

The Guest of Honour

SEBASTIAN: I had such a long day working in the field, and I was so excited about the special party that the King invited me to at his palace. But work was very hard, and I didn't have time to go home and change. Now, nobody at the party will talk to me. Not even the King.

KING: (talking to a servant off stage) Take Sebastian to the farthest place of the room. I don't want him to sit with all my other guests.

SERVANT (off stage): Yes, my King.

(Sebastian ducks out of sight.)

SEBASTIAN: I will go home to change. I will wear my best clothes. My golden pants, the silk shirt, and the embroidered coat with red rubies.

(Sebastian exits, then returns, dressed in fancy clothes as he described.)

KING: Sebastian! Please, come in. You will sit beside me at my special table.

SEBASTIAN: Thank you for your kindness.

KING: Please, Sebastian, my good friend, taste the food, everything is so delicious.

(Sebastian places the food in his pockets).

KING: Why are you doing that?.

SEBASTIAN: I am feeding the Guest of Honor.

KING: Why?.

SEBASTIAN: A while ago I came wearing my work clothes and nobody paid attention to me.

KING: So?.

SEBASTIAN: Now that I am wearing these clothes, you are kind to me. I am the same person, but the way you treated me depended on the how I was dressed. So, I think that my shirt is the Guest of Honor.

KING: Oh, Sebastian, please forgive me. I should not have treated you badly because of the way you were dressed. You are my friend. No matter what you wear, you will always have a seat at my table.