



**Sample Pages from
Myth-o-logues**

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MYTH-O-LOGUES

MONOLOGUES FROM GREEK
MYTHOLOGY IN ONE ACT BY
Janice Harris



Myth-o-logues

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Printed in the USA

Casting

17F+14M, Doubling

Female

Cassandra, our hostess
 Andromache
 Antigone
 Arachne
 Arete
 Daphne
 Demeter
 Electra
 Euridice
 Helen
 Ismene
 Kakia
 Pandora
 Penelope
 Persephone
 Psyche
 The Siren

Male

Achilles
 Aeneas
 Achaemenides
 Bellerophon
 Centaur
 Charon
 Diomedes
 Epimetheus
 Eros
 Hector
 Orestes
 Orpheus
 Paris
 Pygmalion

Good & Evil

Pandora & Epimetheus
 Kakia, Arete, and The Siren

Strange Creatures

Bellerophon
 Centaur
 Arachne

Relationships

Demeter & Persephone
 Psyche & Eros
 Orpheus & Euridice
 Daphne
 Pygmalion

Courage, War, and Heroes

Ismene & Antigone
 Achaemenides
 Penelope
 Helen & Paris
 Andromache & Hector
 Achilles
 Diomedes
 Aeneas
 Electra & Orestes
 Charon

Performing Myth-o-logues as a Play

Staging: Think of staging large group tableaux on a variety of levels and risers. Focus on how the characters interact and pose. This will help you avoid breaking the flow between pairs or groups by having characters enter and exit after every monologue. Give Cassandra her own space so she's onstage for the whole play.

Costuming: Costuming is totally up to you. You can use authentic ancient Greek costumes, masks, colorful t-shirts, or theatre-black. Get as creative as time, money, and resources allow.

About the Play

I have noticed that many of my students are not well acquainted with the Greek myths and legends that have been traditionally taught in the past. Therefore, I set out to write a set of monologues that would give my students a more comprehensive understanding of some of the traditional Greek stories.

While initially written to compliment the study of ancient Greek theatre in a beginning theatre arts class, I have found that advanced students bring a lot of depth into their portrayal of these characters.

Many of the monologues have been written in pairs, with one character speaking to or responding to the other character. Other monologues are totally independent of one another. These monologues can be performed alone or combined with scenes to make a full evening of entertainment. Feel free to pick and choose the monologues appropriate for your group and perform them in any order you like. Add your own original monologues if you like, to expand the material if needed.

Many thanks to my spring 2012 Honors IV class for work-shopping these monologues for me and for your valuable suggestions. Thank you for a wonderful first performance of these pieces.

CASSANDRA

Hello, I'm Cassandra, the prophetess. Yeah, the mad priestess, the crazy one, the one no one believes. Being able to see into the future and to not be able to help anyone, to convince anyone, to save anyone is absolutely no fun. You have to be careful when it come to the gods—you know, Zeus, Apollo, Athena, the others. They can be quite vengeful when they want to be. Apollo gave me this wonderful gift of prophecy, but when I refused to give him the gift of my virginity, he turned his gift into a curse. I can foresee the future, but no one believes a word I say. People think I am telling tales. Tonight, you will hear many tales from Greek mythology. Stories of creation, creatures and courageous characters. These first stories were the Greeks' attempt to explain how good and evil came into the world. You think you can't believe me? Listen to this!

PANDORA

I'm sorry, okay. If I had only known, I wouldn't have opened that jar. Who would suspect that such a beautiful container could hold such horrible things? Why me? What did I do to deserve the reputation of letting sorrow, misery, and suffering loose in the world? Yes, I'm curious, and yes, I know I was told not to open it. I tried, I tried really hard not to look in it. But there it was—every day. Sitting there, taunting me. Finally, I hid it in a closet. But I knew it was there, just behind the door, up on the shelf. So, I took it out and buried it in the garden. But every time I trimmed the roses or watered the other flowers, I could always see that bare spot where the jar was lying just under the dirt. Finally, I dug it up, cleaned it off, and took it inside. I sat with it on my lap for a long, long time. Then slowly, very carefully, I lifted the lid just a bit. I was only going to peek inside. But suddenly the lid flew off. Horrible dark things forced their way out and flew away. As I picked up the lid and began to seal the jar again, one bright, beautiful thing peeked over the rim. It crawled out, spread its wings, and fluttered away. So here is the jar, empty. I know I promised not to open it, but I just couldn't resist. I hope you can forgive me.

EPIMETHEUS

I can't believe it. Prometheus warned me. Why didn't I listen? "Don't accept any gifts that Zeus may offer you," he said. On the day that Hermes brought you to me, did I remember my brother's words? No. One glance at you, and I forgot his counsel, forgot the long conflict with Zeus, even forget how he punished my brother for his gift of fire to man. It was love at first sight, and I was blinded by my love for you. I brought you into my home; I took care of your every need. I trusted you. I only asked one thing— that you keep that jar safely stowed away, unopened. But you couldn't stand it, could you? You just had to know what was in there. How could I have believed that Zeus was to be trusted? Now no one will remember that I am the brother of Prometheus, the fire-giver. They won't remember the gifts and talents I gave to the animals. They will only remember that I was the stupid, scatterbrained husband of Pandora.

KAKIA

I am Kakia, but my friends call me Happiness. I want to be your friend, too. Trust me and I will lead you down a pleasant and easy road through life. You will never know hardship or drudgery. Don't worry about fighting or struggling for anything you want. There is no need to toil or labor; let others work and worry, and you enjoy the fruits of their efforts. Sleep during the day and play during the night. You can have whatever you want to eat or drink. You can listen and watch whatever pleases you. You can go wherever you want and you can do whatever you want to do. There is no need to deny any pleasures of the body. You can have anything your heart desires. I will teach you how to take advantage of every opportunity. Come and follow me and you will sleep on a bed of roses. Don't listen to those who tell you that you must work hard to succeed and be happy. Why should you labor and be weary, slave and be sore, toil and sorrow? My way is effortless and uncomplicated. Come, take my hand. I will make you happy.

THE SIREN

Hi, my name is Ligeia. Come and listen to my song. It is soothing and peaceful. I can take you back to a time when you had no worries, no fears, no responsibilities. Wouldn't it be lovely not to have a care in the world? No day to day hassle of working, slaving away for an ungrateful taskmaster. No earth-shaking problems to solve. No schedules to keep. You can sleep, sleep as long as you like. And your dreams will be full of love, joy, and happiness. You can eat, eat as much and whatever you like. No need to fear weight gain or diabetes or indigestion. You can play, play all day if you want. Whatever you want. You can satisfy every physical desire you can imagine. Come, come lay your head in my lap. Let me hold you. Let me comfort you. Let me sing to you. Quietly, softly. Be at rest. I am here, come, come and listen to my song.

ARETE

I am Arete or Virtue. Don't listen to Kakia and the Siren! Their way is not the path your parents have taught you to follow. Theirs is the path of idleness, selfishness, and sloth. They would have you live at the expense of others. No one honors or praises a man who follows them. But I will not mislead you. Hard work will lead to blessings and satisfaction. If you want God to bless you, honor him. If you want friends to support you, first support them. If you want civic recognition, serve the community. If you want financial security, work hard to succeed at your business. If you want to be strong and healthy, eat right and exercise. If you want the blessings of a loving family, then care for those in your charge. If you follow my guidance, you will sleep peacefully and receive honor from others. Your reputation will live on after you. No one remembers the slothful man. But the legacy of a hard-working, honest man lives on after he is gone. So follow me. Choose the path of hard work and integrity, and the rewards will be many.

CASSANDRA

Tempting stories, huh? The Greeks also had quite an imagination when it came to strange creatures. Sea monsters, goat-men, horse-men, three-headed dogs, one-eyed Cyclops, the Gorgons, sisters with serpents for hair. Hey, you don't have to believe me. Listen to these.

BELLEROPHON

Whoa-ho-ho! Get a load of this marvellous beast. Pegasus. There is no other horse in the world like him. All my life I have longed to tame and ride him. And now, now he will be mine. Together we will have many great adventures. The first will be to slay the Chimaera, that monstrous fire-breathing lion, goat and snake that is terrorizing the countryside. I will fly over that terrible creature on the great wings of Pegasus and attack from above. I was right to confide in the seer Polyeidus. He told me to sleep in the temple of Athena. As I slept, the great goddess appeared to me, instructed me on how to kill the Chimaera, and gave me this golden bridle. With it I will be able to tame the great beast and soar on his back to the heavens. All right, here I go. (to PEGASUS) Easy. Easy. It's all right. That's right. Whoa. Whoa. Stand still. There you go. All right. Let's go, boy. We have a monster to kill. And afterwards, who knows. Perhaps we will even fly to Mount Olympus itself.

CENTAUR

What are you looking at? Didn't your mother teach you that it is rude to stare? All right, so, I guess you've never seen a centaur before. There are not a lot of us wandering around anymore. We mostly stay to ourselves and don't mingle with humans very much. Why? Well, let's just say we don't get along very well. What happened? Well, it's a really long story. I'm sure you don't want to hear all the gory details. Oh, believe me, you don't. Let's just say we centaurs don't hold our liquor well. Once, long ago, we were invited to a wedding feast. They brought out the good stuff. Now, it doesn't take much wine to do in a centaur. And one of our brothers, having had just a little too much, got frisky with the bride. As you can imagine, the groom was rather enraged. A big fight broke out between the human guests and the centaurs. Oh, and I did I tell you the centaurs will use anything as a weapon? Wine bowls, candlesticks, table legs, rocks, even antlers. It was a big mess. Tables were overturned, foods and wine were everywhere. Women were screaming. And let's not talk about the blood and gore. So many centaurs were killed, we were just about annihilated. The few of us that were left tucked tail and ran for the mountains. So, no, I guess you've probably never seen a centaur before. Take a good long look, because you'll probably never see one again.

ARACHNE

Oh! Please stop! Leave it alone. Please don't sweep that web away. (*sigh*) Again. Once again. Does no one appreciate the skill and technique of my art? I spent hours weaving that intricate maze. Spinning the threads, one by one. Intertwining them in and out, in and out. Up and down, side to side, back and forth. It was beautiful; it was gorgeous, one of a kind. The angles, the details of the design were unique. Now I have to do it all over again. Either that or starve. This is what I get for my arrogance. How many people warned me to give Athena credit for my art? "Oh, Arachne, what a wonderful gift Athena has given you. No one else can weave as beautifully as you." "Oh, no," I would say. "This gift is inborn; it's innate. It's all my own. Natural talent and skill." I was even bold enough to boast that I could beat Athena in a contest of needles. And she took me up on the challenge. She even forewarned me of what happens to those who challenge the gods. But I turned a deaf ear. Skillfully, I wove a beautiful tapestry depicting the amorous adventures of the gods. Athena admitted the embroidery was flawless, but she was enraged at what I had designed, and she tore my handiwork to shreds. She hit me over the head with her loom! I was so embarrassed, I tried to hang myself. But Athena saved me; she would not let me die, instead she transformed me. So here I am today, fated to spin and weave for the rest of my life, with no heirloom to live on after me, no legacy to preserve my memory. But still, I spin, I weave, I design. It is my life.

CASSANDRA

Didn't I say you had to be careful when it came to the gods? I guess I'm lucky; Apollo could have turned me into some weird creature. Still, having your words ignored and ridiculed isn't easy. It makes relationships difficult, especially love relationships. That's another type of story the Greeks told—stories of love and how the gods liked to meddle in relationships. Here are a few.

DEMETER

Chauvinism sits enthroned on Mount Olympus. There is no greater personification of male sexism than the great god, Zeus. How many innocent maidens has he ravaged? How many goddesses has he tricked into lying with him? How many strange creatures roam the earth as a result of his jealousy? He thinks, just because he is the great almighty Zeus, that he can do anything he wants, with no repercussions. How dare he give Hades permission to wed our daughter Persephone! Did he even stop to consider how I would feel about this match. No! “Oh, brother Hades, you want Persephone as your bride? Sure, go ahead, take her, she’s yours!” He knew I would oppose Hades’ request Oh, he knew. It took me nine days to figure out what had happened. Nine days! Well, Zeus is not going to get away with this. I’ll show him. You see his precious mankind down there? I’m going to starve them. No seed will sprout, no grain will grow until I get my daughter back. Nothing will dissuade me. And I know he will give in to me. He loves those pitiful people down there too much. He will relent. You’ll see.

PERSEPHONE

One lovely day, my mother Demeter and I, along with many other goddesses, had been invited to a banquet. Several of my cousins were there and before we sat down to eat, we went to the flowery meadows to gather lilacs, roses and many other lovely blossoms. I saw some beautiful white lilies and wandered away from the group. Suddenly, the earth opened up and Hades appeared in his chariot, pulled by gorgeous black stallions. He grabbed me by the waist and carried me away. Literally, he swept me off my feet. The earth opened up and we descended into the land of the dead. I called out, but no one came to save me. At first, I was sad and fearful. After all, this was a dark, dark realm. I was used to beautiful sunshine and colorful trees and flowers. Here, everything is bleak and gray. But even here trees, flowers, and pomegranates grow. They're quite delicious, you know, the food of the gods. And Hades? Well, he does love me, and he's a good husband. As his wife, I am queen of the Underworld. So, I've got a loving husband, and I'm a queen. Not bad. Sort of romantic actually. Sort of like a fairy tale.

PSYCHE

I'm lonely. There, I said it; I'm lonely. No, I didn't say I wasn't loved. I am loved. You are the light of my life. I love you passionately, and I would rather die than lose your love. But, I'm lonely. It's not the same thing. Yes, you have provided everything that a woman could want. Just look at this beautiful mansion. Not many husbands provide such a lovely home. And I have all the gold and jewels and riches I could ever desire. I am pampered and cared for; there is nothing I want that is not provided for me. But the disembodied voices that speak to me and sing to me and take care of me do not provide me with the companionship I so long for. You come to me in the night and enfold me in your strong arms. You love me, and you comfort me, but then in the morning, you are gone. I am here alone. No mother, no father to console and to guide me; no sisters no friends to walk with me, to talk with me, to sing and laugh with me. I'm all by myself. You do not see me in the daytime as I cry and beat my breast in my solitary prison. I'm lonely. Please, let me see my family.

EROS

Psyche, my love, is there nothing I can do or say to comfort you? I seek only to protect you and to preserve our love. I fear your sisters. I fear their jealousy. Few women have what I have given you. When they see our home, I am sure they will be filled with envy. When they learn of our love and happiness, they will be filled with bitterness because their marriages are so disagreeable. I fear they will plant suspicion in your heart and persuade you to betray me. I fear they will insist that you break your promise not to look on my face. Remember that if you do this, it will be the first and last time that you see me. Your tears, your pleading break my heart. See your sisters if you must. But please, be wary. Don't let them destroy our happiness.

ORPHEUS

Don't turn around. Don't look back. Don't turn around. Don't look back. Only a few more steps. I sang my way into the underworld, enchanting all that stood in the way of my entrance. I entered the land of the dead to retrieve my beloved Euridice. I know she is right behind me, but I cannot hear her. No, don't turn around. Just a few more steps. Surely I can resist the temptation to look back. Be strong. Hades understood my longing, my grief in losing my love. He gave her back to me with the one condition—don't look back until we are on earth again. I know she is back there; I know she is. But her shade makes no noise as it follows me. No sound of her delicate foot as it treads behind me echoes in my ear. Surely the gods would not tease me so. Let me go all this way for nothing. No, don't turn around. I'm almost there. Just a few more steps. There! I feel the sun on my face! (*turning around*) Look, Euridice, look. We're here. Euridice? Euridice! (*sigh*) I turned too soon. She hadn't stepped out of the shadows yet. Oh, my love, I will try again to rescue you from the dark underworld. I cannot live without you.

EURIDICE

Why did you turn around? Could you not take two more steps? Two more steps, and I would have been in the sunshine, too. I followed you; I followed you all the way up from the dark world of the dead. I obeyed the gods. I did not speak a word, though I longed to call out to you. I could see how hard it was for you not to look back. I could see the tightness in your muscles as you fought not to turn around. If I could have touched you, if I could have reached out to reassure you that I was behind you, I would have. But you would have felt no weight in the touch of my hand. Only as we neared the end of our trip did I begin to sense my body returning to me. My steps began to leave light marks in the sand. Breath began to fill my body. We were almost there, almost home, almost in the light. And then, you turned around. You turned around as the sunlight struck your face. But I was still in the shadows. And as soon as you turned, I felt my body evaporate, my spirit was tugged back into the underworld. Two more steps, just two more steps, and we both would have been home.

DAPHNE

Oh, I am out of breath. Why won't Apollo leave me alone? I have made it plain enough to all suitors that I am not interested in love and marriage. And though my father longs for a son-in-law and grandchildren, he has finally given me permission to remain unwed. I guess it was pretty plain to him after the incident with Leukippos. Get this, he was not bold enough to court me outright. No! He tried to trick me by disguising himself as a girl. And he had us all fooled. He braided his long hair like a girl and put on women's apparel. He hunted with me and my attendants. He was a very skilled hunter. We became quite close, inseparable, in fact. One day as we approached a stream, the girls and I decided to go for a swim. So we began to strip. But not my good friend. We all began to tease "her" and pull "her" clothes off. And guess what? "She" was a "he"! We were all enraged at this betrayal, and, taking up our spears, quickly dispatched him from this world. So, my father gave in to my wishes to remain a virgin. But how can I escape Apollo? He is a god! I cannot outrun him, and I certainly can't kill him. Oh, Gaia, mother earth, help me to escape this immortal suitor!

PYGMALION

Hey, buddy! How are you? Did I see that girl? Yeah. So? Yeah, she's pretty — but hey, you should see my girl. She's a dream come true. No, literally, a dream come true. You see girls like that one over there; they are vain, petty, and cruel. They flit from one guy to another. They can never make up their minds. I had just about given up on women, in fact, I had. I had resolved to stay away from all of them. So, I went to my shop and worked, sculpted, you know. Well, there's nothing wrong with the female form, so I decided to create my own woman. A good-looking one who would not toy with my affections. I had a perfect piece of ivory, and I worked slowly and carefully shaping the perfect woman. And she is gorgeous. Her figure is exquisite; her face is like that of a goddess; her skin smooth and flawless. Would you believe, I fell in love with my statue. I longed to take her in my arms and to feel her return my embrace. I even prayed to Aphrodite to give me a woman like my statue. And you know what? She answered my prayer, but even better she made my statue a living breathing woman. She is a dream come true! Loving, kind, sweet, and innocent. I tell you what — I'm the luckiest man in the world!

CASSANDRA

Stories of courage, war, and heroes were big with the Greeks. There were the stories of great families, like that of Antigone, who stood alone to do the moral thing. Then there were stories of great battles and heroes like Jason and Odysseus. Surely you've heard of the Trojan War. Well, I am a daughter of Troy, and I foresaw many of the things that happened. I knew about Paris and how his love for Helen would result in the destruction of Troy. I predicted the tragedy of the Trojan Horse. Oh yes, I knew those Greek soldiers were hidden inside, but no one would listen to me. And then I became the prize of the Greek warrior Agamemnon. I knew his wife was going to kill him (and me) when we arrived in Greece. But what good would it have done to tell him. And I prophesied that Electra's brother Orestes would return and avenge their father's death. No one believed my prophesies, but they all came true. Listen to these tales, starting with the story of Antigone.

ISMENE

Antigone, you are not being reasonable. Think for just a minute. If you do this, you will die. Think about our family history. How our father died, blinded in shame. How our mother died by her own hand, mortified of her sin. How our brothers died, fighting each other on the battlefield. Hasn't our family suffered enough? We are women, born to be modest, obedient, and submissive. Be sensible. You are young and beautiful. Haemon loves you. Give up this impetuous plan of yours. Become Haemon's wife. Live out the rest of your days in peace and quiet. Why anger the powers that be? I am sure the dead will forgive you if you give up this rash idea. Do not bring dishonor on our family again by defying the law. Do not be so headstrong and rebellious. Please, Antigone, don't do this.

ANTIGONE

What further dishonor could I bring upon our family? We pay for our parents' sins. I am not afraid to die by honoring the greater law of the gods. You fear punishment for disobeying the laws of man. I fear punishment for violating the laws of heaven. Polyneices, our brother, lies unburied on the battlefield. Birds and animals ravage his body. I will obey the higher law and give him the honor and rites decreed by the gods. I will not insist that you help me bury Polyneices. If you do not have the mind and strength to aid me, I will act alone. Your choice is to live; mine is to die, for I have no illusions that this act will go unpunished. My tomb will be my bridal bed. I will not know the joys of marriage and children. I will die before my time, but I will die unafraid and unashamed.

ACHAEMENIDES

So, she called you a pig! Big deal. Just words. Nothing to get upset over, really. Now, if she turned you into a real pig, then you could be upset. Let me tell you, I know. You've heard of Odysseus, haven't you? Well, I was one of the last survivors on his last ship. I was with him when we landed on Circe's shore. Yeah, Circe, the enchantress. Remembering the incident with the Cyclops, none of us was volunteering to explore the island. So we drew lots, and wouldn't you know it, I was one of the lucky ones to be chosen. So twenty-two of us set out to investigate. As we drew near the palace, hundreds of lions, bears, and wolves rushed at us. But they didn't attack us; instead they wagged their tails and leapt on us like dogs do to their faithful masters returning home. Then lovely maids in waiting ushered us into the hallowed halls, and we were welcomed by Circe herself. Her maids mixed for us a tasty brew which we readily accepted and drank down. But little did we know that our hostess had mixed in a magical herb. Then she waved her wand and instantly our hair began to turn to bristles. We began to grunt rather than speak. The bowls fell from our hands, which became cloven hooves. We shrank to the floor where our noses became snouts, and our arms, legs, and bodies were transformed. The maidens drove us outside and shut us in a sty with real pigs. Fortunately, one of our men had refused the magical drink. He alone escaped and ran to tell Odysseus. With the help of Hermes, our great captain rescued us from Circe's spell. So, let me tell you buddy, calm down. Let her call you anything she likes, unless her name is Circe.

PENELOPE

You faithless servants. I have had more troubles and sorrows than any other woman I know. First, I lost my brave and loving husband, Odysseus. What a wonderful husband he was, and so loved and respected throughout the land. And now, now my son is gone? Telemachus? Why did I not know he was leaving? Could not one of you come and tell me? You all knew what he was planning. Could you not come and get me before he set sail? I could have persuaded him to give up this quest. Either that, or he would have had to leave me here, dead. And now, I hear that the suitors, those ungrateful rascals, are planning on following him, to kill him. Oh, I know, you are on their side. I see you flirting with them, laughing at their jokes, tending to their every need. Some of you go to Dolius and have him tell Laertes of this plot. Perhaps he can come up with some plan to thwart the suitors. Go, go!

(praying) Oh Athena, Daughter of Aegis-bearing Zeus, if ever Odysseus, burned fragrant offerings for you, please remember, and save my dear son from the treachery of the suitors.

HELEN

Twenty years. Twenty years. If I could only go back in time and undo all the death and destruction that has been wrought because of me, I would do it. What a fool I was! What was I thinking? ... I wasn't thinking. I let my passions overrule me. I chose to leave my husband, my home, my child, and my friends for a lover. Oh, he swept me off my feet and carried me away from all I knew and loved. How stupid I was! I wish I had died instead – been swept away by the sea or blown away by some strong wind. But I was blind. And now I see this new husband of mine has no sense. He feels no remorse or shame for what his actions have caused. He regards me as a possession, his prized possession, which no one may take from him. He doesn't care what others think of me, that I'm despised and mocked by those around me. He doesn't see the hateful looks the women of Troy give me. Menelaus has beaten him once. You'd think that would be enough for this fool. But he will fight him again, and this time he will lose. And I will go home. Home to the man who loves me enough to wage this war for me. I will live the rest of my life trying to earn back the love and respect of all those I deserted.

PARIS

They all think I'm a coward. Even my own brother called me an evil, lying womanizer. He reminded me of how I stole you from Menelaus, and how that act has brought this war upon our city. The Achaeans had challenged us to send out our best man, and I readily stepped forward. But then, I saw him, Menelaus. He sprang forward like a lion ready for the kill. I shrank back into the ranks of our men. And that's when Hector challenged me. And he was right, of course. I reminded him that you were a gift to the gods, meant for me. Although the sight of Menelaus had shaken me, I agreed to a hand-to-hand combat with that great man. All the Achaeans and Trojans sat down. And we fought, one-on-one. The winner would take you and your riches, and the war would end. Yes, I lost the battle, but I am still alive. Aphrodite protected me. Menelaus was dragging me by my helmet toward the Achaeans, but the strap broke. You should have seen the look on his face. And then, the great goddess carried me away from the battlefield. I'll beat him next time. We have the gods on our side. So wife, come now. Lay beside me and comfort me. I want you now, more than ever.

ANDROMACHE

Hector, my love, please don't go! Please think again about what you are about to do. Your courage to do battle with the Achaeans will cost you your life. Think about your son, your infant son. Think about me. If I lose you, I will have nothing. You are everything to me. Not just my husband, but my mother, father, brother, friend – all I have in the world lies in you. Achilles killed them all. Don't let him take you from me, too. It would be better for me to die than to lose you. I am afraid. I am afraid if you are killed, the Achaeans will enslave us, your son and me. Or worse yet, they will kill your son and carry me off, a concubine for some conquering hero. Why should you die because Helen was unfaithful to her husband? I want to grow old with you. I want to have more children with you. I want us to see our grandchildren together. And when we are old, I want you to die in our bed, leaving me with some tender words that I can treasure for the rest of my life. Please, Hector, stay here! Don't make your child fatherless and me a widow. Please!

HECTOR

Andromache, do not ask me to shirk my duty. How could I face my countrymen, both men and women, if I fail to defend our city? I have thought of you, and of our son. I shudder to think of your death or enslavement should our great city fall. But it was for this day that I have been born. I only know that I must go and fight by the side of my countrymen. I cannot stay here, safely enfolded in your arms because I fear death. I do not fear death. And even though I know that the day may come that this city will be destroyed, I must fight valiantly for her safety. Afraid? Yes, I am afraid too. Afraid for all my fellow men, for my father, for my mother, but especially for you and our son. I imagine your voice calling to me as you are dragged away, forced to weave in another's home, forced to lie in another man's bed. I only hope that I should die before that should happen. You know that I love you. Be strong. I must go.

ACHILLES

Patrocles is dead. My friend, my buddy, my brother. He's dead. Fighting in my stead. Wearing my armor. Patrocles is dead. From childhood we were inseparable. He had such fire, such spirit, such a brave heart. He stood with me and he fought with me. And when I refused to fight, he supported me. But when he saw our ships threatened, he pled with me to allow him to fight. He understood why I declined to join in the battle. But I encouraged him and my men. Many Trojans fell at his hand, and still he pursued them until valiant Hector slew him. And I was not there to help him, to defend him. Hector stripped him of my armor and would have defiled his body if my brave Achaean brothers had not stood over him to protect him. Many died so that he might be returned to us to be buried with honor. Hector shall pay for this grief. If it cost me my life, I will have vengeance for my friend.

DIOMEDES

Do you know about the Palladium? You don't? You should. You should know that its capture turned the fortunes of the war in Troy and allowed the Achaeans to defeat that great city. The Palladium was a sacred wooden statue of Athena's childhood friend Pallas. She was killed accidentally by Athena when they were practicing the arts of war. To honor her, Athena made the statue to venerate her friend. It stood in Mount Olympus, but one day Zeus threw it to earth to capture Electra, who was hiding behind the statue. When we captured the seer Helenus, Odysseus and I learned that the Palladium was in Troy. Why was it so important? Well, Athena would not allow Troy to be defeated as long as the statue was inside the city walls. So Odysseus and I managed to get possession of that sacred object. We carried it to the Achaean camp, and following that, we defeated Troy through the ruse of the wooden horse. We gained the victory the night we took possession of that statue. So, that's why it's so important; that's why you should know about it.



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