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Dramatic Publishing

HOLY MOSES!

A Musical Comedy

Book

by

BOB KOLSBY

Music and Lyrics

by

SEAN HARTLEY



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

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(HOLY MOSES!)

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HOLY MOSES! (then entitled: *Young Moses*) was originally produced by the Poppy Seed Players at the Elaine Kaufman Cultural Center. Directed by Wendy Gross, the production included the following cast:

Old Moses Joe Teig
Miriam, etc. Isabel Keating
Pharoah, etc. Stephen Brennan
Young Moses Josh Miller

HOLY MOSES!

A Musical Comedy
For 4-10 (or more) Men and Women

CHARACTERS

OLD MOSES
ISRAELITES
PHAROAH
MIRIAM
PHAROAH'S DAUGHTER
YOUNG MOSES
ANWAR
TINACTIN THE TERRIBLE
OLD SLAVE
VOICE OF GOD
RED SEA

Cast can be doubled in the following manner:

Actor 1 - Old Moses/Old Slave
Actor 2 - Israelite/Pharaoh/Anwar/Tinactin
Actor 3 - Israelite/Miriam/Pharaoh's Daughter/Voice of God
Actor 4 - Young Moses
Children's Chorus - Red Sea

Musical Numbers

“Use Your Imagination”	The Cast
“I’m Moses”	Young Moses
“Little Brother”	Miriam
“Let My People Go”	Young Moses
“Gloriously Gloriously” .	Young Moses, Miriam & The Cast

HOLY MOSES!

AT RISE: *OLD MOSES, an old man with fake white hair and fake beard, walks onstage and speaks to the audience.*

OLD MOSES. Hello, how are ya? I'm Moses. Yes, Moses, the prophet who spoke with God. Moses, the liberator who delivered his people from bondage. Moses, the law-giver, who brought the Ten Commandments down from Sinai. Moses, the navigator, who led the Jews from Egypt to Israel—a distance of 60 miles—and took forty years to do it. But that's another story. The story I'm here to tell you today is about me when I was a young kid in Egypt.

Now, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, "Moses, where are the palm trees? Where's the sand? Where are the pyramids? Where's Egypt? A bigshot like you, can't they provide you a set, can't they give you a budget?" But I say, "Who needs a budget?" There are no palm trees so green, no sand so hot, no pyramids so big as the trees and sand and pyramids that you can create all by yourself. You just got to imagine it.

(SONG: "USE YOUR IMAGINATION")

OLD MOSES (*sings*).

**USE YOUR IMAGINATION
TO CHANGE THE WORLD YOU SEE
INTO THE WORLD YOU'D LIKE THE WORLD
TO BE
IT'S EASY
TO CHANGE THE WORLD YOU SEE
INTO A FANTASY CREATION
WITH IMAGINATION**

ALL.

**USE YOUR IMAGINATION
TO CHANGE THE WORLD YOU SEE
INTO THE WORLD YOU'D LIKE THE WORLD
TO BE
IT'S EASY
TO CHANGE THE WORLD YOU SEE
INTO A FANTASY CREATION
WITH IMAGINATION**

**LET'S PRETEND WE'RE WALKING ON THE
DESERT SAND
SOMEONE IN A FOREIGN LAND
AND THE SAND IS HOT AND THE AIR IS DRY
AND THE CAMELS STINK AND THE BUZZARDS FLY
AND I NEED A DRINK OF WATER OR I'LL DIE
WATER! WATER! GIVE ME A DRINK OF WATER!
I NEED TO HAVE SOME WATER!
IF I DON'T I'LL CROAK!
AND ALL I HAVE IN MY CANTEEN IS
A CRUMMY DIET COKE!**

USE YOUR IMAGINATION, etc.

**LET'S PRETEND WE'RE SWIMMING IN THE
NILE
AND THE WATER'S SO COOL IT MAKES US
SMILE
WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE? IT'S A
CROCODILE!**

(Spoken.)

Oh! no!

(Sung.)

**AND HE SEES ME AND I SEE HIM
AND THE RACE IS ON AND WE SWIM SWIM
SWIM AWAY
HEY!
OH, NO, HE'S GOT MY TOE
PLEASE, MR. CROCODILE, PLEASE LET GO.
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT TO TREAT MY FEET
AS FOOD
IS RUDE
AND BEING CHEWED IS BAD FOR A PERSON'S
MOOD, OH**

USE YOUR IMAGINATION, etc.

OLD MOSES. Now, where was I? Oh, yes, the story of Young Moses. Many years ago the Israelites lived in the land of Egypt. And they lived pretty well.

(Enter two ISRAELITES, back to back)

OLD MOSES. They ate good food. They drank good drink. And they waxed mighty.

(The ISRAELITES look confused. They kneel down and start waxing the floor.)

OLD MOSES. Wax mighty—that means they grew strong and healthy. *(They arm wrestle.)* Anyway, they waxed mighty and they multiplied.

ONE. Two times two?

TWO. Four

ONE. Three times three?

TWO. Nine

ONE. 117 times 206 ...

OLD MOSES. No, no. When I say multiplied, I mean they had many children, big families. Then the king of Egypt—also called the Pharaoh—and a real sweetie, died. And he was succeeded by another Pharaoh who was also nice but less nice. And he died and was replaced by *another* Pharaoh who wasn't nice at all—and, well, you get the idea... along came the Pharaoh Ramses, and he was MEAN! The Pharaoh thought about the Israelites and he said:

PHARAOH. They wax mighty and they multiply ...

OLD MOSES. ... which doesn't sound so bad to me, but he thought it was horrible and he was afraid ...

PHARAOH. If it comes to pass that war breaks out, they will join our enemies and fight against us.

OLD MOSES. So Pharaoh thought the matter through and he formulated a plan.

PHARAOH. I will make them slaves. I will afflict them with burdens. Their lives will be made bitter with bondage. They will bake bricks.

OLD MOSES. Well, the Pharaoh was very happy with himself. Which is understandable since it's very difficult

to say “be bitter with bondage and bake bricks.” But his happiness was short-lived, for looking about his kingdom a few years later, what did he see...?

PHARAOH. The Israelites. They wax very mighty and they multiply.

OLD MOSES. Well, he was pretty upset. So he thought and he thought and finally he came upon a solution to his multiplication problem. He assembled his soldiers and said...

PHARAOH. Go among the Israelites, and every male child that is born, cast him into the river...

OLD MOSES. But Pharaoh had a soft side.

PHARAOH. Spare the life of every daughter.

OLD MOSES. Well, this was good news for my sister Miriam, but a disaster for me, who was just about to be born... (*A baby cry is heard.*) Ah, there I am. What lungs, huh? But if Pharaoh had his way, I wasn't to be long for this world. My parents, always cool in a crisis, tried to figure a way out of this dilemma.

(MOTHER and FATHER pace back and forth, pulling at hair, gnashing teeth, etc.)

MOTHER. Oy gevalt!

FATHER. Oy the tsuris!

MOTHER. Oy gevalt!

FATHER. Oy the tsuris!

MOTHER. Oy gevalt!

FATHER. Oy the tsuris!

OLD MOSES. Nice people. Well-meaning. But in an emergency, they were a couple of herrings. This meant that it was up to my sister Miriam...

(Enter MIRIAM, skipping with a basket.)

OLD MOSES. ...the largest five-year-old you'll ever see... to save my life. Ever resourceful, she made a little boat from bulrushes and daubed it with pitch and slime—the pitch is okay, the slime I could live without—and with me inside, she lay the cradle in the river. The current carried me off.

(The basket is dragged across the stage. A WOMAN enters from the other side.)

OLD MOSES. Now, see that woman there? She's about to find me lying in the basket. But before she does, let me tell you about her. First, she's the Pharaoh's daughter. Second, more than anything she wants a baby. Third, she's not able to have children. Tough luck, huh? Now she finds me. *(The PRINCESS looks around.)* Look to your right. No, your other right. *(She finds the basket.)* Now she's got me. *(She picks up the baby and starts to bill and coo.)* And let me tell you, am I ever cute! But I'm also a Jew. So what does she do? Does she throw me back or does she keep me? What do you think? *(PRINCESS walks off with baby.)* And that's how I came to be raised as a prince in Pharaoh's court.

(Enter YOUNG MOSES, singing).