Shushan Night LIVE!

By

Joshua Parkes

A note from the author:

Purim Spiels have historically been a method by which marginalized Jewish communities could satirically comment on the larger societies in which they live. Purim Spiels are, by their very nature, parody, and should be approached as such.

All notes on melodies for songs are Suggestions Only. It is up to the user to make decisions about music.

Feel free to edit these scripts as you see fit. Update cultural references, add inside jokes- make them your own.

Most importantly, Have FUN!

Cast (in order of appearance)

Third

Josh

Rabbi

Trump

Announcer

Achashverosh (Wayne)

Scribe (Garth)

Vashti (Mary Katherine Gallagher)

Mordecai (Matt Foley)

Esther

Jeopardy Host

Geriel

Musical Guest

Megillah - Richard & Bobbi

Haman (Church Lady)

NPR Host 1

NPR Host 2

NPR Guest

Bigthan (Yortuk Festrunk)

Teresh (Georg Festrunk)

News Anchor

Jake Jews

Elwood Jews

COLD OPENER

*Josh, Rabbi, and Third person enter. They are carrying yellow frames that they hold in front of themselves.*

Third: Are you sure about this?

Josh: I think so. Why do you ask?

*Throughout this conversation, Rabbi is mouthing words, completely unnoticed by Josh and Third*

Third: I think people are sick of Zoom Jokes.

Josh: We’re still using Zoom so it’s still relevant.

*Rabbi grows frustrated as he is ignored.*

Josh: And we made these props. It’s a little late to cut the bit.

*Rabbi reaches through/around frame to tap Josh on the shoulder. Josh turns but still can’t hear what Rabbi is saying.*

Third: Rabbi, you’re muted.

*Rabbi has a-ha moment, “adjusts setting,” and says:*

Rabbi: I think Third is right- the jokes are all played out.

Josh: Okay, if you say so, we can cut it. I’ll think of something in its place.

Rabbi: We’ll give the frames to Jen. She can repurpose them.

*Rabbi and Third exit with frames. Josh takes out a small notebook and mutters as he writes. Trump enters upstage.*

Trump: Hello? Hello? Hellooooo!

Josh: Oh, it’s you! Look, everyone, it’s former president, Donald Trump.

Trump: Yes, I’m back.

Josh: Hello, Mr. Former President. What are you doing here? Don’t you have a rally to be at, or an arraignment?

Trump: I came to tell you I’m here to save your little Purim play.

Josh: Save the Purim Spiel?

Trump: Oh, yes. You know, I used to star in this show of yours and people loved it. Loved it! Because people love me, you know they really do. Love me bigly..

Josh: I’m sure.

Trump: But for a few years now, I haven’t been in your show and that’s bad, really bad. You know people are talking, a lot of people. I hear they’re talking and they’re saying some not so good things about you and your show.

Josh: Really?

Trump: Nasty things. Bad thing, very bad. But you’re in luck.

Josh: I am.

Trump: So lucky. Because I’m here. Here to help you. You’re the luckiest- you have so much fortune and you know who’s worth a fortune? Me. I have such a fortune, the biggest. The biggest wealth you’ve seen.

Josh: Oh, are you here to give to the Future Fund?

Trump: No.

Josh: The Tuition-Free Initiative?

Trump: No.

Josh: Are you... making a pledge?

Trump: No. That is, yes. I am pledging that you can always have me in your show. I have so much time for it now. The most time. All the time.

Josh: Oh. Well, it’s all written and rehearsed now. I’m afraid there’s no space for you this year.

Trump: Did someone steal my part?

Josh: No.

Trump: Fake news! Someone stole my part and I’m going to make sure I get what’s coming to me!

Josh: I’m sure you will.

Trump: Well. If you’re going to keep some thief in your little show- that nobody likes, by the way- then I’m going to have to go see my lawyer. You’ll be hearing from them. But before I go, I have just one more thing to say: LIVE! FROM SINAI! IT’S SHUSHAN NIGHT!!!

*Exeunt.*

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENTS

Announcer: It’s Shushan Night Live! With your host, Achashverosh! Musical guest, Shimon & Grandfunkel.

And starring Vashti! Mordecai! Esther! And Haman! Featuring the Scribe! and Bigthan and Teresh! Cantor Richard and the Rockin’ Shabbat Band! And now, your host, Achashverosh!

MONOLOGUE/DANCE PARTY

*Achashverosh enters.*

Achash: Whoah! Hi, everyone! It is most excellent to see you here tonight! I’m your host, Achashverosh, coming to you from my dad’s palace in Shushan. That’s in Persia. And with me, as always, is my faithful companion, the Scribe.

*Scribe enters.*

Achash: Party on, Scribe!

Scribe: Party on, King! You know, the palace isn’t your dad’s anymore. It’s yours now.

Achash: No way!

Scribe: Way!

Achash: No way!

Scribe: Way!

Achash: Ha! Way! You know what that means-

Achash & Scribe: Party Time!

*“My Sharona” starts playing as others enter and begin dancing.*

Scribe: You throw a bodatious party, Achashverosh!

Achash: Why thank you!

Scribe: You’re welcome. But you know what would make it even better?

Achash: I’m sure I’m about to find out.

Scribe: Indeed you are! You should have Vashti do one of her famous dances.

Achash: Sweet idea, Scribe! Vashti! Vashti!

*Vashti enters.*

Vashti: Oh, hi, um, hi. Achashverosh.

Achash: Vashti, my queen, are you enjoying the party?

Vashti: Yes, I- I do like to party. I just had a whole extra glass of the sasparilla.

Scribe: Wow!

Vashti: Yes. It was... sassy. *She laughs at her own joke.*

Achash: Ha, good one, Vashti.

Vashti: I thought so.

Achash: Vashti, it is clear you have a penchant and the desire to bring happiness to those around you through amusements both the saturnalian and juvenalian. Knowing this disposition, we feel that graceful physicality would be appropriate—

Scribe: Do a dance for us!

Vashti: What

Scribe: Do a dance!

Achash: Yes, do a most excellent dance for us, Vashti. Please.

Vashti: Dance? You want a dance?

Achash: We do. It would be most excellent.

Vashti: That makes me nervous and when I get nervous I like to put my fingers under my arms like this and then smell them.

*She does so.*

Achash: Oh, that’s um...

Vashti: Do you want to smell them?

Achash: No, thanks, that’s...

Scribe: Disgusting!

*Vashti takes one last sniff.*

Vashti: Okay, you want a dance, I’ll give you a dance!

*Vashti dances briefly, spastically.*

Vashti: Superstar!

Achash: Oh, wow, Vashti, that was, um...

Scribe: Lame!

Vashti: Lame? My dance was lame?

Achash: No, he didn’t mean that.

Scribe: I did and you mean it, too, King.

Vashti: Well. That was really rude. I think my feelings right now can be best expressed by a monologue from the made-for-TV movie, “Dying To Belong” Starring Shannon Dohrety and Hillary Swank: “Go on! Get out of here!”

*She runs, exiting through the audience.*

Achash: Whoah! Short monologue.

Scribe: Kind of wish her dance was that short.

Achash: But now I’m without a queen. What am I going to do?

Scribe: You should enjoy the single life.

Achash: No, it’s not for me. I need a new queen.

Scribe: You can hold a beauty contest to find one!

Achash: Excellent idea!

Both: Shwing!

Achash: And scene.

MORDECAI AND ESTHER

*Esther is sitting there, just minding her own business, knitting or something. Mordecai bursts in.*

Mordecai: Esther! Esther! I have news!

Esther: Oh, hi, Uncle Mordecai.

Mord: Esther, what are you doing?

Esth: I’m not doing anything, Uncle Mordecai.

Mord: Is that what you plan on doing from now on?

Esth: Well, no. I was going to go for a jog later and cook dinner and read a book after that.

Mord: Okay, you need to listen to me. You need more direction in your life. Do you want to wind up living in a cart down by the river?

Esth: No.

Mord: Esther! What! Do you! Want to do! With your life?!?

Esth: I want to read a book after dinner.

Mord: Well, you need to read the notice that King Achashverosh is looking for a new queen. The winner of a beauty contest will marry him. And it could be you. Unless you want to live by the Euphrates. In a cart. Down by the river!

Esth: The Euphrates is the river.

Mord: Exactly! Is that what you want?

Esth: No.

Mord: What. Do. You want?

Esth: I guess I want to be in a beauty contest to marry King Achashverosh.

Mord: Excellent. I’m coming with you.

Esth: Wait. Where is the contest?

Mord: In the palace. Down by the river.

CELEBRITY SHUSHAN JEOPARDY

Announcer: It’s Celebrity Shushan Jeopardy with [Host]

Host: Hello and welcome back to Celebrity Shushan Jeopardy. We’ve made it to the final round with today’s winner becoming queen of Persia. Let’s meet our contestants. From Outer Mongolia, please welcome Geriel.

Geriel: Thank you. It’s so great to be here!

Host: Hailing from the corner of Shiraz and Shtetl, Esther.

Esth: Hello.

Host: And finally, our returning Queen, Vashti.

Vash: There’s been a mistake...

Host: We are ready for our final question of the day with everything on the line.

Esth: This is the weirdest beauty contest I’ve ever been in.

Host: We want to see the beauty you have inside.

Vash: I can make this easier for you and just leave.

Host: Not until after the question.

Geriel: Yeah! Let’s go!

Host: And here it is: This is largely considered to be the Worst hamantaschen filling. We’ll give our contestants a moment...

*Music plays*.

Host: Alright let’s see what they came up with. We’ll start with Geriel. You had “What is—”

Geriel: What is Poppy Seed! Ugh! Disgusting!

Host: No. While terrible, poppy seed is not considered the Worst hamantaschen filling. Let’s see what Queen Vashti said.

Vashti: I want to go home.

Host: I’m sorry, responses must be in the form of a question.

Vashti: Can I go home now? Please?

Host: No. And finally Esther has, “What are anchovies?” That is correct! Congratulations, Esther, you are our winner!

*Esther goes to shake Geliel’s hand but Geliel leaves in a huff. Vashti shakes Esther’s hand and walks out triumphantly!*

Host: Thank you everyone for joining us. And now a word from Megillah.

MEGILLAH BREAK ONE

HAMENTASHEN SKETCH- BEST BAKED BITS

TRIGGER WARNING: This is VERY ADULT humor.

*NPR Hosts are seated on stage with Guest. Music plays.*

Announcer: From Munsee Public Radio, this is Best Baked Bits. Best Baked Bits was made possible by listeners like you. Thank you.

Host 1: Hello and welcome again to Best Baked Bits. I’m \_\_\_ and next to me as always is \_\_\_. Hi, \_\_\_.

Host 2: Hi.

1: Always good to be here with you.

2: Thank you. I’m so glad to be here with you.

1: Thank you.

2: You know, \_\_\_, I’m so happy that spring is finally on the way.

1: Me, too. It’s getting warmer and the days are longer.

2: I have the first crocus flowers popping up.

1: Oh, that’s wonderful!

2: It is.

1: And it’s such a great time for baking!

2: It is! You know, It’s really great baking for all the different spring holidays. I bake soda bread for St. Patrick’s Day.

1: I enjoy baking my own buns for when I visit friends on Easter.

2: Nice.

1: Yeah, good times.

2: Good times, yeah. Oh, and there’s Passover. I like to bake, um, for Passover, um...

1: Yeah, I’ll uh, bake, um. Passover.

2: Good times!

1: Good times!

2: You know, there’s another spring festival I enjoy: Purim.

1: Oh, yeah, Purim! I love baking hamentashen.

2: They’re great for noshin’!

*They both laugh.*

1: Good one.

2: It never gets old.

1: You know who else loves baking hamentashen? Our guest, \_\_\_.

2: Oh, yes. \_\_\_ owns the Munsee Muncher Bakery right here in Munsee, Indiana. Welcome, \_\_\_.

Guest: Hi. It’s great to be here.

1: Thank you for joining us. I understand you made some very special hamentashen recently.

Guest: That’s right. I was in the kitchen with my husband one morning and we both wanted hamentashen. Unfortunately, I had just mixed a batch of muffin dough.

2: Oh, no!

Guest: So I added just a little extra flour, rolled it out, and filled it. And suddenly, we were enjoying... muffintashen.

1: It sounds like one thing sure led to another there.

Guest: It sure did.

2: I understand you brought some muffintashen in for us today.

Guest: I sure did.

1: I can’t wait to eat some muffintashen.

2: I know! This sounds wonderful.

*Guest hands some out. Host 2 holds hers point up.*

Guest: Oh, you’re holding it upside down.

2: Sorry.

*She flips it to point down. Host 1 is eating her muffintashen.*

1: This is delicious!

*2 eats as well.*

1: I can’t stop munching this muffintashen!

Guest: My husband was skeptical at first but he loves eating muffintashen.

2: Wow! This is great!

*They eat a little more.*

1: I haven’t had anything like this since college!

2: I like to nibble the edges first and then dive right in.

Guest: What’s great about my muffintashen is that you can have them first thing in the morning or for dessert.

2: I bet they’re delightful in the afternoon!

Guest: Oh, they are! So work up your appetite.

1: You know what would make these even better? If they were buttered.

2: Mm-hmm. How can we get more muffintashen?

Guest: The Munsee Muncher is wide open with all the muffintashen you care to eat.

1: Well I’m going to bring plenty of muffintashen home!

2: That sounds great. I’ll stop by for some, too.

1: It’s a date! Please join us next time on Best Baked Bits.

*Music plays as the exit.*

MORDECAI AND HAMAN

*Haman enters to organ music and regards the audience.*

Haman: Well. Look at you. It’s so good to see you all here today. Ready to pay attention and do as you’re told. Yes, here in the market, engaging in your commerce. And frolicking. How nice for you. I think it’s time for all the real Persians to show some patriotism. You know who you are. All of you good Persians can bow down to me now. You know it’s not everyone who gets to be the king’s first advisor. So I think it’s wholly appropriate that you bow down. Go on, bow. That’s right.

*Mordecai enters.*

Haman: Oh, look. Who do we have here with us today? Who could this be? Why, it’s Achashverosh’s second little advisor, Mordecai. Hello there, Mordecai.

Mord: Hello! How are you? What are you doing here in the square?

Haman: Well, I’m just making sure the people know who their betters are. In fact, as first advisor, that makes me, well, your better, Mordecai.

Mord: I don’t know. Where do you live?

Haman: In the palace down by the river. In fact, my room there is nicer than yours. In every way, I’m your better, Mordecai so why don’t you bow down to me now? Go on, bow down. Bow. Down. Down by the river.

Mord: Well, I’m sorry, but as a Jew, I can only bow to God.

Haman: Oh, you’re a Jew? Well, isn’t that special. You know, Mordecai, there is someone else you should bow to.

Mord: I only bow to God. Who else could there be?

Haman: Who else? Well, hmm, I don’t know. Let’s see, who could that be? Gee, I don’t know. Could it possibly be, oh, I don’t know.... HAMAN!!!!!

Mord: No! Haman, I will not bow to you.

*Mordecai exits.*

Haman: Well, that was rude. If Mordecai and the Jews won’t bow to me, then they’re not real Persians. They’ll just have to go.

*Exit.*

MUSICAL GUEST- Shimon & Grandfunkle

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, Shimon and Grandfunkle.

Mishloach Manot (Scarborough Faire)

Are you sending Mishloach Manot?

Hamantashen, olives, and cheese

Remember to add a very nice note

A Sinai board for charcuterie

You can use it for our Zoom Shabbat

Hamentashen, olives, and cheese

We hope that you will like it a lot

A Sinai board for charcuterie

Music shifts to American Band (With MORE COWBELL)

Felt like raining for forty days

Last night a little gift was left at my place

Sweet hamentashen outside my door

I had them all and now I’m wanting more

Been thinking about Persian King

You know he never stops par-ty-ing,

The whole Megillah, read it right

As long as we can be part of the spiel tonight

We send Mishloach Manot

We send Mishloach Manot

We’re bringing you a treat

It’s something good to eat

We send Mishloach Manot

We send Mishloach Manot

We send Mishloach Manot

We’re bringing you a treat

It’s something good to eat

We send Mishloach Manot

ACHASHVEROSH CAN’T SLEEP

*Achasverosh paces back and forth, talking to himself.*

Achash: Whoah. This is so uncool! I can’t sleep. I mean, I’m used to staying up late but that’s because I’m partying but tonight I’m not partying and I’m still up. I should be happy. I live in a palace, I’m king, I have a beautiful wife who’s way cool. Why am I so anxious. Am I getting... OLD?

*Scribe enters holding a book.*

Scribe: Party on, King.

Achash: Party on, Scribe. What brings you here?

Scribe: I heard you pacing so I thought I’d come check on you.

Achash: That is truly considerate.

Scribe: I brought the Royal History Chronicle Of Stuff That Happened One Time in case you wanted a bedtime story.

Achash: Why yes. Yes, I do, Scribe.

Scribe: *Opens book.* Well let’s see what happened one time...

*They both make flashback hand gestures and sound: “diddly-doo, diddly-doo.” Bigthan and Teresh enter upstage, walking in a herky-jerk manner.*

Bigthan: I am so happy with the partying. It is nonstop all the time!

Terresh: It is to the max.

*Mordecai enters behind them and listens in.*

Big: And you are a sharp dressed man!

Ter: Thank you. This outfit is on the fleek! I must say that King Achashverosh throws the best party time.

Both: Not!

Big: If we were in charge, there would certainly be more of the hype.

Ter: Correct! More rock and rolling.

Big: It would be preferable.

Ter: We are two wild and crazy eunuchs!

Big: Perhaps, we could kill the king and then take over.

Ter: This idea is the genius brilliance!

Big: And if we keep the partytime happening nobody will even notice.

Ter: It is the perfect plan. Such an outcome is highly beneficial for two swinging Persian eunuchs such as ourselves.

Big: Tonight, in his chambers we will give up his ghost.

Ter: This one is for the homies!

Big: Partytime is all the time.

Both: Squad goals!

*They exit. Mordecai takes center stage.*

Mordecai: I can’t let those two hurt the king! I have to warn Achashverosh.

*He goes to Achashverosh and taps him on the shoulder. Achashverosh looks over and Mordecai indicates that he has a secret. Achashverosh leans in to hear. Mordecai leans in to whisper in Achashverosh’s ear.*

Mordecai: Shouting BIGTHAN AND TERESH ARE GONNA KILL YOU!

*Mordecai exits.*

Achash: Whoah! I totally forgot about that. I owe Mordecai my life.

Scribe: Cha-yah! You should reward him.

Achash: I should. First Advisor! First advisor!

*Haman enters.*

Achash: First Advisor! Oh, there you are.

Haman: Yes. You summoned... HAMAN!

Achash: Yes. I did. I need help.

Haman: Of course you do.

Achash: I owe a most egregious debt that I need to repay. I have neglected a true friend. How should I repay them?

Haman: Well, if it was me, and I’m sure it is, I would give me a reward of gold.

Achash and Scribe: Yes!

Haman: And jewels.

Achash and Scribe: Awesome!

Haman: And a parade in my honor riding your horse.

Achash and Scribe: Excellent!

Achash: I love a parade!

Scribe: Me, too.

Haman: So, all of this is for... hmm, let me see. Who could it be? I have to think. I don’t know. Could it be...

Achash: MORDECAI!

Haman: Oh. Mordecai. Well, isn’t that special.

Scribe: He is.

Haman: You know, King, since we are on the subject, I am also looking out for you. I found an enemy in Shushan, not real Persians at all. Just sign this decree and I can get rid of them.

Achash: Whoah! You’re, like, always working, Haman. You should take a break.

Haman: Just as soon as you sign this.

Achash: Of course. I just need a pen.

Scribe: I have one here in my back pocket.

Achash: How fortuitous!

Scribe: I am the scribe.

Achash: So you are.

*He signs Haman’s document.*

Haman: Now I can get rid of all the Jews!

Achash: Now I’m actually tired. I’m going to bed. Everyone out!

Scribe: Sleep on, King.

Achash: Sleep on, Scribe.

*Exeunt*

MEGILLAH 2

SINAI UPDATE

Announcer: It’s time for Sinai Update with [Anchor].

Anchor: Hello everyone, this is Sinai Update. Our top story:

It’s Purim! The annual Jewish festival commemorating the story of Esther is underway. Rituals include eating hamantaschen, carnival games, and dressing in costume. After two years of Covid, some say the best costume is NO mask. ...Keep your masks on, please. It’s a joke. A bad joke.

It’s been nearly a year since the Sinai parking lot was resurfaced and the results are in. According to a Northshore Patch poll, Sinai has the finest asphalt in the Jewish community.

In a lame-duck session of the Board of Trustees, outgoing Board President Joshua Parkes announced a series of proposals for the synagogue. Among them, a full swing orchestra for Yom Kippur services, a kashrut exception for pepperoni pizza and bratwurst, Treetop ga-ga pits, and reducing passover to seven days of matzah for the fully vaccinated. When asked for comment, Rabbi Cohen said, “Josh isn’t drunk on power. He’s just drunk.” JOSH: It’s true!

And finally, in an effort to increase attendance at affirmation class, Rabbi Cohen has announced the inclusion of Daily Affirmations. Because our students are good enough, smart enough, and doggonit, people like them.

That’s the news and I am outa here!

JEWS BROTHERS

*Esther enters.*

Esther: Ladies and gentlemen, the Jews Brothers

Jews Brothers “Shul Man” (Soul Man)

Coming at you on a Friday night

I got challah, candles to light

We’ll say kiddush, taste the wine

Shabbat shalom, we’re feelin’ fine

I'm a shul man

I'm a shul man

I'm a shul man

I'm a shul man

Got my freedom the hard way

Been around the world- they wouldn’t let me stay

Wherever I am we’re having fun

Whole family of Chosen ones!

I'm a shul man

I'm a shul man

I'm a shul man

I'm a shul man

I was brought up on a shtetl street

Keepin’ kosher whenever I eat

I was educated on the Talmud

I do mitzvot with attitude

I'm a shul man

I'm a shul man

I'm a shul man

I'm a shul man

I read the Torah- it is my rock

Give tzedakah, waiting for Moshiach

Oy, oy, oy, oy

I'm a shul man

I'm a shul man

I'm a shul man

I'm a shul man

MORDECAI AND ESTHER 2

*Esther, now queen, is just standing there once again, minding her queenly business. Mordecai enters.*

Mord: Esther! Esther! There you are!

Esth: Hi, Uncle Mordecai. How are you?

Mord: Terrible!

Esth: Terrible? But Achashverosh just gave you riches and a parade.

Mord: And an ulcer.

Esth: An ulcer? Why?

Mord: He signed a decree allowing Haman to kill all the Jews in Persia!

Esth: Oh, no!

Mord: Oh, yes!

Esth: That cart by the Euphrates is sounding pretty good right about now. At least then we could leave.

Mord: We can’t leave. You have to do something!

Esth: Me? You’re his advisor. He just honored you. Remind him you’re a Jew.

Mord: He knows and he signed it anyway. You need to tell him you’re Jewish.

Esth: Me?

Mord: Yes, Esther, you. You need to tell him you’re Jewish. Then he won't let Haman kill us.

Esth: I don’t know....

Mord: He loves you, Esther. Or would you rather be swinging from a gallows, Down By The River???

Esther: Hrmmm...???

Mord: What are you going to do, Esther? What are you going to do???

MEGILLAH 3

We read the Megillah

FINALE

*The court is assembled. Achashverosh, the Scribe, Haman, and their hangers-on are partying, as usual.*

Scribe: Party on, King.

Achash: Party on, Scribe.

Scribe: You seem bummed.

Achash: I am. I was hoping Mordecai would be here.

Haman: Why would you want that? He doesn’t seem very Persian to me.

Achash: He’s my friend.

Scribe: Oh, here he comes now with your wife.

Achash: Mordecai and Esther? Excellent!

*Mordecai and Esther enter.*

Achash: Hello, Mordecai. Hello, my queen.

Esther: Hello Achashverosh.

Achash: I’m so glad you’re here.

Esther. Thank you. I wish I could say the same.

Achash: Whoah! What’s wrong? *To Scribe*: You didn’t ask her to dance did you?

*Scribe shakes his head, no.*

Mord: King, we are worried that Haman is going to kill me.

Achash: Kill you?

Scribe: Bummer.

Achash: Why would he do that?

Haman: Because Mordecai is a Jew, not a real Persian. He refuses to bow to me as all real Persians should.

Scribe: Real Persians should bow to you?

Haman: Of course.

*Achashverosh and Scribe bow to him.*

Achashand Scribe: We’re not worthy! We’re not worthy!

Esth: Achashveros! Stop it! You’re the king!

Achash: Oh, yeah. Thanks for reminding me.

Esth: And you should know, if Haman kills my uncle Mordecai, he’ll kill me, too.

Achash: Whoah! How?

Scribe: Se’d die of a broken heart. Duh.

Esth: No, Achashverosh. I am a Jew.

Scribe: Yeah, she’s a Jew— wait. You’re a Jew???

Haman: You’re a Jew, too? Well, isn’t that special.

Achash: So if I let him kill the Jews, he’ll kill you. Haman, you can’t kill the Jews.

Haman: Too late! A royal decree once authorized and issued can’t be rescinded.

Achash: Huh?

Scribe: No backsies.

Achash: Oh.

Esth: You could just let us defend ourselves.

Achash: Woah! Yeah! Esther, the Jews may defend themselves from being killed.

Mord: *He puts up his fists* That’s it! You and me, Haman! Three o’clock. DOWN BY THE RIVER!

Haman: Oh no!

*He is chased out by Mordecai.*

Achash: And then we’ll have him arrested for attempted murder of the queen.

Scribe: Sweet!

Esth: Thank you Achashverosh. I was really worried you would let him kill me.

Achash: No way!

Esth: Way!

Achash: No Way!

Esth: Way!

Achash: No. There’s no way I would let him hurt you.

Esther: Aw, thank you.

Achash: Party on, Queen.

Esther: Party on, King.

*“My Sharona” plays. They dance. People clap (we hope). Achashverosh addresses the audience.*

All: Happy Purim!!!

Achash: Well, that’s our show. I want to thank our amazing cast and crew. Thank you to our band and Megillah readers, etc.

*Waves and bows*

Blurb:

Join Congregation Sinai for this year’s Purim Spiel!

We are proud to present the Not Ready For Passover Players in Shushan Night LIVE!

IN-Person! ON-Stage! UNDER-Rehearsed!

Wednesday, March 16, 2022 X:XX pm

Livestream on youtube