

Moishele: That's cuz you don't even go to school.

Rochele: Tatty!

Moishele: Tatty!

Yehuda: Kinderlach, lets not fight. That's not what the Maccabbees would've wanted.

Chana: [worried] Yehuda, maybe it would be better to wait out the storm? It could be very dangerous on the icy roads. [shivers and pulls shawl tighter]

Yehuda: [gazes out the window] Maybe...

Dovid: But then you might not make it in time!

Yehuda: [strokes beard] You're right. [paces back and forth] You know what? I can't risk missing even one moment. No! I have to leave now. I'll be careful.

Dovid: We'll all daven for you Tatty!

Chana: Be safe! [waves and wipes her eyes. Stands quietly watching for a few minutes. Then she shakes herself out of it]. Ok Kinderlach! Who wants to help me make latkes?

Moishele and Rochele: Me!

Rochele: I said first!

Moishele: Well you're too young to use the knife anyhow!

Rochele: Am not! Last time I only bled on three fingers!

Moishele: You're just a baby.

Rochele: Am not! [both walk off the stage arguing]

Scene 2

Crowd of Chassidim gathered around, on top of benches, chairs, tables, etc.

Shmerel: Yankel, whats going on up there? I can't see a thing!

Yankel: That's cuz there's no water! [laughs heartily by himself] Nothing yet Shmerel, don't worry. I'll give a play by play. Tell me, how is a Menorah like a tree?

Shmerel: A tree? I have no clue.

Yankel: They both have branches [laughs hysterically]

Shmerel: [sighs] Sometimes Yankel... Despite you, I'm so happy that I was able to make it here to the Rebbe for Chanuka.

Yankel: Me too! [whispers] I almost didn't make it.

Shmerel: [eyes wide] Why?

Yankel: I was having issues with my horses.

Shmerel: Your horses?

Yankel: Yes. You see, my children were playing dreidel and the horses ate up the hay! [Yankel laughs uproariously. Shmerel rolls his eyes]

Shmerel: Oy! Nu Yankel? Is anything happening? Its getting late already!

Yankel: No, but I'm sure R' Boruch will be here soon.

Shmerel: How do you know? Oh yes! I think I remember hearing something about a minhag passed down by the Rebbe's holy grandfather the Baal Shem Tov.

Yankel: No, that's not why. Its Chanuka! Everything has to be oily! [laughs again]

Shmerel: Nu Yankel, really! [all the Chassidim stir] Nu? Vos geit on?

Yankel: The Rebbe's here! [stage whisper] The Rebbe is about to light the first candle. Ssh! Listen to the brachos.

[Brachos sung out, loudly, clearly and with lots of Kavanah. Chassidim form into Haneros Halalu Choir]

Yankel: [emotionally] Oy! Its been a very long time! Hearing the Rebbe's brachos fills me with such inspiration!

Shmerel: Me too! Listen Yankel, this might sound strange. Tell me what the menorah looks like. I can't see past this guy's shtreimel.

Yankel: Well, he may be a pain, but he's not see-through! [laughs alone. Shmerel glares] Okay, okay. [clears throat] The menorah is luminescent, reflected in the gentle light of the moon. The shamash is burning brightly, leaping in joy like a child rejoicing in the sun. And the first licht... is going crazy!

Shmerel: That was poetic.

Yankel: Its gone!

Shmerel: Whats gone?

Yankel: The licht!

Shmerel: You mean it burnt out already?