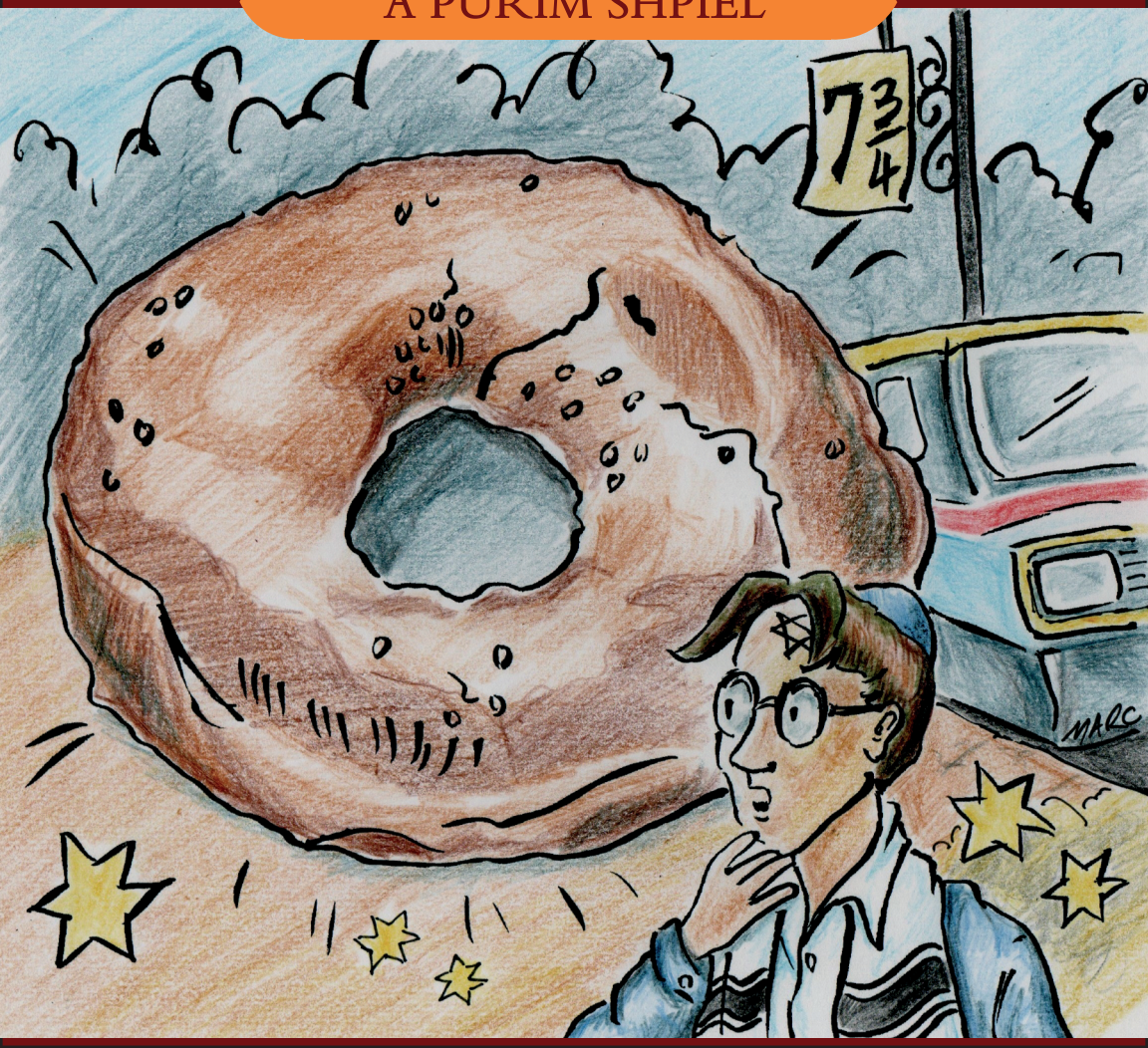
Mordy Potter

and the Philosopher's Bagel

A PURIM SHPIEL



A free download from Marc Michaels
and Kulmus Publishing

Mordy Potter and the Philosopher's Bagel

A Purim Spiel

Marc Michaels

5777/2017

Second Edition

Mordy Potter and the Philosopher's Bagel
A Purim Spiel

For Jack Rosenberg

Published by Kulmus Publishing through lulu.com



This book is a tribute to Harry Potter by J. K. Rowling. This book is not endorsed by, sponsored by, nor affiliated with the owners of the copyright to Harry Potter. No infringement of copyright or trademark is intended and in no case is the use of copyrighted material, with or without identifying symbols intended as a claim of ownership. This work is purely for religious education purposes to teach adults and children about the biblical book of Esther through the mechanism of the traditional *Purim Shpiel* (play). It is not intended for sale or profit and is instead a transformative adaptation of the creative concept.
It has been created by Mordechai HaSofer aka Marc Michaels,
a *sofer S"TaM* (scribe). www.sofer.co.uk.

This work copyright © Marc Michaels
5777/2017

The moral right of the author has been asserted. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, scanning or otherwise except under the terms of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1998.

Cover illustration and design © Marc Michaels 5777/2017

Introduction

It has long been a tradition to re-tell the *Purim* story of *Megillat Esther* in a *shpiel* - a playlet. After a break for some food and celebration a bunch of gifted amateurs take to the stage and re-enact this special story. Often these are set to some iconic cultural reference point past, present and future.

I've been writing these for many years covering many themes and performing them with a variety of people.

This was one of my favourites and your synagogue may want to use it as a base for your own play. Feel free to amend it, add and change and personalise it to your shul. I've given some stage directions and suggested some props but again you may be limited in what you can do within your shul. No-one expects professional performance but the more you and your cast put in the more you, they and the audience get out.

Enjoy it and let me know if you do put on a performance and perhaps take some pictures to share with me and your congregants.

Cast

Narrator – a wizard or witch

Mordy Potter – our hero who bears a striking resemblance to Harry Potter

Estionie – our heroine who similarly looks like Hermionie

King Ahagridarus – a bear of a man based on Hagrid

Voldehame – the vile unspeakable Haman

Bigtun Malfoy and Teresh Snape – two plotters

Dobby – the King's servant (non-speaking role)

Suggested Props

A cauldron
A wooden spoon
An handheld electric food mixer
A wall
A throne/bed
Broomstick
Bike
Stuffed toy owl with a letter tied to its leg
Garden chairs and table
Tea set and cakes
Large bagel painted gold
Large cardboard cut out of Hogwarts Express train on a pole
Large cardboard cut out of flying blue car on a pole
Large sign that says platform 7¾
Large book (with new wrap cover - Big Book of Spells/Spiels)
Flour or talc
Magic wands for all characters, one with a Magen David on the end
A novelty mask (second face)
Thunder and storm sound effect
A torch
A *Megillah*

Costumes as described in the stage directions

The Prologue

The Narrator enter dressed as a magician or witch carrying a large wooden spoon and moves to centre stage where there is a large cauldron and begins to stir the contents.

Narrator *(stirring cauldron)* :

Eye of Lizard, croak of frog,
purr of cat and bark of dog.
Lick of weasel, smell of rat,
tail of ferret, ear of bat.
Fine chopped liver, *parev* cheese,
wine that tastes like anti-freeze -
add some fishballs, *shmalz* and *lockshen*
This will make a fine concoction.
Add a bit of calves foot jelly,
mix it up with vermicelli -
given time this will congeal
and soon produce ... a *Purim Shpiel*.

After a few second of intense stirring the Narrator throw the large wooden away and grab for a food mixer hidden behind the cauldron and smiles as if to say 'that's a lot easier'. G-d forbid it should be hard work.

Fair is foul and foul is fair,
whatever that might mean –
come gather round my dearest friends
to see our *Purim* scene.
To stories full of magic,
the *Megillah* we did fit –
so we think that we should warn you
that you might get scared a bit.
The story we're about to tell;
the plot could not be tenser –
it's had a 12A rating
from the Kosher *Purim* censor.
We thank our witty players
whose talents we're extolling –
who've had an awful lot of help
from the author J. K. Rowling.

Instead of being set
amongst *Shushan* Palace courts,
we've moved it bag and baggage
to a school that's named Hogwarts.
So settle down and stay with us
here in our own little *shul*
as we catch the train from King's Cross
by walking through a wall.

The Narrator turns as walks towards the back of the stage or wherever the nearest wall is and bumps into it. It didn't work. He/she makes a big production of brushing him/herself and composing him/herself.

The lights should dim and and the Narrator holds a torch under their chin as in ghost story telling.

Of demons and goblins
that will give you a fright,
and dark spooky noises
that go bump in the night ...

Offstage thud is heard.

... that leave you feeling quite on edge
and somewhat out of sorts
we'll begin our tale
of *Purim* at Hogwarts

Offstage thunder effects and lightning if possible and some cackling.

Ooh ... but wait *chevrey*,[1]
not so fast
I need to tell you
about the cast.

The lights come back up. Enter Mordy Potter stage right with a bike. He is dressed in a wizard's outfit but with a tallit. He wears very oversized National Health spectacles. He has a magic wand which has a Magen David on the end and his scar is also shaped like a Magen David. He points to his scar, bows and leaves.

Our hero's Mordy Potter
who's a Harry look-alike.
But he doesn't ride a broomstick
just an old and rusty bike.
He wears the big frame glasses
with a *tallit* – not a cape,
and because he is a Jewish boy

1. Or 'my friends'.

His scar's a different shape.
The villain of our story
with a name that none dare speak
Had a row with Mordy's mum and dad
and in a fit of pique
went over to black magic
and then he did proclaim ...

Enter stage right the evil Voldehame dressed completely in a black robe and hood and ideally made up with very pale makeup like Voldemort.

Voldehame *(interrupting)*:

I've evil Voldehame –
you won't forget my name.

Cackling and hissing Voldehame menaces the audience who boo and stamp their feet. Voldehame hisses at the audience and leaves.

Narrator:

Now Mordy has a female friend
who is a close relation.
No-one knows where she come from,
though there is much speculation.
She hides a massive secret
that's obvious to you and me
So here's our red haired sorceress
who's called Est-i-onie.

Enter Estionie stage right in big red wig, school uniform with tie and skirt carrying her magic wand (though not with a Magen David on the end as she's hiding where she comes from). She does a little twirl and dances off stage.

Finally there's Ahasuerus –
now you try rhyming that.
He has a big black bushy beard
and is really rather fat.
We've changed him to Ahagridarus –
he's something of a riot.
He goes to Hogwart's gym each day
and says he's on a diet.

Enter King Ahagridarus who is wearing scruffy robes with a large pillow stuffed underneath to make him huge. He has a massive black beard and looks like Hagrid but with a crown and a scepter. He looks around regally, bows and leaves.

So now you've met the cast
a rather sorry lot
we tried our our very best
but they're all that we have got

So settle back
as we reveal
the first act of
our 'Potter' Shpiel.

Act One

The Palace throne room. King Ahagridarus is sitting on his throne. Two servants (Bigtan Malthoy and Teresh Sanpe who we'll meet later) are attending him and looking busy pouring wine and bringing food. Ahagridarus rises from his throne and moves toward the front of the stage.

King Ahagridarus:

My name's Ahagridarus
I'm chief wizard in this school,
I may be big and hairy
but I'm ain't nobody's fool.
I had a great big party
and I drank a load of beer
and finished off my a act
by making ... Vashti disappear.
She was stealing all the limelight
and deserved to get the sack
So I made the lady vanish ...
... but forgot to bring her back.

That's when all my pupils
saw that I was to be feared,
even though most of them
thought I'd hid her in my beard!
She had disobeyed me –
and so I had the last laugh.
My encore was my favourite trick
a woman sawn in half!

Ahagridarus belly laughs but then returns to his throne and sits down a little sadly. He dismisses his servants who are annoying him with their pampering.

But now I'm most upset
and regretting what I've done;
a solo act upon the stage
is sadly not much fun.
I may not be attractive
but I am really quite insistent
what good is a magician
with no beautiful assistant.

So how to find a helper
now Vashti's been dismembered
someone who won't steal the show
and won't be that remembered.
I sent out for the fairest maids
and despite the schoolboy snickers,
lined them up in the dining hall
in just their vests and knickers.
I picked out a stunning redhead
who I thought was not a muggle,
then sent all the others home
with a *shekel* for their trouble.
The name of the lady that I chose
you'll see the irony
is now the queen of Hogwarts
I give you ... Estionie.

Enter Estionie dressed as a magicians assistant with a school tie but now with a top hat and fishnet stockings under the skirt. She moves centre stage.

Estionie:

My family were as poor as mice
from a neighbourhood that's rough –
and though we were respectable
we could not afford the stuff
that all the other families had,
like i-pods and 3D tellys –
we ate year old *matzah* crackers
just to fill our bellies.
And with just a flickering candle
to give the house a little heat
our hearts were full of sorrow
and our shoes were full of feet.

Estionie seeks an 'ahhhh' from the audience.

But then one summer's day
when they forecast snow and blizzard
I was brought along to Hogwarts
and chosen by this wizard *(indicates Ahagridarus who smiles)*
I wanted to impress him
as I was kinda newish,
but Mordy told me not to tell the king
that I was really Jewish.
But then he went all crazy
and shouted ...

Offstage from Mordy Potter:

Mordy Potter:

... 'Be alert
I reckon Voldehame is near
My scar's begun to hurt!'

Estionie:

That villain killed his mum and dad
when he was six months old
and now when Voldehame's around
his hands and feet get cold.
He's evil and nasty
and as rich as old King Midas
And to make things even worse,
he's got a thing for giant spiders.

The lights dim, more thunder and lightening. The stage goes dark.

Act Two

The lights come up a little and on walks Voldehame swishing his cloak and staring evilly at the audience and cackling and hissing at the audience who boo and stamp their feet.

Voldehame:

I am the mighty Voldehame
an evil mad magician –
frankly you'll do very well
to treat me with suspicion.
For I am full of nasty tricks
and I hate Mordy Potter.
I guess that you could say
that I'm a cad and I'm a rotter.
I joined the magic circle one,
they said I was no good;
they said that all my tricks went wrong
and not do what they should.
I didn't take no notice
'cos I am really super
but I got annoyed when they said I
was worse than Tommy Cooper.
I know lots of spells, incantations and some charms
and even think I know the words
to a couple of the Psalms.
But it really does annoy me
that I don't have the crown
and just this week I couldn't get
Mordy Potter to bow down.

But now I have a cunning plan
to end my strife and struggles –
I want to rid the whole wide world
of all the Jewish muggles.

Audience boos even more loudly.

In fact I've got a nasty scheme
that recently I hatched
To ensure that everyone of them
is hastily despatched.
I'll employ five hundred ogres
each one eight foot too in height
and they're all going off to Hogwarts
where, in the middle of the night,
they'll poison the smoked salmon
and the pickled herring too
which will make short work of Mordy
and every other Jew.

Voldehame leans into the audience as if he is taking them into his confidence.

You realise that these Jews
are exceptionally *frum*
on *shabbos* they won't even ride
upon a witches broom.
If you give them a cauldron
filled with frogs alive and kickin'
they'll fill it to the brim instead
with delicious soup of chicken.

So I've told Ahagridarus
that he's got nothing to lose –
if he just gives me the nod,
I'll get rid of all the Jews.
I have some special magic
its not just tricks or fakery
It's not a wand or quidditch stick
I got it from a kosher bakery
Into the king' trust
myself I will inveigle
The source of all my power ...
... the philosopher's *bagel*.

As he says the last two lines Vodehame reaches into his robes and withdraws a large bagel painted gold. He holds it aloft and cackles even more madly than before. More thunder and lightning and the lights go out.

Act Three

Mordy Potter comes on stage to rapturous applause and cheers.

Mordy Potter:

Mordy Potter is my name
of the Jews I am quite fond
I've a giant *Magen David*
atop my magic wand.
This plan to destroy our people
really is quite tragic,
but I've just discovered
that I'm quite good at magic.
And alongside my dear niece
Queen Estionie
You'll see that the Jews
can all rely on me.

Voldehame enters and moves to threaten Mordy. They face off with wands pointing at each other.

Mordy Potter:

You may threaten us
with loads of nasty things
but you like like a reject
from that film – Lord of the Rings

I'm not even frightened
of your huge three headed dog -
it's about as scary as
a milk choc-o-late frog.
I will not bow down,
kiss your hand or kiss your footy.
I've seen better magic
from that bear
whose name is Sooty.

Voldehame:

I will string you up
in the middle of the town,
in a stright-jacket and chains
you'll be upside down
then I'll set your clothes on fire
and throw away the key
and we'll see that you're just Harry Potter
not Harry Hou-di-ni.

And I've used my sorting hat
to tell me of the date -
the 14th of *Adar*
is when you'll meet your fate.
All the Jewish muggles
simply won't be here next year,
the power of my *bagel* *(brandishes his bagel at Mordy)*
will make them disappear.
You'll be very sorry
that you didn't bow,
for you see that ...
(pause and deliver maniacally)
... nuzzink in ze vorld can schtop me now!

Voldehame departs laughing maniacally. The Narrator enters.

Narrator:

Voldehame wrote details
of his plot so very foul –
to each and every kingdom
he sent letters off by owl.

A stuffed toy owl with a letter strapped to a leg is thrown across the stage to Mordy who catches it and open the letter and reads it quickly and looks very nervous as the Narrator continues,

But one flew into Mordy's room
instead of flying off afar
which made him very nervous
about the 14th of *Adar*.

Act Four

Enter the Narrator, Bigtan Malthoy and Teresh Snape. The two conspirators stand in the corner of the stage. Ideally there should be a big sign that says platform 7¾.

Narrator:

Our story now shifts
to a busy train station
two villains standing there
debating the state of the nation.
One is Bigtun Malthoy
and one is Teresh Snape
They're ready to make mischief
hiding poison in their capes.
With their potions and their spells
they're plotting to kill Ahagridarus.
They've nasty weapons by the score
and other things to scare us.

As the narrator speaks Mordy comes on stage and listens in.

But Mordy was close by
and heard of their scheme –
and decided to report
what he's heard to the Queen.

Bigtan Malthoy and Teresh Snape *(pointing at Mordy)*:

Look! ...

Narrator:

... said the villains ...

Bigtan Malthoy and Teresh Snape:

... he thinks that he has caught us ...

Narrator:

... and chased him
to platform 7 and three quarters.

Bigtan Malthoy and Teresh Snape chase Mordy around the Narrator for a few moments.

But Mordy escaped
with a vanishing trick
and climbed aboard the Hogwarts Express
and left the station pretty quick.

As the narrator says this, a cardboard cut out of the Hogwarts Express is brought across the stage on a pole and Mordy gets behind it and goes off stage. Bigtan Malthoy and Teresh look confused for a moment. Then a cut out of the flying blue Weasley car comes across and they get behind this and go offstage. The cut outs return and chase round the Narrator as he says:

The plotters pursued
in a car that flew through the air,
but Mordy reached Hogwarts
with seconds to spare.
He reported his story to the Queen
Who told it to the King
And the plotters hung upon a tree

But Mordy never got a thing.
So that was the end
of those two n'er-do-wells.
But all was inscribed in the King's
big book of spells.

Act Five

The King's bedroom. Ahagridarus is in pyjamas but still with a crown on. His magic wand and broomstick is propped up by his bed. His servant Dobby is ministering by his side carrying a very very large book that has the words Big Book of Spells on the front but Spells has been crossed out and it reads Spiels instead.

King Ahagridarus:

Lying in my bed one night
my heart was ill at ease,
my piles were playing merry hell
and there were pains in both my knees.
I asked my servant Dobby
who has all sorts of soothing powers
to read to me as he sometimes did
to pass the night time hours.
He found some books in the library,
most of them quite old.
One was the Hogwarts Spell book
covered in grime and mold.

Dobby opens the book and blows a cloud of dust (you can use flour or talc) towards the King who coughs and splutters. He starts to pretend read to the King.

And in those yellow pages
he came across a tale
of a plan to do away with me
which happily did fail.
Because of Mordy Potter

who chanced to overhear
Assassins talking in a station
after drinking to much beer.
They arrested Bigtun Malfoy
and the other plotter
but no-one thought of what to do
about the gallant Potter.
And to this day at Hogwarts
no credit was accorded
and no attempt on his report card
to see he was rewarded.
When Dobby read this bygone tale,
I felt both sad an rotten,
I leapt up from my bed at once,
my piles and knees forgotten.

Ahagridarus sends Dobby away to fetch Voldehamame.

I sent at once for Voldehame
in the middle of the night
because I need him to fill me in
on how to put this right.

Voldehame enters and is suitably obsequious to the king, wring his hands and bowing and scraping .

Voldy mate, I said
I need your help - think fast.
How would you reward someone
who served you in the past?
What honours would you heap on him
what lands, jewels - what money?
Voldy scratched his head and said ...

Voldehame:

... now this is rather funny.
I've thought about that very thing.
I think it would be cool
to let him ride your Nimbus 2000
up and down the hall.

King Ahagridarus:

So I told him to take the broomstick
and my magic wand as well
and give them both to Mordy
to keep for a short spell.
But when I told Voldy of my plan
I had the strangest notion
He looked as if he'd had a swig
from a green foul smelling potion.
He seemed a little angry
like a bear with a sore head.
Almost as if he'd had the thought
he deserved the reward instead.

Voldehame is furious and can varely contain his anger but smiles through gritted teeth and takes the broom and wand and exits cursing and muttering under his breath.

He gives the brrom to Mordy Poter who rides round the stage whilst everyone cheers. Voldehame looks on furiously.

Act Six

Mordy is standing stage right, whilst Estionie sits on her throne stage left.

Mordy Potter:

I now know exactly
what Voldehame wants to do.
I asked the wizard Dumbledor
and it turned out that he knew.
I've consulted the Chamberpot of Secrets
and the Pensioner of Askaban.
and now I'm sure just how to wreck
his nasty evil plan.
I'll ask my niece Estionie
who's living with the King
to send out new owl messages
sealed with his ring.
You see King Ahagridarus
runs this Hogwart's gaff
He's not the brightes bloke there is
and his clothes are rather naff.
But he's got lots of magic powers
that Voldehame's bagel just can't match
and he can make completely sure
that any plan that he might hatch –
is doomed to dismal failure
and that the evil lord
is strung up by his toenails
with the King's pyjama chord.

Mordy goes over to Estionie.

Mordy Potter:

Fire burn and cauldron bubble
Estionie dear we're in deep ... *schtuk*.
Don't just sit there like a trapped Rapunzel,
Voldehame is well *frafrunzled*.
He's out to get us if he can,
you've got to stop this awful man.
I know you think it's really shocking
but you should wear your fishnet stockings.
The King might not be quite so tough
if you're wearing kinky stuff.

Estionie:

He'll kill us all without a thought
because you didn't bow.
Oh Mordy Potter tell me please
can we panic NOW?
I'm just so worried
in fact I'm in a tizzy
and yet you say that it is time
for izzy wizzy let's get busy.
My uncle I'm so frightened
'cos I'm a lousy witch
and so he might not let me in
by holding out his golden snitch.
To enter his chamber of secrets
really ain't so cool.
I've got a better suggestion –
let's just go to shul.

If Voldehame continues on
with this intimidation
we could try
some Potter transfiguration?
We could change him now
from a devil - oh so sinister
into a respectable
[insert name of *shul*] Synagogue minister?
And if that doesn't stop him
and make him give in -
then we can report him
to the local *bet din*?
And is all this still fails
we will somehow conspire
to have him sit next to
the synagogue choir.
His ear's are so sensitive
he sure to go numb
especially when they murder
Adon Olam.

Mordy Potter:

No!

Your ideas will not work
my dear little niece.
You need to do more
if you want this all to cease.
Invite them to a party
with ice-cream and jelly -
to win the King's heart
you must go through his belly.

Offstage: That's an awful long way to go through.

Don't be afraid my child,
I don't wish to offend,
but I've read the whole *Megillah*
so I know how this *shpiel* ends.

Act Seven

Ahagridarus, Voldehame and Estionie are sitting round a garden table having tea and cakes.

King Ahagridarus:

Well this is very nice my dear
with sticky buns and tea –
but my darling Queen
why did you invite my colleague here and me?
Up to half my school
I will give you, if you tell.
I've got a magic mirror
if you want to use that as well.

Estionie:

I don't need a magic mirror
mirror on the wall
to tell you who's
the baddest of them all.
The one who wants to
kill my uncle and my clan
I need you you to help me stop
his dreadful evil plan.

King Ahagridarus

Of course my Queen Estionie
only you could charm us
Just let me point my wand at him
and it's Expelliamus.

Ahagridarus flourishes his wand and makes a grand gesture.

Estionie:

Oh Ahagridarus thank the Lord
for once you've shown good taste.
I'll tell you now that Voldehame's
the one who is **'two faced'.**

Ahagridarus goes up to Voldehame and pulls his hood down. This reveals a bald head and a second face on the back of his head (a novelty mask).

King Ahagridarus:

To presume to kill the muggles
Valdehame you've been precocious

Hagridarus points his wand at Valdehame and shouts the magic word.

Supercalafragalisticetsbealydocious!

Valdehaman vanishes. Audience cheers.

Epilogue

Narrator:

And so my friends that's the way
everything transpired
Ahagridarus produced the magic
and the spells like one inspired.
And as for Mordy Potter
he's now head prefect at the school.
Though apparently he'd rather be
the *gabbai* at the *shul*.
And then then there's Voldehaame
who's not looking quite his best
strung up by his toenails
in just his underpants and vest.
I dare say that's the very last
we'll ever see of him –
they'll feed him to the Hogwarts hound
who'll tear him limb from limb.

Mordy and Estionie
had now saved all the Jews
then they wrote it all down here
(shows the Megillah)
to tell us the good news.
And so every year
we dress up, drink and more
eat lots and lots of lovely food
and give gifts to the poor.

And so ends our tale
of wizards and witches
we all hope that our *shpiel*
has had you in stitches.
So now it is time
to thank the cast and the crew
A safe journey home
and *Purim sameach* to all of you!

The actors all take a bow except for Voldehame. They all move moves to go off stage and it looks like it it's all over but then we see Voldehame sneak on to the side of the stage.

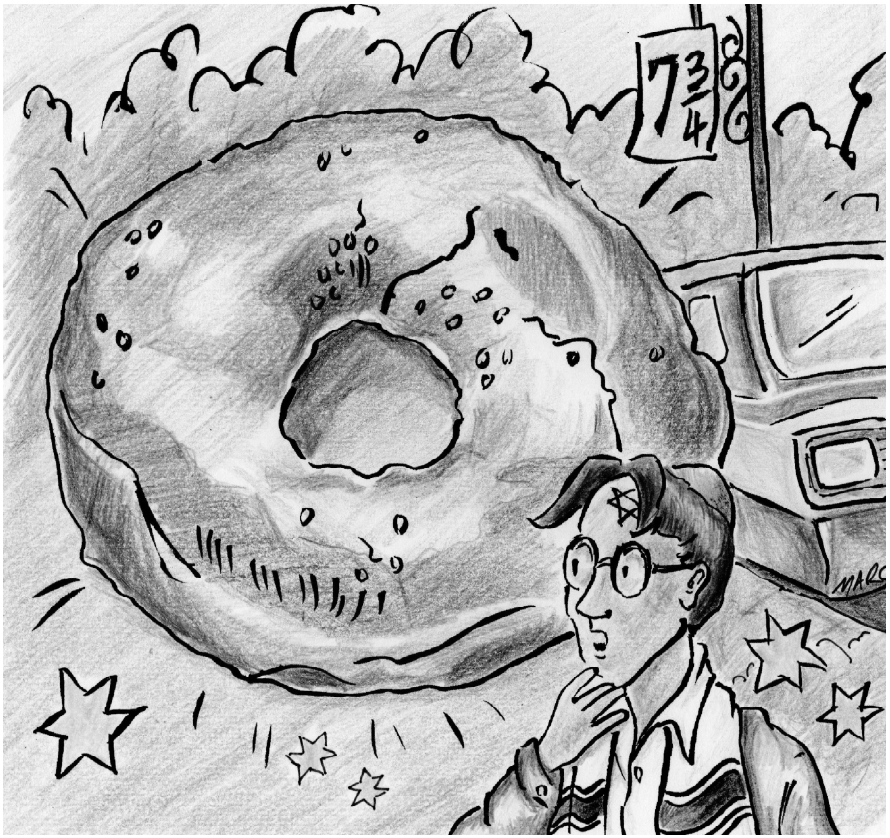
Voldehame:

So they think that they've banished me
to another strange dimension
when all I really deserved
was just to get detention.
But I'll return with power
from druids at Stonehenge
and when they least expect me
I'll get my revenge.
They think that I've gone
but I'll give them hell.
There's four more Harry Potter films
and next year's *Purim spiel* as well!

Bwah hah ha ha ...

More thunder and lightning sounds and the lights go out.

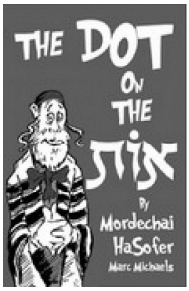
Fin



Other fun books from Kulmus Publishing

(Print, pdf and epub versions all available through www.lulu.com
and some through other on-line booksellers)

KULMUS PUBLISHING



The Dot on the Ot

Marc Michaels © 2016

A tribute in the style of the wonderful 'Cat in the Hat', the 'Dot on the Ot' teaches about the famous dots on the letters that occur in the *Sefer Torah*. It has been created by Mordechai Pinchas HaSofer (aka Marc Michaels), *sofer STa"M* (scribe) for adults and children alike in loving memory of his wonderful nephew Nadav Ezra *z"l*. It is not intended for sale or profit. **Download free** from http://www.sofer.co.uk/html/dots

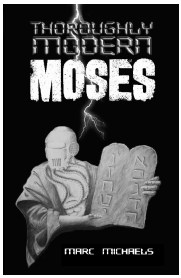


The E-Fuzzy

ISBN: 978-0-9810947-5-5

Marc Michaels © 2017

Too much screen time can be a bad thing for everyone! Will Popplethewaite ever understand why the children playing are so happy? Will the children rescue their Warm Fuzzy from his clutches? Or will they spend too much time staring at their E-Fuzzies to care? Find out in the 'The E-FUZZY'. A sequel to the excellent 'Original Warm Fuzzy Tale' by Claude M. Steiner. Written with kind permission of the original author. A cautionary TALE FOR EVERYONE. Illustrated throughout.



Thoroughly Modern Moses

ISBN: 978-0-9810947-4-8

Marc Michaels © 2009

Joseph Rosenberg, not so eminent Jewish scientist and time-traveller came to Earth with a bump and was surprised, nay shocked, to learn that he had landed on one of the most famous people in the history of history itself ... Moses the Lawgiver. Ordered to replace Moses by the Lord God Almighty, Supreme Being of the Universe and all round Nice-Guy, Mr. Rosenberg embarks on an adventure of biblical proportions. Will he survive? Will there be tea and cake? A science-fiction biblical comedy. Hitch-Hikers meets the Bible - enjoy! (Contains over 300 pages of laughter).

A Purim shpiel to delight young and old,
very very loosely based on the
Harry Potter books and films with a healthy dose
of Jewish fun thrown in for good measure.

Eye of Lizard, croak of frog,
purr of cat and bark of dog.
Lick of weasel, smell of rat,
tail of ferret, ear of bat.
Fine chopped liver, parev cheese,
wine that tastes like anti-freeze –
add some fishballs, shmalz and lockshen
This will make a fine concoction.
Add a bit of calves foot jelly,
mix it up with vermicelli –
given time this will congeal
and soon produce ... a Purim Shpiel.

With cast and props and stage directions, a ready made playlet written by Sofer STa"M Marc Michaels for you to adapt for your synagogue's Purim celebrations.

