

AHASHREGIS: *(drawn out, emphasizing pun)*

Oh!

LOT:

Yeah -- she's really into it!

AHASHREGIS: *(again, drawn out)*

I see. And tell me, how are your daughters?



LOT:  
What daughters?

AHASHREGIS:  
Your daughters!

LOT:  
I don't remember anything about them. Anything.

AHASHREGIS:  
You don't remember your daughters?

LOT:  
Nope. Not a thing. I don't remember them at all.

AHASHREGIS:  
Surely, you remember -- there were two of them. The older one, the younger one, and then ...

LOT:  
I don't remember anything about them! And it wasn't that good, anyway.

AHASHREGIS:  
I see. Well, Lot, we're here to cast you. Our contestants will prove their strength by casting you as far as they can.

NARRATOR: (*Dubya walks up, stage R*)  
Okay, Dubya, you're the first contestant. Tell me, what will you do with Lot?

DUBYA:  
It's time to return a Lot of the surplus to the taxpayers.

ESTHER:  
The last time somebody listened to a Bush, folks wandered in the desert for 40 years. (*moves stage L*)

NARRATOR: (*Ehud and Arik walk up, stage R*)  
Ehud -- You think you can work with him?

EHUD:  
I can work with anyone, as long as he's a partner in peace.

NARRATOR:  
Arik -- You trust him?

ARIK:  
Not as far as I can throw him.

NARRATOR:  
Well, okay, first contestant.  
(*Lot walks up to W. W throws Lot across to stage L.*)

NARRATOR:

Wow, what a throw. Boy, can you throw it. Next contestant.  
(*Esther throws Lot across to stage R.*)

NARRATOR:

Wow, another great throw! Next contestant.  
(*Ehud and Arik together attempt to throw Lot, but their combined effort dissolves. Lot falls down.*)

LOT:

OW!

AHASHREGIS: (*goes over to pick him up*)

Oh, does it hurt a little?

LOT:

No -- It hurts a lot!

NARRATOR:

Well, that eliminates Arik and Ehud. But (*checks the score card*) Esther and Dubya, despite Esther's clear superiority of intelligence, talent and strength – are apparently tied! The only way to decide this is to call in the Supreme Court.

### SCENE 8: Supreme Court Decision

(*Narrator moves mike to front center. 5 Justices enter stage right, wearing black robes or garbage liners, each with a baseball hat and bat, knocking their cleats, NOT SWINGING BATS. They congregate around center mike.*)

SONG (*Supreme Court, sung to "Take Me Out to the Ballgame"*)

We're the Supreme Court judges

We like to sit on the bench

We have such cleverness

We have such smarts

You can't call us

Just a bunch of old ... fogies.

We don't hold any grudges

We're so honest and fair

We have intelligence

We are so sage

That's what becomes

From maturity of age

JUSTICE 1 (girl): Clarence, *cut that out!*

JUSTICE 2 (boy): Ooh, Sandra, I dig your robes!

We're no cartoonal tribunal

We're the lights of the law

We're so discerning that if we but try

We can distinguish 'tween Haman and Mordechai

JUSTICE 3: Say, what's the difference between Haman and Mordechai anyway?

JUSTICE 4: Haman's the one who gave us each a hundred thousand dollars!

ALL OTHER JUSTICES: Oh!

We're the emblems of justice

We're so honest and wise

You'll get one, two, three strikes from us

Right between your eyes!

NARRATOR:

So it falls to you kids to choose the survivor, Esther or Haman Dubya. Who's it going to be?

JUSTICE 5:

OK, let's vote.

JUSTICE 2:

No, silly, first we deliberate, then we vote.

JUSTICE 3:

No, first we decide -- then we deliberate.

JUSTICE 4:

Well, let's decide then. Did you see Dubya at the Heschel Generation Y party last week?

JUSTICE 1:

No, he was at the Gen ex parte. *(Pause for audience groan)*

JUSTICE 2:

That's good enough for me.

JUSTICE 5:

1 - 2 - 3 - 4, do to Esther like Al Gore!

JUSTICE 3:

Eenie meenie miney moe, Esther really has to go!

JUSTICE 4:

Achat - shtayim - shalosh - arba, Dubya gets in like his Pa!

JUSTICE 1:

2 - 4 - 6 - 8, time to go prevaricate.

JUSTICE 5:

It's Dubya -- he's the winner. *(All Justices bow to audience, put bats to shoulders, exit stage right)*

ESTHER:

Say, there's something very broken here.

DUBYA:

The election can't be broke. We just fixed it. It's exactly like I knew it would be.

SONG (*Dubya, sung to "When I was a Lad", with thanks to Alan Sherman, at mike L. Other contestants enter and gather at mike R*)

When I was a lad I went to Yale

And then I knew that I could never fail

For while I didn't study hard like the rest of the drones

I was tapped during pledge week to join "Skull and Bones"

ALL: He was tapped during pledge week to join "Skull and Bones"

I studied all the pledges so carefully

That soon I was the prez of the fraternity

ALL: He studied all the pledges so carefully, that soon he was the prez of the fraternity

I got to know the names of the geeks and the jocks

And the people with the trust funds filled with stocks

I learned who was going out with whom

And who had access to the Overseers' Room.

ALL: And who had access to the Overseers' Room.

For the people with access to that room, I say

Was the group that held the power in the CIA.

ALL: For the folks who had access to that room, you say

Was the group that held the power in the CIA.

I joined up with ROTC to fly those planes

And to prove to the young ladies that I had some brains

I learned to march left and I learned to march right

Which goes to show the doubters that I am quite bright

ALL: Which goes to show the doubters that he is quite bright

I hit my test flight on the ground so hard

That they gave me an exemption from the National Guard

ALL: He landed his test flight on the ground so hard

That they gave him an exemption from the National Guard

My patch in the oil fields came up dry

So often that-I-thought-my-wife would break down and cry

But I bounced-back-with-the-purchase of a stadium

Which for a C- student wasn't all so dumb

ALL: For a C- student it was not so dumb

*(slowly)* So I thank my mentor, who gave me a push

*(a bit faster)* I mean my honor-able father, Hamdata Bush

ALL: He thanks his esteemed father, yes he thanks his esteemed father

Yes he thanks his esteemed father, Hamdata Bush!

AHASHREGIS:

Dubya, I really like your style – very ruthless, very conniving. You're a real stinker. Unfortunately, I'd rather not have such a weasel get too close to me. Now Esther, on the other hand – I'd like her to get very close to me. So I'm overruling the Supreme Court, which I can do anyway, 'cause that's what power is really about in my neck of the woods. Come on Esther, you come with me. By the way, Dubya, I appoint you to be royal garbage man. Sweep up those chads. *(to Esther, walking off into sunset, exit stage right)* Come with me, ketsese ...

DUBYA:

I'm me—e—e—lting *(sinks to ground)*

FINALE *(All, sung to "To Life". All return to stage, center mike; Dubya gets up to join after group enters)*

Tonight, tonight, was Purim,  
T'was Purim, t'was Purim tonight.  
We thought we'd see if, the latest news, would  
Register and amuse, or  
Cause you to riot and fight

Tonight, tonight, was Purim  
Tomorrow is Purim all day  
So-go-out and be generous, to  
Those-in need and to us, who've  
Brazenly put on this play

We survived inclement weather  
Rehearsing together  
In ten feet of snow!  
You'll survive this timely offering  
Without greatly suffering, if  
You go with the flow!

Tonight, tonight, was Purim  
Thank you for coming to vote  
*(much slower)* Whether pregnant chad or butterfly  
Haman Bush or Goredechai

~~Remember to get out, and gloat!~~

Good night & *Lehitraot!*