

Elisha and Naaman Marcus

Dramatis Personae:

Ms Naaman Marcus
president of Syrian General Corporation

Madge, a manicurist

Elisha, a Prophet

Bronx President

Secretary to Elisha

Reporter 1

Reporter 2

Reporters

Scene 1

Madge's Manicure Establishment in Manhattan

(Curtain opens. Scenery indicates Manhattan specifically, perhaps with a cardboard cutout of the skyline. Two chairs and a table with a bowl of green liquid on it. Madge, the Manicurist, a gum-snapping stylishly-dressed person is sitting at the table buffing her fingernails.)

Ms. Naaman Marcus enters, and sits down. She is a leper. Strange warts and scars cover her face and hands, and she has large rubber ears on. Her clothes, however, are stunningly chic, more so than Madge's, and her bearing is regal, if unhappy)

Madge: Well, if it isn't Ms Naaman Marcus, the President of The Syrian General Corporation, my favorite and richest customer.

Ms. Naaman: Hi Madge. I'm here for my manicure.

Madge: Sit down and soak your hands. You don't look very good today. What have you been soaking in?

Ms. Naaman: I don't know. I came home from the board meeting last week and my skin was falling off all over the place.

Madge: Let me look at you.

(She examines the hands that have been soaking in the liquid).

You know what you have?

(Ms. Naaman shakes her head. Madge stands up, looks around furtively, and whispers in her ear. It falls off. Her real ear is taped back so it is less visible.)

Ms. Naaman: (annoyed a la Arthur.) I hate it when that happens.

(She puts the ear in her pocket. Marge whispers again.)

I can't hear you. I lost my ear.

Madge: (loudly) You have leprosy.

Ms. Naaman: Leprosy! No wonder my skin is like this.

(sings, to the tune of "Yesterday," with Madge and the rest of the cast, offstage.)

Leprosy,
All my skin is falling off of me;
I could send it to a tannery;
Oh how I hate this leprosy.
(cont'd)

**Leprosy,
Now my face is getting hard to see,
And my shoe size changed from five to three;
It's all because of leprosy.**

**How this came to be,
Is a total mystery.
Is it chance or curse,
Or from watching the TV?**

**Leprosy
I'm not half the gal I used to be;
I'll be in a leper colony
If you can't cure my leprosy**

Madge: There's only one thing I know to cure that.

(She whispers in Ms. Naaman's other ear, which promptly falls off also.)

I hate it when that happens. (Loudly.) What you need is a prophet. You can find one in the Bronx.

Ms. Naaman: Where could I get a profit in the Bronx?

Madge: Why don't you ask the Bronx Borough President? He ought to know.

Ms. Naaman: What are we waiting for? Let's go

(All sing to "We're off to see the Wizard")

**We're off to see the Prophet
The Prophet who lives in the Bronx.
We know the Proph
Gets leprosy off
As sure as a traffic jam honks.
If you have a problem of any size,
The Prophet will fix it before your eyes
Though no one really knows the hows and why's
Because of the things that he prophesies
We're off to see the Prophet,
The Prophet who lives in the Bronx.**

(Curtain closes.)

Scene II
A Street in the Bronx

Bronx President backs onto stage right followed by reporters with microphones and cameras. They talk as they quickly walk toward center stage and stop, one reporter on each side. When one talks, the other takes notes.)

Reporter 1: Mr. Bronx President, sir, what do you feel about the rising crime rate in the Bronx?

Bx Pres: The Bronx has been much maligned in the popular opinion, and I feel that more credit should be given to the thousands of honest people who live in my borough -- excuse me -- who live in this borough.

Reporter 2: Mr. President, what are your plans for the schools in the Bronx?

Bx Pres: The youngsters in our schools should be given a better chance. I plan to have new buildings, nicer teachers, and longer vacations.

(Ms. Naaman and Madge have entered from stage left in front of the curtain.)

Ms. Naaman: Excuse me, Mr. Bronx President. . . .

Reporter 1: Look it's Ms. Naaman Marcus, President of Syrian General, the richest woman in Manhattan!

(The 2 reporters crowd around Ms. Naaman, abandoning the Bronx President)

Reporter 2: Ms. Naaman, what brings a person of your importance to the Bronx?

Ms. Naaman: Excuse me, boys, but my business is with the Bronx President.

(She pushes them aside and confronts the Bronx President.)

Bx Pres: What can I do for you?

Ms. Naaman: I have leprosy . . .

Both Reporters: Ooohh.

(They write furiously in their notepads)

Ms. Naaman: . . .and I hear that I can find a profit in the Bronx to solve my problem. As the Bronx President, you can surely help me find one.

Bx Pres: (aside) Oh no! I don't know what she's talking about, but if I say so, I'll look bad in front of the reporters and I won't get re-elected. What am I going to do? Oh, Aaaarrggghh!

(He tears his shirt open and slinks off stage right. The reporters scribble furiously, Ms. Naaman pouts and puts her hands on her hips. She struts off stage left, followed by Madge.)

Scene III
Elisha's office in the Bronx

(The curtain opens to show Elisha's office. The set is recognizably and characteristically Bronx, complete with subway graffiti. Elisha, in a white robe, and long beard is sitting at the desk talking on the phone. His Secretary is typing away in an anteroom. They are somehow separated by a wall, through which the secretary can enter Elisha's office, which is on stage right. Whenever Elisha is not involved in the action, he is speaking silently on the phone or writing furiously.)

Elisha: (on phone) You say you want me to raise your daughter from the dead? . . . Uh huh . . . When did she die? . . . And what cemetery is she in? . . . Uh huh . . . Look, I'm kind of booked up this week, but I think I can squeeze her in on Tuesday. Bye.

Secretary: Elisha? The New York Stock Exchange is on line 2.

Elisha: Oh, them again.

(He answers the phone.)

Hello . . . You want to know if IBM will go up or down? How many times do I have to tell you people? I'm a prophet spelled P-R-O-P-H-E-T, not a profit spelled P-R-O-F-I-T. Bye.

What a day! Maybe there's something interesting on the radio.

(Elisha turns on the radio that sits on his desk.)

Reporter I: (offstage) We interrupt this program to bring you a special news cast. The Bronx President tore his garments today, when Ms. Naaman Marcus, President of Syrian General asked him how to find a profit in the Bronx to cure her leprosy. We now return to our program.

(Elisha turns off the radio.)

Elisha: He didn't have to do that. Could you call up the Bronx President to tell him to send Ms. Naaman to me?

Secretary: Certainly.

(He dials.)

Hello Mr. Bronx President. I'm calling from the office of Elisha the Prophet. He says you shouldn't go around tearing your clothes. Send Ms. Naaman to him . . . You'll send her over right away?

(Ms. Naaman enters with Madge and Reporters.)

Ms. Naaman: I'm looking for Elisha the Prophet.

Secretary: That was right away.

(He hangs up phone.)

Secretary: What can I do for you?

Madge: Ms. Naaman here has leprosy, and we want Elisha to do something about it.

Secretary: Let me buzz him.

(He pushes a buzzer on her desk)

Elisha?

Elisha: Ms. Naaman the leper is here, isn't she?

Secretary: How did you know that?

Elisha: I'm a Prophet, you know.

Secretary: So should I send her in?

Elisha: You don't have to do that. Tell her to go bathe.

(pause.)

In the Bronx River.

(pause.)

Seven times.

Secretary: Elisha says you should bathe in the Bronx River seven times.

(Reporters scribble furiously.)

Madge: Is that it?

Ms. Naaman: Isn't he going to come out and tell me this personally?

Secretary: He said that wouldn't be necessary. Prophets are busy men, you know.

Reporter 2: Why the Bronx river?

Ms. Naaman: Down in Manhattan we have perfectly good rivers. Aren't the Hudson River, the East River and the Harlem River better than any old Bronx river?

Reporter 1: And why does she have to bathe seven times?

Secretary: I'm just telling you what the Prophet said.

(He exits, along w/Elisha)

Ms. Naaman: I can't believe it. I, Ms. Naaman Marcus come all the way to the Bronx to see this prophet and he won't even come out and talk to me! And some cure he suggests! Bathe in the Bronx river indeed! I won't do it!

Madge: Wait a minute, Ms. Naaman, acting like that won't cure your leprosy.

Ms. Naaman: What good would it do me to go swimming in that filthy river?

Madge: Look at it this way. If the Prophet had asked you to do something hard to cure your leprosy, like crawl to Los Angeles, would you have done it?

Ms. Naaman: Well, I guess so.

Madge: Then, isn't it better to do something easy like take a dip in the river?

Ms. Naaman: Maybe you're right, Madge. I'll try it.

(She goes off stage left. A loud splash is heard.)

Reporter 2: (looking offstage after Ms. Naaman) Oh boy, we sure got a scoop here.

(Splash.)

Reporter 1: I'll say. We'll get a promotion for sure.

(Splash.)

Madge: I hope this works. I'd hate to lose my best customer.

(Splash. Ms. Naaman re-enters stage left. She has seaweed in her hair and is holding a fish.)

Ms. Naaman: This is ridiculous. I'm soaking wet and my leprosy is as bad as ever. Take me home.

Madge: That was only four dips in the Bronx river. Elisha said you should take seven.

Ms. Naaman: (reluctantly) OK.

(She exits left. Another loud splash is heard.)

Reporter 2: That's five. She needs two more.

(Splash.)

Reporter 1: That's six and she still looks as bad as ever.

(Splash.)

Madge: Look at her now. It's amazing!

Reporter 1: Unbelievable.

Reporter 2: Awesome.

All reporters: OOH, WOW, LOOK AT THAT, ETC.

(Ms. Naaman enters. All her warts and scars are gone. Her hair is beautiful and her ears normal. She is gorgeous.)

Ms. Naaman: I'm cured. Elisha really is a Prophet. I must go and thank him.

(Elisha and Secretary enter stage right.)

Secretary: No need. He's here.

Elisha: I see everything worked out.

Ms. Naaman: How can I thank you?

Elisha: You don't have to. It's all in a day's work.

Ms. Naaman: No, really. I'll give you anything I have. How would you like one hundred shares in Syrian General, my corporation?

Elisha: No thanks. I'll see you later.

Ms. Naaman: Well if you won't take anything, at least we can be friends. Say, do you know if IBM is going up or down?

Elisha: (laughing) Scram, OK?

(Elisha, Secretary, and Reporter 1 exit stage right. Ms. Naaman, Madge, and Reporter 2 exit stage left. Music for final number begins and all come in and sing and dance, ending with a bow as the curtain closes. Song to "New York, New York.")

**Start spreading the news;
For just yesterday,
I had a case of leprosy,
It's gone today.**

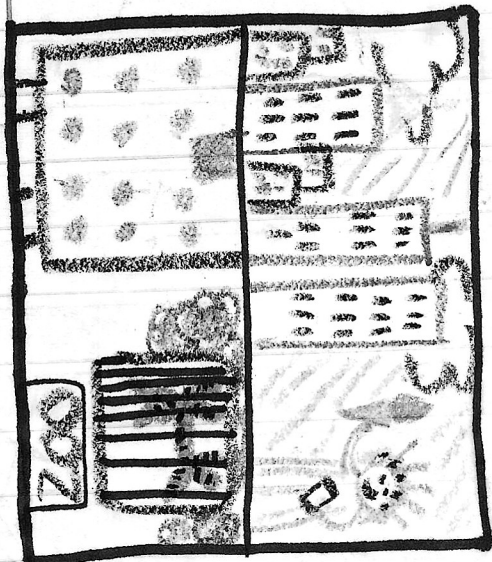
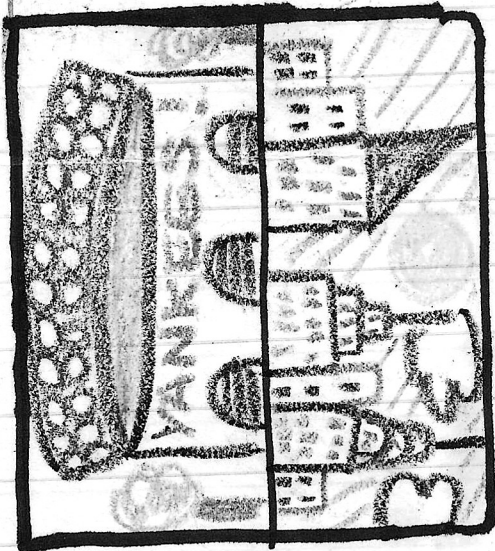
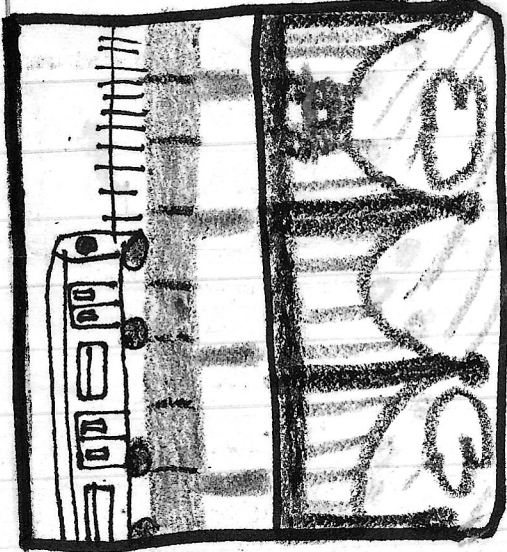
**I felt pretty blue,
I cursed at the fates
It even hurt my social life,
I get no dates**

**One day I woke up and my skin was all falling off
My manicurist she said
go see the Proph.**

**The Bronx is his home;
He's busy each day.
Elisha knew the cure for me,
Was not Camay.**

**The Prophet said to swim,
So I say "Thanks" to him,
He's from the Bronx, and that's OK.**

Paint
Manchester



Black
gray
green
Brown
yellow
orange
blue
Red
White

Paint:
Black
Blue
Red
yellow
? Brown.

