

bows.) Achashverosh ruled a kingdom that stretched from India to Ethiopia and was rich beyond all your wildest dreams. Rich as Rockefeller! Rich as Roosevelt! (*Pauses*) Is that too old school? He was like Mark Zuckerberg but less Jewish.

KING: Like they say, it's good to be me. Anyway, I was throwing this party.

NARRATOR: (*Interjecting*) Six months long!

KING: It was a *really* good party. We were basically celebrating how great it is to be me. And I gotta tell you, it is pretty great to be me. Anyway, we got to the end of six months and I felt like the palace staff had done a great job with this whole half-a-year party thing, so I decided to whip together another week of celebrations just for the people in the palace. At the same time, Queen Vashti — that's my wife over there, give a wave, my dear! — Queen Vashti threw a party for her ladies-in-waiting. So we have this extra week to party and I decide it's time to go all out, with like crazy amounts of drinking. I'll be honest, I was totally *farshnikert*. We get to literally the last day and I think to myself, you know what, I haven't seen Vashti in like forever. And I have this idea and I'm like, let's bring her over to our party!

NARRATOR: Now, hold on a moment, King. Here's where we show everyone how this works. You see, the king is about to order Vashti to join his party. How do you think Achashverosh felt in this moment? Remember — the option you choose determines the end of this scene!

OPTION A: King Achashverosh thought his wife was practically one of his employees and should entertain him and his friends.

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OPTION B: King Achashverosh didn't mean any harm by his request, but it was a different time and sometimes men back then expected obedience from their wives.

»» Turn to Page 7

SCENE 1, OPTION A

KING *is hanging out with his* MINISTERS, *and they are all drunk. Really drunk.*

KING: Okay, maybe the extra week of partying was a bad idea. My head is absolutely killing me and my mouth feels like it's stuffed with cotton. Too many hamentaschen cocktails, for sure. *(Sighs)* This is so boring. Hey! Someone entertain me! Where are my advisors? Where's my wife? *(Sincerely confused)* Where is everyone? *(To the* NARRATOR) Who are you? Are you here to entertain me?

NARRATOR: I'm just an impartial observer.

KING: Whatever. Go get Vashti.

NARRATOR: I'm not supposed to be part of the plot. I just keep the plot moving along.

KING: Well, then move the plot along and GO GET MY WIFE.

NARRATOR: *(With a sigh)* Um, Vashti? The king ... politely requests your presence.

KING: Get your butt in here and entertain me!

VASHTI *enters.*

VASHTI: I'm sorry, what can I help you with?

KING: My head's pounding and I'm irritable and bored and I'm pretty sure it's all your fault.

VASHTI: *(Incredulous)* Why is it *my* fault? I haven't seen you in six months!

KING: I'm the king. If I say it's your fault, then it is. It's called a royal decree. *(Loudly)* I hereby decree this is all Vashti's fault!

VASHTI: Look, you're drunk and this is gross. I'm out of here. *(VASHTI begins to exit.)*

KING: Hey, get back here!

VASHTI: No.

KING: No?! No one says no to the king.

VASHTI: Well I just did.

KING: That's it, you're done as queen. Get out of the palace.

VASHTI: Whatever. (VASHTI *exits.*)

KING: I hereby decree you're ugly and your mother dresses you funny!

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SCENE 1, OPTION B

KING *is hanging out with his* MINISTERS, *and they are all drunk. Really drunk.*

KING: Vashti, my dear, my love, my one and only, would you be so kind as to join us over here at our party?

VASHTI: You know, my king, my husband, my darling pooky-pie, I would love to, really I would. But I've waited six months and a week for you to remember that I exist. I've been sitting around playing solitaire so long I've practically forgotten what you look like.

KING: I hear you, *mon cherie, mein Schatz*. I'm sure it's been a very tough little while without me, and now we'll be done with it and we can hang out.

VASHTI: (*Starting to lose patience*) "A tough little while?" It's been six months. And then you decide to throw one last big blowout party this week and only incidentally allow me to do the same for my friends. Now that I finally have something to do and some people to talk to other than my cat, *now* you need my attention?

KING: Look, I hear you, the party thing got a little out of control. But once I'd decreed six months of partying, I couldn't exactly take it back. When the king speaks, that's the law.

VASHTI: That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard. You're so powerful that you rule nearly the entire world, but you literally can't take back your own command?

KING: Get over yourself. Like your friends are so much more important than me?

VASHTI: *Your* friends were more important than me for SIX MONTHS.

KING: Yeah, I'm the *king*.

VASHTI: So because you're a man, you're better than me?

KING: That's not what I'm saying, just relax. You're getting so emotional over nothing.

VASHTI: *Emotional?! That is it.* There isn't a snowball's chance in the Sahara that I'm coming over now.

KING: Don't you dare ignore me.