

## **CRYSTAL SINGER as...**

**Mary (mother of Jesus):** (*Very serene virginal mother*) Hello. This is my tiny baby. A most wondrous tiny baby methinks. But then perhaps I would say that. Being his mother. Even so, wonders already hath he performed in his tiny tiny life. Why e'en now — albeit newly born, his little new-born eye didst fall upon a little lame chicken in the stable, and immediately didst stretch forth his little tiny hand and — lo! He healed him.

**Tirzah (Judah's kid sister):** (*think teen daughter on '50s sitcom*) O mother forgives for mine outspoken speaking. But let us not forget how Messala didst comest amongst us. How my father, alas no more, the enormously powerful, famously rich and mighty merchant Hur, Obadiah Hur, didst spottest him in the street one day, a starving little beggar boy with nothing to call his own, not even tiny shoes upon his tiny starving feet, and taking pity upon him, as was his wont, bringest him unto our homely home the House of Hur to live with us and be childhood companion unto me and my brother — Judah. Judah Ben Hur.

**Esther (The Hurs' servant and Judah's love interest):** (*think Fran Drescher in The Nanny*) Why can't you say no to your mother? Or do you agree with her? That I am still just a servant-girl? Or a slave! Is that what I am to you, Judah? A slave? Then tell her you love me! Tell *me* you love me! Tell me you'll marry me? It's never the right moment, Judah! The wicked of the earth doth rise, Judah! And you must leave your mother and be a man at last. Stop your gallivanting and buffing and FIGHT! Fight for your PEOPLE! And fight for ME! Say it, Judah! Say what you feel! Break your chains, Judah!

**Ancient Slave:** (*a very old, ravaged MALE slave*) No no! Not the chains! Not the chains! What is this I see? Our chains are chained but thine is NOT! Who can have commanded such an highly unusual and unorthodox thing at the height of battle?

**Catalinya (sexy temptress):** (*heavy Spanish-like accent*) Hello. You do not know me but I am a great admirer of your charioteering work. I am Catalinya. From Carthagenya. Which will become known as Espania. I was born in the city of Barthino. Which will be known in years to come as Barthelona. I also like to ride. Bareback. The wind in my hair! The pounding of the hooves! My castanets clacking in the wind! But enough of this cheeky chit-chat! Perhaps a little — Carthagenyan cocktail?