

**No matter how cold the wind,
no matter how dark the skies,
Spring will come and women will rise!**

● • *Chorus* • *Narrator N2* • *King* • *Vashti* •
Haman • *Esther* • *Mord.* • *RBG*
• *Buddha* • *Shekhina* • *AOC* • *Music/ Mummy*

ESTHER is the morning star in the middle of Adar
she rises sparkling, shining bright —even **in the full moon light**



ONCE UPON A TIME in old Shushan,
capital of Persia —also known as *Iran* —
King A-has-ve-ros, envelopes he did push
And reigned on parades from Hodu to Kush.

*You may not know Hebrew but I sure do hope ya
know that means from India to E-thi-o-pia*

This **fool** who ruled, crackpot despot,
claimed he loved women, **but he did NOT!**
What he **loved** was to ogle & grab 'em & **scare** 'em
and lock 'em all up inside of his **harem**.

His ego was swollen and easily **bruised** —

plus he was an addict: **it was all about the booze! 'bout the booze... ♫ no chaser!**

(Tho we know sober bullies who threaten & glower & at least 1 dry drunk addicted to power)

At a big drunken bash this big drunken **clown** ordered Queen V to go dancing **around**.

To his cronies he boasted: **She'll twerk and get down —**

wearing nothing at all except for her crown!

Now, Queen Vashti was hosting a feast for the ladies.

When the order came, she laughed out loud:

He is cra-zy!

Vashti was Proud, and a *chutzpah* Queen, **SO**
she went to King A-has-ve-ros & said: **NO!!**



NO! to a bully,
NO! to a brute, **NO!**
to a lying nin-com-poop
NO! to a frivolous fool,
even though —



They were all the same person— King A-has-ve-ros!
and Queen Vashti's **NO!** gets the whole plot to roll
like a winding Megilla scroll, **in the full moon light**
The king's royal advisor **Haman** advised:

Hey, **Man!** Vashti's gotta go! Don't you under-**stand**?

She ab-so-lute-ly cannot stay! or **EVERY** woman might **disobey**!

Control her own body!! **and demand equal pay!**

Green Shul Purim Shpiel

Adar 5777 - Adar 5781

@jerushko for #thegreenshul 2

Great Idea! Vashti said (*marking it down*) Queen V totally rocked her crown:

She said what she thought and she stood her own ground:

You want me to dance bare naked? I say NO NO NO!

And THAT's why Haman says I gotta GO GO GO ??!!

The King said: **You're Fired!** **Vashti** said: **Bye Felicia!**

Who d'YOU think you are to treat ME like a geisha??

No one knows where she went, but I'm guessing tonight
she's dancing her *moon-dance* **in the full moon light**

♪ R-E-S-P-E-C-T! ...

[exit Vashti, dancing]

¶ The King says to himself:

I still got a **harem**, but I need a **Queen!** Not like **Vashti!**— a nice new **obedient** queen
(and gorgeous — a **ten!** may-be a **thirteen!**) How to find her?

Well, I know the **fun** way, the **best**: I'll sponsor a Miss Persia beauty contest!

Believe it or not, this is in the Megillah! it's not just some fake-news Purim-shpiel filler

The King loved beauty contests —he loved best to sneak

into the dressing room to have a peek

A-has-ve-ros issued a **command** to summon the loveliest girls in the **land** **[♪ Pretty Woman]**

Now **Esther** & her uncle were immigrant **Jews** (*probably un-doc-u-ment-ed ones too*).

They spoke their own lingo, they worshipped their **god**,

just one more minority Persians thought **odd**—

except 4 the hateful advisor **Haman** who *despised* anybody not purely Per-**sian**

He was every ethnicity's nastiest nemesis:

a card-carrying xenophobe Persian supremacist!

Uncle Mordechai called out: **Hey, Hadassah Esther!**

You could **be** the most prize-winning beauty **contest**er: Go for it!

Just don't tell them you're a Jew! I gotta hunch that secret could **be** useful, too...

Well, Esther you know was **Venus in disguise**

[♪ Venus in Blue Jeans G]

So who **else** was **going** to win the Grand Prize?

Before the contest had even begun— **Esther won!**

But as soon as the next morning's sun had arisen,

she woke up to the fact —**She was in prison!**

A nice velvet prison with gold bars and **bling**— oh, but freedom is another **thing**!

And if Esther thought **she** had **tsores** her 7 hand-maidens had it *much worse*

*(The harem was a **me too** chorus)*

Though rich in talent & **ambition**, They got no pay, perks, health care or **tuition**

They didn't even have names! they'd all jump up and go

*whenever some royal flunky squawked, “**YO!**”*

So Esther named them —for the days of the week:





Sunday was a knitting freak who knitted them all pussy hats,
which **Monday** posted on snap-chat

Tuesday could cook! Her tagine was a poem!

Wednesday found stray Persian cats purrr-fect homes

Thursday was a weaver and master un-raveler

Friday was a kabbalist mystic time-traveler

Shabbos mainly meditated & whoever had braids in the
harem,

She braided.

They jammed when they (rarely) had time to relax

on uke, drum, bass, flute, cello, gragger and sax.

Esther begged Mordechai “**Please guard all our fates!**” And he did.

He watched faithfully, early & **late**, a one-**man** Occupy Shushan, at the King’s palace **gate**,
where **one** night he **overheard** 2 **plot**-ters **plot**-ting

to break into the palace & murder the **King**! Mordy told Esther, she told the guards
And the plotters were (sadly!) hanged in the back-yard! It was all written down in the
big Palace Book —where any royal shnook can look **in the full moon light...** ♫

Then Haman was proclaimed Second-in-Command & lorded it loudly all over the **land**;

He decreed: “**Everyone** must bow down at my **feet**!”

but Mordechai wouldn’t, so he took the **heat**: **Haman** insisted but Morty resisted:

Jews bow down to NO man! especially not to A man like HA-man.”

Haman was seething & bent on revenge:

—**I will kill ALL the Jews!** (he was clearly un-hinged)

I'll just stamp the King's seal on a royal decree

to draw lots 4 the date the mass murder will be: [pulls a paper out of his hat]

...Thirteenth of Adar!— HEY, that's tonight!

*(plus about twenty-four hundred years, if I'm right) **in the full moon light** ♫*

Deportations and travel bans **Haman** then decreed for non-Persian persons & LGBT's

(also **Q's, refugees** & whomever he pleased from Farsi **alef-to-yeh**, also **A-to-Z**)

In ev'ry generation, Proud Boys & Loud Goys may **rise** who fear & hate & terrorize **o-thas** becuz of
the shape of their noses, the slant of their **eyes**, the tint of their skin, or even the **way** they
speak or dress or love or **pray**! God's sees these **Goyim**!—they **annoy'm**! but S/he sees
Jewish haters **too**,—in occupied Palestine & old Megillah **rhymes**—She's seen Black slave-
traders & mean **mean-girl-crews**: Given equal opportunity, anyone can **be**
a rude, crude, loud, proud big **bul-ly**!

¶ Now one night King **Ahasveros** could not **sleep**

He was tossing & turning, turning & tossing, tossing and turning all night ♫ **A**

on his two-thousand—thread-count **E-gypt**-ian **sheets**

Then he pored thru the Palace Book all through the night

—including the part where Mordechai saved his life. Next day, he asked **Haman**:

Now what would **YOU** do to honor a man super-loyal to you?

Thinking **HE** was the hero in question of course, **Haman** said:

**How 'bout a parade with a fabulous horse?
with drums, trumpets & banners, crowds chanting his name...**

It was done: But to his humiliation & shame **Haman** led the horse while Mordechai rode to such fanfare and pageantry all Shushan glowed **in the full moon light**

The king thought a milit'ry parade would be fun (*altho they had not yet invented the gun*)
Crowds roared **Mordechai!** wherever they went (*t'was Shushan's 1st-ever super-spreader event*)

*But there was still **Haman**'s edict to wipe out the Jews!*

Mordechai texted Esther: **gurrl what can U do?**

U got 2 do **something** 2 help save yr peeps from this bully & his gang of bigoted **creeps!**

E replied: **OMG Uncle M! Anyone, even I**, who approaches the King un-invited, could **die or risk it**, if god forbid he gets **upset!** **And how can I help ANYONE if I am dead ??**

BUT she summoned her courage and *whistled a tune* - - - -

♪ C

Then she **fasted**, slowed **down** and gazed **up** at the moon.

What **was** the Queen's gambit? What would her move be?

The King loved to party... Why not **really par-tee?**

She enticed King A & his vicious **vizier** with **Zeytun Parvardeh**, Persian melon & **beer**
(King A— like Brett K, PJ, Tobin & Squee) **really liked beer** to kick off a par-tee)

While they *nashed* and chug-a-lugged from barrels and jugs,

Chef **Tuesday** sautéed & brûléed in her pan a feast fit for a King & a Queen & **Haman**
(*Dessert was delish, a pick-up take-out dream: fresh hamantashn from the Canteen!*)

When they'd all licked their plates & drained every **flask**

Esther whispered, **King A — I gotta favor to ask**

My darling, whatever your heart may desire—

If you like, I would give you half of my empire!" (*he was drunk!*)

Nothing so **extreme!** I just need **HELP** squelching sick schemers who **scheme**

To **kill** all my **kin** **folk**— *including your QUEEN*

(More than a drunk, the King was *rage-a-holic*; he turned red & screamed, like a baby w/colic)

"WHO would DARE hurt a HAIR on your dear royal head!?"

"I regret to inform you— Haman wants me dead!"

I do not! Haman gasped I must humbly **protest!** Yr Majesties, **please** put yr worries **2 rest**

"But Haman you've decreed **genocide** for the **Jews**!

Yes, but... No buts about it, I **am** one! It's true! I'm a **Jew!** ...in fact

♪ G

I'm as Jewish as blintzes in sour cream, Gefilte fish is my favorite dish;

what I concealed tonight I reveal: I'm a Jew (5x) & my Bobbe was too!

She's as Jewish as blintzes in sour cream, kugel & knish is her next-favorite dish,
tho' haters may hate it; why not celebrate it? We're **Jews**,
{**We Are Jews**} (3x) or at least **some of our friends are Jews!**

*Quite a coming-out party for a Queen who'd been **passin'***

*Unmasking herself —and her would-be **assassin***

Can you picture the scene from that fairy-tale time?

*Many tried, including old **Rembrandt van Rijn***



But the edict was **fixed**, despite the King's **rage**
 —here's where **our shpiel** rolls off the **scroll** & veers off the **page**
 The vanilla **megillah** ends with **vengeful mayhem**

*Persians don't kill Jews but the King kills **Haman**;
 and all of the Jews who were 'spozed to be killed then,
 turn tables— and slaughter men, women & children !!?? :^) (*

Vey iz mir! We know it's an **Apocryphal story**

But we don't even like **made-up stuff** that's so gory!

We do not like it on a screen or a scroll, in a cartoon or on a tattoo

*(We'd prefer Green Eggs & **Ham**, or even better, **Ferdinand**) ergo — Megillah switcheroo:
 and really— why ballyhoo one **more** boring **war***

*When we could join the Queen's scenic **anti-war tour**?*

So in **our shpiel Queen E** & her girl **Friday flew**
 to meet **Gandhi** & **King** & the Standing Rock **Sioux**

*Remember Friday was a time-travelin' ace? she & E zipped thru hist'ry like rockets thru space
 From **Stonewall** to **Prague** to Hong Kong **Bay**; from **Tunis** to Cape Town to old **Mandalay**
 Then they hopped magic carpets to the **Buddha**'s old home*

Where he taught them his *mantra*: **Om Mani Padme Hom**  

Then high in the skies, who did they spy? **Shekhina** herself before their own eyes

And these were the first words out of her mouth:

So what is this **Purim** thing **really about?** **Spring's coming!** Full moon rises up in the **East**
 We masque & carouse & revel & **feast** on sweet yummy tri-angled pockets of **seeds**
 The **cooky**'s the **clue!** *Take a good look at that*
 and tell me you think it's got something to do
 with **Haman's chapeau** —or with **anyone's hat**?
...Now, would you like help with this narisher plot?

*Employing Talmudic powers of suggestion,
 answering every question with questions,
 thus inquires **our S/hebrew Higher Power** (She, He, We, They):*

Which course do we take today?

Vengeance? Annihilation? Forgiveness? Rehabilitation?

Redemption? Reckoning? Reparations?

Imagine **this**, imaginative friends:

What if **Haman** made amends?

And could a **bully**, blustering & **HUGE**

ever be transformed like Mr. **Scrooge**? Is it **Yes**, or is it **No**?

Can stunted grown-ups change? Or grow? No or Yes?

You get the jist: Now unmute all the **therapists!** _____

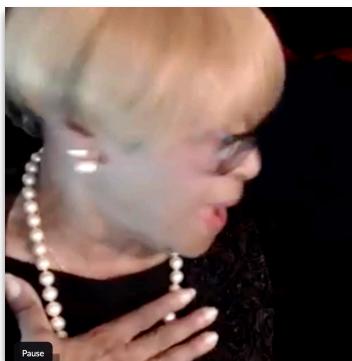


¶ When their carpets return, E relays what they learned—

Friday keeps the beat; the Queen lays down her rap:

**Feuds never end! Revenge is a trap;
A sickening, speedily spiraling trap
We belong to the Earth, not just families & tribes:
And we gotta unite if we're gonna survive
It's true —non-violent tools have their flaws,
but we got some sharp tools in a tool-box called LAWS!"**

"That's just it!" wailed King A, It's a royal **edict**
And when my wax is sealed on an e-dict, it **sticks!**



"I dissent! —Hold the phone, Rex, that's simply absurd!"

Enter time-travel parader Ruth Bader Ginsburg!

Like Deborah (*and Judge Judy*), an immortal judge
who **knows** when she's **on** the right **side**, and **won't budge**

I'll submit an **ex-treme-ly**, **Su-preme-ly** brief **brief**:

I'll annul **Haman's** **edict!**— and to Esther's relief — **she does!**

NOW just to make **SURE** you all do what she **SAYS**, I'm **ON it**"

says Sandy Ocasio Cor-**TEZ**. And if **nit-picking** **nit-pickers** ever come **askin'**, here's
an **a-mi-cus curiae** from your fan Jamie Raskin. **OK RBG?**

A-OK, AOC! So is that **sufficient?**

Justice Ruth! It is **plenty!** Tho we all wish you'd lived till a hundred and twenty!

Believe me, I tried! ...at least in this Purim **shpiel** I'm alive

So count my ghost **IN** w/ **minyans** & **quorums**, that stand up for **justice**— & **not just on Purim!**



Enuff with the edicts! Enuff deportations! Enuff colonizing gazillions of nations!

Enough harassment & discrimination! Enough glitches & hitches with our vaccinations!

Enough ignorance, prejudice, bullies & bots!

enough twisted tweets! enough lying— there's lots!

Enough cuckoo coups & Confederate flags Enough racist riots & Q -anon quacks

Enough fossil-fools trashing oceans & beaches

Enough caging & torturing innocent creatures

Enough dictating to everyone JUST how, when & where we should dress & undress!

Enough assault weapons! Enough assault!

to all the above please join and call: **H A L T !**

& **enough meshugene megillah rhymes** or this **shpiel** will repeal everybody's **bedtime!**

Bedtime! When **Ma** says: **enuff pla-plah & blof'n: turn out the lights, be quiet, gey shlofn!**

Bedtime! when we dream —of pastries, brave queens, velvet revolutions

when a **shpiel** may **reveal** an alternative **Shu-shan**—

A magical town w/ a cool Green New Deal where ex-royals are **ex** & **no one** has to **kneel**
(except for athletes who all **stick** w/ courageous Colin Kaepernick)

Where the harem is **herst'ry** —No burquas! No beatings!

Where the Palace is home to eighteen 12-step meetings

where 12-steppers might zoom in their long johns or panties,
And **boom out**, harmonizing surprising sea shanties:

Long may Megillahs all roll
unwinding on their scrolls...

Where Esther's **still** the morning star
in the middle of (Adar-able!) **Adar**

Rising sparkling, shining bright, even **in the full moon light**
Unmasked! unveiled!

Surprise! Surprise! immortal creatures in disguise!

No matter how cold the wind,
no matter how dark the skies,

Spring will come and women will rise! (2X)



Sallie Tighe

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(Sheryl) & Walter Buckingham



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with Ⓛ for last-minute minyan,
Green Shul, Pokonakenet
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May violence and viruses be overcome, May we scare off our demons with shakers and drums!
Away with all Pests and Plagues near and far here at home or in Texas or in Myanmar...
Give **tzedaka** for Justice! Speak truth against crime— and don't forget to toast: **L'Chayim!**
Why not exit dancing like Vashti the Queen? in tribute to Ms Mary Wilson of the Supremes!