

WES PURIM SHPEIL 2006

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Opening song sung to *Comedy Tonight*

[KEN & KATE]

Something that's new-ish
Something that's Jewish
Drop all your worries, cause
It's Purim tonight

No trick deductions
No reconstructions
No inhibitions cause
It's Purim tonight

Spare us the pathos, ironic fate
Just put some more hamantasch on my plate

Vivid descriptions
Filled with conniptions
Nothing portentous, make it light
Tsurris tomorrow
Purim tonight!

[DAVID & NANCIE]

Not too prestigious
Not too religious
Nothing to kvetch about
It's Purim tonight!

Togas, we'll wear 'em
Bring out the harem
Good taste is out the door
It's Purim tonight!

No higher meanings, assessing blame
Bartender! Here, with more of the same!

Salacious diversions
Orgies with Persians
Plenty of bark, but little bite.
Committees tomorrow;
Purim tonight!

[GLADYS & KIM]

Not covenantal
Or old testamental
Bring on the revelry
It's Purim tonight!

Flimsy excuses
Royal abuses
Who cares what the truth-is
It's Purim tonight!

No high brow texts,
No wise critiques;
Mel gives a talk on Kaplan next week

Sexy allusions
Immoral conclusions
(Aside) Here's hoping cause the cast is none too bright
Tsurris tomorrow
It's Purim tonight!

(closing)

[GLADYS]

Forget the halachah
Bring the mishpachah
Something for everyone
It's Purim tonight!

[KATE & KEN]

Nothing with stress
Nothing with strife
(Aside) After the show, I explain the jokes to my wife

[DAVID]

An obnoxious villain
A Jew with tefillin

[KIM]

A rabble that's been itchin' for a fight

[GLADYS]

Waifs and wenches

[KATE]

Meshuganas and mentsches

[KEN]

Royal reversals

[DAVID]

A lack of rehearsals

[KIM]

Party scenes!

[GLADYS]

Beauty queens!

[KATE]

Sinners!

[KEN]

Winners!

[DAVID]

Crooks!

[KIM]

Shnooks!

[GLADYS]

Zeroes!

[KATE]

Heroes!

[KEN]

Losers! Bruisers!

[KIM]

Boozers! Snoozers!

(All, slowly) So, drop all your cares, alas and alack!
If you don't like the show, we'll give your money back!

So, no indignation
WestEnd congregation

We guarantee it all turns out all right
Oy!

Tsurris tomorrow!

Purim Tonight!

OPENING

OSAMA

And now, direct from our Persian affiliate WK Iran, live from the capital city, it's the Shushan News Hour...

With our anchors, me, Osama bit Looney and my partner, Alice Jazeera, plus the Eye-for-an-Eye News team featuring Nomor Cayenne with the weather and Wazir Wolf with sports.

Coming up this hour, news briefs.

ALICE:

Riots spread across the Middle East, as offended idol worshipers cry blasphemy about comic depictions of their favorite idols. Allegations that some graven images were carved to resemble Buddy Hackett, and other gargoyles. Angry mobs attack stone carvers... stoning continues.

OSAMA:

Next, Bedouins select radical mullahs to tend their flocks, outraging local shepherds. Landowners threaten to revoke grazing rights... stoning continues.

ALICE:

And a human interest story you'll never forget: Nomads ask directions! And discover they've been wandering in circles for over 40 years! (Must have been male guides!) Nomad guides go into hiding... stoning continues.

OSAMA:

Here's one that will never happen again: In nearby regions, occupying foreign armies meet with fierce resistance from local populace. Rumors abound concerning miracles and messianic events, inspiring local zealots... stoning continues.

ALICE:

And our quote of the day: Persian Poet Laureate abDylan remarks: "But I would not feel so all alone – Everybody must get stoned!" And of course, stoning of poets – you guessed it – continues.

And now to you, Osama, with the Shushan News.

OSAMA:

Palace press secretary announces new halftime show during Sultan Bowl. Queen Vashti to dance the dance of the Seven Veils!

(Others in Background, excited: Seven veils! Seven veils!)

This year, wardrobe malfunctions will be avoided by avoiding wardrobe altogether.

The palace was besieged with paparazzi. Queen Vashti was overheard to say:

VASHTI:

You call this a veil? I've seen postage stamps that are bigger... and why only 6?

OSAMA:

The possibility that the queen will refuse the invitation has roiled palace-watchers everywhere!
The Queen was overheard saying:

[SONG: BIG MACHER] SONG –

VASHTI “HEY BIG MACHER”

**HEY BIG MACHER - Vashti
(to the tune of “Hey Big Spender”)**

The minute you called for the feast
I could tell you were a jerk with no scruples
A real big show-off,
Now, through seven days of wine
I know what kind of dance is going on in your mind.

So no I won't dance on command.
I don't doff my clothes for princes or for lords,
Hey big macher (hey big macher)
Take --
all of your buddies to Scores!

Would you like to have fun? [fun, fun, fun]
I could give it some class. [fun/class, fun/class, fun/class]
I could wiggle my knee, [fun/class/great-knee, fun/class/great-knee]
I could wiggle my... other knee.
If I gave you a smile, [smile, smile, smile]
How about a few grins, [smile/grins, smile/grins, smile/grins]
Would you stop getting riled, [smile/grins/get-riled, smile/grins/get-riled]
Call off your chamberlains? [smile/grins/get-riled, smile/grins/get-riled,

Hey big macher (hey big macher)
Hey big knacker! (hey big knacker) Alterkacker! (Alterkacker!)
You --
need a subservient wife.

[smiles/grins/get-riled, smiles/grins/get-riled, smiles/grins/get-riled]

You –
need a subservient wife!

(spoken after music ends) And that ain't me, palsy

OSAMA:

Reports from the palace say King Ahashverosh was just a little out of sorts with the news of Queen Vashti's refusal to dance.

KING:

Wives! I have at least a hundred and the only hump I can find around here is the camel!

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They say he'll get me a "hookah" but I just end up falling asleep smoking some damned pipe!

Wives! Who needs 'em!

[SONG: LET A HAREM IN YOUR TENT]

SONG - KING

Let a Harem in Your Tent

(to the tune of "Let a Woman in Your Life")

(slow, matter of fact)

I'm just an ordinary King,
A monarch seeking nothing more than absolute obedience
Like having every whim obeyed without the slightest hesitance
A bland sultan am I
Of simple sovereignty
Who likes to be bowed to on bended knee --
Treated like a deity --
And off the heads of all who disagree...
Well -- just an ordinary King.

(fast, angry)

But let a harem in your tent!
And you wish you'd abdicate
The oasis will run dry
While you're busy finding why
Ev'ry newborn looks exactly like the Eunuch you just hired at the gate

Just let a harem in your tent
And you'll live to rue the day
Plan an orgy for your pals
And you'll find that all the gals
Have a headache, and a headache, and a headache, for the whole damn month of May.

You'd like to slip behind a sand dune
But end up playing hide and seek
Then when you're busy racing camels
They're belly dancing with she sheik!

Oh let a harem in your tent
And you'll wish you could repent!

(slow down)

Let the other royal males
Buy their bangles, beads and veils

Since for all their lewd gyrating
I just wind up master hmmm-hmmm

So I dare `em, get a harem in their tents!

OSAMA:

Meanwhile, our street-beat reporter is looking for an "ordinary guy" who can give us the street-level, common Persian's response to this upheaval at the Palace.

Alice, are you there with the story?

ALICE:

Well, sort of. We were hoping to get a good sound bite from an ordinary observer, wandering past the Palace gates.

Sir! Yes, you there with the weird, peculiar face – you seem ordinary enough. What's your feeling about all of the goings on among the Royals?

MORECAI:

Who me??

[SONG: JUST AN ORDINARY GUY]

ORDINARY GUY
MORDECHAI'S SONG TO AN ORIGINAL TUNE

Just an ordinary guy,
Mordechai!
Neither children, nor a wife,
I'm drifting through my life.

As a boy I heard a story
Back a hundred years or so
Jews returned to the Promised Land
But my fam'ly didn't go
They stayed in godless Babylon
For reasons I don't know!
Just an ordinary guy,
Mordechai!

I stare into the mirror
An old man stands on the floor
His back is bent, his face is lined
He's trembling at his core
He's spent his whole life waiting
But he isn't sure what for
Just an ordinary guy
Mordechai!

I feel the storm clouds gath'ring
Will I be needed after all?
Should I listen for the thunder?
Will the voices be still and small?
If it comes, will I be ready?
Will I recognize the call?
Just an ordinary guy,
Mordechai!

(melody change)
On a prayer his hopes are pinned
A singer to the wind.

ALICE

Newsflash! An unconfirmed source at the palace has reported that someone has suggested that the king hold a beauty contest to find a "new" Queen. Could Vashti be on the outs? Stay tuned.

Our man at the scene reports seeing grand wazir Haman lurking about [HAMAN REVEALED – PHANTOM THEME]

Meanwhile, Vashti is still unrepentant and on strike. Wives around the country are said to be taking up the Kugel. (PAUSE) Thousands of lamb chops go uncooked. Hummus remains un-hum-ed in dozens of provinces from Hodu to Cush.

Belly dancing grinds to a halt. Brothels all over Persia are unmanned... er, un-womanned. Angry husbands demand action from the King now!

OSAMA:

Haman was spotted in private conference with the distraught King, trying to cheer him up and take his mind off Vashti's infamous "veto" of the half-time performance.

HAYMAN:

Yo, Kingie. Wife got ya down? Well get a new one! Picture all the concubines out there.

KING:

Porcupines?

[SONG: PRETTY WOMEN] [MORE DIALOGUE IF SONG IS CUT]

HAYMAN:

No, concubines! Picture all those beautiful women out there – if only you got rid of Vashti.

KING:

I'm beginning to see what you mean.

HAYMAN:

Let's fact it, Vashti's all vashed up.

KING:

But how will we ever replace her?

HAYMAN:

Beauty Contest!

KING:

Beauty Contest! And Vashti (gestures across neck)?

HAYMAN:

Call it "Arabic Divorce"!

HAMAN and AHASHVEROSH

PRETTY WOMEN

(to the tune of "Pretty Women" (Sondheim))

HAMAN

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Pretty women,
Can't you picture?
Sipping ouzo...
(pause) naked

Pretty women,
Have a contest
Pretty women...

Primping for the judges
Who're slipping them... a bribe
Think of the ambrosia
We'll imbibe.

Pretty women
Wriggling off their burkas
Or hiking up their... veils
Listen to them share their tales...

KING:
They sure have tails

TOGETHER:
Some tails!

HAMAN:
Pretty women

KING:
Hold a contest

HAMAN:
See who's belly...

KING:
Dancing

HAMAN:
All you need is
Knock the wife off

KING:
Chop her head off?

HAMAN:
Vashti's Vashed up

KING:
Cancel wife... of course

HAMAN:
That's what we call

TOGETHER:
Arabic divorce!

OSAMA

THIS JUST IN! King announces beauty contest. 50 maidens invited!

First prize – royal wedding!

Second through 50th prizes – ceremonial deflowerings (and other promotional opportunities)

Come one, come all! Come Nineveh, come Tyre...

And, for the scene at the red carpet, now to you, Abdul...

ALICE

I think I can see... the crowd is quite thick... but wait, on the carpet, there they are, the contestants!

We have the nominees for "Best Beauty in a Burqa"!

Next it's "Best Visual Effects."

And now, wait, it's hard to see with all the flashbulbs but I think, yes, it's the nominee for "Best Performance as a Virgin" – can you hear the applause? There's one who's gotten her SECOND nomination!

OSAMA

Quite a scene on the red carpet, isn't it, Abdul?

ALICE

(Sighs) No red carpet here, Osama, this is Persia, we use flying carpet. And here are our contestants:

[SONG! GOTTA HAVE A GIMMICK]

SONG – GOTTA HAVE A GIMMICK

CONTESTANTS' SONG (to: "GOTTA HAVE A GIMMICK")

COURTESAN: (melody)

You can look like a model
But ev'rything you got'll
Mean nothing at all at this scene,
Cause ya gotta win the contest, if you wanna be the Queen!

(bridge)

You can dance, you can grind, you can spin spin spin
But that won't get you wed.
Me, I find out which judge'll let me win win win --
And I bribe that judge instead!

(repeat original melody)

Judge if you're a mensch-you-will
Find I'm quite consens-u-al
Check out how comely I seem!
Cause you gotta rig the contest,
If you wanna be the Queen

(melody change: "once I was a schlepper...")

I can make you shiver
Hey, these ain't chop liver,
Try me out and see what I mean!
Cause you gotta fix the contest
If you wanna be the Queen!

(repeat meoldy: "once I was a schlepper...")

Once I was just bupkis
But since that kissin'-up kiss,
Now I'm the first to be seen!
Cause you gotta schtup the judges,
If you wanna be the Queen!

DRUGGIE:

She can hop, she can jump, she can spin those hips,
With lotsa sexy motion.
But me, I don't need to do no flops or flips,
'Cause I use a magic potion!

("once I was a schlepper melody")

When you have the opium
Forget about opprobrium,
One puff on the pipe and you're in!
Cause you gotta dope the judges
If you wanna be the Queen!

(repeat "shlepper" melody)

They're pickin' you much quicker
When they're feelin' shikkur;
So mix that elixir of dreams --
Cause you need a foreign substance
If you wanna be the Queen!

GENIE:

She can pout, she can purr, she can puff that pipe,
But that won't make you champ.
Me, I don't need no drugs or all that hype,
I just rub Aladin's lamp!

("once I was a shlepper" melody)

Rub it right -- its not suprisin'
There's another Genie risin',
Ala-kazam its a dream!
Magic wins the contest
If you wanna be the Queen!

(repeat "shlepper" melody)

Once I was a schnurrer
Now I'm K'ina Hurra,
A little evil eye's all I need!
Cause ya gotta knock the rest off
If you wanna be the Queen!

ALL (syncopated):

Try somethin' crooked (try somethin' crooked)
Long as no one's lookin' (long as no one's lookin')
See how we win with our schemes --

Get noticed in this mob scene
Without just being obscene,
Watching all the others turn green --

GENIE:

If they seem suspicious
Give 'em all 3 wishes!

DRUGGIE:

If you're really tricky
Slip the judge a mickey!

COURTESAN:

Once you spot your target
Use the casting carpet!

GENIE:

Gotta rev the throttle
Put a Genie in the bottle!

DRUGGIE:

If you're just a schnook-er
Puffa on dat hookah!

COURTESAN:

If the judge won't jump it
Bribe him with a strumpet!

ALL:

If you play it crooked then you, too
Might be the Queen!!

ALICE:

The Envelope please . . . (opening) . . . and the winner is . . . (drumroll) Esther!!!

ALL:

(WOW; ooh; ahh; holy cow, etc.)

ESTHER: (gushing) oh! This is such a surprise! To be honored among such incredible nominees. . . I have to thank my agent, and my manager, and my wardrobe assistant, and my family and my Uncle Mordy. . . .

ALICE:

(interrupting)

There's the signal, we're out of time . . .

ESTHER: (leaving) and – wait -- I want to thank my hairdresser, and my camel tender, and oh! This means you like me, you really really like me . . .

OSAMA:

(pause) All of Shushan was agast at the upset winner in the Queen category.

The first time nominee, Esther (née Hadassah), was selected in an upset finish that

- “broke the back” of all the nearby mountaineers, and
- “crashed” the hopes of local favorites!

The lovely Esther had a low cut burqa, specially created by “Dinar Koran” couture.

Similar dresses are flying off the rack nationwide.

ALICE:

THIS JUST IN:

Trojans hire Greeks to guard and run their ports!

Outraged citizens call for hearings on public safety concerns.

Troy's leaders respond, calling for greater trust in Greeks bearing gifts.

OSAMA:

No horseplay there, Alice!

[COMIC MONOLOGUES]

JOKES FOR DAVID GOLDFARB AND MARGIE SHULMAN

OSAMA: Before I get started though, I gotta tell ya, I had a rough day. I put on my shirt and a button fell off. I picked up my briefcase and the handle fell off. Hey, now I'm afraid to go to the bathroom.

Let me just say, if you think Vashti's a handful, you should get a load of my wife. Hey, my wedding date that was a beauty. I went to put the ring on and she gave me the wrong finger.

And, fidelity, infidelity - don't ask! Last month I found my best friend Achmed in bed with my wife. I said, "Achmed, I have to. But you? So then I asked, "Achmed, who told you could fool around with my wife?" And he said, "Everybody!"

But I knew my marriage was in trouble when my wife said to me, "You're only interested in one thing!" and I couldn't remember what it was.

ALICE: You make it sound like only men have it tough. Things are so backward in the Persian Empire, we're looking forward to the Dark Ages.

But take my own dating life – please! I remember after two years, I said to my boyfriend, "Either tell me your name or it's over."

But then I got a little older and started thinking about marriage and children. So I asked a friend who has children, "What if I have a baby and dedicate my life to it and it grows up to hate me and blames everything wrong with its life on me?" And she said, "What do you mean 'If'?" You know, they say marriage is a contract. But, no, it's not. Contracts come with warranties. When something goes wrong, you can take it back to the manufacturer. But if your husband starts acting up, you can't take him back to his mother's house and say, "I don't know; he just stopped working. He's just lying around the house making a funny noise."

But, if you wanna know, I blame all my problems on my overprotective Jewish mother – the first woman in history to say, "Are you really going to wear that?"

Last year my mother was on jury duty and they had to send her home. She insisted she was guilty.

And she carries a credit card in her wallet. It says, "In case of an accident, I'm not surprised."

And this fall, my mother, who used to work in the garment district, was sitting in a café enjoying a cup of coffee, when a flasher runs up to her table and opens his raincoat.

My mother says, "Feh! You call that a lining!"

OSAMA: Enough about your problems. Let's talk about my problems.

I think they all stem from not getting enough love as a kid. And it started early. Why, when I was born, my mother breast-fed me through a straw! She said she didn't want to get too involved. Told me she likes me as a friend.

I remember once going on a trip with my parents and somehow we got separated and I got lost. So I went up to a policeman and said, "Do you think we'll find 'em?" And he said, "I dunno, kid, there are so many places they could hide!"

I asked my mother if I was adopted. She said, "Not yet, but we placed an ad."

And then my parents sent me to a child psychiatrist. Hey, the kid didn't do me any good.

But, let me finish off with one more story about my wife. An Italian, a Frenchman and I were talking about things we've used to help with lovemaking with their spouses. The Italian said that he used olive oil and his wife was ecstatic for five minutes. Then the Frenchman said that he used butter and his wife experienced bliss for half an hour. Then I told them that I used schmaltz – chicken fat – and I had my wife screaming for six hours.

"She screamed for six hours," the others say. "How'd you manage that?"

"Well," I said, "I wiped my hands on the drapes"

And now, back to the show.

ALICE:

Big News from the Palace:

Hayman appointed vice-president and Grand Wazir!

Hayman's first decree:

All Jews are to be eliminated!

Hayman was quoted as saying "this is equal opportunity. All Persians can kill the Jews equally."

OSAMA:

Our reporters caught up with the new Grand Wazir and Vice President outside the White House on his brand new horse, a gift from the King.

ALICE: (shouting many questions)

Grand Wazir Hayman, Is it true that a lottery will be held to determine when your Edict goes into effect??

Will there be a drawing for "Power-bull"?? Are there scratch-offs??

Will auditors from Price Waterhole supervise the drawing?

Vice President Hayman, why did you issue this Edict against the Jews?

[SONG: I'M SLIMY]

HAMAN
(to the tune of "I Like Him")

Well...

I'm slimy. I'm really slimy.
Since I'm a big shot now
Just try 'n' get by me!
I must have
A very big ego
I love to make 'em all bow down wherever we go.
Next to me, Jack the Ripper's tame;
Genghis Khan is just plain lame;
I'm a dastardly guy
No one's nastier as I
'Cause I'm slime-y!

REPORTER (spoken):
But it doesn't make sense.

HAMAN
That's because you're not the villain.

REPORTER
Well, tell us, what does a villain vill?

HAMAN
Well, er... Well, for example, with a few choice words to the King, I got the old Queen's head knocked off!

REPORTER
But what did you get out of it?

HAMAN
What do I get? Why, already I've gotten ... nicknamed "Dick Cheney!"

REPORTER
I see. And you also get to ride around on a great big white horse. But why did you issue the decree against the Jews?

HAMAN
Well... I'm explaining...

(sings)
I slither, just like a lizard
Bring on the spring and I'll decree a full-scale blizzard!
I don't take no prisoners
'Cause I'm the kind of guy they call a "Farbissiner"
But I'll soon make those Semites pay
Since Mordechai got in my way.
If he won't bow in shame
They'll remember my name

With a noise cranked so high
[That they'll cry to the sky]
That I'm
Slime-y.

OSAMA:

News from our insiders on the palace beat:

Photos on the cover of the "National Inquisition" and "Star with Cicle Moon" newspapers show the new Queen Esther meeting privately with a shady vagrant named Mordecai.

Who is this character and what is his hold on the Queen?!

[SONG – MORDY AND ESTHER: WE MEET IN THE SHADOWS]

SONG – WE MEET IN A SHADOW

**WE MEET IN A SHADOW – Esther and Mordechai
(To the tune of “We Kiss in A Shadow”)**

(MORDECHAI) (Melody)

We meet in a shadow
Surrounded by spies,
The palace is full
Of inquisitive eyes.

(ESTHER) (Melody)

We speak in a whisper
And that is a fact,
Since Shushan said yes
To the Patriot Act.

(MORDECHAI) (bridge)

The Jews are in trouble,
And what can we do?
Oh Esther, we’re counting on you!

(ESTHER) (melody)

So why’s that my headache?
So what can I do?
Since I’m a big star
they don’t know I’m a Jew.

(melody)

I’ve changed my last name now,
Its like I’m reborn
Since I fixed the nose
I’m not even Reformed!

(MORDECAI) (bridge)

But now’s when we need you –
It’s Jewish Appeal –
You cant be a Shiksa for real!

(ESTHER) **(coda)**

Oy, such a megillah!
Don't worry, my dear,
For I --have a plan -- for the king --
We'll win, and he won't feel a thing!

(melody)

Go tell all our people
And don't hesitate
To fast for three days,

(MORDECHAI) (jumping in)

-- Well at least we'll lose weight!

(ESTHER) **(bridge)**

The Jews all can trust me,
For bleak though it seems,
This Princess turned into a Queen!

(BOTH) **(coda)**

And we will hoist Haman
On his own petard
And then -- we will sing -- these words sweet:
"They lost, and we wonNow, (pause, spoken) let's eat!"

ALICE:

BREAKING NEWS! Big events are occurring at the Palace!

OSAMA:

Esther has reportedly requested a special audience with the King!

The new Queen has reported been seen pacing in the Palace hallways, apparently struggling with some weighty concerns of State . . .

[SONG BY ESTHER – I DREAMED A DREAM]

**ESTHER'S SONG SUNG TO I DREAMED A DREAM
(FANTINE'S SONG) FROM LES MISERABLES**

(Melody)

There was a time, there was a day
When my life's path seemed so much clearer
The wider world seemed far away
But all I wanted was much nearer

At night I'd lie on open ground
And search the sky with wide-eyed wonder
I'd feel God's presence all around
A dome of peace we could live under

***(Instrumental break)
(repeat melody)***

A lonely girl, a gentle man,
The heart I gave that I can't take back
We'd laugh and spin our secret plan
In fields of daffodil and lilac

(bridge)

But now my Uncle Mordechai,
Assures me I must do my duty,
And the girl who shared that plan
I'm afraid that she is gone – gone – gone – gone – gone!

(Back to original melody)

Yes! There's a price that must be paid
For one's romantic girlish notions
In some horrific masquerade
I'll play the part, go through the motions

(repeat bridge)

Someday this tale will be retold
My name will resonate with glory
But now I'll never hear his song
The dream I dreamed 's forever gone – gone – gone – gone – gone!

***(one bar instrumental)
(coda)***

So like the prisoner condemned,
I didn't choose, but I was chosen.
By forces I can't comprehend
My destiny was not my dream.

OSAMA:

We have an update on our report concerning Queen Esther's audience with the King.

Apparently the meeting concerned grave and important national issues, since our reports have them conferring – in private – for several days and nights! Must be serious!

ALICE:

Wait. This has just come in by Papyrus-Fax:

King issues new Edict! Hayman's decree against the Jews is withdrawn: Jews may repulse any attackers!

OSAMA:

Wait, there's more:

Apparently the White House has just withdrawn Hayman's nomination as Vice President and Grad Wazir.

The King has instead nominated a "dark horse" candidate, named Mordecai!

In a major upset, Hayman's horse and entourage have been reassigned to Mordecai. Pundits wonder: Could the Queen have had a hand in this?

ALICE:

Apparently, opinion polls have shown Hayman to be a major political liability. He's off the ticket!

[INTERVIEW WITH HAYMAN]

INTERVIEW WITH HAMAN

OSAMA:

And now from the network that brought you the smash hit "Persian idol" -- with real idols -- we bring you another scoop. This is the first exclusive jailhouse interview with reviled, repudiated ex-grand Wazir, vice president, and all-round former hot-shot mukety-muk of Persia. Here's our reporter Alice Jazeera.

ALICE:

Well, Haman, according to our exit polls it looks like the Jewish slate is winning in all 127 provinces, even the "red" provinces. Where do you think it all went wrong?

HAMAN:

Frankly, I'm a bit perplexed myself. I mean I was way ahead on Fox news.

But, in any case, I'd like to thank my large body of loyal supporters without whose greed and incompetence this debacle would never have been possible.

I thought we ran a great campaign, but I guess we didn't get our message across to the great Persian public. Heck, I dunno -- hate, scare tactics laced with irrational bigotry -- usually you can't go wrong with them.

Of course, those Brokeback Mountain rumors about me and the king definitely hurt -- look, it was all Platonic (has he been born yet?)

But I'm not bitter.

OSAMA:

before the Jews were attacked, you accused them of stockpiling secret weapons and of hatching a plan to overthrow the Empire. And then after the war started, all we found was a kreplach factory and some discolored chicken soup recipes.

Don't you bear responsibility for this appalling blunder?

HAYMAN:

Well, I'll admit the intelligence was a little flawed. But we went with the best set of entrails we had. The soothsayers said so many sooths that there were no more sooths left to say. We were soothless.

I just know they have these five books – I think it's a weapon of mass instruction.

OSAMA:

This vicious anti-Jewish campaign. Haman, what is it you had against the Jews anyway?

HAYMAN:

Let me put it this way. Jews are conniving, treacherous, sneaky, greedy, contemptuous – but like everyone else, they have their flaws too.

ALICE:

Haman, it looks like your political career is in ruins. And your approval rating is now running slightly behind leprosy.

HAYMAN:

Well, I think I'm ready to hang 'em up. (long pause; quizzical looks)

For now I'm looking to return to the private sector. I'm thinking of going into the three-cornered hat business. Or maybe, I'll corner the market on noise-makers.

Or to be more speculative, I'm thinking of becoming a lobbyist for an oil company. As you know, there's all this oil around here, and if anybody can figure out what it might be could for, I think we'd really have something. Our company's called "Immobile."

Or I may just retire to the Nile. (I may already be in denial).

OSAMA:

And what about Achashvayrosh? He claimed that you had his complete support. He was quoted as saying "Haymee, you're doing a heckuva job!" Then he left you twisting slowly in the wind (so to speak).

HAYMAN:

(Looks around some more.) Al, can we turn off the cameras for a second? Look, we all know we're not talking about a King Solomon here? I mean, we all know that if Achashvayrosh were a Persian rug, he's just a few threads short of unraveled.

I mean, this is a man, if you tell him to put a camel in your coffee, he'll ask you "One hump or two?"

Remember how last year the king's wives all had babies that looked like his favorite eunuch. And Achashvayrosh said "The gods are smiling on us. Two years ago they all looked like my brother-in-law."

I mean – face it – the guy can't count to twenty-one without taking his toga off. (Did they get that this year?)

ALICE:

Haman, after your many years in office? What in your career are you proudest of, and what do you hope to be remembered by?

HAYMAN:

I am glad you asked me that – because how soon the fickle public forgets. Two thousand years from now, they'll probably just remember my few trivial mistakes and all my accomplishments will be forgotten.

Well, first, I'm proud of our efforts to get almost all the citizens of our far-flung empire to become unified around a central theme – rabid, irrational anti-Semitism – well, I'll admit it didn't work this time. But mark my words, this is an idea whose will come!

ALICE:

One last question, Haman, are you bitter about how Mordechai has treated you?

HAYMAN:

Me bitter? Nah! And to show Mordecai that I'm ready to let bygones be bygones, I've even offered to take him quail hunting. (Winks.)

[SONG: YOU CAN'T TRUST A DICK WITH A GUN]

**SONG – YOU CAN'T TRUST A DICK WITH A GUN
(to the tune of "You Can't Get a Man With a Gun")**

HAYMAN:

I'm quick with the buckshot
And you all know the upshot:
Yes, there's blood when the day is done
But here's what is scary –
I meant to hit John Kerry;
Oh, you can't trust a Dick with a gun.

I'm tough as a lion
When someone else is dyin'
In a war I insist be won
But it hurts me a fair spot
To see a millionaire shot;
No, you can't trust a Dick with a gun.

With a gun, with a gun.
No, you can't trust a Dick with a gun.

If you seek reduction
In weps of mass destruction
I believe I can find you one.
Okay, I'm confessin':
It's my pal Smith and Wesson
'Cause if I'm hunting duck
If you don't duck, you're a schmuck
No, you can't trust a dick with a gun.

If I go out shootin'
With my pal Vladdy Putin,
He'll turn red as the setting sun
But when blood starts a spurtin'.
It ain't at Halliburton
No, you can't trust a Dick with a gun.

Way down in Dade and Broward
I wasn't such a coward
When we stole the e-lec-tion.
Though there's no tally I can't jigger
Don't leave my finger on the trigger
'Cause you can't trust a Dick with a gun.

With a gun, with a gun.
No, you can't trust a Dick with a gun.

My reputation's slid off
Since I just blew his lid off
But I don't worry 'bout that none
'Cause my score with the voters
Won't suffer one iota
Since I just have to say (slow) three sweet words: N-R-A –
Only they trust a Dick with a gun

ALICE:

To conclude our report, today's sports:

Horseracing has taken an unusual turn in Shushan:

It appears that Hayman's horse will now be ridden by a new jockey,
Mordecai.

Track conditions are expected to remain dry and about 120° in the shade.

The morning line has the horse, "Gefelach", listed at 3 to 1.

Trumpets for the first race to sound shortly.

[SONG: HORSE RIGHT HERE]

[SONG: I GOT THE HORSE RIGHT HERE]

HAYMAN:

I rode this horse right here
When I was Grand Wazir
But now Esther's got the King to make me disappear
No Respect! No Respect!
I got stuck with nothin' but dreck!
I'm gonna get hung by the neck!
No respect! Just dreck!

MORDECAI:

As a past shlemeil
Who's now a real big wheel
I can't tell you just how Esther got the Edict repealed.
Took brains! Took curves!
And a whole lotta guts and nerve.
So Hayman got what he deserves.
Took brains. Took nerves.

KING:

Just so the ending's clear
'Cause there a moral here:
Pay attention to your wife when she says "listen dear!"
Mordy stays. Hayman goes.
Just shows who gets the last say-so.
If the Wife says that Hayman goes,
Mordy stays. Hayman goes.

HAYMAN: Grand Wazir --

KING: Listen Dear --

MORDECAI: Big Slemiel --

ALL 3: I got the Purim Shpeil!!

REPRISE-FINALE-PURIM TONIGHT

[DAVID & MEERA]

Something amusing
Mostly confusing
Something half-baked because
Its Purim tonight!

Nothing with Mincha
Stick with the Simcha
Who knew what your in-for,
'Cause its Purim tonight!

Nothing with rules,
nothing severe,
Kosher is out
'cause hams are all here!

No Oscar winners
Mostly beginners
Hoping that one scene will turn out right-
Stardom tomorrow,
Purim tonight!

[GLADYS]

Now the show's ended
Glad you've attended.
If you're offended, well
Its Purim tonight.

[KATE & KEN]

Too many drinks,
Too many gaffs,
We should have cut the whole script in half!

[DAVID]

Silly diversions
Beautiful Virgins

[KIM]

If imagination's turned just right-

[GLADYS]

Merchants and Beggars

[KATE]

Shlameils and shmaggegies

[KEN]

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Singing that's off-key

[DAVID]

Jokes never P.C

[KIM]

Pretenders!

[GLADYS]

Offenders!

[KATE]

Singers!

[KEN]

Wingers!

[DAVID]

Satires!

[KIM]

Spare-tires!

[GLADYS]

Jokes! pokes!

[KATE]

Witticisms! Criticisms!

(slow, all)

So don't take offense

We're not ashamed.

Everyone in the room was fair game!

Thanks all for coming

Hope you leave humming

--Wish you'd never let us all recite?--

Back to the tzuris,

Purim's over tonight!