My Fair Maydel

Written by Rabbi Richard D. Agler and Cantor Stehpanie Shore

Scene 1 - Outside the Palace

Elesther Doolittle enters from one side of stage, carrying a basket of flowers; stops center. Vashti rushes in from other side, clearly agitated. She doesn't see Elesther and bumps into her.

Elesther speaks in a thick Cockney accent.

Elesther: Aaaoowww!

Vashti: What's wrong? Oh my goodness! Did I hurt you?

Elesther: Naoww… I ain't 'urt. It's just the whay I talk.

Vashti: But you said "owwww."

Elesther: 'Course I said "Aaoowww!" You pract'ly run right over me toes like I wasn't even here!

Vashti: You know, I can barely understand a thing you're saying.

Elesther: I dun't know why, mum. I'm speakin' the King's Persian – just the same as you is.

Vashti: What?

Elesther: I'm sayin' the same words you're sayin'. I'm just sayin' 'em with a little bit more local color, if ya get my drift.

Vashti: What? Oh good grief. Forget it. I've got to get out of here.

Elesther: Why do you hav'ta go? Is someone out to get ya?

Vashti: I understood you that time! Yes… I'm the queen. Well, actually, I was the queen until a few minutes ago. But I told the stupid king that I wouldn't dance for him and all his drunken friends – so he threw me out!

Elesther: Aaout? Out like a light? Out like a fish outta water? Or maybe out like a 'orrible 'ungry 'y-ena … with a 'angnail?

Vashti: I'm starting to get the hang of this! Yes, out! On my tuchas, as the Jews say. So now I'm off to see the wizard.

Elesther: A wizard? 'Ere in Persia?

Vashti: Oh, sorry… that was last year's Shpiel. I mean, I've been banished. But I'll show him! Just you wait…

SONG: "IT'S TOO LATE, AHASVEROSH"

It's Too Late Ahashverosh

To The Tune of, "Just You Wait"

It's too late Ahashverosh, it's too late

I should have known it when we met on our first date.

You were drunk and I was sober,

I'm so glad that this is over

It's too late Ahashverosh, it's too late.

etc.....

As Vashti sings, Haman's henchmen – Mackerel, Halibut and Herring – wander on stage and listen to her.

Vashti moves toward exit after song, muttering. Elesther follows her.

Elesther: 'ey… You want some flaaoowwers? I got 'y-acinths…

'y-drangeas… 'i-biscus… and Hivey!

Vashti: What?

They exit.

Mackerel: Halibut, what was all that caterwauling about?

Halibut: That was Vashti – carrying on like she always does. I'm glad to see her go!

Herring: Me too… I'm happy the king threw her out. She's been nothing but a prima donna ever since she got here, Mackerel.

Mackerel: Except now his majesty is queenless again, Herring. He's not going to be happy about that for very long!

Ahashverosh enters, followed by Haman. They stop center stage.

Ahasverosh: I am NOT happy!

Herring: (Aside, to Halibut and Mackerel) What did I tell you?

Ahasverosh: I need a new queen, and I need one now! It says in the royal handbook that every king has to have a queen. Rich kings, poor kings, mambo kings… they're all supposed to be married. I mean, what's a king without a queen?

Haman: A lot better off?

The henchmen snicker.

Ahasverosh: No! Miserable…! I need a woman who can keep me company on those cold Persian nights… a woman who will laugh at my jokes… and most of all, a woman who will dance when I want her to!

Haman: That's a tall order!

Ahasverosh: No, she doesn't have to be tall. Not very tall, anyway. I have simple tastes… for a king!