

NARRATOR: Her name is Esther. She lives just down the street.

KING: Great. Bring her on.

NARRATOR: Oh, I'm sorry, I'm not actually *in* the show, I just tell the story.

KING: (*Getting mad*) Invite her in or the lions will be having you for dinner.

NARRATOR: (*Delicately*) Do you mean the lions will have me "over" for dinner?

KING: (*Threateningly*) No.

NARRATOR: (*Nervously*) Someone bring Esther on stage please!

ESTHER *enters with* MINISTERS, *in a rush*.

ESTHER: What is going on? One second I'm enjoying an everything bagel with lox and extra cream cheese, and the next I'm dragged off to the palace to meet the queen!

KING: You're not *meeting* the queen, you *are* the queen. (MINISTER 1 *places a crown on her head*.)

ESTHER: Say what? But you don't even know my name!

KING: What's your name?

ESTHER: My name is Esther.

KING: Great, we got that out of the way. I hope you can juggle 'cause I have been *sooooo* bored.

ESTHER *shares a look with* MINISTER 2.

MINSTER 2: (*Shrugging*) Mazel Tov?

SCENE 2

"There He Goes"

(Sung to the tune of "Let It Go" from *Frozen*)

So now that Esther's finally arrived and she's learning to be queen
We're going to take a moment before we go on with the scene

The king's decided to promote a man so high
Haman is his name and he's no nice guy

But you should know which one we mean
Since we don't have a handy time machine
We'll point him out as he walks by
Try not to cry

There he goes
There he goes
Please boo when you hear his name
There he goes
There he goes
And we swear we'll do the same

We don't know
What he's going to say
When the show moves on
Who knows why the king likes him anyway

NARRATOR: The king had many evil ministers in the palace, but no one was more evil and cruel than the one ... the only ... Haman!

HAMAN: (*Bowing*) Thank you, thank you!

NARRATOR: Haman was so evil and full of himself that he made a decree saying everyone had to bow to him when he walked by!

HAMAN: It was great! Just walking down the street, everyone was so nice to me! Bowing and waving and crying with terror ... it was so nice.

NARRATOR: They *had* to be nice to you — you said you'd throw them in jail if they didn't!

HAMAN: And?

NARRATOR: That doesn't mean they like you!

HAMAN: I don't want them to like me, I want them to fear me. Look, this way, everyone wins. I get everyone's respect and the peasants don't go to jail.