

PURIM SPIEL 5748: THE MARK OF ZORRO-ESTHER

Cast:	Phineas	Josh Gutoff	Mordechai ...	Fred Bogin
	Esther	Ed Greenstein	Haman	David Fishman
	Zeresh	Shelley Bazes	Matt Tefillin	Judy Lee
	Doc Holiday ..	Michael Paley	Lone Rebbe ..	Max Apple
	Tanta	Dovid Roskies	The Indian ..	David Kronfield
	Yom Tov Sheini	Howard Eisenberg	Cowboy	Miriam Hoffman
	Elana	Elana Berkowitz	Walk-on	Howard Berkowitz

SCENE 1: MATZEIVAH, ARIZONA

[Elana carries on sign: Matzeivah, AZ / Pop. 5748]

[Darkness. Flashlight on Phineas. Backdrop of cemetery with tombstones]

Phineas: [Reading tombstones] "Here lies Meyer Meyerson
 He'll never stand for Sh'moneh Esreh again."
 [Reads] "You don't claim the sheriff is cheatin' at cards
 You don't claim the assessor is purposefully lyin'
 But "Grub-stakin'" Irving did all that, and more
Titsror nishmato b'tsror ha'khayyim."
 [Reads] "Standing bravely before the barricade on the track
 Was Max Gross, to hold up the Boston-bound train
 But East's where the sun rises, (no geographer Max)
Yisgadai v'yiskadash shmey rabbah, ameyn."
 [Reads] "...Haman." [Turns to audience] Now there was one bad dude.
 In he end, he was hanged, him and his whole gang. But not before...
 [Lights. Mordechai, Esther, Cowboy, Indian, and others are in saloon.
 Phineas staggers] Seltzer! Seltzer! I'm so thirsty! Can't anyone
 bring a person some seltzer?

Mordechai: Phineas the kohen -- is that you? [Phineas makes priestly sign]
 Phineas the kohen, it is you! Someone bring some seltzer. Help him
 -- he looks like he's gonna collapse! [Elana brings seltzer. Folk
 assist Phineas] Phineas, what happened? Has there been trouble in
 Paras, Texas?

Phineas: Oy, Mordechai-yay-yippy-yippy-yay-yippy-yay [ad libs about Jews and
 Haman wanting their land for the oil under it, and how it came to a
 head. Sings to The Red River Valley]
 Since you ask me what happened, very well sir,
 Take your coats off, grab seats, gather round,
 But first, please, get me one more glass of seltzer,
 And some black bread with shmaltz to wash it down.

Now sir, we Jews moved in a-prospectin' for oil;
 Some from Cush, some from Hodu and Cuchin,
 A disparate bunch, we chose nusach Eretz Yisroel
 'Cause we loved to do that Birkat Kohanim.

But one night while we wuz learnin' round the fire
 The sitra akhra upon us did intrude,
 As this varmint who had only two desires:
 "I take my women like my oil - I want 'em crude".

Now at first we hoped that we were seein' double
 When we saw the gunmen he had brought from home,
 But then we realized that we were in big trouble --
 They were three, but all us fifty were alone.

Now the next part of the story doesn't tickle
'Cause our fear made us confused, t'say the least
We hid my daughter in a barrel labled "pickles"
And sent the oil to visit relations back East.

Now this angered the vicious outlaw leader
The frustration stung like cactus in his breast
He broke into Musaf during the Amidah,
And killed the finest dukheners in the West.

Oh my sorrow grows more bitter by the hour
And I never shall know respite from the pain
I lost my daughter in a barrel of half-sours
And they'll have to call levi b'mkom kohen.

It was really cruel, humiliating. They shot down the kohanim while they were dukhenin. They didn't even die with their boots on. They had to be buried on Bootless Hill! [Phineas collapses]

Folk in saloon: [to melody of Mexican Ay-yay-yay-yay] Oy-yoy-yoy-yoy!

Mordechai: [to Esther] Esther, my niece from the East, more and more the Wild West is beginning to look like no place for a Jew.

Esther: What makes you say that? There's only been this one incident. It could be an aberration. You'll see, Uncle Mordechai-yay-yippy-yippy-yay-yippy-yay, now things will be so quiet you'll be able to hear your tsitsis rustling in the wind. [Suddenly, Haman and Zeresh burst into the saloon, shooting and raising Arizona. Zeresh sees Phineas crawling, and kicks the seltzer out of his hand.]

Zeresh: Hey, Haman, isn't that one of the slobbering Jews we plugged back in Paras?

Haman: I don't know, they all look the same to me. [Checks Phineas] Wait a minute, wasn't he the one who said, "put up your dukhens and fight"?

Zeresh: Yeah, then he didn't even make a fist. [Makes priestly sign] You know, back home on the Parshandata ranch, we don't tolerate no pig-abhorin', arbitrage-lovin', foreskin-lackin' Jews.

Haman: Yup - we know how to get them off the land: we wait for those news cameras to show up, then we throw stones at them. They can't handle it at all - they've got a streak of yeller down their hides. I reckon it comes from bad nutrition.

Zeresh: [Looks puzzled] How come nutrition?

Haman: Yup. Those Jews have all those strange food rules -- why, they only eat meat if it's slaughtered right, and the closest shochet is in Kansas. By the time it arrives here by stagecoach, it's three days dead. Hard to build chaaracter when you've been eatin' vegetarian all your life. Now me ... [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

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

Zeresh: The sun's at its zenith, it's high noon for certain
The tough barroom brawler has strapped on his gun
A showdown is coming, the blood soon will flow free,
So those who don't eat right better leave town and run.

Both: Whoop your tail-ail-ay, git alon', little yidn
It's your yellow bellies and none of my own
Whoop your tail-ail-ay, git alon', little yidn
With grub like that you're nothing but skin and bone.

Haman: [Noticing Esther] Hi, there, lit'l darlin', how about showin' me some leg?

Esther: Oh, no, I couldn't do that!

Haman: Well, maybe you won't now, but I'll be back to claim you! [exits with Zeresh, shooting and razing Arizona to the ground. The saloon-folk cluster round Mordechai-etc., the bar-keep]

Cowboy: Mordechai-yay-yippy-yippy-yay-yippy-yay, what are we going to do to rid Matzeivah of this vermin?

Mordechai: I don't know, I just don't know.

Cowboy: Let's ask Great Chief Geronimo-she, the wisest cigar-store Indian in the West. [Cowboy and Phineas drag Indian to center stage] Speak, O Great Chief Geronimo-she!

Chief: [sings to Ug-a-bug from Peter Pan]
Ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug wah!
All: Ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug wah!
Chief: Ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug wa-hoo!
Ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug Mah
Nishta-nah ha-situation ha-zeh
Mi'kol ha-other terrible situations
We're facing a real varmint
He's such a piece of dirt
He smells like undergarments,
He likes to hurt!
You know we've got to stop him now
But the only question is how?

All: Ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug wah!
Chief: Ruggelach, ruggelach, ruggelach, ruggelach, ah!
All: Ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug wa-hoo!
Chief: Ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug, ug-a-bug What
We need is someone who will speed-
ily come through and know just what to do.
We must call fro someone special
Someone who can save us all
Part Samson and part Heschel
Who'll hear our call
And when he comes with blazing guns
He'll save my brothers from these bums.

All Yeah!

Chief: I know -- maybe we should call fro the great gunslinger Wyatt Grepps!
[someone burps] No -- too disgusting. Maybe we should call for Hopalong Kozodoy! No -- too obscure. How about Bat Mitzvahson? No -- too young. Wait, I know. Let's call for ... Matt Tefillin!

Elana: Yeah, Matt Tefillin!

All: But how will we induce him to come to our aid?

Mordechai: I'll tell you what. I'll give whomever can rid us of Haman and his rats ... the hand of my beautiful niece. Boy, can she dance -- and teach school, too -- Esther from the East!

Cowboy: You sure you don't mean Easter?

Mordechai: No, you've been living in galus too long. Esther!

SCENE 2: IN THE STREET

[Elana marches by with sign: HIGH NOON]

[Haman and Zeresh enter and the townsfolk look nervous.]

Zeresh: OK, now we'll see who's really tough. These are the terms of the contest: each contestant must wrap his tefillin around his arm tighter and tighter. The contestant who lasts the longest wins. Contestants, step up front!

Cowboy: Look yonder, there comes Matt Tefillin! [MT enters, wearing the biggest phylacteries in the West. Haman stares at them, impressed.]

Haman: Them's purty fancy phylacteries you got there, Matt.

Matt T.: That's Matty. Them's no amateur phylacteries, them's PRO phylacteries. Now come over here, you stupid Agagite, and step up to the bimah; I'll teach you a lesson in tefillin wrappin'!

Haman: You couldn't give me a lesson in torah-rollin'! [sings to tune of Anything You Can Do]

Haman: Anything you can wrap, I can wrap tighter,
I can wrap any strap tighter than you.

Matt T.: No, you can't!

Haman: Yes, I can!

yes, I can!

Matt T.: Anything you can pray I can pray faster,
Anyday I can pray faster than you

Haman: No, you can't!

Matt T.: Yes, I can!

yes, I can!

Matt T.: I can knit a kippah!

Haman: I can buy it cheapah!

Matt T.: I can tie a gartle!

Haman: Gartles make me chortle!

Matt T.: I can learn a blatt g'marah!

Haman: And only a blatt?

Matt T.: Yeah!

Haman: So can a tot.

Haman: Anything you can leyn, I can leyn longer,
I can shtup any trop longer than you.

Matt T.: No, you can't!

Haman: Yes, I can!

yes, I can!

Matt T.: Hey, this is supposed to be a tefillin wrappin' contest, not a vocal tryout. How about some real rappin'?

Haman: You mean ...? [starts stomping a hoe-down rhythm]

Matt T.: No, it goes like this! [snaps fingers until Haman picks up beat]

[Alternative]

[I can tie some tsitsis
Tsitsis are for kidsis]

Matt T.: You think straps of leather are easy to tie
But it doesn't come as easy, as wearing a chai
First you gotta take, the shel-yad from the bag
And give it a kiss (like salutin' the old flag)

Haman: You unwind the black strap and let it dangle down
Then you grab ahold the bayit and make a circle round
You put your arm through, and raise it near you heart
That's your left, not your right arm, or else go back to start.

Matt T.: Slide the box to the inside, and then reverse the loop
And start wrapping tightly, in a closely-spaced group
Seven times around you go, then once around the hand
It's time to make a brachah, then work on the headband

Haman: Put the big prophylactery, just under the hairline
And center it between the eyes, it's meant to be a sign
Straighten out the side straps, then blessing number two
And tighten up those seven loops as tight as you can do

Both: You can do, you can do, yes as tight as you can do

Haman: Anything you can wrap, I can wrap tighter,
I can wrap any strap tighter than you.

Matt T.: No, you can't!

Haman: Yes, I can!

yes, I can!

[The two wrap tefillin, tighter and tighter; Matt Tefillin collapses.]

Crowd: [sung, as before] Oy-yoy-yoy-yoy!

Cowboy: How'd you do it, Haman?

Zeresh: [Tapping on Haman's arm; wood knocks simultaneously] Wooden arm!
[Haman and Zeresh exit. Crowd turns to Mordechai]

Mordechai: Let's check with the Indian again. [Cowboy and Phineas drag Indian
out.] How now, Chief?

Indian: How! Better call in Doc Holiday!

SCENE 3: INSIDE SALOON

[Sign: Back in the Saloon]

[Doc Holiday and Yom Tov Sheini enter; latter repeats the last phrase of
everything Doc H. says. The two are dressed alike]

Doc H.: [coughs intermittently as he speaks] Have no fear, friends. I'll
fill Haman as full of holes as two dozen sour-dough bagels -- or my
name ain't [coughs] Doc Holiday.

Cowboy: A.k.a. Doc Yom Tov.

Doc H.: Oh, I'd like you to meet my sidekick, [coughs] Yom Tov Sheini. He's
truly a Diaspora phenomenon, no? Anyway, you ask how I can be sure
that that dastard Haman's days are numbered? After all, I'm [coughs]
not in the best of health! Well, I'll tell you how. In fact
[coughs], I'll sing you how. [sings to tune of Home on the Range]

I've got me a clone
Not named Levi or Cohen
But who sticks to me tight as a flea,
Though somewhat redundant
With prayers he's abundant
My sidekick good Yom Tov Sheini.

YT Sheini: Yom Tov Sheini's my name;
Doc Yom Tov gets all of the fame
He eats Zabar's Nova
I get what's left ova
And folks wish that I'd never came.

Doc H.: He'd rather be first
Being second is worse
But into a rut he's got mired,
Even folks quite devout
Are all davened out
By the time he arrives they're all tired.

Y.T.Sheini: I'm the sad tail end of Shvu'ot
Hardly anyone thinks I'm of note
And on Shmini Atzereth
Almost nobody careth
They pray along purely by rote.

Doc H.: Yom Tov Sheini, my friend
Your complaints never end
They disturb our relationship tight
Say you prayers, little guy
Are you ready to die?
For alas [coughs], I must wish you [shoots] good night!

Y.T.Sheini [Falls] You've holed my bullet-proof vest
But perhaps it is all for the best
From the siddur you've torn me
Minyan M'at will not mourn me
The Diaspora sure needs a rest.

Mordechai: [Haman enters] In this contest, we'll see who is most knowledgeable
about halakha! [Crowd murmurs approval.]

Haman: I suppose you didn't bother cleaning for Pesach?

Doc H.: Whaddaya mean? I kasherred for weeks. I sold my chametz. I even
made an eruv tavshilin! [crowd cheers]

Haman: I'll bet you bought products with only a "K" and no rabbi's
signature!

Doc H.: Never! Every item bore a famous rabbi's name. [crowd cheers]

Haman: So -- you did everything to get ready for Pesach, did you?

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Doc: You bet I did!

Haman: Well, it's not Pesah. It's now Shavuos, schmuck!
Doc starts coughing, choking, buckles, dies.

Phineas: How terrible! He died of shame!

The folk are dismayed, as Haman exits laughing.

Cowboy: We're no match for Haman's uncanny knowledge of Jewish law and ritual. Who can help us now? *They consult the Chief again.*

Chief: We make big mistake--think Yom Tov and Yom Tov Sheini are two different guys. We better bring in two different heroes. I suggest the Lone Rebbe and His Tanta. They easy to tell apart.

Mordechai: Good advice, Chief! I'll call for them pronto.

Scene 4: outdoors

The townspeople look into the distance.

Elana: Is that the Lone Rebbe on his white horse?

Howard: Is it a white horse?

Sounds of galloping. The Lone Rebbe and His Tanta pull up, recite the traditional "Whoa!" and enter rapping.

Lone Rebbe and Tanta (together):

La de da dee
We like to party
We don't cause trouble
We don't bother nobody
We're just some mishpocha
Who rock the West
And we'll rock that Haman
In your interest

L.R. steps forward and says:

I'm the Lone Rebbe and I rock all day
Ah'm so fast, there is no delay
Excep' for Shabbes, ah'm on my way
I drink cold borscht and I daven well
Got a yeshiva in Shushan
That's where I dwell.

When the gunmen see me they all go wild
Start a-hoooin and a-booin
That I killed the Christ child
But I rock on by, I pay em no heed
Got Tanta behind me, don't need no steed.

Tanta steps forward and says:

He's bruisin, he's cruisin
there is no losin'
He's like King Midas
Whom you've been told
Everything he touched turned to gold
Little rockin rebbe

Don't need no gun
 Give him nine dudes--
 He'll make a minyan!
 Had some trouble with the Gold Mastercard
 Turned it in for silver when the times were hard
 But now we're groovin and the money's ok
 Till we run into the mothers
 From the UJA!

Yes, I'm his tanta, Yetta Ceil
 I do the cookin, that gives him his appeal
 That yeshiva in Shushan
 Where he do dwell
 If not for me it would look like hell.

Cowboy: Hey, Tanta, how about some more cholent?
 Tanta: OK, coming up, boys. But save some for the contest!
 Mordechai: It's time for the cholent-eating contest. Make way
 for the rivals: Haman, on the other side, and the Lone Rebbe on
 our side!

2/14: silent

Lone Rebbe: I've got my Tanta right behind me.
 Tanta: If you don't mind, once the cholent-eating starts, I'm
 moving a little off to the side.
*The Rebbe and Haman each sit and take a plate, facing off
 dramatically. Haman is full of silent scorn.*

Lone Rebbe (to Tanta as she serves): Milk is chillin
 Cheese is illin
 What more can we lay on
 This villain?

Tanta bustles past, serving the food.
 Tanta: C'mon Rebbe, outta my way!
 I'm cookin flieshik from here to L.A.
 I've got cholent and shmaltz when I likes to chill
 Pepper and onion
 When it's time to get ill
 When you eat my cholent--here's how you feel
 You put your right leg down, your left leg up
 Tilt your head back, let's finish the cup...
 Cause I'm the Queen of Cholent
 There is none higher
 Sucker Parsee--should call me Sire!
 To eat my kingdom you must use fire
 I won't stop cookin
 Till I retire.

Lone Rebbe: Nobody can eat quite like I can
 Take a muscle-bound Haman--
 Put his face in the sand
 The last mo'fo that ate this thunder
 Is now blowin gas from six feet under!

L.R. turns to Haman:

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If you think you can out-cholent me
Yo, boy! I'll bet
Cause I ain't met a home chicken
That could do that yet.

Haman and the Lone Rebbe and Haman eat and eat. Tanta keeps stuffing them.

Tanta (to Haman): Dinner, you ate it--
there is none left
It was salty with butter and it was death!
You proceeded to eat it
Cause you was in the mood
But Haman, you did not read
it was a can of my food!

Lone Rebbe: You're gonna die from this cholent, Haman.

Haman: We'll see who's gonna die. I'll see your paprika, and raise you three onions.

Lone Rebbe: Onions? You insult my constitution. I'll see your onions and raise you this three-day-old kishke!

The Lone Rebbe draws a gun.

Tanta: You're not loaded with the silver bullets, are you? We only use those on Shabbes!

Lone Rebbe: Not to worry.

Tanta begins to do a victory dance. But soon the Lone Rebbe collapses, lets loose a loud fart and dies. Haman wins.

Zeresh (to Tanta): Trendsetter, he's better
His digestion's so good
He's got a gold name plate
says his stomach is wood!

~~Hamp~~
Elana: What are we going to do now?

Mordechai: I'm not one for being original. Let's ask the Chief again. Chief Geronomoshe, what can we do now? This Haman just cannot be undone! How can we defeat him? How?

Chief: How! I no know. Maybe I better stick to selling cigars.

Haman: Well, I reckon that I win. I'll take your niece, now.

Mordechaiyay-yippy-yippy-yay-yippy-yay.

Mordechai: You've done drained all the yippy-yay's out o' me, you weasel!

Haman grabs Esther and drags her off stage.

Scene 5: Esther's bedroom

Haman enters with a seemingly frightened Esther.

Haman: It seems like you're mine, after all.

Esther: Er, well, yes... Would you make yourself at home while I just go behind this screen and slip into something more comfortable? You know, it's remarkable how you function with so many wooden parts

Haman: Well, I'm not all wood.

Esther: You're so mean, you must have a wooden heart!
Haman: Yes, well, that's true, I reckon. But I do have a hankerin for you.

Dinky

HAMAN AND SIDEKICK BRIEFLY CONVERSE.
Zorro enters!
SONG: Zorro

Out of the night
when the pale moon is newish
comes a hero who is Jewish!
Like salami in a deli
You're sliced thin from head to belly
If you make a move that's foolish!

Zorro...
A name not Hebrew but Parsi!
Zorro...
Back off, and sit on your arsee!

You think because
You're the dominant culture
You can prey on Jews like a vulture!
But recall Amalek--
He went crawling like a snake
When he faced a people that's kosher!

Zorro...
A name not Hebrew but Parsi!
Zorro...
Now stand, I'll mark up your arsee!

In the course of an exciting clash of swords, Zorro makes the sign of an "E."
Haman: An "E?" Why an "E?" I thought you're supposed to make a "Z," for Zorro!
Zorro: I could make a "Z" if I wanted, but I make a "E" for...Zorro-ESTHER!
Esther takes off Zorro costume, reveals her true identity.
Haman: You think your sword can pierce my wooden limbs?
Esther: I've figured out by process of deduction that you must have one body ~~part that isn't wood,~~ a part that's vulnerable!
Haman: Oh, yeah? And what would that be?
Esther: Your Sitz Fleisch!
Esther stabs Haman in the sitz fleisch.
Haman ~~beads over and is taken off stage.~~
Phineas: And Haman and his whole gang were hanged. Esther never felt she had to marry anybody, and the whole town of Matzeivah lived happily ever after...

SONG: FINALE (tune of "Bonanza")

YT Show

[We hope you've enjoyed our whole megillah
The Purim spiel, it's truly been real, but now it's at an end.

Cowboy [If you didn't like our jokes don't tell nobody
But if you did, you're really swell, ~~and~~, be sure to tell a friend!

Haman's through, Zeresh, too!
The crowd may now disperse

Da da-da da da-da da da-da da Megillah!
Da da-da da da-da da-da-da-da da
Here's another verse!

Phineas
Isiah [You heard about Doc, now he's locked up in a rest home
His coughing bouts, it turned out, were certainly no joke
Our wooden chief, well he didn't last long either
When it got cold, so we're told, the chief went up in smoke!

Haman's through...

Da da-da...
Here's another verse!

MT
Tod [Matt Tefillin, the Rebbe and his Tanta
Got on a horse and galloped off into the setting sun.
Zorro-Esther's baking hamantaschen,
Mordechaiyay-yippy-yai-yai's eaten ninety-one!

Haman's through...

Da da-da da...
Here's the final verse.

Tanta
Ellen [Tanta's cholent ceased its mighty thunder
Grab your groggers, shake them round, holler and rejoice!
That mangey varmint Haman's six feet under
(slowly) Please join our Wild West niggun, each and every voice!

Haman's through, Zeresh, too
The crowd may now disperse.

Da da-da da...Megillah
Da da-da da...
It could have been much worse!

The End.