

RINSE THE CORDIAL OFF MY KAFIA

(A travesty of a mockery of a sham in three quarters of an act)

Cast of characters: Yankele Schmendrick  
Morius  
Jessica  
K'tzin Toran  
Max  
Secretary

Y.S.: My name is Yankele Schmendrick, Madrich Gimmel. My Snif membership number is 25436789897 - it also comes in handy as an eye chart. One day I was sitting in my mifkada tent and my secretary came in...

Sec: Someone to see you, Yankele.

Y.S.: Show him in.

Morius: My name is Morius, pump starter. It's the greatest crime in the history of Launching Place - wait a minute- are we alone?

Y.S. Of course we're alone.

Morius: Are you sure we're alone?

Y.S.: Yeh, I'm sure we're alone.

Morius: Are you positive we're alone?

Y.S.: Yeh, I'm positive we're alone!

Morius: Well, who's that guy standing next to you?

Y.S.: But that's you!

Morius: I know, but can I be trusted?

My Mefaked has just died of an overdose of Tuss. Will you try to solve the case?

Y.S.: O.K., but my price is high - two shifts of shmira with a chanich. Is it a deal?

Morius: Yes, its a deal.

Y.S. 10 pash's a day payable in advance.

Morius: You drive a hard bargain, but its a deal. Jessica, come in here..... (Y.S. and Jessica go into clinch)

Y.S.: You're one short.

Morius: You've got a good lip.

Y.S.: When it comes to pashing - perferct reception. I must tell you this case could take some time.

Morius: That's O.K. After all, camp wasn't built in a day.

Y.S.: What was that?

Morius: I said, camp wasn't built in a day!

Y.S.: Hey, that's good, that's very good!

Morius: You like it?

Y.S.: Yes.

Morius: it's yours.

Y.S.: Thank you.

(Y.S.: I walked out onto the Mizdar ground; past the kitchen with the ga-ga cook, to the Mifkadah tent, the scene of the crime. Morius accompanied me and pointed out all the madrichim present at the time of the felony.)

Morius: That's Jericus, that's Brianus, that's Hairy-ass.

Y.s.: Who's that character with the half starved look on his kisser?

Morius: That's Max.

Y.S.: He looks like a loser from the kitchen. Who's the most likely suspect?

Morius: That Madrich standing right next to him.

Y.S.: But that's you!

Morius: I know, but can I be trusted?

(Y.S.: I saw that I was dealing with no ordinary Betari - this guy was a nut-case)

Y.S.: Who's that woman over there?

Morius: That's Jessica, again.

Y.S.; Well, she's a suspect isn't she? I'll go over and talk with her....

Excuse me madam, what do you know about the case?

Jessica: I told him, Jim don't go, don't go. I told him yump, Yim, yump. If I told him once, I told him a thousand times - it's the Ides of Visitors' day so beware already...

Y.S.: Thanks very much Jessica. O.K. - you can all go now - but don't leave camp!

(Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb)

Morius: Wait a minute - there's somebody behind that latrine!

Y.S.: Grab him before he has a chance to let go...

(Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb)

Y.S.: O.K. - what are you doing here?

K.T. : I'm the K'tzin Toran. I've just been banished from camp, but before I left I staged my last Mizdar. I said, "Madrichim, Seminar, Chanichim - lend me your ears?"

Y.S.: What have you got in that ruck-sack?

K.T.: Ears! You wanna know who knocked off Big Jim? His name was...Dom, Noach, Dom.... (falls)

Morius: Funny name...must be Arabic.

Y.S! : Hey Morius - he's dead.

Morius: That's a funny place to tie a clove-hitch - around his halz.

Y.S.: That's even more painful than zwischen der feess. I had a pebble floating around there once..oh, those cold river pebbles.

(This was a baffling case. All that I had for clues were a clove-hitch around someone's halz and pebbles zwishen der feess. I decided to take a walk to the seminar tent

and ask Maximus Strubilis a few questions. He's round all the time.)

Y.S.: Hiya Max.

Max.: Hiya Yank. What are you drinking?

Y.S. : I'll have a cordialus.

Max: Don't you mean a cordiali.

Y.S.: If I want two I'll ask for them.

What do you know about the Mefaked Tuss caper?

Max: See that shiksa over there...ask her.

Y.S. Hiya doll. Wus machst du? What do you know about the Mefaked caper?

Jessica: I told him, Jim don't go. The cook's still here so beware already...in that order. But would he listen to me...?

Y.S.: Thank you madam. I'll see you around when it's my turn to turn.

Max: You really want to know who knocked off Big Jim?

Y.S.: You mean...the grosse macher.

Max: Yeh...his name is....el hastissi,cosamach, inalbook...(falls)

Y.S.: That must be Arabic too.

Morius: Hey, this guy's wearing a square lashing around his neck. It must be the fashion.

Y.S.: Morius! What are you doing here?

Morius: I just came to see how you were doing.

(Y.S.: I walked out into the bushes. The night was cool and I needed to think. Suddenly I saw Harrius and Margaretus together and came out with tzooris. Morius was there when the Mefaked suffered an overdose of Tuss. Morius was there when the K'tzin Toran had a clove-hitch around his halz. Morius was there when Maximus Strubilis was square lashed.

This probably meant that the grosser macher was the cook or the camp ghost. But I had a slight hunch that he might be Morius.)

Morius: So Yankel, what's new. Have you solved the mystery?

Y.S.: Let's not play games, Morius. Or..should I say...grosse macher!

Morius: You mean me. What do you mean, me? I'm the one who hired you.

Y.S.: Very smart, but not smart enough. It takes more than pebbles zwisjen die feess and square lashing to fool me.

Morius: All right, Yankel! It was me. I hate Tuss to bits and I'd do it again. I'm getting out of here and don't try to stop me!

(Y.S.: I couldn't stop him, but I kew where he was headed...for the scene of the crime. I hailed a passing horse and followed.)

Y.S.: Hand me that Shofar! All right Morius, I know you're in there! Comeout and give yourself up!

Morius: Come and get me you dirty rotten flatfooted Madrich Gimmel.

Y.S.: We have wyas of getting you out! We'll give you Melbourne water! We'll show you a piece of roast duck! Raymonde will model in a bikini!

Morius: Thou ledest me into foul temptation...I can't stand it any longer...I'm giving myself up!

Y.S.: I knew you would, otherwise we would have filled you full of salmon. All right, cross-lash him and take away his Madrich Gimmel Betnai.

Morius: All right, you got me, but remember, I'll be back. All roads lead to camp!

Y.S.: What was that?

Morius: I said all roads lead to camp.

Y.S.: Hey, that's good. That's very good. All roads lead to camp.

Morius: You like it?

Y.S.: Yes.

Morius: Well you can't have it!

Y.S.: O.K. take him away. I'm going on Shmira. I still have ten pash's left. Ready Jessica? You're sure it's alright?

Jessica: Of course it's alright. If you learn from experience and if I tell you, "Yankele, don't go, Yankele don't go, don't go Yankele! Tass is dangerous, so beware already... Yankele don't go...."

The End