



A Fiddlin' Purim Spoof

A Purim shpiel

Marc Michaels

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First Edition

A Fiddlin' Purim SpooF

A Purim shpiel

For Regina Shear z"l
and Topol

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It has been created by Marc Michaels,
a *sofer STa"m* (scribe). www.sofer.co.uk.
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based on the original album cover.

INTRODUCTION

It has long been a tradition to re-tell the *Purim* story of *Megillat Esther* in a *shpiel* - a playlet. After a break for some food and celebration a bunch of gifted amateurs take to the stage and re-enact this special story. Often these are set to some iconic cultural reference point past, present and future.

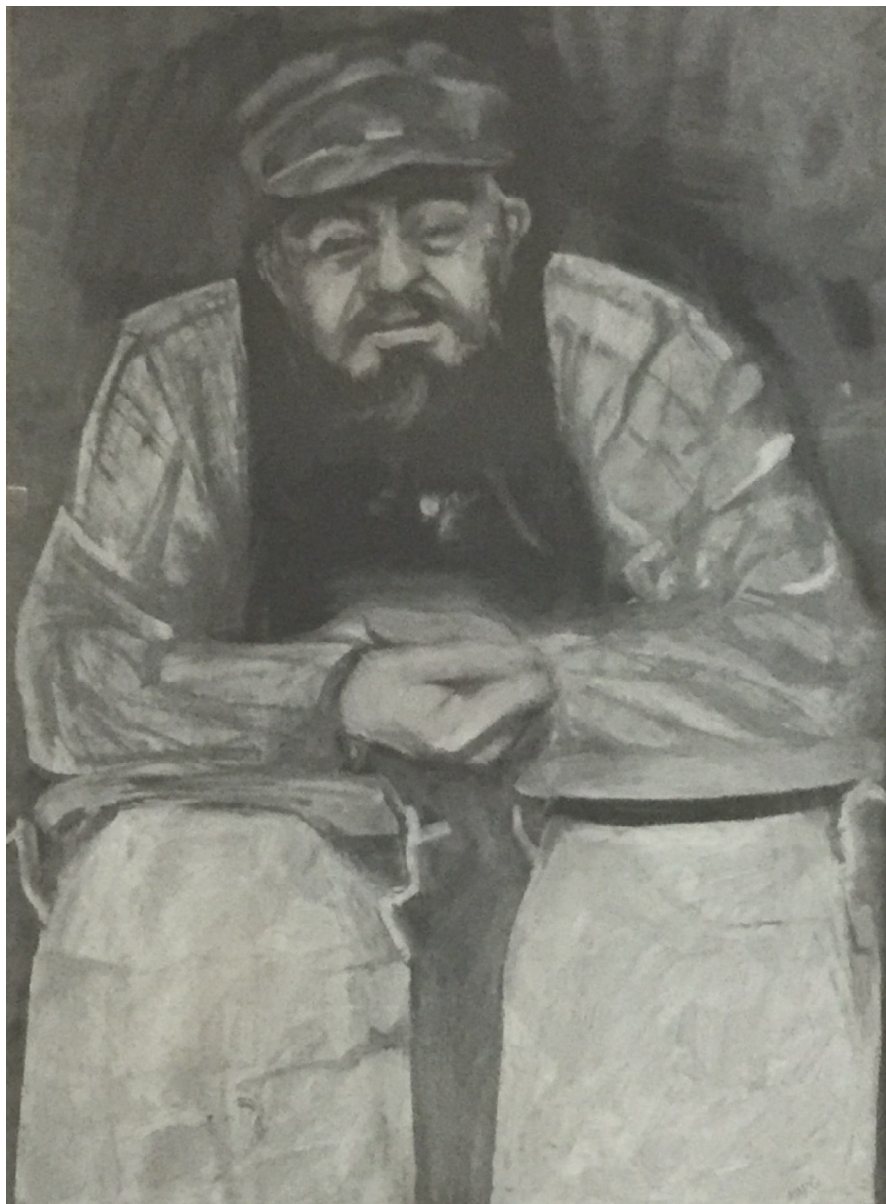
I've been writing these for many years covering many themes and performing them with a variety of people.

Fiddler on the Roof was, and is, my favourite play (though *Little Shop of Horrors* and *The Producers* do give it a run for its money).

As a child my great Aunt Reggie z"l from Poland took me nine times, mostly with Topol in the lead, but also Zero Mostel. I had the cast album (hence the illustration on the front is in that style, rather than anything else) and obviously bought the DVD as soon as it appeared, and I've watched that a great deal too.

It is also a film much beloved by my wife Avielah, who saw it in her father Alex's movie theatre in Canada countless times as a child, and was transfixed by the opening sequences and the Hebrew letters that appear. So much so that she, like me, became a scribe.

When I was a young man, I did a series of large oil pastel paintings, and one of Tevye hung in my late grandparents Jack and Yetta's z"l living room for countless years looking down on us kindly whilst we had Shabbat afternoon tea. Drawn from a photo of the actor from the Yiddish version cast album פֿידלער אויפֿן דאַך (*Fiddler oyfen Dach*) that was not much bigger than a postage stamp, it now hangs in our lounge.



Above טביה דער מיליגער *Tevye the Milkman* by Marc Michaels.

On one wedding anniversary, my wife and I went to see *Gigi* starring Topol - who of course played the character as Topol, as he played every character in every film.



Above right: Topol and I at Baker Street tube station. Photo by Avielah Barclay.

I had written ahead to explain of our mutual love for *Fiddler on the Roof* and how he had inadvertently helped bring two *soffrim* (scribes) together. It was clearly an intriguing story, as in the intermission a lady tapped me on the shoulder and said that Topol wanted to meet us after the show in the bar. We did indeed meet him and spent a wonderful 45 minutes chatting with him about subjects as diverse as his *Talmud* study and Flash Gordon! We then walked to the station together.

One of my other loves is *Megillat Esther*, since that is the first thing a scribe learns to write as it doesn't have God's Holy Name in. But also I grew up every year attending the reading of the *Megillah* followed by a *Purim shpiel*. The author of these was invariably a funny man called Jack Rosenberg z"l who was basically the synagogue's own Topol. I think every synagogue has one or should have one.

But in 1989 Jack took time off and, breaking with tradition, I chose the theme and wrote the words to the *shpiel*. Combining *Megillat*

Esther and Fiddler on the Roof was a real opportunity. If I could have squeezed in *Doctor Who*, I would have had a full set.¹

It was quite an ambitious performance with many friends involved including my sister Mala doing the choreography. We had a pianist, a violinist (who I made stand precariously on a table I had decorated to look like a roof) and a backdrop painted specially by artist and *Shoah* survivor Stanislaw Brunstein z"l (below).²



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1. I did do a Sci-Fi *shpiel* some years later – maybe if enough people want it that will also see the light of day.
 2. See *The Vanished Shtetl: The Painting of Stanislaw Brunstein*, 1999.

The chorus were various members of the synagogue choir, the narrator Bernard, then choirmaster, and Amanda, Jane, Colin and Ian the other members of the Jewish folk band I was then in - *Hamazayafim* - took the leading roles. And, wonder of wonder, miracle of miracles, I finally got to play ~~Topol~~ Tevye.

The play you are about to read is based largely on the original script I drafted in 1989, together with some updates, some changes to remove elements from that specific synagogue¹ and added extras.

Whether you are planning your own elaborate production or a small rendition or just reading this for fun, I hope you enjoy it.

If you do stage a *Purim Shpiel* based on this, we'd love to see the photos. If you have any comments or spot any errors or typos, please let us know via Kulmus Publishing www.kulmus.co.uk.

Marc Michaels/Mordechai Pinchas
Sofer STa"M
Adar I / February 2019

1. Please feel free to adapt and personalise to your synagogue. The more you do the more laughs you will get. Please be careful not to upset anyone too much though.

CAST

Narrator - a village elder.

Mordechai - our hero, who bears a striking resemblance to Tevye.

Esther - our heroine who similarly looks like one of Tevye's daughters.

Czar Ahasuerus - who doesn't really have a counterpart in the play but there is, at least, a blessing for him.

Czarina Vashti

Haman/the Ghost - the Chief of Police

Bigtun and Teresh - two peasant plotters

The *Shadchan* (matchmaker) - a little old lady pretty much dressed in rags

The Czar's servant

The Chorus - Jewish villagers from Shushan including a Rabbi, a synagogue *macher* (officers/council etc.), a singer (choir) and a *shamash* (warden)

People can obviously double up (if they can change quick enough!)

SUGGESTED PROPS

A real pianist or guitarist to accompany. It's hard to sing some of this without musical accompaniment (not really a prop but though I should list it). The score is available on line at various places.¹

- A small (but strong) table decorated like a roof with a chimney for the fiddler to stand on
- A backdrop of a Pale of Settlement village (optional but it does add some spectacle)
- A violin - you don't necessarily need someone to play it (but it helps) but you can put a backing track on and mime
- Large volume of the *Talmud*
- Large book with DIARY on it with some flour or talc inside to be dust
- Tankard
- Toy sword and toy axe
- Hats and bottles (plastic bottle decorated to look like *kiddush* wine bottle) for the bottle dance
- Couple of chairs pushed together, draped in a sheet to look a bit like a bed
- Hobby horse, crown, sunglasses and some bling
- Bucket with pretend water (bits of paper)
- Sackcloth to go over Mordechai's outfit
- Old suitcases and other belongings to carry

Costumes based on Fiddler on the Roof characters. Watch the movie again - it's worth it, it's always worth it.

You don't have to put on a full production - you can just have people standing there holding scripts and singing - kind of like watching a radio show being recorded.

1. Search *Fiddler on the Roof* pdf or *Fiddler on the Roof* score. I've largely kept to the score but simplified and edited in a few places.

THE PROLOGUE

Enter a fiddler who starts plays the opening music. It is great to have them perched on some kind of table decorated as a chimney on a roof.

The narrator enters dressed as a religious Jew from the pale of Settlement with a large volume of the Talmud (in which he can hide his script).

Opening violin and piano music in the background.

Narrator:

Another Purim Spoof, sounds crazy no?
 But here in our little village of Shushan
 you might say that everyone of us is a little crazy.
 Trying to write little Purim *shpiels*
 without offending anyone.
 You might ask ... why do we do it?
 I'll tell you ...
 I don't know!
 But it's part of our religion.
 And because of our religion
 everyone one of us knows who he is
 and where he sits in *shul*.

The first song requires 4 singers minimum who should be dressed in the various parts of rabbi, warden/shamash, choir (if you don't have one then you could add the guild or some other group in the synagogue and amend the verse accordingly, machers, (council/board officers or whatever you call them).

To the tune of Tradition (each verse has a different tune, as the original)

Chorus:

Religion, religion ... religion
 Religion, religion ... religion

Rabbi:

Who day and night officiates at weddings,
shivas and *levoyahs*,
bat mitsvahs and *ben toyrahs*
 and who on his own sits down and writes the sermons
 that make War and Peace look small.

Chorus:

The rabbi ... the rabbi religion
 The rabbi ... the rabbi religion

***Shamash*(Warden):**

Who must know the way to run a proper shul,
 a quiet shul, no noise at all.
 Hands out books, stands up, sits down and shows you all,
 in services it's us that have to rule.

Chorus:

The *shamash* ... the *shamash* ... religion
 The *shamash* ... the *shamash* ... religion

Singer:

Who it sings most anything from *Hallel* to *Yigdal*
 They say that they sing in four parts,
 but they're all ...
 in the bass line.

Chorus:

The choir ... the choir ... religion
 The choir ... the choir ... religion

Macher:

We meet on Thursday¹ night
 and we discuss your fate
 We dream of ending early
 but always end up late.

Chorus:

The *machers* ... the *machers* ... religion.
 The *machers* ... the *machers* ... religion.

Then all four verses should be sung together (it does work) followed by the chorus singing in turn ...

Chorus:

The rabbi, the *shamash*, the choir, the *machers* ... religion
 The rabbi, the *shamash*, the choir, the *machers* ... religion

Music continues ...

Narrator:

But it wasn't always quiet in our little village of Shushan.
 One day there was a disagreement as to whether we should stand up
 for the whole [of the repetition]² of the *Amidah*.
 But now its all settled,
 and we live in simple peace and harmony.

The chorus divide into two and go to either side of the stage.

1. Replace with whatever day they actually do meet on for verisimilitude.
 2. Adjust depending on your shul's *minhag* (custom).

Chorus (*on one side of stage*): We should stand

Chorus (*on the other side*): We should sit

Getting louder and faster

We should stand

We should sit

Stand

Sit

Stand

Sit

Stand

Sit

Stand

Sit

Repeat until breaking out into another chorus of ...

Chorus:

Religion ... religion ... religion

Religion ... religion ... religion

Narrator:

Religion, religion.

Without our religion,

we wouldn't have to write ...

another ... fiddlin' *Purim* spoof!

Everyone except the narrator and the fiddler exits.

Short interlude with the fiddler and pianist.

Narrator:

And so we begin with our hearts all a flutter

Be grateful that I, your narrator, don't s-s-stutter

For then the *shpiel* would go on forever

and we wouldn't put your through such an awful endeavour.

This year we have written a new *Purim* spoof

with songs that come from a *Fiddler on the Roof*.

Sunrise Sunset and other such hits,

some jokes, some laughs and some serious bits.

Some bits are scary, some bits are filler,
 but we'll try to adhere to the *Purim megillah*.
 The story's all here and the order seems right,
 but we may be wrong, as we aren't so bright.
 But let us begin, for now comes the scene
 where Ahasuerus gets a new queen.
 He's been drinking for days when the story begins
 So please do excuse the way []¹ sings
 Vashti's surprised when the Czar did forsake her.
 Thus our plot will unfold
 to the tune of *Matchmaker*.

Matchmaker intro music ...

Enter Czar Ahasuerus regally dressed in crown and robes. he's slightly unsteady on his feet and holding a tankard of ale.

CzarAhasuerus:

Vashti, oh Vashti
 dear please come to me.
 In the buff if you please,
 to show off your beauty.
 My friend are impatient
 to see what you've got.
 And Vashti
 you've got the lot.

Enter Czarina Vashti rather reluctantly and petulantly replies ...

Czarina Vashti:

My husband, my husband,
 you've got a screw loose,
 if you think I'll come down,
 I absolutely refuse.
 Your friend are all drunkards
 and lechers and worse.
 Besides, I've only been given one verse!

1. Add in the *shpieler's* name.

Vashti removes her crown and exits.

CzarAhasuerus:

I am so angry,
I feel I could I burst.
But I'm also so lonely,
I don't know what's worse.
And now I have no-one
to share my top bunk.
In my defence
I was drunk as a skunk.

The Czar summons his servant.

I now need a new wife,
so find me the best
I've got it! We'll just hold
a beauty contest.
I'll bed one each night,
from near and from far
You know what I think ...
(speaking)
It's good to be the Czar!

Ahasuerus winks to the audience and sends his courtier off to organise the contest. Ahasuerus moves to the side of the stage and attention focuses on Esther who enters doing some cleaning, dressed like one of Tevye's daughters, when in rushes a little old lady - the shadchan (matchmaker). Esther tries to pay no attention as the little old lady bustles around her avoiding her gaze. The music changes pace and tune.

Shadchan:

Esther, oh Esther
have I got a match for you.
He's young, he's handsome ...
alright he's not a Jew.
But he's a nice king
a good king.
Nu? NU?

You've heard of his adviser,
 now there's a nasty man.
 But with you
 as queen of Persia
 we'll spoil his plan.

*The shadchan hurries off. Esther is confused and goes to seek advice from her
 uncle Mordechai who enters.
 Back to the opening music.*

Esther:

My uncle, my uncle
 oh what's going on?
 Something's gone wrong
 and I don't mean this song.
 My uncle, my uncle
 I don't understand,
 how can I be queen of this land?

Mordechai:

Esther dear, Esther dear
 Vashti refused
 to appear in the nude,
 she thought it was crude.
 Esther dear, Esther dear
 now is your chance
 if his Highness your way should glance.

Esther:

My uncle should I tell him I'm Jewish?
 Dear uncle do you think that I must?

Mordechai:

Dear Esther if you told him you're Jewish,
 you wouldn't see Ahasuerus for dust!

Esther dear, Esther this
 is all meant to be.
 The moment's prepared for,
 just you wait and see.
 Pretend you're not Jewish
 Just hush, keep your peace.
 Even though everyone knows you're my niece.

CzarAhasuerus:

Bring Esther, bring Esther,
 bring her to me.
 I want to inspect her,
 see how good she will be.

Esther approaches the king and he looks her over rather lecherously.

She seem to possess all the right moving parts.
 does she come under guarantee?

And so that's how they got married.
 No *k'tubah*, no choir, no *chupah* at all.
 And Esther's secret remained undiscovered
 Though she was Mordechai's niece, a fact know to all.

Chorus:

Audience, oh audience,
 don't get up and go,
 though the plots moving slow,
 it's not the end of the show.
 From now on the story becomes one of woe.
 For someone is here,
 someone we fear,
 entering rear,
 don't give him a cheer.
 For Haman
 the bad is here!

*Haman enters and everyone boos and stamps their feet.
Haman is dressed as the Chief of Police.
He laughs maniacally.*

Haman *(speaking):*

Oh dear Ahura Mazda
There's been many many *Purim shpiels*
But none as bad as this one.
So, what would have been so terrible if I Haman
ruled in Persia.
And Mordechai lost ... just this once.

*To the tune of If I were Rich Man.
Music begins.*

If I ruled in Persia, diddle diddle diddle dum.
I'd have Mordechai bowing down to me,
or strung up on a rope for all to see.

Oh
how I hate those Hebrews. diddle diddle diddle dum.
That's why I've thought up a little plan,
to be ridden,
of the *yidden*
in the land.

I'd build a big tall gallows for Mordechai to hang from,
right in the centre of the town.
Just because I'm insecure
that he didn't bow down.

And when he's dead and gone then no-one can stop me.
The kingdom is just one step away.
Barking orders to the people ... night and day ...
Rubbing his hands with glee and shrieking orders ...

Enter Mordechai.

Mordechai

Oy!

Oy I'm such a nice guy, diddle diddle diddle diddle dum.
I'm the one who'll rescue every Jew,
by having Ahasuerus, Esther woo.

Chorus *offstage*: Woo!

Oy vayz mir here comes Haman, diddle diddle diddle diddle dum.
Now that guy is a nasty piece of work,
if I'm a proper *mensch*,
then he's a prober birk.

For all my life I've studied *Toyrah, Gemoyrah*
and all the writings of the *Rabbonim*.
He's got another think coming,
I'm not bowing down to him.

Chorus *offstage*: He's not bowing down to him!

The only thing that would have me down before it
are the five books of the Law
or if a pretty lady
dropped her hanky on the floor.

A lady from the chorus passes and drops her handkerchief, fluttering her eyelashes at Mordechai. Mordechai gentlemanly bends down to scoop it up.

Haman:

Now ...
it's ... the time to put my plan into action
all the Jews are heading for the chop.
Only a fool can make such a great plan flop.

Chorus *offstage*: And that's exactly what we've got.

Mordechai:

As you may have already noticed,
one of us is gonna have to go
Unfortunately for you, that's not till the end of the show.

Pace change in the music.

Haman:

You'd better say bye bye,
for I will kill you Mordechai.
I will crown myself as the leader,
like Attila the Hun.
If you please mighty Haman,
don't kill me mighty Haman.

Mordechai: I'll stop you!

Haman: No you won't, you dirty Jew!

Mordechai and Haman:

Struggling together on stage
Yabba di die da
Yabba die da
Yabba die die daaaaaaaa.

Haman:

I drew lots and this is what I came up with
the thirteenth of *Adar* will be the day.
Nuzzin in ze vorld can shtop me
from getting my way.
Bwahahaha.

The crown boos again.

Oy.
 If I ruled in Persia, diddle diddle diddle dum.
 I would have a really evil time.
 Perhaps that lovely Esther would be mine.
 Oh things really
 would be quite sublime.
 If I carried out this crime ...

The crown boos yet again as Haman sustains the note till the music ends.

Haman (*speaking*):
 Czar Ahasuerus! May he rot in hell.
 Who will rid me of this bothersome king.

Haman exits. The narrator enters.

Narrator:
 Some of you out there, may remember a time
 when an old English king contemplated a crime.
 He sat at a table and drank himself *shikkar*
 and called to be rid of a bothersome vicar.
 Two eavesdropping knights who were laying *tefillin*,
 decided that they were the ones who should kill him.
 We don't have those knights to help our Czar to perish.
 What we have instead
 are ... Bigtun and Teresh.

*Bigtun and Teresh enter. they are dressed as ruffians brandishing swords and axes.
 They will need hats and bottle within easy reach - they'll need them later in the
 song. To the tune of To Life.*

Bigtun and Teresh:
 To death to death,
 we'll kill him.
 We'll kill him, we'll kill him tonight.
 Csar Ahasuerus is good as dead.
 A sword will cut off his head.
 Yes, we'll kill him tonight.

Tonight, tonight,
 we'll kill him.
 We're gonna give him such a fright.
 We'll put a stop to his income tax.
 chop off his assets with an axe.
 Yes, we'll kill him tonight

Mordechai:

I've just heard what they've been saying, talking about slaying
 my Esther's new found love.
 I'll see these creeps will be paying, when I've done some praying
 to my God above.

Bigtun and Teresh:

To death, to death,
 we'll kill him.
 And though we may not seem so bright,
 we're going to carry out this plan,
 death to this evil man.
 Yes, we'll kill him ... tonight!

Bigtun and Teresh and Mordechai then form a line and place hats and bottles on their heads and do a (probably simplified) bottle dance. This involves part filling the bottles with water to improve the centre of gravity and setting them within a fold in the hat. For an extra laugh, when they end, as they remove the bottle one of them should have had the bottle stuck to the hat and he removes the hat with it (extra helpful if one of your party just can't do the dance for real).

The song tune resolves into ...

Bigtun and Teresh:

We ... will ... grab him, stab him,
 slice him, dice him
 smash him, bash him.
 Then ... we'll ... hit him, split him
 till his life-signs have ceased.
 He will beg for mercy as he's lying on the floor.
 Haman will replace him and he won't be Czar no more.

Hoy hoy hoy ...

To death, to death,
we'll kill him.
And no-one will stop - that's right!
Just like the moor in his righteous rage,
extracting his deadly wage,
we will put out his light.

Tonight, tonight,
we'll kill him.
And we'll go down in history.
Watch out there's Mordechai watching us,
he's bound to kick up a fuss,
he'd do that out of spite.

Mordechai:

I will go and tell the king now, of this nasty thing how
they plan to do him in.
This might just come in very handy, just like Andy Pandy
I'll be pulling on his strings.

CzarAhasuerus:

My death, my death,
you're kidding!
Thank you for saving my life.
I'll never forget this thing.
That you have done for your king.
Bigtun and Teresh have been put ... TO DEATH!

Exit all except Achashverosh who then sits on a couple of chairs draped in a sheet, shaped into a bed. The narrator enters.

Narrator:

So Bigtun and Teresh have failed in their scheme
 But didn't they make an incredible team.
 And bearing in mind what has just passed,
 next time we might let them kill off whole cast.
 But back to the story, with the Czar in his bed,
 unable to sleep with his crown on his head.
 Of politics and problems and strife he did think.
 But knowing []¹ it was probably the drink.
 He tried counting sheep ..

Ahasuerus: 1 bah 2 bah 3 bah.

Narrator:

... then tried counting Germans,

Ahasuerus: *ein, zwei, drie.*

but we know the best cure,
 is our rabbi's sermons.
 But having no rabbi the second best thing
 was to call for []² to read to the king.

To the tune of Sabbath Prayer.

CzarAhasuerus:

Why is it I can't sleep this evening,
 servant will you please come to me.
 My life is such a bore
 I may sleep if you read my diary.

Servant:

Shevat the 29th someone saved you,
 he hasn't been rewarded for his act.

-
1. Insert name of whoever is playing Ahasuerus.
 2. Insert name of whoever is playing the servant.

CzarAhasuerus:

Tell me of his name.

Servant:

It's Mordechai and that's a fact.

CzarAhasuerus:

Go get Haman and he will help me.
Devise a method to reward this man.

Haman:

Oh great ruler I've come here to see,
if you could just help me execute my plan.

Czar Ahasuerus ignores this. He wants to speak of his issue.

CzarAhasuerus:

There's a man I want to show my thanks too.
Tell me please just what I should do.

Haman (*aside to the audience*):

It must be me, he's speaking of,
it must be me, it can't be any Jew.

The next section of the song involves one party holding a note whilst the other sings the next line alongside or intersects. It can get quite complex.

Haman:

Set him on high, up on the royal horse ...

CzarAhasuerus:

With a royal crown upon his head of course.

Haman:

Dress him in finery and have him led ...

CzarAhasuerus:

Through the town, up and down and yes, across.¹

1. Pronounced 'acrouse' .. it's a para-rhyme - or something that doesn't quite rhyme! What do you want from me. Perfection?

CzarAhasuerus:

Go and see that everything's prepared for ...

Haman:

I won't have far to go and get this man.

CzarAhasuerus:

Lead him through the streets as you said.

Haman:

Lead me through the streets as I said.

CzarAhasuerus:

This is who it is.

Haman:

I know who it is.

CzarAhasuerus:

The man who I'll reward,

Haman:

I'm who he'll reward.

CzarAhasuerus:

The man I'll honour is ... Mor--or--ordechai

Haman: Ha--a--a--man

They both sing the different names together and sustain through the last bars of the tune and, as they end ...

Haman (*shouting*):

What!!!

Exit all. the narrator enters.

Narrator:

The next scene is not written in the *megillah*

but you must all realise, it's not just a filler.

You see Haman's daughter, so it is said

Empties a chamberpot over his head.

It measure for measure, because he did choose,

to stir up the Persians, to kill all the Jews.

The part in which Mordechai's led through the town,

by Haman who's wearing his face in a frown.

Why we include it - well you may wonder.

We're just celebrating a terrible blunder.

Enter Haman and a Servant leading Mordechai through the town. Mordechai is atop a hobby horse wearing a crown and shades and some bling. They gallop around a bit and someone empties a bucket of pretend water over Haman's head. To the tune of Wonder of Wonders.

Haman:

Blunder of blunders,
silly fool, you silly fool.
I got it wrong and paid the price.
Now look at me I'm feeling small, feeling small
And that's not fair, since I'm so nice.
Audience boos again.

Chorus:

When the choir tried to sing in key.
That was a miracle.
(out of tune) That was a miracle
(in harmony) They even sang in har-mo-nyyyy.
That was a miracle too.

But of all the miracles in the shul
the most miraculous one of all,
was a sermon that was so concise
the front row only dozed .. off ... twice.

Mordechai:

Wonder of wonders
miracle of miracles
Looks like I've made it to the top
Now look at me I'm pretty cool, pretty cool
And Haman is a complete flop.

Chorus:

When the wine at *kiddush* stated nice
That was a miracle.
That was a miracle
Instead of petrol mixed with ice.
That was a miracle true.

But the greatest miracle of them all,
 Is the one we're doing right now in shul
 For the actors had begun to feel,
 it would be a miracle if we did ... this ... *shpiel*.

Exit all. The narrator enters.

Narrator:

The scene that now follows is somewhat complex,
 as we attempt to find out what comes next.
 Esther is sitting alone by the gate,
 when Mordechai comes along and in such a state.
 Sackcloth and ashes designed to inform all,
 but if you ask me he's dressed better than normal.
 This next scene is scary and might make you scream.
 So hold on to your *kishkes*,
 as we enter ... the dream.

Mordechai (*speaking*):

All right, all right,
 this was my dream.
 In the beginning, I dreamt Czar Ahasuerus was having a celebration
 of some kind. Everyone we knew, all of the *machers* of the shul
 were there ...

Esther (*interrupts*):

A terrible dream.

Mordechai:

I haven't finished yet.
 And then in the middle of the dream in walked the servant of the
 king and read out a proclamation from the Prime Minister Haman ...
Audience boos.

*A kleyn kind zol noch im heysn.*¹

1. 'A small child should be named after him'. A *yiddish* curse wishing someone
 dead as the tradition is to name a new baby after a departed relative.

Naturally I moved a little closer.

Mordechai:

And this is what I heard,
oy a broch oy a broch.
 It may seem quite absurd,
oy a broch oy a broch.
 But Haman asked the king,
 to use his his signet ring,
 to seal the Jews destruction.

Esther (*horrified*):

Destruction!

Mordechai

That is what I said,
oy a broch oy a broch.
 That Haman wants us dead,
oy a broch oy a broch.
 So Esther that is why,
 your Uncle Mordechai,
 has this wardrobe malfunction.

Esther:

You must have heard wrong uncle,
 there's no edict.

Mordechai

The man's a butcher Esther,
 and he's sent the message forth.

Esther:

No no no!
 I can't believe it uncle,
 that's just crazy.
 My Ahasuerus, who I did marry,
 wouldn't let this come to be.

Esther:

For 30 days you see,
oy a broch oy a broch.
The Czar's not called for me,
oy a broch oy a broch.
If to the king I go,
without him saying so,
he'll kill me without compunction.

Mordechai:

They announced it already.
He's made a bargain with that devil.

Chorus:

And this is what he heard,
oy a broch oy a broch.
For Haman said the word,
oy a broch oy a broch.
The Jews he chose to hate.
Cast lots to set a date
to seal the Jews destruction.

Mordechai (*speaking*):

Listen to me, the man's a butcher ...

Chorus:

To seal the Jews destruction.

Mordechai (*speaking*):

By the name of Haman.

Chorus:

To seal the Jews destruction.

(*Individuals from the chorus in turn*)

Sha ... sha ...

Look - who is this?
 Who is this?
 Who comes here?
 Who ... who ... who ...
 What man is this, who wants to kill our nation.
 Could it be.
 Sure.
 Yes it is.
 Why not.
 Who could be mistaken.

Chorus:

It's Haman the PM, come to give us his bad news.
 It's Haman the PM, come to slaughter all the Jews.
 Mighty Haman.
 Mighty Haman.
 Mighty Haman.

Ghost Haman enters swathed in a white sheet. You can make him taller with stilts if someone is up for that. Alternatively you can have a very small person dressed as the ghost, who follows Haman around the stage shrieking and wailing.

Haman (*bellowing*):

Mordechaiiiiiiii

Why is it that you aren't bowing down to mighty Haman.

Chorus:

Mighty Haman

Haman:

You'll be sorry that you crossed swords with the mighty Haman.

Haman:

Just because you didn't do as you were bidden.

Chorus:

You were bidden.

Haman:

Let me tell what will happen to the *yidden*.

Chorus:

To the *yidden*.

Haman:

When all the letters reach the towns.

I pity you all.

You've got nearly twelve months.¹

and when twelve months are up.

Come the 13th of Adar.

By the order of the Czar.

Ghost Haman grabs Mordechai and pushes him from side to side in time with the music

Then I'll hang you, then I'll hang you,

then I'll hang you, then I'll hang you

(shrieking)

Here's the very edict

signed by Czar Ahasuerus himself.

Ghost Haman shrieks maniacally and runs off the stage.

Esther *(speaking):*

A terrible dream ... may it sink into the earth.

I'll risk everything,

to save the Jews I cherish.

I will go and see the king,

and if I perish ... then I'll perish.

Mordechai:

Puh puh puh.

Exit all. Enter the narrator and Czar Ahasuerus.

1. Haman cast lots in the first month *Nissan* and the lots fell almost a full year later for the 13th *Adar*.

Narrator:

Poor Esther is frightened,
 she has every right,
 because Ahasuerus
 was kept up all night.
 But she needn't worry,
 because she will find
 Just like most monarchs,
 he has one thing on his mind.
 He isn't bothered with meetings and votes,
 his prime concern, is in getting his oats.
 And when it comes to the wooing of kings
 In Esther's favour there's a couple of things.

Ahasuerus (*speaking*): It's good to be the Czar.¹

But these I won't mention,
 it's a family show.
 And from the look on your faces,
 you already know.
 But pity the king, a surprise he will get,
 during our version of Sunrise Sunset.

Enter Esther hesitantly, but dressed very regally with a crown and robes.

Esther:

I'm going in to see the Czar now.
 To save my people from this fate.
 If he holds his rod out, I'll be happy.
 If not, then things won't go so great.

CzarAhasuerus:

What can I do for you my dearest?
 Have you come here to warm my bed?

1. Yes, this is the second time I've used the same joke and yes, it is a shameless rip off from *History of the World Part 1*.

Esther:

Not now!

I'm here to ask a favour instead.

'cos I'm upset, yes I'm upset,

I'd like to have fun

please do arrange a little party

Just you and me and yes - Haman.

Don't you forget.

CzarAhasuerus:

I won't forget.

This thing I have vowed.

But tell me Esther, are you certain,

two's company, but three's a crowd.

Czar Ahasuerus seems a little concerned that Esther is suggesting a ménage à trois.

CzarAhasuerus:

I mustn't fret, I mustn't fret.

I thought she was pure

as snow that falls down from the heavens.

Now I admit, I'm not so sure.

Haman enters having been summoned. He bows and scrapes sanctimoniously.

Haman:

Why did you call me to your chambers,

I was out pulling wings off flies.

CzarAhasuerus:

Esther wants you at her next party,

(aside to audience)

though why ... I can only surmise.

Haman *(also aside audience):*

Surprised but yet, surprised but yet,

who wouldn't want Haman?
 But I admit, it's unexpected
 that Esther wants a royal threesome.

CzarAhasuerus:

With much regret, with much regret,
 I hope he's not right.
 But whether Esther's really kinky,
 we will find out tomorrow night.

Exit all except the narrator:

Narrator:

The tension is mounting,
 when the party begins.
 With Esther recounting
 all Haman's sins.
 To save all our people,
 she knows what to do.
 She has to admit
 to being a Jew.
 And though you may think
 that we merely mock.
 For Ahasuerus,
 it's a terrible shock.
 To find out that Esther,
 his favourite wife
 Seems to living,
 her own double life.
 She lights *shabbas* candles,
 and visits the *mikveh*.
 And at the end of *bar mitsvahs*
 she sings the *Hatikvah*.
 The Czar wants to know,
 how could he be so blind.
 So he offers his kingdom
 for what's on Esther's mind.

To the tune of Do You Love Me.

CzarAhasuerus:

Half my kingdom.

Esther (*speaking*):

Half your what?

CzarAhasuerus:

Half my kingdom. Will I give you.

Will you tell me what is wrong with you,
just why are you so sad.

you're not a member of the Ladies Guild¹

So things just cannot be that bad.

(Speaking) So Esther why are you so down?

Esther:

The first time I met you was on our wedding day.

I was scared ...

CzarAhasuerus:

... so was I

Esther:

... and I lied

CzarAhasuerus:

... what did you say.

Esther:

I must tell that I'm Jewish, and I had to hide the fact

My uncle told me not to tell, and we made ourselves a pact.

CzarAhasuerus:

(Speaking) Oh Esther ...

(Then singing) Half my kingdom.

1. Or whatever group in the *shul* (that has four syllables) you wish to poke fun at, particularly if you don't have a Ladies Guild.

Esther (*speaking*):

I don't want it.

Czar Ahasuerus:

(*Speaking*) I know ...

(*Then singing*) but half my kingdom. Will I give you.

Esther:

There's a man who wants my people dead.

Czar Ahasuerus:

Who is it? (*Shouting*) I'll have his head!

Esther:

The wicked man is sitting here.

His name is Haman, end his career.

Czar Ahasuerus and Esther:

We'll string him up now,
on the gallows high,
that he built for Mordechai.

Chorus:

The moral should come here
but in this show.

If you've recognised one
we'd like to know.

Exit all. Enter the narrator.

Narrator:

And now before we drive you
right round the bend.

We come to the best bit.

You guessed ... it's the end.

(*Cast and chorus cheer!*)

We thanks you for watching our *Purim* parade
And outside we've laid on some medical aid
to help you recover from the plot we have tangled,

and to Sholem Aleichem for the play that we've mangled.
 So bid your farewell to our crew and cast.
 As the players have reached Anatevka ... at last.

Everyone enters marching along singing. Some should be carrying belongings, old suitcases etc.

To the tune of Anatevka.

Cast and chorus:

Our Purim shpiel is done.
 We've had a little fun.
(individuals from the chorus in succession, speaking)
 A laugh,
 a joke
 a quip,
 a pun.
 Someone should have stopped this *shpiel* long ago.
 Some rusty lines
 Some lousy rhymes.

Cast and chorus:

What have we done.
 Nothing much.
 Almost entertained you.

It's all over, it's all over.
 Haman's gone,
 it took to long,
 But it's all over
 Now you are safe for another year.

It's all over, it's all over.
 We'll accept the fame,
 but take no blame
 Now it's all over.
 Not one more tune do you have to hear.

Silly melodies about the Purim tale,
the songs were quite good
but the jokes were stale.

It's all over, it's all over
We'll say goodbye,
so don't you cry
Now it's all over
You may think that we're coming back.
But ...
... we've been sacked!

*Violinist repeats the starting melody and you can do a reprise of the first song
Religion if you like and get the crowd clapping along. End with the violin.*

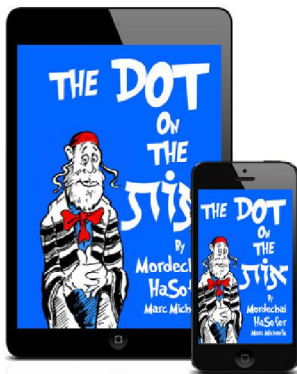
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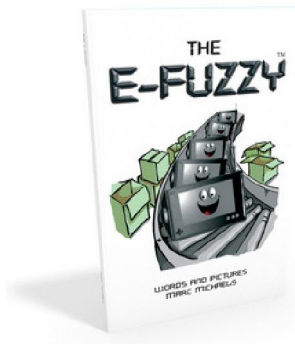


The Dot on the Ot
The E-Fuzzy
Thoroughly Modern Moses
Mordy Potter and the Philosopher's Bagel



The Dot on the Ot
PDF FOR FREE DOWNLOAD
Marc Michaels © 2016

A tribute in the style of the wonderful 'Cat in the Hat', the 'Dot on the Ot' teaches about the famous dots on the letters that occur in the *Sefer Torah*. It has been created by Mordechai Pinchas HaSofer (aka Marc Michaels), *sofer STa"m* (scribe) for adults and children alike in loving memory of his wonderful nephew Nadav Ezra z"l. It is not intended for sale or profit. Download free from www.kulmus.co.uk.

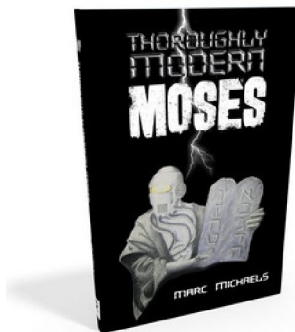


The E-Fuzzy

ISBN:978-0-9810947-5-5

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Too much screen time can be a bad thing for everyone! Will Popplethwaite ever understand why the children playing are so happy? Will the children rescue their Warm Fuzzy from his clutches? Or will they spend too much time staring at their E-Fuzzies to care? Find out in the 'The E-FUZZY'. A sequel to the excellent 'Original Warm Fuzzy Tale' by Claude M. Steiner. Written with kind permission of the original author. A cautionary TALE FOR EVERYONE. Illustrated throughout.

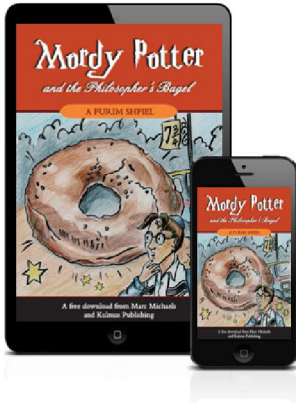


Thoroughly Modern Moses

ISBN:978-0-9810947-4-8

Marc Michaels © 2009

Joseph Rosenberg, not so eminent Jewish scientist and time-traveller came to Earth with a bump and was surprised, nay shocked, to learn that he had landed on one of the most famous people in the history of history itself ... Moses the Lawgiver. Ordered to replace Moses by the Lord God Almighty, Supreme Being of the Universe and all round Nice-Guy, Mr. Rosenberg embarks on an adventure of biblical proportions. Will he survive? Will there be tea and cake? A science-fiction biblical comedy. Hitch-Hikers meets the Bible - enjoy! (Contains over 300 pages of laughter).



Mordy Potter and the
Philosopher's Bagel
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A Purim shpiel to delight young and old, very very loosely based on the Harry Potter books and films with a healthy dose of Jewish fun thrown in for good measure. With cast and props and stage directions, a ready made playlet written by *Sofer STa"m* Marc Michaels for you to adapt for your synagogue's Purim celebrations. A free download, not for sale, from www.kulmus.co.uk.

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