

DOVIA  
SHANA

OPERATION ESTHER:  
A MIDRASHIC FANTASY ON THE IRAQI WAR

SCENE 1: A raucous meeting of the Israeli cabinet before August 2, 1990.

SHAMIR: Sheket! Sheket. The cabinet must come to order. Sharon, that means you!

SHARON: Bomb 'em, I say!

SHAMIR: Bomb whom? The British?

SHARON: The Russians, Shamir. We'll get 'em out of Lithuania!

RELIGION MINISTER: Listen, Jews, forget Lithuania! Better think about pork. The sale of pork must be banned! Now and forever. No more basar lavan! No more pollution of the Jewish stomach!

SHAMIR: Where's the minister of absorption?

MINISTER OF ABSORPTION (rushes in wearing sponges): Here I am. Just came back from doing a sponja.

MINSISTER OF RELIGION: Pork, I say.

ABSORPTION: Who cares about pork? It's not what goes into Jews that's important, but what they go into. Shamir! Give us mikvehs for the mass conversion of Soviet Jews!

RELIGION MINISTER: Shamir! Have women banned from leyning at the Kottel. Jewish women, daughters in Israel, must not be seen and not be heard! Stone them if they disobey!

ABSORPTION: Shamir! What we need is an olympic size swimming pool, right outside of Lod. Our ministry will convert them as soon as they step off the plane.

RELIGION: Your ministry! Our ministry, the Ministry of Religion, Bioethics and Talmudic Redaction. But they must stop eating pork. No pork! No pigs! No women's minyans at the wall!

SHAMIR: Sheket, sheket. We're here to talk about Iraq.

SHARON: Iraq? I say: Bomb 'em!

SHAMIR: Sheket! Sharon, that means you! This Haman Hussein of Iraq has reared his evil head again. We thought that knocking out his nuclear reactor would do the trick. But now he's up to something and we don't know what it is. The man is a veritable curse.

MINISTERS OF RELIGION & ABSORPTION (break into song):

He's a curse  
He's a week-old salmon  
He's a curse  
He's the Pharaoh's famine.  
He's the German boys playing with their poison gas  
He's the the plague of blood  
And he's Noah's flood and he's  
Balaam's ass.  
He's like Cain -- not his brother's keeper,  
He's insane. No, he's the grim reaper.  
He is just no good and no one could be worse.  
You can bet that he's a threat for he's a curse.

SHAMIR: Nakhon me'od. Right you are. But there's no way to get at him except...by trying...the Jordanian option again -- King Hussein.

SHARON: Does that mean bombs?

SHAMIR: Sharon, it means using our brains for a change, not just our planes. We've commissioned a special report funded by the Ford Foundation on how to implement the Jordanian option. We're just waiting for our Principal Investigator to show up.

Enter: bearded, potbellied Hasid and his very frum-looking wife. He carries a huge copy of the Tanakh under his arm.

HASID: Iz dis di knesses? Ver sits di kebinet?

SHAMIR: Who are you?

HASID: I'm your Principal Investigator. And dis iz mayn eyshes-khayil. (They sing to "Hop, mayne homen-tashn"):

Ve're not de Brookings Institoot  
I'm not Henry Kissinger  
Ve look into our Holy Book  
And tell you vat iz in dere.

Scripture vill point de vay  
If you vill let her  
Throw away di-plo-ma-cy  
Consult megiles Esther!

If King Hussein you court in vain  
Don't let failure fester  
Plant a Jewess in his bed  
A latter-day Esther.

CABINET: Scripture will point the way...

A queen that rules his heart and home  
But tells him not her nation  
May stop disaster in its tracks  
And bring about salvation.

CABINET: Scripture will lead the way...

RELIGION MINISTER: But isn't King Hussein of Jordan already married? How can we plant a Jewess in his bed?

HASID shrugs.

SHARON: No, no, I think it just might work. The wife he had was some crazy American feminist.

ABSORPTION: Yes, that's right. So she drove her Mercedes to the Saudi border to join in support of Saudi women.

SHARON: King Hussein of Jordan said: I divorce you, I divorce you, I divorce you, and that was that.

HASID beams. Exit.

SHAMIR: Gamarnu. That settles it. We'll take the Jordanian Option. But where do we find the right Jewess?

SHARON: Call in Motti, the head of MOSSAD.

SHAMIR: Agent Motti! Caling Agent Motti!

Enter MORDECAI with huge portfolio of potential women agents.

MORDECAI: Whatever you need, I have the answer right here.  
(Points to his portfolio.)

SHAMIR: We need a female agent to marry King Hussein of Jordan.

**Tune: "The Very Model of a Modern Major General"**

We must be very careful, yes, we must be very choosy  
In our search for the young lady who'll be helper for the Jews, E-  
ven the slightest little flaw removes her from the running  
She must be attractive, smart, discreet and also very cunning.

I started with Haviva Uriel who's very brainy,  
But I think perhaps too smart to win the heart of King Hussein  
Someone said that Ora Bar-Ze'ev would do it maybe,  
But she can't go anywhere now, she's about to have a baby.

There's also Gal Yedidia, she would make a great detective,  
But her father seems to be a bit uptight and too protective.  
I thought Tamar Aricha would be just the lady for ya,  
But before she takes a job she has to run it past her lawyer.

Dvora Yeroushaimi would be great as Mata Hari,  
But she's looking for a Jewish man to capture and to marry.  
I found a girl who's perfect - a kibbutznik named Raketet,  
But no matter what she does, she always smells just like the refet.

There's always Rina Brennes, she is just as sweet as candy,  
And she even speaks some Russian, which could maybe come in handy.  
The problem is that when she's nervous she begins to stutter  
And we can't take any chances so we've got to find another. (anutter)

Back in Tel-Aviv, residing just inside the city  
Are the Ellenbogen twins, they're very smart and young and pretty.  
They do everything together, for you see they're very jealous.  
So I had a kinky thought--

Minister #1: No, Matti, please  
Minister #2: Don't even tell us.

Mordechai: *But haven't you ever heard of double agents?*  
Minister #1: *That's not exactly what the term means.*

Nava Oz might be right for the Royal King Hussein,  
Except she talks a bit too much and she can be a royal pain.  
Nehama Yisraeli's pretty good, I thought she'd try it.  
But have you seen her lately? She could really use a diet.

I started feeling just as if my search would last forever  
When I met a nice police chief by the name of Eli-Sheva.  
She acted very well, she gave her orders firm but gently,

SHAMIR: Nu?

Then she told me that her shrink thinks she's a bit unstable ment'ly.

The next one's name is Gabrielle, or was it Gabriella?  
Well, it doesn't matter anyway, she'll never leave her tella.  
Yehudit Noam doesn't have the class to be a royal,  
So we can't use her, we simply have to find a different goil.

That leaves us with just one, although to name her I'm not jolly,  
She's my niece, my sister's girl, a new Olah, her name is Polly.  
She now goes by her Hebrew name, and yes, I must suggest her,  
For she's the one for us, my little darling, Polly-Esther

SHARON: Esther, yes, she's the one for the job! Beats bombing any day!

MINISTER OF ABSORPTION: A New olah! How wonderful for business! Think what a name our ministry of abroption will get!

MINISTER OF RELIGION: She's American? (Horrified at the thought) Is she one of those egalitarian types?

MORDECAI: Trust me. The Mossad is never wrong.

SHARON: Bombs away!

Cabinet disbands. ALL EXIT.

SCENE 2: Finds Esther alone in her room, flossing her teeth. Humming to herself. ENTER MOTTI.

MOTTI: Shalom, niece!

ESTHER: High, Uncle Motti.

MOTTI: Nice apartment you got here. How did you ever find it?

ESTHER: As soon as I got off the plane, those guys from the Sokhnut asked me where I was from. So I told them: Georgia. So they set me up with an olah hadasha from Tiblisi, not Atlanta.

MOTTI: Atlanta. That reminds me. It's the home of CNN. Have you ever thought of being a reporter?

ESTHER: I have a degree in journalism don't I?

MORDECAI: (Smiling) And have you ever thought of doing some travel in the Middle East, say in Amman, or Baghdad?

ESTHER: I have a Ph.D. in Middle Eastern politics, don't I?

MORDECAI: Then how about being an agent in Jordan and passing as a reporter for CNN?

ESTHER: I have an agent. In Atlanta.

MORDECAI: I mean a spy. Espionage. Plus romance.

ESTHER: Romance too? What kind of job is this?

MORDECAI: The Israeli government wants you to marry King Hussein of Jordan as a way of getting to Haman Hussein of Iraq.

ESTHER (looks visibly shaken.)

MOTTI: What's the matter? Don't you wanna be a spy?

ESTHER: It's not the spying that worries me. How can I marry a man I don't love? And an Arab king, no less? What would my mother say?

MOTTI (sings "When You're a Spy" to "As Time Goes By"):

You must remember this,  
A kiss is just a kiss,  
The king is just a guy.  
The rules of love do not apply  
WHEN YOU'RE A SPY.

And when you say, "I do."  
You'll help your fellow Jew,  
On you we all rely.  
You do the most important things  
WHEN YOU'RE A SPY.

Always remember, you'll never be alone,  
In a secret place you'll have a secret microphone,  
We'll be sitting pretty with you sitting on the throne,  
So give the job a try.

You never will be bored in  
Your palace there in Jordan.  
No, that you can't deny.  
Surprises give your life a thrill  
WHEN YOU'RE A SPY.

And when you give your hand,  
Your wish is his command,  
You'll be the **apple** of his eye.  
You'll **have** all that you need and more  
WHEN YOU'RE A SPY.

I promise you, my dear,  
You've not a thing to fear,  
For we will be nearby.  
*We'll assist you*  
*An army watches all your move*  
WHEN YOU'RE A SPY.

Think of the food at the royal wedding feast,  
Dates mixed with almonds and cakes of sugared yeast,  
**You'll** be the sweetest bride **in** the middle-east,  
It's easier than pie.

I think I've said enough,  
It won't be very tough.  
You'll barely have to lie.  
And suddenly your life is changed  
WHEN YOU'RE A SPY.

ESTHER: But how will it work?

MORDECAI: He'll fall for you at once. One interview and he'll  
be eating out of your hand.

ESTHER: Sings to "I'm Spying."

I'm spying

ALL: Spying, spying!

ESTHER: Look at me  
Here I go  
Like FBI or double-O  
I'm spying

I will be known as the Jewish Mata Hari  
How do you think I'd look in a sari?

I'm spying

ALL: spying, spying

ESTHER: What a role  
What a part  
Like a new Maxwell Smart  
Aah...

ALL: She's sighing!

ESTHER: My life will be thrilling starting today  
I might sell the rights to John le Carre!

I'm spying

ALL: Spying, spying

ESTHER: Here I go  
Undercover  
To be a middle ~~XXXXXX~~ eastern lover  
Spying!

They exit arm-in-arm.

*The Royal Palace, Amman Jordan*

SCENE 3: KING HUSSEIN of Jordan, wearing a crown, is sitting on his throne with a baseball glove and ball. Calls out:  
GUARD!

Enter a Bedouin guard.

KING: It's time for the game! The Yankees are playing the Atlanta Braves. Turn on the TV!

GUARD: Yes, your highness. But there's someone from Atlanta here to see you. A reporter from CNN.

KING: From Atlanta? How wonderful! Let him in.

Enter Esther. King is delighted to see that she's a woman. Stretches out his baseball glove to her. You may enter, my dear. How would you like to watch the game with me? Why don't you have a seat right here (points to a chair next to him).

ESTHER: I was actually hoping for an interview your highness.

KING: But of course.

ESTHER: You know, your highness, this is the first air conditioned palace I've ever been in.

KING: Don't know how my ancestors lived without it. But...may I confide in you? This is my country, but, strictly off the record, I must admit that (SINGS) the weather outside is frightful.

ESTHER: Yet inside it's so delightful.

KING: Well, as long as we've got shelter...

ESTHER: Let it swelter.

KING: Let it swelter.

ESTHER: Let it swelter. Still...

BABY IT'S HOT OUTSIDE  
(duet: king and esther)

E: I really can't stay.

K: But Baby (TRIES TO EMBRACE HER) it's so hot outside.

E: (PULLS AWAY...TURNS TOWARD DOOR) Don't expect me to play.

K: But your fair skin will rot outside.

E: This interview has been

K: I'd do anything for CNN

E: So very nice.

K: Let's practice my favorite vice.

E: My anchor man would start to worry.

K: (SPEAKS THIS LINE) I'd sure hate to do it in a hurry.

E: My uncle will be pacing the floor.

K: Your body I would love to explore. (ASIDE) Mohammed, lock the palace door.

E: Your highness, I must meet my deadline.

K: But first let me take you to bed -- mine!

E: Well maybe...for the sake of my story.

K: But no more questions. They are starting to bore me.

E: Your servants will talk.

K: But Baby, they're all outside.

E: I'm taking a walk.

K: No camels are on call outside.

E: I wish I could fly...

K: Come lie down on my flying carpet.

E: Right to Iraq.

K: My dear, let's hit the sack.

E: I ought to say No, No, No, king  
K: Wouldn't your rather just ding-a-ling ling-ling?

E: I better get on my horse. *Just gave*  
K: (DESPERATE...BARGAINING) I'~~ll~~ ~~give~~ my wife a divorce.

E: I wonder now. Do I dare? Umm...  
K: (ASIDE) She's ready to join my harum.

E: (SURRENDERING WITH A SIGH) Might as well strip off my tunic.  
K: Not here. I'll take you to my eunuch.

E: Oh well, (ACCEPTING HER ROYAL FATE) it's pleasantly cold inside.  
K: And baby, there's gold inside.

(HE PRODUCES A GOLD CROWN AND SETS IT GENTLY ON HER HEAD...CLINCH)

KING: Well, baby, where would you like to go on our honeymoon? Jericho? The West Bank? The Taj Mahal?

ESTHER (Sings to "Octopus' Garden"):  
I'd like to be  
Just you and me  
At the lovely hanging gardens in the sun.  
  
How I have longed  
To go to Babylon  
I hear your friend Hamani's lots of fun.  
  
Oh what a fling  
To marry a king  
To see the hanging gardens...

KING: Yes the lovely hanging gardens...  
TOGETHER: Oh to see the hanging gardens of Babylon.  
EXEUNT.

SCENE 4: In Haman Hussein's underground bunker.

Haman: Sitting in my German bunker  
Waiting for some fun  
I am a madman  
I am a badman  
Goo goo ea joob!

Ha ha ha ha! Yes, here I am in my bunker--all lone, by myself, kept company by the wonderful portraits hung along my walls, of all my favorite mass murderers. Ha ha ha. There's Genghis Khan--there's Caligula--and there's, aah, the moderns. Ha ha ha. Yes, I worship at their feet. And I-- I am one of them. And I've learned their secret!. I know the secret of being a really fine mass murderer. It's not enough just to be a bad guy--anyone can do that. It's not enough just to enjoy making people suffer. And you need moer than just a pedestrian hunger for power.



You also need--you also need...to have a terrible pain  
in your tuchas! Ha ha! That's the secret! And I"VE GOT IT!

My doctor says I have a brain tumor...

(Sings... Tune: Little David was small but oh my)

Well my name it is Haman Hussein  
Yes my name is Haman Hussein  
I'm not only evil,  
An evil boll weevil  
But my hemorrhoids have made me insane.

CHORUS: Wah doo, wah doo  
Tim lom bad a loo (2)  
Scooby dooby doo wa (2)  
Skadoo wah (2)  
Yeah...

HAMAN: Joseph Stalin was really a sleaze  
Yeah, Joe Stalin was really a sleaze  
He had such evil urges  
He needed those purges  
To make him feel more at his ease.

And Adolph was such a big dreck  
Oh yes, Adolph was such a big dreck  
That farshtunkener Fürher  
Got sorer and sorer  
That he made all of Europe a wreck.

And Chmielnitsky was really a beast  
Yeah Chmielnitsky was really a beast  
He had such a pain  
That Hussein from Ukraine  
That they called him "The stink in the East."

CHORUS: Wah doo

HAMAN: But I am the most evil dude  
Oh yes, I am the most evil dude  
In one great motion  
From ocean to ocean (pffff....)  
I'll cover the world with my crude (pft!).

Enter King Hussein.

HAMAN: Welcome, brother. Welcome to my underground bunker. How  
nice of you to spend your honeymoon with me.

KING: Yes, my queen and I have come to see your famous "Hanging  
Gardens."

HAMAN: Where is the queen now?

KING: Shopping in the bazaar.

HAMAN: Well look into this periscope and you'll see the Hanging  
Gardens. There's the Chief of my Air Force hanging. There's the  
Head of Civil Defense. There'll soon be others hanging, I assure  
you...(pregnant pause).

[IMPROVISE DIALOGUE]

HAMAN: Hark! A guest in my underground outhouse--I mean palace.

Aah...it is my wonderful old friend, King Hussein of Jordan (grimace). Come in, come in. Some tea? You want hubbly bubbly? For you-special price!. But first, I hear you have a beautiful new bride. Nice American artillery, EH? How nice of you to spend your honeymoon with me.

KING: Yes, my queen and I have come to see your famous Hanging Gardens.

HAMAN: Where is your queen now?

KING: Shopping in the bazaar. *Having tea at the Rashid Hotel w/ Peter Arnett*

HAMAN: Well, look into this periscope and you'll see the Hanging Gardens. There's the Chief of my Air Force hanging. There's the Head of Civil Defense--just the head. There will soon be others hanging, I assure you.

KING: Why are you looking at me that way? Aren't all Arabs blood brothers?

HAMAN: Sure--and what's a little blood between brothers. EH? But you and I are bosom buddies. You don't have a thing to worry about.

But now, let me tell you, King Hussein of Jordan (grimace). I have discovered a terrible conspiracy in the world today, which I have just learned about. It is like a big, red, puss-y carbuncle on the ...on the...face of humanity. It is a coalition of Imperialist Capitalist Zionist Proctologists. They must be wiped out. Flushed away. Oh, it inflames me just to think of them.

But I have prepared a plan. I named it after me--I call it Preparation H.

And with it, I--I mean we--can rule the world...and bring peace, of course. And it also means the end of that pesky Israel.

It will be easy. You see, I have the whole world and all its military might at my disposal. Anything... from anywhere...I can get it. And I can share it with you!

KING: So... what do I have to do to get in on this fabulous deal?

HAMAN: Do? All you have to do...is kiss my...kiss my...kiss knee--and make it feel better.

(Sings. Tune: The 12 Days of Christmas)

*How will you like half of Hamas?  
Is of Belman? And me etc  
Brooklyn Bridge*

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(Sings. Tune: The 12 Days of Christmas)

Haman Hussein: You see, I have the whole world and all its military might at my disposal. Anything...from anywhere...I can get it. And I can share it with you!

King Hussein: So... what do I have to do to get in on this fabulous deal?

Haman Hussein: Do? All you have to do... is kiss my... kiss my...kiss my knee--and make it feel better. (Sings. tune: The 12 Days of Christmas)

On the first day you kiss my knee I promise unto thee  
A smart soldier for your infantry.

On the second day you kiss my knee I promise unto thee  
Two Turkish doves, and

On the third day you kiss my knee...  
Three French jets

On the fourth day...  
Four falling scuds

On the fifth day...  
Five Saudi kings

On the sixth day...  
Six mines a-laying

On the seventh day...  
Seven SAMs a-soaring

On the eighth day...  
Eight MIGs a-migging

On the ninth day...  
Nine Persians dancing

On the tenth day...  
Ten drums of oil

On the eleventh day...  
American high-tech systems

On the twelfth day...  
Arafat in a hat  
American high-tech systems  
Tens drums of oil  
Nine Persians dancing  
Eight MIGs a-migging  
Seven SAMs a-soaring  
Six mines a-laying  
Five Saudi kings  
Four falling scuds

Three French jets  
Two Turkish doves  
And a smart soldier for your infantry

So what do you say? Are you going to kiss my knee? OR WHAT?

KING: Gee Hamani, my friend, how can I thank you? My heart overflows with brotherly love for you. My feelings for you are warmer than the desert sands in summer, my indebtedness to you as vast as 10,000 herds of camels... (Walk off arm-in-arm).

SCENE 5: ESTHER and KING HUSSEIN in bed. Two Bedouin guards hold a white sheet across them.

[KING reveals to her Haman's plans, then goes to sleep. Esther takes out her plastic diaphragm cover and communicates with Motti, her "Control."]

ESTHER: M....Come in, M. This is Polly-esther calling. (Pause) M.?

MOTTI (offstage voice): I hear you.

ESTHER: Listen, he exposed it to me. He spilled it in bed!

MOTTI: He spilled what?

ESTHER: The plan, I mean, he revealed the plan! Haman Hussein means to invade Kuwait and take its oil. He plans to bomb Israel. He promised the King that...

KING: (Roused from his sleep) What have you got there?

ESTHER: Oh, nothing, your highness, just my diaphragm.

KING: Why are you talking into it?

ESTHER: Haven't you heard of oral contraceptives? (Pause for laughs) Oh, go back to sleep.

ESTHER: M., you can go on now.

MOTTI: So here's what you do. Have the King invite Haman for drinks (voice trails off).

ESTHER: But how can we do that? We're surrounded by his Revolutionary Guards and all we brought from Aman are some Bedouin guards and two helicopters. (Pause). Alright, I'll do it. Over and out. (Kicks the king) Your royal Highness! Wake up! I've just had a thought.

KING groggily awakens. What is it?

ESTHER: Haman is so charming. We really must see more of him. Besides, it isn't nice to enjoy Haman's hospitality without reciprocating. Why don't we invite him for drinks tomorrow around five?

KING: Polly darling. Have you forgotten that Muslims don't drink?

ESTHER: We'll serve him a non-alcoholic punch. I'll even bake one of my Georgian delights.

KING: Alright. Now let's get back to sleep. And put that oral condominium...contraceptive back where it belongs!

SCENE 6: Next afternoon at the bunker. Esther and King are now whispering sweet nothings into each other's ears as Haman enters. Esther recoils at the sight of him.

KING: Polly, is something bothering you? You seem tense.

ESTHER: Well, your highness, shall I really tell what it's about?

KING: Anything you want. Up to half my kingdom.

ESTHER (Sings:)  
Well I am, I am

KING: What are you, what are you?

ESTHER: I am a Jew  
And now you see  
That wicked man  
Wants to kill me people  
And take your land.

What am I (2)  
I am a Jew!

ESTHER: What's more, he wants to make Kuwait the 19th and Jordan  
the 20th provinces of Iraq.

Haman (thunderstruck): Oh!

KING: Bedouin guards!  
Bedouin guards rush in. One hands Esther a stun gun with which  
she zaps Haman.

ESTHER: Take Haman off in a helicopter and throw him to the  
Kurds!

HAMAN: The Kurds? No, no, anything but the Kurds!  
Bedouin guards drag him away.

KING: Esther, what do we do now? When Haman's guards find out,  
we're finished. And I can't take you home with me,  
either. The Moslem Brotherhood won't be satisfied until  
they've blown us from the Kingdom of Jordan to... Kingdom  
Come. The Palestinians will never accept you. An  
American is bad enough, but an Israeli! But I can't  
leave you, Polly -- I mean, Esther. What do I do?

ESTHER: Give Jordan to the Palestinians!

KING: Yes, that's it! And as for us, my darling (SINGS):

KING'S ALIYAH SONG  
(to: "There's No Tomorrow")

Oh solo mia  
I'll make aliyah  
Why be an Arab?  
Take me to the land of carab.

It's no use being  
A king these days  
Look how my hair  
Has turned to grays.

To Israel:  
Yes that's my route  
I'll start all over  
Driving a cheroot.

To Israel:  
And I must confess it  
I'll probably run for  
A seat in the Knesseth.

I'll represent  
The ~~East~~<sup>West</sup> West Bank  
Could any king have  
A higher rank?

And if I lose (GIVES A SHOLEM ALEICHEM SHRUG)  
So I'll become a bagel-tester  
What does it matter  
So long as I have Esther?

SCENE 7 : Welcoming Committee at Lod

Tune: You're The Top

SHAMIR &

SHARON:

You're a mensch  
 You're a guy with style,  
 — You're a mensch,  
 You're an "aishet chayil"  
 You're the "chet" and "yod" spelling out a good old "chai,"  
 You're a gold menorah  
 You're Simchat Torah  
 You're matzah brei!  
 You're the wine that we drink at kiddush,  
 A punch line from a joke in yiddish,  
 You're a meal so great that to celebrate we bench,  
 — And a blessing on your head, for you're a mensch.

MINISTERS  
OF RELIGION

ABROPTIONS:

— You're a mensch,  
 You're Havdalah's candle,  
 — You're a mensch,  
 You're a Nimrod sandal,  
 You're the reason why we can say, "Goodbye, Hussein!"  
 You're Geula Gil an'  
 You're new trillin,  
 You're El Al's plane!  
 You're the lax at the Concord hotel,  
 You're the blocks making up the kotel.  
 You're the reason for no more tank or war or trench,  
 — And a blessing on your head for you're a mensch.

HASID &

WIFE :

— You're a mensch,  
 \* You're the Belzer Rebbe.  
 — You're a mensch,  
 You're the raid on Entebbe.  
 \* You're a holy day when we bow and pray and bless, *together*  
 \* You're a paratrooper ("paratroopa")  
 A wedding chupa,  
 You're JTS! *together*  
 \* You're a rug on the temple bima,  
 You're a hug that we get from Ima  
 You're a new Israeli; not Dutch, Australie' or French, *together*  
 — And a blessing on your head for you're a mensch.