

TROJAN WAR CONFIDENTIAL

By Michael Fountain

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TROJAN WAR CONFIDENTIAL

A Comedic One Act Adaptation

by Michael Fountain

SYNOPSIS: *Trojan War Confidential* is a comedic adaptation of the Ripped from the headlines of 1180 BC, Trojan War Confidential tells all! From the Judgement of Paris to the fall of Troy, the comedic adaptation showcases a contest between three goddesses, the many mommy issues of Achilles, and a Trojan Horse that argues with itself. All the major plot points are covered for use as entertainment or as a classroom activity.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5-7 females, 4 males, 5-8 either, 0-5 extras)

HOMER (m/f).....	Blind epic poet of Greece. <i>(18 lines)</i>
SEEING EYE GUIDE (m/f).....	Traditional guide to Homer. <i>(15 lines)</i>
HERA (f).....	Queen of the gods. <i>(15 lines)</i>
APHRODITE (f).....	Goddess of Love. <i>(11 lines)</i>
ATHENA (f).....	Goddess of Wisdom. <i>(12 lines)</i>
DISCORD (m/f).....	Goddess of Conflict. <i>(5 lines)</i>
PARIS (m).....	A prince of the city of Troy. <i>(27 lines)</i>
HELEN (f).....	Daughter of Leda and Zeus, most beautiful woman in history, later to be known as HELEN OF TROY. <i>(15 lines)</i>
MENELAUS (m).....	Greek king of Sparta, husband to Helen. <i>(25 lines)</i>
AGAMEMNON (m/f).....	Greek king of Mycenae, commanding general. <i>(33 lines)</i>
ACHILLES (m).....	Strong but selfish Greek warrior. <i>(24 lines)</i>
THETIS (f).....	Mother of Achilles. <i>(10 lines)</i>
BRISEIS (f).....	Slave girl to Achilles. <i>(11 lines)</i>
ODYSSEUS (m/f).....	Most clever of the Greeks. <i>(34 lines)</i>

HECTOR (m).....	Prince of Troy and brother to Paris. <i>(8 lines)</i>
CASSANDRA (f)	Trojan prophet and sister of Paris and Hector. <i>(32 lines)</i>
APOLLO (m/f).....	God of prophesy. <i>(11 lines)</i>
TROJAN HORSE'S FRONT (m/f)	Front half of a pantomime horse. <i>(14 lines)</i>
TROJAN HORSE'S REAR (m/f).....	Back end of a pantomime horse. <i>(12 lines)</i>

CAST DOUBLING OPTIONS

HOMER – TROJAN HORSE'S FRONT
 SEEING EYE GUIDE and TROJAN HORSE'S REAR.
 DISCORD and APOLLO
 HERA and THETIS
 APHRODITE and BRISEIS

PROPS THAT SERVE AS CHARACTERS

PATROCLUS – Portrayed by a large teddy bear belonging to ACHILLES.
 PATROCLUS is a large teddy bear or other plush toy. The head is rigged to come off on cue.

HECTOR'S CORPSE – Portrayed by a mannequin, dummy or large rag doll
 HECTOR'S CORPSE is represented by a mannequin or rag doll, suitable for war crimes. This will be much abused by Achilles, and should not be a dummy with sentimental value.

DURATION: 45 minutes.

SETTING: Ancient times in Greek society.

NOTES ON STAGING

The production is bare stage. Wooden boxes painted in neutral colors can be moved about to represent a throne, a platform for a speech, or piled up as cover while the Trojan Horse tries to wheedle its way inside the gates.

Special effects can be created with an old overhead projector and a king-sized sheet stretched behind the actors. Shadow puppets made from cardboard cutouts can represent a “thousand” Greek ships, the fortress walls at Troy, or the outline of warriors, spears and swords during a melee. Silhouettes on a transparency create the illusion of a volley of arrows.

COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES

How to Make a Toga without Tears: Wrap a sheet around the body, chest high. Secure with safety pins; there will be material left over. Twist the extra material into a strap that goes over the shoulder to be pinned behind the back.

A belt or ornamental jewelry may be added. Goddesses and princesses wear crowns, or twist artificial flowers into head wreaths as visual short hand for the classical world. Athena and the warriors wear helmets, painted two shades to distinguish Trojans from Greeks. The helmet may be labeled with the character’s name.

The simplest approach would be to dress the actors in street clothes, with one or two props that signify the character. These are archetypal personalities, after all.

HOMER – Wears a ragged blindfold, loose enough to peer beneath. A skilled improviser can lift or lower the blindfold to study the other actors or make a face at the audience.

HERA – Wears the richest crown; the others make do with tiaras. She carries a bundle of peacock feathers, available as cat toys from a pet store or any slow moving peafowl.

APHRODITE – wears a toga or ballroom gown with a Valentine theme. She carries a magic wand topped with a heart shape.

ATHENA – is the one goddess to wear a warrior’s helmet. Her shield bears the face of Medusa or stylized owl. A spear completes the costume.

DISCORD – affects a punk or Goth look. The two halves of her face can be made up with conflicting expressions.

PARIS – prince of the city of Troy, wears a laurel wreath or crown. A heart on his toga might indicate his relationship with Helen and Aphrodite. He carries the bow that will slay Achilles.

HELEN OF TROY – can be conventionally glamorous, or frumpy in a comical paradox. A blacked out tooth earns a cheap laugh when she smiles.

MENELAUS – husband to Helen, wears a Greek helmet but dresses badly, with high-water pants and an ugly shirt.

AGAMEMNON – commanding general, wears a helmet but adds impressive armor or a toga full of medals. A swagger stick might be in character.

ACHILLES – is strong but vain and selfish. He wears padded muscles and Superman’s “S”. His helmet is labeled “I’m Number One”.

THETIS – mother of Achilles, wears a matronly toga and uses a handheld fan to comic effect.

BRISEIS – slave girl to Achilles, wears a ragged toga.

ODYSSEUS – wears a Greek helmet with an honor roll sticker indicating his intelligence. Protected by Athena, Odysseus carries a book and spends any down time reading.

HECTOR – prince of Troy, wears a helmet or laurel crown like his brother Paris.

CASSANDRA – Trojan prophet and princess of Troy, wears a toga and flowered wreath. After being cursed by Apollo, Cassandra’s hair is in disarray, like the coil of mad Ophelia.

APOLLO – god of prophecy, carries a lyre. In our version, Apollo wore a bright yellow construction hat decorated with an emblem of the Sun.

TROJAN HORSE, FRONT – The horse’s head is made from cardboard boxes, with a wedge cut and folded at one end to form a snout. A box over the actor’s head forms the “neck”. The head turns like a periscope as the horse reacts onstage. The cardboard is painted to give the appearance of wood grain.

TROJAN HORSE’S REAR – A rectangular box, decorated with wood grain, rests on the actor’s shoulders. A horse’s “tail” hangs off the rear. One open end is covered with semi-opaque black cloth to hide the actor’s face. Equity productions might spring for a two-piece costume, as pantomime horses are often the first to be cut from parsimonious school budgets.

STAGE FIGHTING

Students pair up, with one student the “attacker” and the other “defending”. On the count of “one”, the attacker slowly moves their right hand toward the defender’s left shoulder. The defender blocks the move with a forearm or wrist. At the count of “two”, the attacker slowly strikes the defender’s right shoulder, and again the defender blocks the move. “Three” means an attack toward the defender’s left thigh, and “four” an attack at the opposite thigh. These are blocked by the defender. Counting out loud, moving slowly and steadily, the actors gradually increase speed until they create the illusion of a stage fight.

Some add a count of “five” with a swing at the head. The defender makes sure to duck on the count of five. This may alternate with a “slash” at the defender’s feet, as the defender leaps above the attack. Students who ignore the count or are otherwise careless are excluded for the duration of the practice. This is usually enough to ensure compliance with safety precautions. When the actors are comfortable with keeping the count and blocking each “attack”, you might add dowel rods as “swords”: light enough to break in a crisis, but heavy enough to last through mock fencing. This is not a time for improvisation. Any student who “attacks” when the defender isn’t prepared to block will be excluded. To create the illusion of a pitched battle, actors pretend to “charge” en masse, but in fact they find their partner and stage the “fight” as rehearsed. Students often choreograph elaborate “duels” as a showpiece.

AT START: Enter HOMER, the blind poet and author of the Iliad and the Odyssey. HOMER carries a staff and wears a rag over his eyes. A SEEING EYE GUIDE guides HOMER, as in legend, but HOMER feels his way through the audience towards center stage, ad-libbing as he goes.

HOMER: Pardon me, Madame! Excuse me, sir— Greek poet, coming through! Watch the hands! Ah, Madame, what smooth skin you have! See you after the show! Oh, what a lovely baby! (*Pinches an audience member's cheek.*) Does it bite? Don't be fresh, Madame! Greek poet, coming through—

SEEING EYE GUIDE: Greek poet, coming through! Make way for the Greek poet! T-shirts, autographs and DVDs will be available after the show. (*Helps HOMER to center stage and dusts him off.*) Hot crowd tonight, they're ready for you.

HOMER: (*He faces the wrong direction. SEEING EYE GUIDE turns him around. HOMER unrolls a scroll and raises his arms high to start the show.*) People of _____! [Insert the name of a nearby town or school here. He gets the name wrong.]

SEEING EYE GUIDE: (*Stage whisper.*) Wrong town.

HOMER: What? (*HOMER lifts his blindfold and peers at the audience.*) Wrong town? What do I pay you people for?

SEEING EYE GUIDE: (*Stage whisper.*) You don't pay me anything.

HOMER: (*He starts again, dramatically unrolling the scroll and declaiming in a dramatic voice.*) People of _____! [Insert correct name of town or school here.] Hear me now! (*He flourishes the scroll again, then slowly and dramatically speaks.*) I am the blonde prat Homey, here to tell the tale of Yort! The Idiot and the Oddity!

SEEING EYE GUIDE: That can't be right.

HOMER: That's what it says— (*Clears throat.*) Excuse me. (*Lifts his blindfold over one eye to peer at the scroll. SEEING EYE GUIDE turns the scroll right side up. HOMER whacks him with the scroll.*) Let's try that again. I am the blind poet Homer, here to tell the tale of the Trojan War: The Iliad and the Odyssey!

SEEING EYE GUIDE: (*Through clenched teeth.*) That hurt.

HOMER: You're lucky this isn't written in stone.

SEEING EYE GUIDE sticks his tongue out at HOMER.

HOMER: I saw that. Ahem. Sing, oh Muse. Of the great Trojan War, of the beauty of Helen, of the wrath of Achilles, of the gods of Olympus who were never at peace with one another—

The Judgment of Paris

HERA, ATHENA and APHRODITE enter as their names are called. HOMER and SEEING EYE GUIDE fade to the sides.

SEEING EYE GUIDE: Especially Hera—

HERA: Queen of the gods!

HOMER: Athena—

ATHENA: Goddess of war and wisdom!

SEEING EYE GUIDE: And Aphrodite—

APHRODITE: The most beautiful of all the goddesses! I, the mighty Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty!

HOMER: Our story begins with a glorious celebration of the gods on Mount Olympus. Everyone was there—

SEEING EYE GUIDE: Everyone except Discord—

Enter DISCORD.

DISCORD: Me! Discord, the troublemaker amongst the gods!

HOMER: The gods of Olympus had forgotten to find a place for Discord—

DISCORD: And if I ain't happy, ain't nobody happy! (*DISCORD tries to speak to HERA, who pointedly turns her back.*)

HERA: Ah, Athena, Aphrodite, it's so good to see you again. What have you been up to?

ATHENA: Oh, same old same old. Helping mortals solve their problems. This whole idea of infinity, it just goes on and on and on and--

DISCORD: (*DISCORD tries to speak to ATHENA, who ignores her.*) That's very interesting, I--

APHRODITE: Making mortals fall in and out of love. They still think it has something to do with chocolate.

DISCORD: (*Tries to speak, while the others still ignore her.*) What have I been up to? Well--

HERA: Now that we're all here, let's have some nectar and ambrosia... *(They walk away from DISCORD without acknowledging her presence.)*

DISCORD: *(Whining.)* But we aren't all there. I wasn't invited. *(Changing to rage.)* I'll make them sorry that they ever forgot me! *(She reveals a golden apple.)* Now what could I say that would make the most trouble--? *(DISCORD plants the golden apple where the others can see it.)*

SEEING EYE GUIDE: So Discord crept into the party and left a present for the three goddesses.

HERA: What's this? A golden apple? *(Holds apple towards the audience to read the inscription.):* "To the greatest and the fairest." *(ATHENA and APHRODITE both reach for the apple as she snatches it away.)* This is obviously for me-- I am Queen of the gods.

ATHENA: You're a legend in your own mind. The golden apple was meant for me. I'm the goddess of War and Wisdom.

APHRODITE: Now I know you must be tripping-- I'm the most beautiful of all the goddesses. "To the Greatest and the Fairest?" It is definitely mine.

ALL start arguing over apple.

HERA: Stop it! Stop it! This is insane! Calm down! *(Apparently the voice of calm.)* Let's settle this like the goddesses that we are. *(A pause, as ATHENA and APHRODITE relax; HERA grabs the apple and runs away.)* It's mine! It's mine!

Shtick ensues as ATHENA and APHRODITE wrestle HERA to the ground. HOMER talks over them.

HOMER: The three goddesses needed an arbiter, someone who could settle the dispute-- but none of the gods wanted to be caught in the middle of their quarrel.

Enter PARIS. The three goddesses freeze in comical attitudes of combat: ATHENA tugging hair, HERA'S hand in ATHENA'S mouth, APHRODITE holding a chair overhead, etc.

ATHENA: Wait! (*Spits out feathers.*) Ptooy. Why don't we ask a mortal to decide who gets the apple?

APHRODITE: Guess you think you're pretty smart, just 'cause you're goddess of Wisdom--?

ATHENA: I am smart! Those who worship me are smart! It's your power of Love that makes people stupid!

ATHENA and APHRODITE stick their tongues out at one another.

HERA: (*Regaining her dignity, wiping her hand on ATHENA'S gown.*) I think it's a good idea-- We'll let a mortal decide who gets the apple.

PARIS: Hello, ladies. (*PARIS strikes a pose as each goddess speaks.*)

APHRODITE: He should be handsome--

HERA: Strong--

ATHENA: And stupid enough to choose between us.

APHRODITE: (*Pointing to PARIS.*) Look, there's exactly the kind of man we're looking for.

SEEING EYE GUIDE: The three goddesses appeared before a young shepherd named Paris, who was everything they wanted in a judge.

ATHENA: (*Singing.*) I love Paris in the springtime!

APHRODITE: (*Singing.*) The last time I saw Paris--

HERA: Step aside, step aside, let a goddess through...

ATHENA: Ah, my good Paris. We were just wondering if you could settle a little argument we were having.

PARIS: What's the problem?

HERA: Well, we found this apple (*Hands the golden apple to Paris.*) and we can't decide who it belongs to.

PARIS: What's in it for me?

HERA: Choose me, and you'll get a lifetime supply of Power Bars and Donald Trump's toupee. (*Hands him a granola bar and a wig.*)

APHRODITE: We know that you'll be fair-- by the way, do you remember that girl you had such a crush on in high school? I could put in a good word for you with Cupid.

PARIS: (*Examines the apple.*) "To the greatest and the fairest"-- What am I supposed to do with this?

APHRODITE: Give it to me, of course-- Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love!

HERA: It belongs to me-- Hera, Queen of Olympus, the Goddess of Power!

ATHENA: If you were smart, you'd give it to me: Athena, the Goddess of Wisdom!

HERA: I will give you power, if you give the apple to me.

ATHENA: I can give you wisdom, if you decide that the apple is mine.

APHRODITE: (*Insinuating.*) I can get you the Most Beautiful Woman in the World-- (*APHRODITE pauses as HELEN OF TROY enters.*) Helen of Troy!!!

HELEN strikes a pose as the backstage crew gives a TV style "woooo!" PARIS looks her up and down.

PARIS: Helen of Troy, huh?

HELEN: Helen of Troy!

PARIS: 'Cause I've seen enough surprise endings that I don't want no funny stuff, no Helen of New Jersey or anything like that.

HELEN: I'm the real thing, Baby. Daughter of Leda and Zeus. Hatched from an egg. That's why they duck when they see me coming.

PARIS kneels before the three goddesses. He pantomimes offering the apple to each of them, but snatches it away as HOMER and the SEEING EYE GUIDE speak.

HOMER: Now it is said that if Paris had been an old man, he would have chosen Wisdom--

PARIS kneels before ATHENA and then snatches the apple away.

SEEING EYE GUIDE: And if Paris had been a middle-aged man, he might have chosen power--

PARIS kneels before HERA and then snatches the apple away.

HOMER: But because Paris was a young man--

PARIS kneels before APHRODITE.

SEEING EYE GUIDE: He gave the golden apple to the Goddess of Love and Beauty.

APHRODITE: I want to thank all the members of the Academy for this great honor! You like me! You really like me!

ATHENA and HERA snarl offstage.

HOMER: So with Aphrodite's blessing, Paris carried off the most beautiful woman in the world: Helen of Troy!

PARIS scoops up HELEN.

HELEN OF TROY: This is all so sudden!

The Face that Launched a Thousand Ships

PARIS: Stick with me, baby. You'll see Paris, you'll see France. You'll see Greek warriors in their underpants!

HELEN OF TROY: But Paris, I'm a married woman!

PARIS: Who could love you as much as I? London? Brussels? Mexico City? My darling, you belong to Paris!

HELEN OF TROY: I know it's wrong! But it feels so right! Yes! Yes! I'll run away with you tonight!

HOMER: So go, already, or the show stops right here.

PARIS and HELEN OF TROY exit.

SEEING EYE GUIDE: Paris took Helen to the kingdom of his father: the doomed city of Troy!

HOMER: Their elopement was the spark of a terrible tragedy that shook the ancient world!

Enter MENELAUS.

SEEING EYE GUIDE: Because when Helen's husband, King Menelaus, came home--

MENELAUS: Honey-- I'm home!

HOMER: And discovered that his wife Helen was missing--

MENELAUS: My baby's gone! (He discovers a note.)

HELEN: (*Side stage.*) Menelaus I'll quack up if I stay another day in this arranged marriage. No more swanning about. I want to spread my wings and fly! Running away to Paris, sorry, running away with Paris. Taking the goat. Yours Faithfully, Helen, daughter of Leda and Zeus, now Helen of Troy! (*Exits.*)

MENELAUS: Paris, you ain't nothing but a hound dog!

SEEING EYE GUIDE: He called on all the kings of Greece to sail with him to Troy.

MENELAUS: I summon the mighty Agamemnon!

AGAMEMNON enters. The Greek warriors pose with their swords in a salute as the music rises.

HOMER: The Greeks sent their ships out to bring Helen back. (*Special effect of ships on a shadow puppet screen.*) Hers was the face that would launch a thousand ships!

HOMER and SEEING-EYE GUIDE: This-- was the start-- of the great Trojan War!!! (*Both EXIT.*)

MENELAUS: Agamemnon! Agamemnon! I need your help.

AGAMEMNON: Hey, brother-in-law. You having trouble with Helen again? I told you not to marry her, but would you listen?

MENELAUS: She's run away with that no-good-nik, Paris, and now she's calling herself Helen of Troy.

AGAMEMNON: Those fiends! You paid good money for that wife.

MENELAUS: And my best goat.

AGAMEMNON: That's right! I loved that goat. We must sail to Troy, burn the city to the ground, kill all the men, sell the women and children into slavery, and get back your goat!

MENELAUS: And my wife.

AGAMEMNON: Yeah, whatever. Listen, if we're going to go up against the Trojans, we're going to need some help.

MENELAUS: We need a master of strategy-- a military genius.

AGAMEMNON: That leaves out _____. [Insert any current politician's name.] How about the wily Odysseus? They say he's pretty tricky-- says so right in his title: "The Wily Odysseus"!

ODYSSEUS enters.

MENELAUS: Hail, Odysseus, King of Ithaca! Sorry to interrupt your farming, but I need your help getting my wife the fair Helen back from Troy.

ODYSSEUS: Forget it Menelaus. I'm the smart one among the Greek warriors-- too smart to get involved in other people's marriages.

MENELAUS: We had a deal! We all agreed that whoever married Helen could count on the others to help defend her--

HELEN and PARIS enter skipping upstage. They kiss, sigh, and go skipping off again.

HELEN OF TROY: Whoo-hoo!

ODYSSEUS: It looks to me like Helen can take care of herself.

MENELAUS: You promised!

ODYSSEUS: La la la I'm not listening la la la--

AGAMEMNON: Odysseus. Can I tell the truth?

ODYSSEUS: I don't know, can you?

AGAMEMNON: Paris and his father, the king of Troy, are spending millions in an effort to learn how to make Greek fire. Not just Greek fire, but catapults, and, and--

MENELAUS: And slingshots.

AGAMEMNON: And slingshots, and war elephants, and-- my gods, Odysseus! Trained elephants! Big elephants! Massive ones!

ODYSSEUS: You mean--

AGAMEMNON: The Trojans have acquired Weapons of Mass Destruction.

ODYSSEUS: Oh my gods! Are you sure?

AGAMEMNON: One hundred percent sure.

ODYSSEUS: Really?

AGAMEMNON: Well, ninety percent. Okay, sixty or seventy percent sure. My cousin, he saw it somewhere--

MENELAUS: We have charts that prove-- beyond a shadow of a doubt-- you want to see the charts?

AGAMEMNON: And slides, we've got slides-- did you bring the slides to show him?

MENELAUS: You said you were going to bring the slides.

AGAMEMNON: (*Insinuating.*) And the Trojans... are... loaded. Rich as Croesus. Rolling in golden fleeces.

ODYSSEUS: Well, that's good enough for me! (*They shake hands.*) Now, if we're going to go up against the Trojans, we will need the help of the mightiest of Greek warriors-- the invincible Achilles!

They EXIT.

Achilles Hides among the Women

Enter ACHILLES with his mother THETIS.

ACHILLES: (*Whining.*) But Ma--

THETIS: Hush now, Achilles. Mama knows best.

ACHILLES: But I want to go fight in the Trojan War--

THETIS: Oh, Mr. Big Shot, you want to go fight in the big Trojan War and get yourself killed and break your mother's heart?

ACHILLES: I won't get hurt--

THETIS: Of course you won't get hurt. You're invulnerable. Nothing can hurt my little boy. And do you know WHY nothing can hurt my little baby Achilles--?

ACHILLES: 'Cause you dipped me in the magic river when I was a baby, and now swords and spears bounce off of me.

THETIS: Because Mama dipped you in the magic river when you were a baby, and now swords and spears bounce off of you. Well, Mister Smarty Pants too big to listen to your mama Achilles, do you care how many hours I spent dipping you in the magic river? Up and down up and down, like a great big old tea bag. I was a beautiful sea nymph, and I had to spend the best years of my life holding YOU by the heel and dipping you in the water so YOU can be the big mighty invulnerable Achilles, swords and spears bounce off of me, and I don't care if I break my mama's heart--

ACHILLES: I'm sorry, ma.

THETIS: I just want you to be happy.

ACHILLES: (*Whining.*) But I want to go fight in the Trojan War--

THETIS: I don't like you running off to Troy when you could find a perfectly nice war here at home. Now I'm going to disguise you and hide you amongst the maidens. When Odysseus and Menelaus come looking for you, you just keep your mouth shut. *(THETIS starts draping ACHILLES in women's clothes. She hides his face-- badly-- with a veil.)*

Enter MENELAUS, AGAMMENON and ODYSSEUS.

MENELAUS: Can Achilles come out and play?

ODYSSEUS: We want Achilles to come help us fight the Trojans.

THETIS: Achilles isn't here. There's no one here but the girls and I, isn't that right, ladies?

ACHILLES: *(In a high pitched voice.)* Ain't nobody here but us chickens!

AGAMEMNON: *(Peering through ACHILLES' veil.)* You're awfully tall for a Bronze Age lady-- how do we know you're not Achilles?

THETIS: Of course she's not Achilles! Look how pretty she is!

AGAMEMNON: She's pretty, all right-- Well then, how do we know you're not Brad Pitt?

MENELAUS: Hair's too clean for Brad Pitt.

ODYSSEUS: That is not Brad Pitt. *(Sniffs ACHILLES' veil.)* Her hair is too clean.

MENELAUS, AGAMEMNON and ODYSSEUS step downstage.

MENELAUS: How can we trick Achilles into revealing himself?

ODYSSEUS: How do we separate the boys from the girls--? *(Pause.)* Lay your weapons down. Achilles won't be able to resist them. *(They pile their weapons near the women, but nothing happens. ODYSSEUS points to an audience member.)* Say, ladies-- isn't that Oprah holding a baby and handing out chocolate, kittens and-- SHOES? *(Substitute any celebrity likely to draw a crowd.)*

THETIS: Oprah! Babies! Chocolate! SHOES!

THETIS and female crewmembers cluster around the audience member fingered by ODYSSEUS, leaving ACHILLES behind.

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