TROY, A WAR THAT SHOULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED

*Two Trojan Princes go to Sparta for peace. Everything goes well except Queen Helen. Paris, the young prince, takes Helen away. Paris should have known that he can’t betray his father’s order. But he chooses love, not his country, to satisfy his selfish. And Hector, who can stop his brother’s wrong behavior, spoils Paris and lost the chance to correct the mistake. At last, Menelaus, to revenge Troy, launches the war. Troy is a tragedy caused by three people’s selfish.*

(Two Trojan Princes go to Sparta for peace)

{in hall}

ALL :*( around the table)* Brothers in arms! Brothers in arms!

ALL: Friendship! Friendship!

MENELAUS :*( pound the table)* Princes of Troy, on our last night together, Queen Helen and I sault you. *(bow)(applause)*

MENELAUS: We have had our conflict before, it’s true. We fought many battles, Sparta and Tory. And fought well. *(raise hand and fist)(applause)*

MENELAUS: But I have always respected your father. Priam is a good king, a good man. I respected him as an adversary. I respect him now as my ally. *(applause)*

MENELAUS: Hector, Paris, young princes, come on. Stand. Drink with me. *(hold hands flat)*

*(HECTOR, PARIS stand up)*

MENELAUS: *(raise goblet)* Let us drink to peace.

HECTOR: *(raise goblet)* To peace between Troy and Sparta. *(applause)*

MENELAUS: May the gods keep wolves in the hills and women in our beds. *(all raise goblet and applause)*

*(Music)(Maid go on stage)*

MENELAUS: *(hug HECTOR)*For the gods.

HECTOR: For the gods.

*(HECTOR, MENELAUS spill wine on ground)*

MENELAUS: Strong arm. *(pound HECTOR’s arm)* Thank the gods we made peace. I‘ve seen too many of my men struck down with this arm.

HECTOR: Never again, I hope.

MENELAUS: Only one man wields a sword better than you.

HECTOR: Achilles.

MENELAUS: That madman. He would hurl a spear at Zeus himself. If the god insulted him.

MENELAUS: *(point MAID)* See that one over there? I picked her special for you. She’s a little lioness.

HECTOR: Thank you. My wife waits for me in Troy.

MENELAUS: My wife waits for me right there. *(whisper)* Wives are for breeding. You understand, for making little princes. Come enjoy yourself tonight.

*(HELEN leave)*

HECTOR: You make excellent wine in Sparta. *(MENELAUS laugh)*

{in HELEN’s bedroom}

*(PARIS enter)*

HELEN: You shouldn’t be here.

PARIS: That’s what you said last night.

HELEN: Last night was a mistake.

PARIS: And the night before?

HELEN: I’ve made many mistakes this week.

PARIS: Do you want me to go?

HELEN: Yes. *(hug PARIS)*

PARIS: Where should I go?

HELEN: Away. Far away.

PARIS: I have something for you. *(give the present)* Pearls from the Sea of Propontis.

HELEN: They are beautiful. *(dress the pearls)* But I can’t wear them. Menelaus would kill us both.

PARIS: Don’t be afraid of him.

HELEN: I am not afraid of dying. I am afraid of tomorrow.

HELEN: I am afraid of watching you sail away and knowing you’ll never come back.

HELEN: Before you went to Sparta, I was a ghost. I walked, and I ate, and I swam in the sea, but I was just a ghost.

PARIS: You don’t have to fear tomorrow. Come with me.

HELEN: Don’t play with me. Don’t play.

PARIS: If you come, we will never be safe. Men will hunt us, the gods will curse us. But I’ll love you. Till the day they burn my body. I will love you.

{in hall}

HECTOR: Tecton. Make the proper offerings to Poseidon before we sail. We don’t need any more widows in Troy.

TECTON: Goat or pig?

HECTOR: *(smile)* Which does the sea god prefer?

TECTON: I’ll wake the priest and asked him.

*(PARIS come on stage)*

HECTOR: Paris!

HECTOR: We should go to bed. We won’t sleep on land again for weeks.

PARIS: I have no trouble sleeping on the seas, brother. Athena sings lullabies to me.

HECTOR: And who sang lullabies to you tonight?

PARIS: Tonight? Tonight was the fisherman’s wife. A lovely creature.

HECTOR: I hope you didn’t let the fisherman cache you.

PARIS: He was more concerned about the fish.

HECTOR: *(catch PARIS’s arm)* You do understand why we‘re in Sparta.

PARIS: For peace.

HECTOR: And you understand that Menelaus, the king of Sparta, is a very powerful man. And his brother, Agamemnon, the king of Mycenae commands all the Greek forces.

PARIS: What does this have to do with the fisherman’s wife?

HECTOR: *(clench PARIS’s jew)* Paris, you’re my brother and I love you. But if you do anything to endanger Troy, I will rip your pretty face from your pretty skull.

HECTOR: Now get some sleep. We will sail in the morning.

{in sea}

*(all in the battleship)*

PARIS: A beautiful morning. Poseidon has blessed our voyage.

HECTOR: Sometimes the gods bless you in the morning and curse you in the afternoon.

SOLDIERS: Drop sail!

PARIS: Do you love me, brother? Would you protect me against any enemy?

HECTOR: The last time you spoke to me like this, you were 10 years old, and you’d just stolen Father’s horse. What have you done now?

PARIS: I must show you something.*(PARIS, HECTOR go to the rear of ship)*

{in Sparta}

MENELAUS: Where is she?

MAID: Who, my king?

MENELAUS: *(draw the sword)* I swear to the father of the gods, I will gut you here if you don’t tell me!

MINISTER: My king! She left. With the Trojans.

MENELAUS: Trojans?

MINISTER: With the young prince, Paris.

*(silence)*

MENELAUS: Get my ship ready.

{back to the ship}

HECTOR: Turn us around. Back to Sparta.

SOLDIERS: Hold on the sail!

PARIS: Wait, wait.

HECTOR: You fool.

PARIS: Listen to me.

HECTOR: Do you know what you’ve done? Do you know how many years our father worked for peace?

PARIS: I love her.

HECTOR: It’s all a game to you, isn’t it? You roam from town to town, bedding merchants’ wives and temple mates. You think you know something about love. What about your father’s love? You spat on him when you brought her on this ship. What about the love for your country? You’d let Troy burn for this woman? I won’t let you start a war for her.

PARIS: May I speak? What you’re saying is true. I’ve wronged you. I’ve wronged our father. If you want to take Helen to back to Sparta, so be it. But I go with her.

HECTOR: To Sparta? They’ll kill you.

PARIS: Then I’ll die fighting.

HECTOR: Oh, and that sounds heroic to you, doesn’t it? To die fighting. Litter brother, have you ever killed a man?

PARIS: No.

HECTOR: Ever seen a man die in combat?

PARIS: No.

HECTOR: I’ve killed men, and I’ve heard them dying, and I’ve watched them dying. And there’s nothing glorious about it. Nothing poetic. You say you want to die for love. You know nothing about dying, and you know nothing about love!

PARIS: All the same, I go with her. I won’t ask you to fight my war.

HECTOR: You already have. To Troy.

SOLDIERS: About ship! Set sail!

{in AGAMEMNON’s palace}

*(MENELAUS hug AGAMEMNON)*

MENELAUS: I want her back.

AGAMEMNON: Well, of cause you do. She is a beautiful woman.

MENELAUS: I want her back so I can kill her with my own two hands. I won’t rest till I’ve burned Troy to the ground.

AGAMEMNON: I thought you wanted peace with Troy.

MENELAUS: I should have listened to you.

AGAMEMNON: Peace is for the women and the weak. Empires are forged by war.

MENELAUS: All my life, I’ve stood by your side, fought your enemies. You are the elder, you rape the glory. This is the way of the world. But have I ever complained? Have I ever asked you for anything?

AGAMEMNON: Never. You’re a man of honor. Everyone in Greece knows this.

MENELAUS: The Trojans spat on my honor. An insult to me is an insult to you.

AGAMEMNON: And an insult to me is an insult to all Greeks.

MENELAUS: Will you go to war with me, brother? *(they shake hands)*

THE　END