

ACT 1, SCENE 2:
Keep Our Women in Line!

NOTE: *The "Children's version of this scene – has been sanitized somewhat. For instance, it's:*

KING: Ya know, there aren't any girls here -- that's what we need -- *(slams mug of "beer" on table)* somebody to bake us cookies and get the root bear! . . .”

[Mordi Narration/Disclaimer, omitted]

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Lights come up in full. First lines to be a take-off of "Tiny Bubbles".

King *(tipsy)* *(hic)* Tiny *(head spins)* something or other, in my mug . . .

Servant #1: Wow! This is some party your majesty. What's it been . . . seven days of wine, women and song.

King: *(Hic!)* Yep, some party. Everyone's here. What's that you said "Wine, women, and song." Ya know, there aren't any women here -- that's what we need -- some girls! *(slams mug of "beer" on table)* Servant bring out the girls! *(May substitute dames or dancing girls depending upon audience.)*

Servant #2: *(Apprehensively)* The women are having their own party, sir.

King: Well, let's get some over here! We'll have a regular beauty pageant. How about if we get my wife out here? Huh? She's a real looker . . .

Guy #2: Great idea, your majesty.

Guy #1: Oh, yeah! She's a fox. That's what this party needs - dames -- *(slams mug)* and more beer.

(King to servant)

King: Yeah, tell my wife to come over and strut her stuff before all the guys.

(Servant exits)

Guy #2: This'll be great! Your wife is about *(hic)* the prettiest woman in the kingdom.

(King contemplates, rubs beard or slops "beer")

(Servant returns, looking worried, sound's a little like Wally Cox, may gulp in places.)

Servant #2: Um, your majesty, your wife won't be coming. . . She sent a note.

King: I'm a little tipsy right now. You read it.

(Servant unroll the scroll)

Servant #2: Um, King, I think you should read this privately.

King: I said read it! Read it or die!

(sweating, wipes forehead, gulps, voice may crack)

Servant #2: Yes, your majesty:

"Your Highness! Are you a knuckleheaded baboon? Of course I won't come there. Idiot! All the men are drunk. They're rude and crude on a good day. Now they'll be worse. I don't want to be ogled at by a drunken mob. Stick this idea in your royal ear.

Sincerely yours,
Vashti"

King: What!!! She defies me? That wench! I'll burn her in oil! I'll hang her by her thumbs! I'll send her to bed without her supper. That's what I'll do! Advisors, what should be done with such a woman?

Advisor #1: She should get nothing to eat for dinner for like the next 20 years except spinach and liver and onions.

All: EEEWWW.

Servant #2: And make her listen to opera!

King: Uh, wouldn't that be cruel and unusual punishment?

Advisor #1: Are we really concerned with that?

King: Well, something must be done -- gentlemen, I need advice!

Keep Our Woman in Line

(NOTE: Parts are to be divided among cast members so that various characters sing them, depending upon voices available. King MAY add OPTIONAL SPOKEN (Comments).)

(King)

I admit I am furious,
is she crazy, delirious?
Who is she to reject my simple request?

How do I respond to this mutiny?
To protect my just tyranny
I've got to keep this woman in line.

(Advisor #1)

For peace and security
Women must know their place.

King: (Indeed!)

Never should you allow them
to treat you with disgrace.

King: (Agreed.)

(all advisors)

To protect family harmony
prevent social anarchy
Women must show men proper respect.
Family order could disintegrate
if women, their men, denigrate --
We've got'ta keep our women in line.

(King)

How should I treat her?
What must be done?
To secure my dominion
To keep her under my thumb.

(Advisor #2)

Feed'er broccoli and cauliflower --
castor oil at every hour.
Let her know who has all the power!

King (optional): (That would be me!)

(Advisor #3)

Set a precedent for history
or we'll bow before some Hillary.

(all)

We've got'ta keep our women in line.

NOTE: For demo tape, I went to the end of the song here, partly because the demo team fumbled the words/entrances here (they only had 30 minutes to practice) and partly to show the ending.

(Advisor #4)

The gods have decreed
that men know what's best.
Women have those mood swings
something to get off their chest.

(NOTE: THESE TWO STANZAS MAY BE CUT, especially if done with children, although they'll get the message/satire)

(Advisor #5)

Men can still think clear
when smoking weed or drinking beer,
(Side stage: Singer falls over; another throws up)

(Advisor #6)

To our commands women must adhere.
To protect the fair weaker sex
from they're inferior intellect --

(all)

We've got'ta keep our women in line!

(Advisor #1 or 7)

Vashti, the queen,
must now be replaced.
Find someone better,
worthy to take her place.

(Advisor #2 or #8)

Have fair maidens all audition,
In a royal competition!
Find a girl who pleases you!
Pretty, humble and serene,
a girl who'll never make a scene!
A woman who will stay in line!

(King gives Thumbs Up sign. Dialogue below optional.)

King: (I like it!)

(all advisors)

A women who will stay in line.

(All advisors)
The fate of the kingdom
now rests in your hands.
Respect is required
for security in our land.

(King)
The fate of the kingdom
now rests in MY hands.
Respect is required
for security in my land.

(Advisor #4)
Social order will then be restored

(Advisor #5)
in his home each man a lord

(all advisors)
peace will reign in the Middle East.

Set a precedent for history

(Have a girl dressed as a boy -- or guy who can get up there -- sing the next line as a solo soprano)

(Soprano Solo)

We'll never bow before some Hillary!

(All men look at her/him suspiciously, she/he lowers his/her voice)

Female Soprano: Um, my voice is changing.

(They shrug and hold arms out, understandingly; may vary timing of words and ad lib)

All: *(Spoken)* Oh, sure.

All: *(Sung)* And we'll keep our women in line!