

# **West End Synagogue**

## **PURIM SHPIEL 2008** **Ken Klein & David Prager**

Shushan song – sung to *42<sup>nd</sup> Street*

Come and greet those Persian feet  
It's the capital I'll be takin' to  
Shushan – dig the beat

Strident strumpets blasting trumpets  
Strutting through the street  
Blushing eunuchs, 'neath their tunics  
Sure are indiscreet

When I hear that horn, I get reborn  
It's the capital I'll be takin' you to  
It's a Shushan, Shushan morn

Baubles, notions, magic potions  
Aphrodisiacs  
Fill my coffer, make an offer  
What's not up front is in de back

So, if you're wanting sleaze  
Put yourself at ease  
It's the capital I'll be takin' you to  
Shushan – we aim to please

Shushan song (cont.)

One day – despair, goin' nowhere  
You dance in the bazaar  
Next day, Alice – you're called to the palace  
Hello Shushan – you're a star

Everlastin' fame  
If you play the game  
It's the capital I'll be takin' you to  
Shushan is its name!

Luscious ladies, straight from Hades  
Showing off their stuff  
Illicit pleasure at you leisure  
In Shushan enough is never enough!

Oh! Hear the din, the sounds of sin  
It's the capital I'll be takin' you to  
Shushan city, Shushan city, Shushan – let me in!

## Opening

Cops #1 and #2 are (probably) David Prager and Ken Klein in some order.

Cop # 1: It was already a sultry, sweltering morning when the sun rose over Shushan city. The sweet smell of camel dung wafted through the air, leaving hundreds of asthmatics scurrying for cover. The sounds for the call to prayer could already be heard, along with cries from the opening of the bazaar – spices from India, onyx and jade from Africa, phony air conditioning units, magazine subscriptions from Publisher’s Clearing House. It’s said that you can buy anything and everything in Shushan – if you can pay the price. And beneath the turbans, behind the veils, there are ten thousand stories in the city – ten thousand and one if you fall for that one about my ex-wife and the milkman – and it’s my job to pierce the veil, see behind those stories and get to the truth, whatever the cost. My partner told me: “Call me Ishmael!” Who knows why? His name’s Fred. My name’s Thursday, I’m a cop.

Cop #2: Partner, it looks like a slow day on the roads so far. We’ve got a 408 on the 204, a 306 on the 509, a 605 on the 108 and stasis on the oasis.

Cop #1: What the hell does that mean?

Cop #2: You know more of the usual. Camel fondling in public, a woman picked up for impersonating a kugel, and some peddler selling knock-off Rolex sundials.

Cop #1: They're fake – uh oh! But they look so real! Anyway, what are you hearing on the stuffed grape line?

Cop #2: Well, we've been getting a buzz about a plot involving some real high society types – I mean, this trail may lead all the way to the palace – and we're not just looking at camel droppings here. We're talking about extortion, murder, littering, under-tipping – people so ruthless they'll stop at nothing. We may be dealing with a crime that will rock the entire foundation of Persian society -- or maybe not. I said the same thing yesterday and all we found was a guy selling three day old shishkabob.

Cop #1: But wait, what's that over there. Slumped over in that chair – isn't that Queen Vashti? And she not moving!

Cop #2: (Bends over her as if taking her pulse) Hmm. Either this woman is dead, or my watch has stopped! No, wait! She's still alive, but she's lying here totally still, completely inert, like she's incapable of any movement whatsoever.

Cop #1: Say! That reminds me of my wedding night! (Looks apologetic to the audience)

Cop #2: Don't apologize, just keep going. But, it looks like she's coming to  
– maybe we can find out what's behind this dastardly deed.

Segue to Queen Vashti's routine.

## Beginning of Vashti Routine

Vashti starts slowly waving her arms, as if she's coming to, groans a few times.

Vashti: Where?... Wha?... (Girlishly) Oh! Governor Spitzer, don't!

Her head suddenly clears.

Hold it, fellas! Back off! Now I remember – I'm Vashti, queen of Persia.

And the king! The man sure is no magic carpet scientist. Last year all Achashvayrosh's other wives gave birth and the babies all looked like the king's favorite "eunuch." So, the king says, "The gods are smiling on us!

Last year the kids all looked like my brother-in-law!"

And slow! This man can't count to 21 without taking all his clothes off!

Frankly, you can take this job and shove it! (Song intro to "If I weren't Queen of Persia")

## If I Weren't Queen of Persia

If I weren't Queen of Persia

Winkle, dinkle, dinkle, winkle, dinkle, doo,

Not one day would I abide that awful man,

If I weren't Persia's queen! /

Oh! Farewell to the empire

Winkle, dinkle, dinkle, winkle, dinkle, doo,

Good riddance to this empty, lavish life!

If I weren't Persia's queen!

I was a starry-eyed simple girl when we married,

Fresh from the Shushan Junior League,

Who's a guessed one man could turn out so dull?

Night after night I'm stuck with his banal opinions

Concerning the latest court intrigue

Or, pampered by eunuchs and bored out of my skull!

If I Weren't Queen of Persia (cont.)

If I weren't Queen of Persia

Winkle, dinkle, dinkle, winkle, dinkle, doo,

Say goodbye to a marriage filled with strife,

Another flunky can be the royal wife,

Maybe I'd even begin to get a life,

If I weren't Persia's queen!

Like a moth driven closer to the flame,

I've lusted after the glitter and the fame

Now it's time to escape this foolish game,

No longer to be Persia's queen!

## End of Vashti Routine

After hoped for applause for song dies down –

Cop #1: Vashti, we need to talk to you!

Vashti (swooning) Oh no! I think it's really the end now! Farewell, Persia,  
Farewell!

Cop #2: (waxing operatic) It looks like she finally took one for the team!  
Like she's eaten her final meatball! Like she's been recalled to the home  
office! Like...

Cop #2: Is she really dead?

Cop #1: Let's hope so!

Vashti (suddenly): So this rabbi, priest and minister walk into a bar, and ...

Cop #1 takes out a pistol, shoots and finally (he thinks) silences Vashti.

Vashti: Wait! It only grazed me! I'm OK! (Muttering as she goes off  
stage) Say! Did you hear the one about the nine and a half inch pianist?  
(Vashti runs off stage).

## After Vashti

Cop #2: Well, we've definitely got a crime here! But face it, after that performance, it looks like everyone had a motive!

Cop #1: Yeah! But the way I see it, this was an inside job! Ishmael, get out your papyrus and let's make ourselves a list of the prime suspects.

Cop #2 takes out something like a Blackberry to start typing. Cop # 1 stares.

Cop #2: And it's better for the environment, too. (Pause) The way I see it, the number one suspect has gotta be the king. Who else do we have?

Cop #1: I figure we should take a look at the new Prime Minister Haman. I've not sure I totally buy into his warm cuddly guy image.

Cop #2: And what about that Jew, Mordechai, who's always hanging around the palace gate? There's something there that doesn't smell kosher.

Cop #1: I know! Why don't we forget who did it and blame the Jews no anyhow!

Cop #2: That might work, but is it original?

Cop #1: Always the artiste! So how do we figure if any of them are responsible! There's only one way to find out and keep the show moving.

Let's interview them all!

Cop #2 interviews the King

Some traveling music while the scene changes.

Cops #1 and #2 are about to enter the palace.

Cop #2: Hey! We don't have enough time to interview the suspects together. Suppose you do the king and I'll go find Prime Minister Haman.

(Cop #1 walks off. Goes backstage, puts on crown, etc.)

Cop #2: Fine. Achashvayrosh, your most high potentate-a-tude-in-ous-ness! May your humble, lower than a-speck-of-humus-on-the-royal-plate servant from the police force ask a few questions?

(Achashvayrosh dismissively wags his hand, signaling for Cop #2 to go ahead.)

Cop #2: So, how did you come to be the king, King? Achashvayrosh: Well, let me tell you!

Begin song "Since I was a lad..."

Achashvayrosh Song to “When I Was a Lad”

Since I was a lad I’ve always known

My destiny was to ascend the throne

As a student far from spectacular

As I studied matters Delphically oracular

(Chorus: As he studied matters Delphically oracular!)

Said the Oracle, “I just give up!

I can’t get a single thing into your goyshe kup!”

(Chorus: Said the Oracle, “I just give up!

I can’t get a single thing into your goy’she kup!”

On affairs of state, who woulda thunk

I could make my best decisions when completely drunk!

Though the treasury is entirely gone

My fiscal policy is simply “Party on!”

(Chorus: His fiscal policy is simply “Party on!”)

Abrogated treaties, civil rights ignored

You can find out all you want to with a waterboard!

(Chorus: Abrogated treaties, civil rights ignored

You can find out all you want to with a waterboard!)



Achashvayrosh song (cont.)

Now I rule an empire that is big and wide

In truth, the whole thing has got me mystified

A regal sneer and a royal frown

Disguise I've no idea about what's going down

(Chorus: Disguise he's no idea about what's going down)

So if you want to rule an empire from Hodu unto Cush

Lock yourself up in the palace and sit on your tush!

(Chorus: If you want to rule an empire from Hodu unto Cush

Lock yourself up in the palace and sit on your tush!)

Cop #1 interviews Haman

Cop #1: Well, here I am, looking to interview Haman. But is you ask me, this is just a wild moose chase. Who could believe that a lovable guy like Haman could be involved in a serious crime? Say, there he is now! -- Oh! Prime Minister Haman, I hate to bother you, sir, ...

Haman (to the side) Curses! It's the fuzz! (Faces forward again) Officer, that 4,300 was a legitimate business expense, I can ...

Cop #1: Drop it – we're here here about the Vashti affair! What's your story?

Haman: Hmm! That sounds like a song cue.

(Blues song for Haman begins...)



Am  
The meek ain't goin' nowhere!

Am C  
Some call me evil, most say I'm coarse

F E  
But worryin' 'bout 'dat puts the cart fore the horse!

Am C  
Once I have made it, I'll look down at you bums,

F E  
And I'll smile my broad smile and I'll leave you some crumbs!

Am C  
Dog eat dog world,

E  
The meek ain't goin' nowhere!

Am  
The meek ain't goin' nowhere!

## Mordechai Interview

Cops #1 and #2 meet each other.

Cop #1: Well, what's your impression from interviewing the king?

Cop #2: Let's just say it's no wonder the Middle East is such a mess.

Thank goodness that won't last! But, somehow, I don't think he's our killer.

What about Haman?

Cop #1: No chance! I mean, I've never seen such warmth, such goodness positively radiating from a human being.

Cop #2: And that's what makes you me such a great cop – you're an infallible judge of human nature.

Cop #1: And besides, if you can't trust an Amalakite, I mean, what's left?

Cop #2: OK, that leaves Mordechai. That's him over there, listening for the latest gossip beside the palace gate.

(Mordechai paces and begins “Just an ordinary guy, Mordechai!”)

## Just an Ordinary Guy, Mordechai – 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!

My treasure, my Hadassah!  
Doesn't yet know the world's unkind  
The compromise, the sorrow  
When childhood's dreams are left behind  
And still my foremost blessing's  
That our fates are intertwined  
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 voice be still and small?  
If it comes, will I be ready?  
Will I recognize the call?  
Just an ordinary guy,  
Mordechai!  
On a prayer his hopes are pinned  
A singer to the wind.

## Cops go to Political Beauty Contest

Cop #1: Well, if we rule out Achashvayrosh, Haman, and Mordechai, we've got bupkes left. What do we do now?

Cop #2: Maybe another Spitzer joke? ... Wait! I hear there's some kind of beauty contest across town! The winner is bound to be a suspect!

(The two cops depart for the "political beauty contest." They get there and stand on the side lines.)

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen! Your attention please! As you all know, the primary season is now extending a full twenty-three hundred years before the election. So, tonight we've brought before you all the leading candidates for a real beauty contest.

Vote for me! I'm the one!

Gonna win the next nomination!

Got the drive! Got the will!

I've got smarts! I've got Bill!

The sentiment for president's for me

Baby, everything's coming up Hilary!

Can't run home to mama,

I've just started to fight!

There'd be less drama

If I could get rid of Obama!

People say, "He's more fun"

But I'm ready to lead from day one!

I wish I could take back

All those votes on Iraq

But at the time it seemed the thing to do!

Baby, ev'rything's comin' up debates and delegates

Ev'rything comin' up issues and caucuses

Ev'rything's comin up lib' rals and Democrats

Ev'rything's comin' up Hilary the President for you!

McCain Song sung to That Old Gray Mare – 1<sup>st</sup> Run through

That old McCain

He ain't what he used to be

Ain't what he used to be

Ain't what he used to be

That old McCain

He ain't what he used to be

Many long wars ago!

## Ralph Nader song to Call Me Irresponsible

Call me diabolical and monomaniacal,  
Toss in self-delusional, too  
Once beloved crusader, now just crazy Ralph Nader  
But it's undeniably true – there's no end to the mischief I can do!

Call me reprehensible, running is nonsensical,  
My old allies all line up and boo!  
“Drop out now!” the liberals plead; I'm unsafe at any speed!  
But it's definitely true, if I don't run I'll have nothing to do!

I've heard excess passin'll  
Turn you less than rational  
Why I'm running, I haven't a clue  
I could use some sympathy, but they all blame Bush on me!  
So call me irresponsible 'cause it's true!

## Obama song sung to The Pajama Game

The Obama game's  
The campaign we're in  
It a game that college students love to play (we love him!)

He reminds us al  
Of JFK and Luther King  
But he'll never win ...  
His middle name's Hussain

The Obama game's  
The campaign we're in  
And we love to hear that change is in the air (or somewhere!)  
He's inspired us all  
With promises and platitudes –  
Some things never change  
In an election year!

McCain Song sung to That Old Gray Mare – 2nd Run through

That old McCain

He ain't no conservative

Ain't no conservative

Ain't no conservsative

That old McCain

He ain't no conservative

Down in the Bible belt!

Huckabee song to “Rockabye Your Baby to a Dixie Melody”

Huckabee’s your baby  
With my Dixie preacher’s lilt  
When I speak  
I just reek  
Of the sound of Bible belt.

I won’t teach Darwin in the schools  
I’ll pack the Court with Falwell’s tools  
With swing votes from Virginia  
to Tennessee (where even Gore couldn’t win ya)

Weep no more my . . . Hill’ry  
Shed no teardrop ‘bout Barack  
You can duck  
Here comes Huck  
The elf from Little Rock!

And if I never gets that nomination –  
I’ll still be Weight Watchers’ renowned sensation!  
Huckabee for V.P. (maybe) –  
I’m the Dixie wann-be!

Kucinich song to “The Work Song” from Disney’s Cinderella

Den - nis

Kucinich, I’m Kucinich

Guess I shoulda’ ate my spinach

Oh! I might have well have pay- yuss

No one sees me ‘bove the dais

Shoulda’ been tall, should’a been rich

I’m Kucinich

Den – nis

Kucinich, I’m Kucinich

The man with the goofy grin – which

Is supposed to leave heart’s flutt’rin’

But so far’s just left then mutt’rin’

“Why’s that little guy so mopey?”

Is he Happy, Doc or Dopey?”

Though I be small, it’s no sin ...

pauses, grimaces, looking for “Kucinich” rhyme, tickles chin,  
then lightbulb goes off in head, sticks up “Aha!” finger, and  
repeats lines as he scratches chest –

it’s no sin – “Itch”

I'm Kucinich!

## Presidential Candidates in Unison

We stand up tall, as we tell our tale  
As we seek what for us has been a holy grail!  
And though we tend to bewail our fates,  
We are proud to be presidential candidates!

## Cops after Beauty Contest

Cop #2: You idiot! That was a political beauty contest! And it didn't even have anything to do with Persia! (Quizzically) And what kind of Bush was it that everyone was running away from?

Cop #1: OK! I made a little mistake. But I heard the beauty contest, the one to pick the new queen, just finished across town. Let's check the news to see who won.

## News Conference

David Goldfarb has just announced that he's donating his ego to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Declared Goldfarb: "Thank goodness! There hasn't been room in my head for anything else for years. The ego will be housed in the about-to-be-constructed Goldfarb wing which

is expected to take up most of the states of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia.

On the immigration front, King Achashvayrosh's plan to protect Persia from barbarians by a building a wall around the empire appears to have been permanently shelved when it was discovered that we're the barbarians.

In a not too surprising survey taken last week, an astounding 78% of married said that they'd have sex with a supermodel if they could get away with it without their wives finding out. The other 22% said they didn't care if their wives found out. The poll was conducted exclusively among former and present Governors of New York.

This just in. Queen Vashti is still dead.

(Pause while Josh Gruenwald rushes in with another new note.)

No, she isn't.

Omar, well known shlepper and self-proclaimed couturier to the stars, has finally hit it big with his latest round of casual tent-ware. Omar's success has followed a string of failures in which one fabric after another failed to catch on with the picky Persian public. Previously, Omar had struck out with cotton, flannel, wool, poplin, gabardine, burlap.... Sighed Omar, "The serge is working."

Rabbi Dan Ehrenkrantz, president of the Reconstructionist Rabbinical College, reconfirmed today that all references to the Jews as "the Chosen

People” will be stricken from Reconstructionist liturgy. Rabbi Ehrenkrantz stated, “We feel this language is counterproductive and wreaks of ethnic chauvinism.” Rabbi Ehrenkrantz stated that from here on the offensive phrase will be replaced by “the only ones God really likes.”

In Shushan the other day, Cantor Mordechai Schram was overheard saying “Can I do it until I need glasses.” Amazingly, Cantor Mordy said this a full fifteen centuries before anyone told the first half of the joke. Mordy also announced that he has just been named official spokesperson for the “Hair Club for Men.”

Under the heading of odd news, well-known man about town David Prager has been sent to jail for criminally overusing the same pick-up line in a bar. As he began his incarceration, David was heard saying to his new cell mate, “Hi, do you come here often?”

Former Governor Eliot Spitzer...

In a fascinating discovery, West End President Joan Bregstein reports that the in-reach committee really is just the out-reach committee, but it’s led by an elderly Jewish man who refuses to ask for directions.

Saintly Elie Wiesel has been picked to give the 92<sup>nd</sup> St. Y’s eighth memorial lecture on the comedy of Henny Youngman. On being informed that he was selected to the prestigious lectureship, a humbled Mr. Wiesel said, “Of all the honors I’ve received in my life, this is certainly the most recent.”

In an uncommon instance of Jewish unity, the Y is once again bringing together rabbis from the three largest Jewish denominations to take part in a symposium entitled, “At least we’re not Reconstructionists!” As you may recall, last year’s symposium degenerated into a free-for-all when the initial amity dissolved after the Reform rabbi called the Conservative a “wishy-washy apologist,” the Conservative call the Orthodox a “frightened 18<sup>th</sup> century reactionary,” and the Orthodox excommunicated the other two. This year the participants promise no more fireworks, as they’ve agreed to confine themselves to lambasting Reconstructionism.

The recent publication of “Kosher Sex” by Orthodox Rabbi Shmueli Buteach has given rise to a spate of sex manuals from West End Synagogue authors eager to cash in on the trend and present the subject from a Reconstructionist viewpoint.

For instance, delusional, self-described ladies’ man Ken Klein has just published his Rabelaisian memoir about his life before he met his wife, Harriet” “Sex: Wake me when it’s over.” In his book, Ken describes his legendary, in fact, unbelievable success with women. When asked to account for his amazing expertise in this area, Ken confided that he practiced a lot when he was alone.

Don Menzi has just come out with “Love Secrets of the Kabalistic Masteres.” Don has transcribed many of the little known techniques of Rav Yehudah HaNasi, or “the Rabbi formerly known as Prince.” The book comes with an accompanying CD-ROM and its own lulav and esrog. Don

writes that while the traditional rabbis agreed with Rabbi Buteach that sex outside of a committed relationship is a meaningless activity, they also emphasized that among meaningless activities, sex is certainly one of the best.

Meanwhile, the West End Ritual Committee has decided that “Kosher Sex” wasn’t detailed enough, so they’ve come up with “Vegetarian Sex,” Pareve Sex, Fleishik Sex” and Milchik Sex.” Explains part-time rum dispenser and full-time rum imbiber Mark Nazimova, “They’re all great, kine hurrah, but after the fleishik you have to wait six hours.”

Interestingly, Rabbi Buteach himself has recently renounced his own book. At a press conference at the Orthodox Union on Tuesday he said: “Sex is dirty. After listening to Dr. Ruth explain sex, I finally understand how dirty it is.”

And finally, in an effort to quell mounting question about his connections to Christianity and Islam, Senator Barak Obama announced today that he is converting to Judaism. Obama stated that starting immediately his campaign slogan “Yes, we can!” is being changed to “L’chaim!” and that he is changing his middle name from “Hussain” to “Murray.”

Persistent critic Geraldine Ferraro responded, “Barack Murray Obama wouldn’t be where he is today if he weren’t Jewish.”

And that’s the news!



## The Strobe Ballet

(This is to be read by Alfred while being acted out by Achashvayhosh, Haman and Esther.)

THE KING IS ENRAPTURED WITH HIS NEW BRIDE ESTHER.

Esther and the king embrace, part with one hand held, and embrace again.

Esther moves her head toward the king and away.

They move close to a kiss, when Esther again pulls away, one hand signaling “Stop”

BUT WAIT!... ESTHER IS FERKLEMPT!

The king comes around Esther first from one side, then the other, but each time she pulls away.

The king gestures, arms outstretched, asking “Why?”

BUT WHY, SWEET QUEEN ESTHER, WHY ART THOU FERKLEMPT?”

Esther pulls away completely, dabs her eyes with a handkerchief, weeps with her arm over her eyes and looks back at the king.

Esther then take out a knife and shows it to the king. He jumps back. She waves it, showing that all her people are about to be killed. Then, she turns in profile, and hold the knife high over her head as if committing suicide – and is about to plunge in the knife.



“NO, FAIR QUEEN,” SAYS THE KING.

The king rushes to stop her.

Esther collapses into his arms ... then falls to her knees, beseeching hands, clasped as if she's praying for mercy.

“BUT THAT MAN MEANS TO KILL ALL THE JEWS AND THAT MEANS ME TOO!!! SAYS ESTHER.

The king bids Esther rise. She rises, points offstage while the angry king stands with his hands on his hips.

“WHO WOULD DO SUCH A GEVALT! SHOW ME!” EXCLAIMS THE KING.

Esther marches across the stage, grabbing the king's hand.

They come upon Haman sleeping and she points at him.

Then she beseeches the king again.

THAT MAN! CLIENT NUMBER 9! SAYS ESTHER.

The king raises his arms in an “Oh No!” gesture. Haman jumps to his feet, gestures “Who me?” The furious king again places his hands on his hips.

The king points to Haman, then points down to the floor.

Haman drops to his knees, begging for forgiveness.

The king turns to the audience and gestures that he wants their opinion on what should be Haman's fate. Then, getting the bloodthirsty audience's response, he signals "Off with his head"

**IT'S HAMAN! HE IS KAPUT! THE KING STERNLY ORDERS.**

Haman jumps to his feet and runs. The king and Esther follow in the same direction.

The trio end up running into each other. The king points to the palace guards and Haman.

**ARREST THAT MAN! SEPARATE HIM FROM HIS HEAD!**

(Alfred: Don't read this – there should be a Chung, chung sound effect)

**MY HEAD! THAT'S MY SECOND FAVORITE ORGAN!**

Song for Haman sung to “Maria” from West Side Story

Chung, chung – sound effect

The most miserable sound I ever thunk...

Chung, chung – sound effect

The most ominous sound in a single “clunk”

Chung, chung – sound effect

My rear!

My rear! I just took a kick in my rear!

And suddenly my fame

Is slipping down the drain from me!

My rear! I just took a flop on my rear!

And suddenly I’ve found

How very hard the ground can be!

Oh dear! It’s the end of my big career!

Now my name has become a Bronx cheer!

Oh dear!

Looks like I'll sure be hanging 'round here!

Maria song (cont.)

Premier! V I'll never again be premier!

Premier!

Once was held in such high regard

Now about to be feathered and tarred

Premier

Like Spitzer I'll soon be disbarred

So jeer!

Let historians try to book us

'Cause we know that they all just mistook us

And they gave us a kick in the tuchos!

The most miserable kick I've ever feared!

My rear!



## Spoken to the tune of I Believe

I believe that someday Jews everywhere will unite and triumph over the evil doers who seek to destroy us!

I believe that someday we'll be a free people in our own land!

I believe that someday our contributions to world culture will be appreciated!

(We now segue into the – I hope – funny stuff)

I believe that someday, every child, regardless of his or her level of ability, will get into Harvard!

I believe that one day rugalach won't go directly to your hips.

I believe I'm a hopeless romantic, 'cause I miss songs like "Why don't we do it in the road?"

I believe that cleanliness is next to impossible.

I believe that someday Jews will happily live in two civilizations, marked down from two and a half.

I believe that someday rich and poor alike will get together, look past their differences, and decide its better to be rich!

I believe that tragedy is God's way of testing us, and so are synagogue committees.

I believe that if I get an erection lasting more than four hours, I'll call the newspapers before my doctor!

I believe that someday a cantor will be able to afford to live in Manhattan!

I believe that someday the Knicks – Oh! Forget about it!

I Believe song (cont.)

I believe that if whining becomes an Olympic sport, I'll be ready.

I believe that everyone but me should have amnesia when it comes to old jokes!

I believe that if you have nothing good to say about anyone, you should sit next to me!

I believe that someday cell phones will never ring during the Rabbi's sermon!

I believe all rap music is in Swedish, but nobody's noticed!

I believe that a bad case of heartburn is a metaphor for Jewish history and vice versa.

I believe the expansion of the universe accounts for my weight gain.

I believe that religion can be a force for good in the world, but not other people's religions.

And lastly, I believe there's too much explicit sex in the movies, and not nearly enough at my house!



Song to “Putting on the Ritz”

Have you seen that Haman guy, brought down low by Moredechai,  
Esther came in nick ‘a time, now his ass ain’t worth a dime  
Prime minister to loser, cause the king could not refuse her  
Now Haman’s in jail, and we’re near the end of our tale!

Haman’s through, we’re ecstatic to tell you  
So dramatic, how we will cook his goose  
Puttin’ on the noose

Haman’s vain, a runaway freight train,  
Now’s the day we kick him in the caboose,  
Puttin’ on the noose

Told Achashvayrosh he was only joshin,  
His hard luck story simply isn’t washin’  
Hamantashen!

Shushanites and Jews are in fist fights

Hear the news, it's too late to call a truce

Puttin' on the noose

We don't care if he gets the big chair

Strap him down and I will turn on the juice

Puttin' on the noose