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Minyan M'at Purimspiel 1994: A CONNECTICUT YENTA IN  
KING ACHASVERAS' COURT

NARRATOR: Yiddin!...The M'at Purimspiel Players present..."A Connecticut Yenta in King Achasveras' Court." (Also known as, "Way Way Way Back to the Past.") (PAUSE) The Purimspiel that follows is 100 percent Politically Incorrect.

**SCENE 1:** WE OPEN ON ESTHER GOLDBERG BAKING HAMENTASCHEN WITH A COOKBOOK OPEN ON THE COUNTER. ESTHER, WEARING AN APRON OVER TENNIS OUTFIT AS SHE WORKS AND HUMMING A FAMILIAR MINYAN NIGUN, MAKES HARD WORK OF KNEEDING THE DOUGH. SINGS (TO SAME NIGUN):

Oh JTS.  
It's such a mess.  
It teaches stuff  
Irrelevant to my life  
Like Ugaritic.  
I dont wanna be a critic  
But Ugaritic won't help me (SMIRKS) become a wife.

Sure, I'm good looking  
But why not teach me cooking?  
I'd love to make creplach  
Fit for a king.  
I don't wanna be Contrarian  
But learning Sumerian  
Doesn't help a girl get an engagement ring.

The most marriagable maidlach  
Know how to make knaidlach  
How to flick a chicken,  
How to sew a hem.  
Who needs Baba Kama  
To be a Yiddishe Mama?  
I've got what it takes (FLAUNT IT), baruch Hashem.

So no more Heschl  
What makes Kierkegaard  
So special?  
The fact, folks, is that  
He is out of fashion  
So what do I want from J.T.S?  
Nu? I guess it's time to confess:  
Just teach me how  
To bake good hamantaschen. (FINISH BIG AND UPBEAT)

ESTHER: Oy, this hamantaschen dough is like lead. I wanted to surprise Uncle Mordechai, my beloved legal guardian. But...should I maybe have pitted the prunes before I put them in the hamantaschen? Oh well...PICKS UP TENNIS RACKET FROM TABLE. Oh, well, one little nibble for energy and then it's off to my hot tennis date with (PAUSE AND FLOURISH) Ismar Schorch. BITES AND SWOONS. LIGHTS OUT.

**SCENE 2:** LIGHTS GO ON. ESTHER WAKES UP CONFUSED. SEES RACKET BESIDE HER, STAGGERS TO HER FEET. HAS BLOOMINGDALE'S BAG ON ARM.

ESTHER: Where am I? (SEES KING) And who are you?

KING: I'm King Ahasveros and this is my Court.

ESTHER: Nonsense. It's my court. I called up and reserved it.

HAMAN (BRANDISHES SWORD): Here in Shushan, the king calls the **pshats**. So you got a choice, lady: Leave now with your head. Or leave later without your head.

ESTHER (RETREATS WITH AS MUCH DIGNITY AS SHE CAN MUSTER. ON THE SIDE, SHE MUSES ALOUD) King Ahasveros? The King Achesveros? Gosh. That hamantaschen dough sure packs a wallop. One bite and you have indigestion for 3000 years. (SHRUGS) Well, thank heavens I took Magilla 101 with that adorable little Professor Jochanan Muffs. If I play my cards right (PULLS DECK OF CARDS OUT OF CAPACIOUS PURSE AND SHUFFLES THEM OSTENTATIOUSLY), little Esther Goldberg of JTS could become Queen Esther Goldberg of Persia.

Na Na Na Na  
Na Na Na Na  
/

**SCENE 3:** BANQUET SCENE IN KING ACHASVERAS' PALACE. SLAVE GIRLS ALTERNATE IN FEEDING GRAPES TO THE KING. TEASE HIM WITH, WITHDRAWING AT THE LAST MOMENT. TOSS INDIVIDUAL ONES INTO HIS MOUTH AS HE MUGS. HAREM MUSIC. (Jules Harlow on sax?) ORGIASTIC ATMOSPHERE.

KING (TO CHIEF EUNUCH): Master of the Harem, you throw a great orgy! I particularly responded to the second course: 40 gorgeous harem beauties in the buff, swimming laps in an Olympic-sized soup tureen filled to the brim with cream of figleaf soup. Sheer inspired genius! And it wasn't messy like my birthday bash last year when 39 harem beauties...one for each year of my reign...burst joyously out of a devil's food cake. (LICKS FINGER REFLECTIVELY) Of course, I did enjoy licking off their chocolate icing.

MASTER: Speaking of ice women, your majesty. Isn't it time to summon Queen Vashti to dance for you?

KING: Yes, yes, Harem Master. I'm glad you reminded me. (PICKS UP Mallet AND STRIKES CYMBAL, QUIETING THE CROWD INSTANTLY.)

SONG (KING RISES AND SINGS): "BRING ON THE BROADS"

VERSE: (SLOWLY)  
The food was grand  
Loved that tachina  
The pomegranate soup  
Couldn't have been keener.

The shishkebab  
And camel stew  
Aroused my tastebuds  
But now you (TURNS TO HAREM MASTER)...

CHORUS:

KING: Bring on the broads!

MASTER: Bring on the broads!

KING: I'm sure they're eager to be pawed.

MASTER: Drag in the ladies

KING: Bring on the skirts

MASTER: Too many women never hurts.

KING; Bring on the nymphs

MASTER: Escort each siren

KING: I'm all set to commence firin'

KING: I loved the grapes

HAMAN; And halavah

TOGETHER: But what's an orgy without a star?

KING: So Master of the Royal Harem -- bring on Queen Vashti!

MASTER (STEPS OFFSTAGE)

VASHTI: (SINGS OFFSTAGE) No, no. A thousand times no. I'd rather die than say yes.

MASTER (RETURNING): Your majesty, your broad...that is to say, your queen, Vashti...refuses to obey your command.

KING: (POMPOUSLY) If she thinks she can get away with this, she is Vashti over-rated. Bring her here at once! (MASTER DRAGS IN VASHTI BY THE HAIR. WIG COMES OFF. SHE RUNS. HE CATCHES HER AND DRAGS HER IN.)

KING: Now, Harem Master what's this all about?

(to tune of "I Won't Dance")

MASTER: She won't dance.

VASHTI: I won't flirt.

MASTER: She won't dance.

VASHTI: My feet hurt.

MASTER: She won't dance.

VASHTI: I've got my pride.

KING: Behave my dear or you cannot be my bride.

MASTER: She won't dance.

VASHTI: Can't force me.

MASTER: She won't dance.

VASHTI: Divorce me.

MASTER: She won't dance.

VASHTI: I'm rather shy.

KING: Well then my queen I fear you may have to die.

MASTER: She won't dance.

VASHTI: I'm no ballerina.

MASTER: She won't dance.

VASHTI: You couldn't be meaner.

MASTER: She won't dance.

VASHTI: Wish I were dead.

KING: It may be time to say goodbye to your head. (TURNS TO  
HAMAN) What say you, Herman?

HAMAN: I say my name is Haman, not Herman, and I say, "Let her  
have her wish!"

KING: Good thinking, Herman. Vashti, your wish is my command.

(TURNS TO HAREM MASTER) Off with her pretty little disobedient  
head!

MASTER: Way to go, Sire. The evil weed of feminism...

HAMAN: Evil weed? Evil weed? I love evil weed! ~~Got a little toke~~<sup>Any</sup>  
for me, Harem Master?

MASTER: Don't interrupt, Herman. As I was saying...the evil weed  
of feminism must be uprooted whenever and wherever it  
appears...And (BOWING TO THE KING FAWNINGLY) your majesty has  
always been an Equal Opportunity Destroyer.

VASHTI: No. Wait. I do have my bizarre feminist reasons. But hear  
me out.

KING: Well...for auld lang syne.

VASHTI: Even as a pre-teen, I never wanted to be queen --  
certainly not a subservient queen. While the other 12-year-olds  
were doing their hair and giggling about fantasies of joining the  
royal court, I was in my chamber reading Gloria Steinem and Betty  
Friedan...My mother nagged me. "Vashti," she'd say, "if you don't  
stop reading those radical feminists, you'll never be chosen as  
queen." But I didn't care. Then one day my father heard the town  
crier announce a search for a new queen. With hundreds of eager  
young women, I was sent away to Concubine School...

VASHTI'S SONG: (to the tune of "Nothing")

Every day for six months  
I sloshed on ointment  
Spritzed on perfume  
Fixed my hair.  
Every day for six months  
I tried on dresses  
Learned to walk sexy  
So men would stare.

KING: You won't dance?

VASHTI: I'd rather die.

KING: What think you, Herman? I mean, Haman.

HAMAN: Let her have her wish!

KING: Good thinking, Herman. Vashti, your wish is my command.  
(TURNS TO HAREM MASTER) Off with her pretty little disobedient head!

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VASHTI'S SONG: (to the tune of "Nothing")

Every day for six months  
I sloshed on ointment  
Spritzed on perfume  
Fixed my hair.  
Every day for six months  
I tried on dresses  
Learned to walk sexy  
So men would stare.  
And I dug right down to the bottom of my soul  
To see what I had inside.  
Yes I dug right down to the bottom of my soul and tried.  
I tried.

All the other queen contestants pranced around, learned seductive dances, flaunted their bodies, soaked themselves for hours at a time in bath gels. And they turned to me and said, "Okay, Vashti, what are you going to do?"

And I said: Nothing. I'd do nothing.  
And the eunuchs said "nothing"  
Would get a queen transferred.  
They all did something  
But I felt nothing  
Except the feeling that this bullshit was absurd.

Then I thought to myself: Hey, maybe it gets easier. After all, I had no practice at this seduction stuff. Then the Royal Selection Committee chose me, yes me, little me, to be the new queen. I couldn't believe it...Either could anyone else. (They thought the fix was in.)

Second stage, more advanced  
I was told to arrange a banquet  
Do a striptease  
Take care of chores.  
Second stage, more advanced,  
I was told to give the king massages  
Do him favors  
Behind closed doors.  
So I dug right down to the bottom of my soul  
To see how a queen should behave.  
Yes I dug right down to the bottom of my soul, and tried  
To be brave.

Nothing.  
I could do nothing.  
And the concubines called me nothing  
Which really pissed me off.  
I couldn't help it.  
I found it sexist.  
I'll rebel and then we'll all be better off.

Then I said to myself: Maybe all is not lost. I'll get counseling from someone...

Went back home and said,  
"Sister dearest.  
Help me flaunt it.  
Pretty please."  
Went back home and asked my mother,  
"How do you bake a cake?  
How do you bat your eyelashes?  
Show me please."

And then a voice from deep in the bottom of my soul  
Came up to the top of my head.  
Yes, a voice from deep in the bottom of my soul  
And here is what it said:

"This king is nothing.  
This court is nothing.  
If you want something, go make another life.  
And when you have one  
Then you'll be happy  
And you'll be better off than being some king's wife.

So I disobeyed the king.  
And I dug right down to the bottom of my soul  
And smiled.  
Because he was nothing!

KING: Very touching, Vashti. But it won't work. I've had it up to here with wives. From now on, it's the bachelor's life for me. No more quarrelsome queens. Only cuddly conciliatory quiescent concubines. Harem Master, do your duty! (DANNY SEIZES VASHTI AND DRAGS HER OFF. NOT BY HER WIG THIS TIME.)

ESTHER (STANDING OFF TO THE SIDE, READING SMALL MAGILLAH SCROLL): Holy hamntaschen! This will never do. If King Achasveros doesn't remarry, there'll be no Queen Esther to foil the dastardly Haman's plot. He'll have his wicked wicked way and all the Jews will be killed. I've got to do something. For the honor of JTS. Ochen vey...if I don't the megillah will come out all wrong...

ESTHER: (SLINKS SEXILY ONSTAGE) Hello, big boy. How's every little thing at the palace? (SITS IN KING'S LAP AND EMBRACES HIM.) Cootchie, cootchie, koo.

KING: (BRIEFLY ENJOYS HER KISSES, THEN REMEMBERS HIS ROYAL DIGNITY) Who let you in here? How did you get past the guards?

ESTHER: Relax, Your Royal Handsomeness. Sit back and enjoy me. I heard you needed a new wife, and I'm here to apply for the job. My qualifications (PREENS SEXILY) are impeccable.

ESTHER SINGS:



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.

So I come on strong  
Is that so wrong?  
You'll love my special effects-es.

KING: Not to mention your promenade decks-es. Bravo, baby, bravo.  
Sing me an encore...And keeping in mind what happened to Vashti,  
remember that this is a command performance.

ESTHER ("My Embraceable You")

Embrace me, and I'll tell a payrush to you  
Unlace me, you Achashverush'l you  
I know the future brings happiness for us  
So be a sweet old king and don't make a fuss.

I've come here, to be the best of all Esthers  
'Cause there's a bum here  
Who wants to hurt my ancestors  
But just give in to me, baby, and the ~~gonza~~ megillah will come  
true.  
You Achashverush'l you.

KING: Ooohbaby, you are hot! hot! Hotter than Alabama in August.  
Hotter than charafe! if

Wow -- you are a wooer!  
Wooo -- are you a wower!  
Oh baby, I feel it.  
I feel...I feel...  
I feel like making a comittment.  
Even worse...I feel...I feel...  
I feel a song coming on.

KING SINGS: (Bei Meier Bis Du Schoen)

By mir, bistu queen  
You've got that royal gene.  
By mir, you're the one for Vashti's place.

By mir bistu queen  
Not a mere concubeen  
By mir...oy by mir I like your face.

I could have said, "Well thank you miss  
But I gotta try another one"  
I could have passed you over  
But I had so much fun!

By mir bistu queen  
Cause you use Listerine  
~~By mir you're as great as bouillabaisse.~~  
I'd rather have you than Princess Grace.

By mir bistu queen  
Please let me expleen  
By mir you'll be the one who knows her place.

I could have said, "Well, thanks miss  
But I gotta try another one"  
I could have passed you over  
But I had so much fun -- yeah!

By mir you alone  
Will sit by my throne  
By mire, come sit by mir  
Come sit right here.

KING: Nobles of the court, my bachelor days are over. (RISES AND  
DECLARES) Queen Vashti is dead. Long live Queen...Queen...what  
did you say your name was?

ESTHER: Esther, your royal handsomeness. Esther Goldberg. But  
say, listen...you're gonna have to make an honest queen of  
me...Excuse me while I go find (LOOKS AT MEGILLA) my Uncle Mort  
to give me away. (EXIT)

SCENE 4

NARRATOR: Meanwhile...at the Palace gate...Esther's pious Uncle Mort is learning, learning, learning...all day long.

MORT: Oh yeah, I just love coming to the palace gate. To study.  
(PULLS OUT PEOPLE MAGAZINE) I hear all the best gossip here.

I heard -- do you know that the king's eunuch <sup>†</sup> gets a special expense account for form-fitting custom-made underwear! And everyone else has to put up with budget cuts...

I also heard -- I heard that Vashti had a little something extra on the side. No wonder she walked funny!

Hey -- what's this? Oh-oh, here come Big Tonya and her boyfriend, Teresh Gilooly. That Big Tonya -- she's triple-axel trouble. She's always up to no good. Hmm (MOVES CLOSER TO OVERHEAR) What are they talking about?

TONYA: I'm telling you Gilooly, I got a great plan. It's foolproof!

GILOOPLY: Yeah. It'll prove that you're a fool.

TONYA: What are you talking about? No way, Jose. I've concocted a plot that's so sophisticated, so clever, so intricate, so subtle -- that it'll work like a charm. No one will ever trace it to us!

TONYA SINGS: ("I'm a Little Teapot")

He's a little despot, short and stout  
Here is his sandal  
Here is his spout  
We'll sneak up behind him so he can't shout  
Slit his throat  
And throw him out!

TONYA: So whattya think?

TERESH: Yeah, you're right! That's a great plan! You're brilliant! (HE PULLS OUT AN OVERSIZED CARD WITH A 2 ON IT AND FLASHES IT SO WHOLE AUDIENCE CAN SEE) I'd give it a ten!

(THEY GO OFF, ARM IN ARM, CONSPIRING)

MORDECHAI: Oh, my goodness. They're gonna kill the king. I'm getting out of here. This information is just too hot to handle. I'm gotta beat it. Gotta go somewhere where no one will ever find me again.

(ENTER ESTHER FROM BEHIND HIM.)

ESTHER: Aren't you Mordechai? (HE JUMPS, GUILTILY)

MORDECHAI: What? Who are you? I didn't hear nothin'. I'm getting outta here!

ESTHER: No, wait. Where are you going?

MORDECHAI: I don't know -- anyplace but here. Miami Beach. Eilat. Kutcher's. 107th Street. Zabar's at 10 o'clock Sunday morning. Anyplace where where I can get lost in the crowd. Someplace where no one will ever find me.

ESTHER: What do you mean? You can't go. You have a rendezvous with destiny.

MORDECHAI: Rendezvous, shmondezvous. Are you kidding? I'm already on thin ice. If Big Tonya finds out that I know she's in on that plot, she'll...she'll...she'll break my kneecaps!

MORDECHAI SINGS: (to "If I were a Rich Man")

If I were a brave man  
De ded de.....  
I would tell the king there is a plot  
To kill him and to take his land.

But I am a Jewish man  
De de de...  
I'll just mind my biddy biddy bam  
Sit and learn and live another day.

I could be a great man, a macho man  
A hero to millions  
Handsome and noble and so grand  
If only I could be a braver man.

ESTHER: C'mon Uncle Mordechai. You've got to get in touch with your deeper feelings.

MORT: Vat do you mean by this?

ESTHER: Let those manly feelings out. Where's that fire in the belly?

MORT: Fire in my belly? I haven't eaten cholent in weeks.

ESTHER: Where's your courage? Didn't you ever hear of Judah Maccabi?

MORT: Never heard of him.

ESTHER: Bar Kochba?

MORT: Nope.

ESTHER: Sandy Koufax?

MORT: Sandy Koufax? Wasn't he the guy who refused to fight Goliath on Yom Kippur?

ESTHER: Listen Uncle Mordy. You're just going to have to go with me on this one. Tell the king and in the end it'll turn out just fine. You'll get to be rich, learn all day, and you'll have all the herring, tsimmes, and kasha varnishkes you can eat.

MORT: So -- who are you anyway? And why do you keep calling me Uncle?

ESTHER: I'm Esther. I'm your great great great great very great grandniece.

MORT: (CONFUSED) What? How old am I anyway?

ESTHER: No, you don't understand. I've come back from the future. I've come to help save the Jews.

MORT: What are you, meshuga?

ESTHER: No. Really. I come from the future. Wait -- I'll prove it to you. (DIGS INTO HER LITTLE BROWN BLOOM'S BAG) See? Here's a penny from the year 1994. You know what that is?

MORT: No.

ESTHER: Here, look at this. Try this on. (PULLS OUT WALKMAN)

MORT: Help! Get away from me with that thing!

ESTHER: Relax Uncle Morty. Chill out. (SHE PUTS WALKMAN ON HIM. HE RESISTS, THEN GETS IN THE MOOD.)

MORT: (STARTS SNAPPING FINGERS AND GROOVING) Oh, yeah. Groovy! Far out! Dyno-mite! Velvel Pasternak and the Satmar Boys Choir. But that doesn't prove anything.

ESTHER: Okay. Here. (PULLS OUT CONDOMS) Do you know what these are?

MORT: Balloons? No, I haven't the faintest idea what they are.

ESTHER: Good. If you did, you'd tell my mother! Wait, what am I talking about? I don't have a mother in this story. (PAUSE. HITS SELF ON SIDE OF HEAD) That's right! My mother! (SHE PULLS A HAMANTASCHEN OUT OF HER BAG). Here Uncle Morty, eat this.

MORT: (TAKES BITE) Ugg! This is terrible! Exactly like my wife makes them. And her mother before her. And her mother before her. There's only one person in the world you could be.]

ESTHER: Exactly, Uncle Mort. It's the family recipe. I've come back from the future.

MORT: (SINGS, REPRISING EARLIER TUNE)

I will stick my neck out  
De de de...  
Esther told me what I have to do  
I will be a different kind of Jew.

I will be a hero  
De de de...  
To every Jew and gentile in the land  
Brave and wise that will be what I am  
G-d has got a very tricky plan  
Making me a brave brave man!

SCENE 5

NARRATOR: Enter Haman...filled with maniacal fury. A few moments earlier, when he entered the Palace gates, there was Mordechai blocking his path, religiously studying "People Magazine." Not only did Mordechai tell Haman he couldn't move until he'd finished his pshat, he also committed the unforgiveable sin that only King Achashveros can get away with. He said, "Just a minute, Herman!"

HAMAN: I'm filled with bilious, villainous bile  
I'm giddy with hideous spiteful wiles  
I'm silly with invidious, insidious, maniacal guile  
I'm filthy and defiled with fiery ire  
I'm vile with bile and guile and wiles.

In other words: I'm pissed off!

(HAMAN SINGS: to tune of "I Get No Kick from Champagne")

I get no kick from the Jews  
They're rather odd  
And their no-seeum god  
Really gives me a very short fuse  
Yeah, I get no kick from the Jews.

I get no joy from Mordechai  
He won't bow down  
When I ride thru the town  
And he shouts out,  
"Go stick it in your eye!"  
Yeah, I get no kick from that guy.

I get no kick every time I see him  
Standing there before me  
I get no kick for it's plain to see  
He obviously doesn't adore me.

Maybe I'll call for his head  
Perhaps a decree  
Signed by His Majesty  
Will ensure all the Jews will be dead  
Maybe I'll call for his head.

I get no kick from the Jews  
But they're rather weak  
So I'll squeeze til they squeak  
After all, I've got nothing to lose.  
So I'll give a kick  
To the Jews.

Ooh - Who do they  
think they  
are -- not  
to worship us! Ooh!  
And who does he  
think he is - ~~the~~  
Mordechai, the  
stinking, filthy, dirty  
rotter J... J... J...  
Gentleman of the  
Hebraic  
persuasion!  
Ooh - Oh! Ooh.  
oh!

Hey, there's the lay now. Let's get him a bond ~~thing~~  
~~do~~ little plan. Hey you Acharstuchas (aside) a, oh  
great seat of majesty.

~~SCENE 6~~

(ENTER: THE KING)

KING: ~~What's all this about kicking the Jews,~~ Herman? <sup>Yes</sup>

HAMAN: It's not Herman, it's Haman. What kind of a name is Herman anyway?

KING: Herman, I've offended you. (TWEAKS HAMAN'S BEARD AFFECTIONATELY) I'm sorry. Tell you what. I'll make it up to you. What do you want? I'll grant you anything. Anything at all -- up to half my peanut butter-and-jelly sandwich.

HAMAN: Your Hiney, it isn't what I want. It's what your people want. May I introduce you to a very worthy grass roots organization (ASIDE: made up of my sons, of course) which is representative of so many of your most loyal subjects. And best taxpayers, I might add. The group they represent is called HAPAC: Haman's Antisemitic Potentate Action Committee.

So - Don't take my word alone. Listen to what they have to say. ~~er~~  
~~sing~~

HAPAC MEMBERS (they sing, "Jews, Jews, Jews.")

Jews, Jews, Jews  
We're so sick of Jews  
We get Jews every evening  
And each morning too  
Oh what is a satrap to do?

KING: What is a satrap, anyway? I know what a mousetrap is. And a sand trap. Even a Chinese finger trap. But a satrap? Oh well, never mind.

HAPAC (CONTINUING):

Don't talk of Jews  
I've had my fill.  
If you can kill, show me.  
Don't ask me why.  
They're on my brain.  
I can't explain.  
They throw me.

Here we are together in the middle of the night  
Don't talk of Jews. Go out and smite!  
Anyone who's ever been obsessed will tell you that  
Murder is better than chat.



Don't talk of hate lasting thru time  
MKE me no undying vow!  
Kill them. Now!  
KING: Well, I've heard from HAPAC. I know what they think. So  
what is your thinking on this, oh Grand Brassiere...I mean,  
Vizier.

*These boys - I'll pay you  
later - after I've  
visited  
the  
royal  
cash  
machine*

KING AND HAMAN DUET: (Aria "Habanero" from "Carmen")  
(de-da-da-da de-da-da-da)

HAMAN: Let's kill the Jews!

KING: Why kill the Jews?

HAMAN: Just for the hell of it. Let's kill the Jews.

KING: It can't be done. I need a reason.  
Can you prove that they've committed treason?

HAMAN: Well I suspect that's on their mind  
But mainly...they're just not Our Kind.  
They won't eat pig. They don't drink booze.  
And ~~hey, what have you got to lose?~~

*When they discover they  
take of their  
share*

KING: In fact, I guess I've lots to gain.  
I hear that they're as rich as Charlemagne.

HAMAN: Their underwear is spun of gold.  
Their long mink coats ~~protect~~ them from the cold.

*keep*

KING: They send their dough to UJA  
Instead of spending it in Persh-i-ay.

HAMAN: Their intermarriage rate is low  
We're just not good enough for them, you know.

KING: The case you've made is very strong  
So my decision won't take very long  
(PACES STAGE JUDICIOUSLY UP...BACK)  
My mind's made up. And here's the news.  
Go Herman, go! Kill all the Jews!

**SCENE 7**

NARRATOR: Things look bad for the Jews. Not for the first time. Not for the last time. But Mordechai and Esther have overheard the plot, and, with her knowledge of Megilla 101 (~~acquired from "that adorable professor Jochanan Muffs"~~), Esther is ready to take decisive action...

*in which she got a B+*

ESTHER AND MORDECHAI ENTER. AS SHE WALKS, SHE IS READING FROM HER MINI-MEGILLA.

MORDECAI: Oy gevalt! What to do now? That miserable Herman wants to do away with all of us.

ESTHER: He won't get away with it if I have anything to say about it. I've got a couple of tricks up my sleeve...and in my Little Brown Bloomingdale's Bag. Let me see. What do I have in here? (PULLS OUT PANTY HOSE FROM SLEEVE...SHAKES HEAD AS IF SAYING THAT WON'T DO, AND THEN REACHES IN AND PULL SCISSORS FROM BAG.)

Maybe I could wear a miniskirt, get Haman to come on to me, and pull a Bobbitt on him.

MORT: Will that work?

ESTHER: Not after I finish with him, it won't.

MORT: I don't get it.

ESTHER: You're lucky. (INTO BAG) Ah, look what's here. (PULLS OUT OVERSIZED NODOZ BOX) Nodoz. Remember when I had you rat on those conspirators? It's time to cash in your Bearito chips. I'll feed these Nodoz tabs to Hashie and he won't be able to sleep. Then I'll tell him about the time one of his brave Jewish subjects...you!...saved his little Achastuchas.

MORT: You know, you're very smart. I can't see any reason you shouldn't do dvar torahs...or layn...even count for a minyan.

ESTHER: You should only know.

**SCENE 8**

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, back at the Palace...

KING (WEARING NIGHTCAP, SINGS):  
When I'm lonely and I can't sleep  
I count my concubines instead of sheep  
And I fall asleep counting my concubines.

ESTHER (ENTERS): You can't sleep, Bubie? Ooh, let Mommy fix.  
(RUMMAGES IN HER BLOOMIE'S BROWN BAG AND COMES UP WITH LARGE BOX  
LABELED NODOZ) Here, take two of these and call me in the  
morning. You'll sleep like a log. (TO AUDIENCE) Anyone here got a  
glass of water?

MORDECHAI: (COMES ON STAGE WITH FAMILIAR BOTTLE AND GLASS) No,  
but how about a glassele seltzer?

ESTHER: Great. (ADMINISTERS TABLET...KING LEAPS OUT OF BED.  
THROWS OFF NIGHTCAP. DOES PUSHUPS. JOGS UP AND DOWN THE AISLE  
THRU AUDIENCE)

KING: Oy, I'm so full of vim and vigor. Esther, I feel like...  
I feel like...Do you feel like...?

ESTHER: Not now. You need your sleep. Wait, I've got an idea.  
I'll read to you from the "Castle Chronicles." You know how  
boring they are. It'll put you right to sleep. Umm, maybe not.  
Here's a fascinating item. A brave man named Mordechai saved your  
life yesterday. He tipped off the Palace Secret Service to an  
assassination plot against you by those dastardly villains: Big  
Tonya, Teresh Gilooly, and...and...the Joker.

KING: Really? Mordechai? We should do something nice for him.

ESTHER; You'll have to act fast. Next week he's gonna be dead.

KING: Dead? What's the matter? High cholesterol?

ESTHER: No. High gallows. He's a Jew and you promised Herman he  
could kill all the Jews. Including, by the way, yours truly.

KING: Great balls of fire! But...but...but what can I do? A king  
always keeps his promise.

ESTHER: I've got it. We'll invite Herman to a private party here  
at the palace. Chinese take-out. Fortune cookies. The works.  
We'll get him high on MSG and talk him out of killing the Jews.

KING: Good idea. I'll sleep on it. (PUTS NIGHTCAP BACK ON) I may  
even dream on it. (DONS NIGHTCAP AGAIN AND STARTS TO SNORE)

**SCENE 9**

SEGUE INTO MAX, NATHAN AND THE OTHER KIDS  
IN "ESTHER IN WONDERLAND" DREAM SEQUENCE  
WITH KING SLEEPING IN BACKGROUND.

**SCENE 10**

NARRATOR: Queen Esther, too, has her fantasies. The royal table is set. The Chinese takeout from Empire Szechuan West has been delivered -- along with several hundred menus. And Esther daydreams about the forthcoming "Revenge of the Jewish Nerds."

ESTHER (sings to "My Fair Lady" tune)

Just you wait, wicked Haman, just you wait  
You'll be sorry but your tears will be too late  
You'll be shackled, I'll be free  
Will I help you? Wait and see.  
Just you wait, wicked Haman, just you wait.

Wait, wicked Haman,  
Til you're standing underneath the gallows tree.  
Wait, wicked Haman  
And you look up in despair and then see me  
When you yell you're gonna die  
I'll blow you a kiss goodbye  
Just you wait, wicked Haman, just you wait.

It's tonight, I'll be famous  
As the King's favorite Queen  
And he'll tell all the story  
Of what I've done and been.

This evening the King will say  
Queen Esther, my dear  
I want all of Persia your praises to hear.

Next week, the fourteenth of Adar,  
I'll proclaim it that you are my star.  
All the people will celebrate the glory of you  
And whatever you wish and want I gladly will do.

Thanks a lot, King, I'll say  
In my very sweet way  
But all I want is wicked Haman dead.

Done! says the King with a stroke.  
Guard! Run and bring in the bloke!

Then they'll march you, wicked Haman, to the tree  
And the King will say, Queen Esther, count to three.

As they pull the noose up tighter  
I'll shout, Okay! Drop the blighter!

Just you wait, wicked Haman, just you wait.

SCENE 11

NARRATOR: Here comes that snake-in-the-grass Herman now. Having taken advantage of the king's lovely invitation, he focuses on taking advantage of the king's lovely queen.

HAMAN SINGS: ("Love me Tender")

Stinks ~~in~~ Run Run  
Run

Love me Esther  
Queen of mine

Please Won't you be mine tonight?

~~Achasveros is a real nice guy~~  
~~But~~ he isn't very bright.

Achahveros will never find

Love me Esther  
With you <sup>my</sup> dear  
I could rule this land  
Come to me  
You need not fear  
I've got a gentle hand.

I have learned  
A trick or two  
To please you in the night  
~~Let me be your little Hamantaschen~~  
Come here and hold me tight.

Fill your Hamantaschen with  
gros

(HAMAN ADVANCES ON ESTHER, LEERING.)

ESTHER (SHE RUNS OFFSTAGE SCREAMING): "No, no, ten thousand times no!"

HAMAN (IN HOT PURSUIT, SHOUTS): "Come <sup>back</sup> to me, my little buttercup..."

Was I too forward? Was I too  
backward? Maybe she didn't like me -  
Uh - oh maybe I'm a jerk.  
Wait

SCENE 12

*any of Haman's spending guards*  
*byel*  
NARRATOR: As you can see, Esther knows which side her ~~pita~~ is buttered on, and she isn't buying ~~what Haman is selling~~. The king catches Haman in the act. Well, not the act. And the rest is Jewish history, as the royal pair lift up their voices in song...the last song Haman will ever hear.

(HAREM MASTER LEADS IN HAMAN WITH A ROPE AROUND HIS NECK, POSSIBLY FOLLOWED BY JEERING CHILDREN -- NATHAN, MAX, AND OTHERS FROM THE DREAM SEQUENCE)

KING AND QUEEN SING TO HAMAN: (tune from "My Fair Lady")

ESTHER: There'll be Spring every year  
Without you  
Persia still will be here  
Without you  
Virgins still will abound  
Harems still be around  
Eunuchs still will be found  
Without you.

KING: Mordechai's power will thrive  
Without you.  
And the Jews will survive  
Without you.  
Every day of our reign  
People still will be slain.  
Even that will remain  
Without you.

DUET: We can doooo  
Without you.

We can still rule the land  
Without you.  
Shushan castle will stand  
Without you.  
And without much ado...  
(PAUSE)  
We'll kill all your sons too  
Without you.

KING (TO ESTHER): That was fun. We must do it more often.  
(TO GUARD): Cover his face and take him to the gallows.

ESTHER: Wait! Why not torture him a little? Let him feel he's dying!

KING: What a horrible thought!

ESTHER: Sorry. Another anachronism. The Romans. Caligula, I believe.

KING: Who?

ESTHER: A more advanced civilization. (PAUSE) And speaking of more advanced civilizations, I've got a camera in my bag with a little flash attached. How about a photo op? (PAUSE AS KING LOOKS PUZZLED) Shall we take a few photographs with Haman before he's hung?

KING: Good idea. I'll pose with him first.

(KING HOLDS UP NOOSE AND GRINS, LIKE A FISHERMAN WITH A BIG CATCH. SHE SHOOTS. KING PRETENDS TO THROTTLE HAMAN FOR THE SECOND SHOT.)

ESTHER: Say, "Feta cheese." (HE PUTS ON BIG SMILE, SAYING IT...SHE SHOOTS.)

KING: Hey, kids. (TO KIDS IN FRONT ROW) Want to have your picture taken with Haman? Only ~~one~~ <sup>2 2020</sup> buck. And it'll make a great souvenir of your visit to Shushan. (DRAGS UP ONE KID. ESTHER SHOOTS PIC. HAREM MASTER LEADS HAMAN OFF BY ROPE LEASH. ESTHER AND KING LEFT ONSTAGE ALONE)



ESTHER SINGS: ("lady is a tramp" tune)

I get too hungry  
    For feasting at eight  
I love executions  
    And never come late.  
I do away with  
    People I hate.  
That's why this Esther is a vamp.

I'll take all of Haman's  
    Diamonds and pearls.  
And won't give any  
    To the rest of the girls.  
A grand tiara  
    Will cover my curls.  
That's why this Esther is a vamp.

CAST COMES ON AND SINGS FINALE:

She's quite a credit  
To JTS.  
We want to thank her  
For our happiness.  
She's alka seltzer  
When we're in distress  
She's our heavyweight champ.

We could go on  
And on and on  
Queen Esther's virtues  
Discoursing upon  
But it's high time  
For us to be gone  
(LAST LINE SLOWLY FOR BIG FINISH)  
Before you all get Sitters' Cramp. ##

Good night, everybody. And Purim Sameach!

THE END  
(cast bows to thunderous applause)

ESTHER SINGS: ("lady is a tramp" tune)

I get too hungry  
    For feasting at eight  
I love executions  
    And never come late.  
I do away with  
    People I hate.  
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    Diamonds and pearls.  
And won't give any  
    To the rest of the girls.  
A grand tiara  
    Will cover my curls.  
That's why this Esther is a vamp.

CAST COMES ON AND SINGS FINALE:

She's quite a credit  
To JTS.  
We want to thank her  
For our happiness.  
She's ~~our~~ alka seltzer  
When we're in distress  
Kept us from Haman's prison camps.

We could go on  
And on and on  
Queen Esther's virtues  
Discoursing upon  
But it's high time  
For us to be gone  
(LAST LINE SLOWLY FOR BIG FINISH)  
Before you all get Sitters' Cramp. ##

Good night, everybody. And Purim Sameach!

THE END  
(cast bows to thunderous applause)

**PROPS REQUIRED**

**Scene 1**

Cook book  
Rolling pin  
Tennis shorts & racket  
Countertop (table)  
Bloomie Little Brown Bag (or big canvas bag)

*People Magazine*

**Scene 2**

Throne (or sorts)  
Pack of cards  
Sword

**Scene 3**

2 small bunches of grapes (for two slave girls)  
Harem music (Jules Harlow?)

Cymbal  
Blonde wig for Vashti

Mini-megilla (children's type or real)

Penny

Walkman

Package of condoms

Nightcap for king

Nodoz box (enlarged)

Pair of ratty pantyhose

Scissors

Bottle of seltzer and glass

Flash camera (from Esther's bag)

Bed (improvised couch) for king

Rope for Haman

*2 on a card*

*Ice stats*

FOR OUR STAGE, WE NEED 2 OR 3 RISERS  
FROM JANITORIAL STAFF, VIA HELAYNE.

**Other Casting and staff**

2 slave girls

Tonya and Teresh Gilooly

(Erika will probably double as Tonya)

2 sons of Haman for HAPAC song

(David Gerwin and Andrew Schulman)