

Scene #5: *Late at Night When He Should Have Been in Bed*

(The King in baggy -- Lion King print? -- pajamas or an outer robe, possibly holding a teddy bear, contemplative; king may put robe over pajamas for next scene):

(Narrating. Sidestage.)

Mordi: But that night, while Haman plotted his revenge, God was working on the heart of the King.

King: Oh, it's late, I can't sleep. What's happening? Oh, why does my mind race, so?

WOMEN

(King)

Every part of my kingdom works as I say.
It's a marvelous synchronized machine.
Every soldier is taught he must obey.
While I sit around drinking my caffeine.

Every subject knows just where they fit.
Meshed together like a Persian rug.
To my will they all willingly submit.
Together our kingdom's good and snug.

(chorus)

Then why can't I,
get some shut eye?
What's disturbing my sleep?
For while I lie in bed ---
something rattles in my head.
I end up counting sheep.

It must be --

Women!

Women!

Women!

Women!

They go and muddle the brain.
They're such a pain.
They nag and complain.
I think they'll drive me insane.

I remember that Vashti
She was so mean and nasty.
A disgrace to the fairer sex!
She would tell me what to do.
I'd rather have the Spanish flu.
I wanted to ring her neck.

"Put down that beer!"
"Get over here!"
I'll make this good and clear:
 "You eat like a swine."
[Optional lyrics: Quit ogling – or groping – the concubines!]
"Your manners are atrocious."
"Your breath is halitosis."
 I heard it all the time.

I've had it with --
 Women!
 Women!
 Women!
 Women!

They go and muddle the brain.
They're such a pain.
They nag and complain.
I think they'll drive me insane.
 Insane
 Insane
 Insane!

(NOTE: The optional lyrics are probably funnier -- and a little more accurate to what annoyed the queen -- but should be used only for an older audiences. King's voice should slide at least the last "insane".)

(Spoken)

King: And then there's Esther. What's up with her? . . . And why haven't I called for her? . . . I love talking with her . . . she's a breath of fresh air . . . she wants to know everything . . . about me. . . about what I do . . . about the kingdom. Never a complaint . . . *(lecherous smirk)* and I do miss those pillow fights.

The King's Lament

(Sung) (The king will stumble trying to come up with a good adjective -- the author did, too -- you may hold the rest a little longer than listed in music.)

Oh, Esther, beautiful, Esther.
You're sweet, submissive, serene.
Oh, Esther, my sweet Esther.
You're a perfectly . . . perfect queen.

OPTIONAL:

(On fermata rest, king contemplates what word works, rather than just being befuddled. Ad lib OK, so long as not profane, may also use one or two of the below examples:

1. *"Uh . . . drool inspiring, so that I'm perspiring . . . uh. . . no";*
2. *"Frugal, beguiling so that when I think of you I'm smiling . . . like an idiot . . . no"*
3. *"Wise, frugal and Intelligent with a bod' much smaller than an elephant . . . uh . . . definitely not -- (spoken) humph . . . there is a reason kings hire composers - perhaps I should have employed that guy who uses too many notes . . . "*

If using the above, then go to repeat "my perfectly, (throws up hands) perfect queen")

Oh, Esther would never pester --
a man when he wants to have fun.
But when she looks at me beseechingly --
I know that she seeks in me --
A knight a kingdom able to run.

(Spoken)

What is it that she will not reveal? Why did she risk death to see me? It can't be:
"Let's do lunch?" *(Under his breath.)* Of course, if she was dessert . . .

(Sung)

Esther, I have neglected you,
but you have never complained.
I spent my time doing what I wanted to.
My nights being entertained.

What questions clings the back of your tongue?
What message hangs in the air?
Is there an evil that threatens my people?
Something that's sent you into despair?

(Does evil hang in the air?)

	<i>Tenors</i>	<i>Basses</i>
(<i>Servants</i>)	Evil . . . lurking under your bed. God is speaking. Unto your thick head.	Evil lurking, under your bed God is speaking unto your thick head. Evil lurking, under your bed God is speaking, unto your thick head.

Whatever it is I'll find it out --
I'll be a man worthy of your esteem.
Oh, Esther, beautiful Esther,
In your eyes I'll be redeemed.
My perfectly -- perfect queen.
For I must find
this evil in time
for I can't get you out of my mind.

King: RECORDS!

Servant #3: You want to cut a record? Umm . . . I'm not sure you're that good.

King: What! Of course not. I need royal records. Something, anything to put me to sleep. Although, the sky is already glowing in the east.

Servant #3: Ummm . . . I know just the passage.

Let's see:

OK . . . June 5 . . . the King got his nails clipped -- he had a hangnail -- which gave him an idea he used later that day . . . although first he had lunch -- pheasant in "Spaghetti Os" -- which was much too rich (*king starts to doze off*) -- and, anyway, it was like reported that somebody wanted to kill the king, see. (*King eye open wide.*) And there was like a royal investigation and stuff like that. (*King starts to look up.*) The guy who fingered the bad dudes was Mordecai the Jew (*King looks disconcerted*), who passed it along to Esther, who told the guards, who told their commander, who arrested the Eunuchs, who confessed under bright lights and opera music.

King: Hold it! A plot against me? When did this happen?

Servant #3: Five years ago your Majesty, shortly after Esther became queen.

The report was apparently misfiled under the month of "Goon".

King: Mordecai -- the Jew -- saved my life?
(*To himself*) Aren't those the people Haman said were a danger to our Kingdom? But he saved my life? (*King's bewildered -- more than usual -- but he's starting to put the pieces together.*)
And how . . . how did Esther know this man?
(*To Soldier*) Soldier, what honor do the records show was given to this man, Mordecai?

Servant #3: Umm . . . it appears that nothing was done for him, your Majesty. Although they do state that the condemned had meatloaf and sauerkraut as their last meal.

King: Incredible! . . . Who would choose meatloaf and sauerkraut as a last meal!?! . . .
. . .
And how could a man save my life and not receive a reward? Who is in the court?

Servant #3: Your majesty, Haman has arrived. He's reading the morning scroll, drinking tea, and eating a Danish.

(*Taken back*)

King: Eating a Danish!?!

Servant #3: It's a pastry, not a peasant.

King: Oh. (*Nods like this is "News"*) I knew that. Bring him in.

. . . .