

# OLD JEWS TELLING TAX JOKES



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*Inspired by the show, [Old Jews Telling Jokes](#), created by Peter Gethers and Daniel Okrent, which showcases five actors in a revue that pays tribute to and reinvents classic jokes of the past and present. Inspired by the website [oldjewstellingjokes.com](#), which features “old Jews” doing just that.*

Two interns were fighting in a hospital...a surgeon had to pull them apart.



"What's this all about?" demanded the surgeon.  
"It's the IRS agent in C Ward" said one intern.  
"He's only got TWO days to live!" "He had to be told!" said the second.  
"I KNOW!" said the first.  
"But I wanted to be the one to TELL him!"

A man, summoned for an IRS audit, asked his tax consultant what to wear:

"Wear your shabbiest clothing. Let them think you're a pauper," she advised. But his lawyer warned: "Don't let them intimidate you! Wear your BEST suit and tie!" Confused the man went to his rabbi, who said, "Let me tell you a story. A woman asked her mother what to wear on her wedding night. 'A long, heavy, high-necked flannel nightgown,' said the mother. But the woman's best friend disagreed. 'Wear your sexiest negligee, with a v-neck right down to your navel.' The man whined, "But what does this have to do with my IRS problem?" The rabbi replied, "No matter what you wear, you are still going to get screwed."



A Businessman on his death bed called his Rabbi and said...

"Rabbi, I want you to promise me that when I die, you'll have my remains cremated." "And what," the rabbi asked, "do you want me to do with your ashes?" The businessman said, "Just put them in an envelope and mail them to the Internal Revenue Service. And write on the envelope, "Now you have everything."

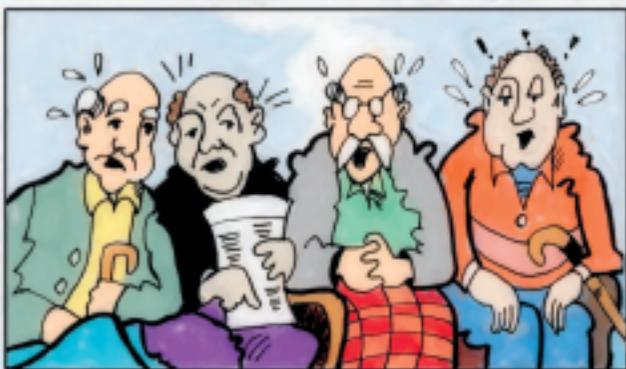


Four European tax agents, on a long hike together, run out of water:



"I'm thirsty," says the Brit. "I must have tea."  
"I'm thirsty," says the Frenchman. "I must have wine."  
"I'm thirsty," says the German. "I must have beer."  
"I'm thirsty," says the Jew. "I must have diabetes!"

Four retired tax preparers are kvetching in a Jewish rest home:



Herbert: "Oy. I cannot pee! I try, but only a few drops - and it hurts!"  
Izzy: "Whenever I poop, no matter how hard I try, only little grapes come out!"  
Morrie: "My problem is, when I pee, it sprays all over!"  
Hamen (sighing): "I pee and poop like clockwork, every day at 8 a.m."

The Others: "So what's the problem?"  
Hamen: "I don't get up until 9!"