

# GREEKS ON A PLAIN

By Emily Bergbower

## CAST LIST

Mary Florence Sullivan	Chorus
Catherine Miller	Chorus
Charlie Caplan	Chorus 1a
Margaret Stack	Chorus 1b
Allyson Bunch	Chorus 2a
Rachel Carter	Chorus 2b, Paris
Annalee Garrity	Chorus 3a, Muse
Crystal Reed	Chorus 3b, Muse
Io Good	Chorus 4a
Amanda Pester	Chorus 4b
Catrina Mueller	Chorus 5a
Jillian Barndt	Chorus 5b
Sarah Stefanski	Achilles
Louisa Foroughi	Aeneas
Judy Barr	Agamemnon
Diane Amoroso-O'Connor	Cassandra
Alex Dowrey	Diomedes
Becky Brendel	Hector
Betsy Spear	Helen
Emily Bergbower	Homer
Sarah Pfanz	Nestor
Emily Olsen	Odysseus
Catharine Judson	Patroclus
Courtney Monahan	Priam

## **PROLOGUE**

*Now in this merry month of May  
We gather here to see a play!*

*To put an epic on the stage  
Heroes, love, and Achilles rage!*

*With songs laughter and a twist*

*This ending is one not to be missed*

*If you think it's better left to text  
Blame Sarah and Emily or just be vexed*

*Our story begins in the blessed fields  
Where a poet thinks of spears and shields*

## **THE PLAY**

*Homer strides on the stage dressed like an epic poet. He paces angrily back and forth. Three muses come frolicking over and look with concern at his clear distress.*

**Homer:** Just the other day as I was taking my afternoon stroll through Elysium, I hear this guy, Aristotle, trying to impress some deceased dames with philosophy, which, in my opinion, is the totally wrong way to pick up chicks. Especially when there's a dashing epic poet strumming away on his lyre? .

*The muses swoon*

**Homer:** At any rate he was going on and on about how to make a proper play and he had the nerve to say that it was impossible to stage an epic poem. Well, I'll show him. I'll create an epic rendition of the Iliad for this very theater.

**Muse:** It will be moving, heart wrenching, inspiring... sappy at moments and grotesque at others, but above all,

**Homer and Muses:** IT WILL BE EPIC!!!

*The muses cavort about in the sheer epic joy of the moment*

**Homer:** so what should I call my epic play? How about "Helen of Troy"

*Muses indicate their disapproval*

Okay, that's a no. What if we shorten it to just "Troy"? It'd be great, can't go wrong with that name.

*Muses flip out and Calliope whispers in Homer's ear.*

**Homer:** Okay, so we need something exciting... has to generate a huge fan base stemming for internet hype...people should come in expecting a monumental blockbuster action movie. I know! I know! GREEKS ON A PLAIN!

*(in the grandiose style of an epic invocation and grabbing and shaking Calliope)*  
Sing Muse! Tell me the story of the wrath of Achilles!

**Muse 1:** It all began on a dark and stormy night, the funeral pyres burned endlessly for diseased and deceased Greeks...

*Oimoi, Oimoi* (to the tune of “Hi-Ho, Hi-Ho”) sung by a band of Greek soldiers

**Chorus**

we burn burn burn the bodies all day through  
to burn burn burn is not that fun to do.

It ain't no trick  
when the gods are quick  
to give us a plague  
and make us sick  
in the war  
in the war  
where the jobs are such a bore.

Oimoi, oimoi,  
it's lame to be at Troy  
::whistles::  
oimoi, oimoi, aiai...

...oh why? oh why?  
I think I'm gonna cry  
boohoo hoo hoo, boohoo hoo hoo  
Oh why? If only I could die *(CM1 dramatically dies)*

...oh shoot, oh shoot,  
the gods don't give a hoot  
my legs are sore  
no girls to score

oh shoot, oimoi, aiai  
dumb war.

**CM 1:** What are the big cheeses doing about this bloody war?

**CM 2:** Aren't they supposed to be having a top-secret meeting? It was announced over the PA system after lunch.

**CM 3:** Um... guys, they're coming over here! Look busy!

**CM 4:** Quick, pass me a lighter. I need to get the pyre lit!

**CM 3:** I don't have one—hey! They haven't been invented yet, you idiot.

**CM 4:** Who are you calling an idiot?! I swear I just had one backstage before the show!

*(Generals come)*

**Agamemnon:** Nope, absolutely not. No, no, no! Zeus gave me the *kudos*. I'm not called the Queen, er, I mean King of Men for nothing!

**CM 5:** Hey, what's going on?

**Achilles:** *(he begins singing Wonderful by Everclear):*  
Promises mean everything when you're little  
And the worlds so big  
I just don't understand how  
You can smile with all those tears in your eyes  
Tell me everything is wonderful now

*(speaking)* My nights have become black in this dark torrent of injustice...

*(to Achilles)*

**CM 5:** Why so glum, chum?

**CM 1:** Yeah, tell us what's going on?

**CM 2:** PSSSST! Hey guys, I got the lowdown. They were talking about it in the men's loo just now. Their top-secret hush-hush confidential meeting was to talk about girls. Seriously, you would think this place is being run by a bunch of middle school boys! Agamemnon stole this girl Chryses and that annoyed Apollo, which caused this miserable plague. His Highness has send her back UPS to her dad so that our troops stop dying... But we all know Agamemnon has never been single. And yet he never really did understand commitment- for goodness sakes, get this, he took Achilles' girl, Briseis! And Achilles didn't take nicely to his trophy wife running around with another man. The end is near!

**Chorus:** We're all gonna die!

**Diomedes:** *(to chorus)* Silence groundlings!  
*(to Agamemnon)* Now Sir Captain Agamemnon, you did well returning Chryses back to her father. A mark of true chivalry. ...Not that you had a lot of choice in the matter *(counts on fingers)*: the gods had turned against us, Apollo was using the Greek troops for target practice, plague had set upon our ships, and the native aardvark population declined below 12%. *(now raging)* But that doesn't excuse you for stealing Achilles' girl. You can't do that. It's, it's just bad form!

**Agamemnon:** What? You call this a bad form! *(shows off body)* I'm buff and nicely tanned. Girls come flocking to me. I just pre-emptively helped this girl find me. She was just drawn to my hot bod. I can't help that I'm painfully attractive and really really really good looking.

**Achilles:** The world is a knife and every person has a turn stabbing me. Life is a joke and you always get the last laugh.

**Patroclus:** It'll all be okay. We'll find you a nice pretty girl. It'll all work out. You'll see. Look at me. Now do you want to be an Eyore or Tigger today?  
Let's go frolick on the beach or find a meadow and make daisy chains!

*Emo Achilles storms off, sulks with Patroclus who in contrast is overly all sunshine and daisies.*

**Homer:** And so the great warrior Achilles went off to begin his sulk-athon. Meanwhile the remaining Greeks readied for their next scheduled battle with a nice mixture of trepidation and anguish.

*while Homer is speaking the rest of the heroes go off-stage leaving the chorus*

**CM3:** Half our troops died of plague, another half died in battle, and the other half are too chicken to leave their tents.

**CM4** *(aside)* and clearly math hasn't been invented yet.

**CM3** *(continuing)* Our leaders do nothing but quarrel, Achilles refuses to fight--

**CM5** *(butts in)*: and why are we here? Because Mr. Paris Hilton over there in Troy fancied himself a Greek wife!

**CM1:** yeah, why am I fighting a war over a wife when I already got's me one back at the ol' homestead. This whole war's a pile of cow manure.

**CM2:** I'm sick of this war. I'm sick of the food. And I'm sick of the commanders taking all the booty. All I've got for spoils is this here old shoe.

**CM3:** And where did you get that, I'd like to know? Because it just so happens that I've been going half shod for the last week!

**CM2:** You forgot to tie your shoes when you got into the phalanx. That's not my problem. Finder's keepers.

**CM3:** It's bloody hard to tie your shoes, when shoe laces are an anachronism! Gimme back my shoe you body robbing excuse for a hoplite!

**CM2:** Nope. Finder's keepers. I'm going to take it home to show to my grandkids.

**CM3:** and tell them you snatched it from one of your very own comrades, is that the legacy you're going to pass down? Fork over my shoe!

*CM3 dives for the shoe and the chorus descend into a chaotic game of keep away with the shoe!*

**Agamemnon:** Hey, what's going on? Get in line, the battles in ten minutes! Make that nine minutes and fifty four seconds in counting. You, where's your shoe? I can't have my troops looking shoddy or shall I say unshoddy? It'll distract the Trojans chicks on the walls from admiring my perfectly toned six-pack during the battle.

**CM3** (*yanking it away from CM2 and sticking it on*) Found it.

**CM2** But that's the only war booty I have!

**CM1** Yeah, why don't we have any war booty, this war's making me into a pauper.

**CM4:** Me too, my wife wrote that we're down to our last goat.

**CM5:** How are we being compensated for the wear and tear on our homes while we are fighting abroad?

**Agamemnon:** Do I hear complaining? We're Greeks. We don't complain! Why I've never complained once in my life. (*whine*) I always get the blame because everyone is just so jealous of my high cheekbones and incredibly chiselled abs. But that's not complaining, because it's all true—the part about the girls and about my pecs. Next time they go to war, I'm going to the spa!

**CM1:** (*Muttering*) Well I could use a week at the spa, I smell like charred dead people!

**Nestor:** Gentlemen, what you need is a first class inspirational pep talk from your stalwart fearless leader, me:

(*pulls out paper with speech on it*) :: *clears throat*::

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Wait, this isn't right. That's for the luncheon next week!

Okay, here it is: Like it or not, we live in times of danger and uncertainty. The only thing we have to fear is fear itself. Just remember who you are- Greeks. Give us Troy, or give us death!

**CM4:** is there a third option on the table?

**Nestor** (*ignoring him*) We are the few, the proud, the Greeks!

**Agamemnon:** Okay grandpa, wrap up the rhetoric lesson...

**Nestor:** young whippersnappers! The nerve people have these days! (*drifts off to a past time*) Why, when I was a suave and dashing dandy... I was quite the charmer back in the day... oh, yes, all the ladies would flock to my poetry readings... Herakles and I would clubbing every Tuesday night.... (*snaps back into it*) we never would have talked to our elders with such disregard!

**Agamemnon:** Anyway. He's right, on one thing: We're Greeks and we fight. Now, if there are any cowards out there who won't answer the call of duty, then let them leave.

**CM5:** hey, he said we could leave if we want to.

**CM4:** Great, I've been dying for my wife's chicken 'n' dumplings.

**CM2:** I can finally get some clean socks.

**CM3:** Let's pack it up.

**Chorus** (*Start singing Homeward Bound by Simon and Garfunkel*)

Oikos bound,  
I guess I'm off,  
Oikos bound,  
Home where my wife's a-weavin'  
Home where my goats are bleatin'  
Home where my wine's fermentin'  
Silently for me.

**Agamemnon** (*yelling in vain at the retreating chorus*) What are you doing? Hey, get back here, how dare you turn your back on the greatest war of our time, the hottest leader of all time, the one to whom Zeus gave all the Kudos? I'll share with you my butt-busting workout plan?... (*A's lip starts trembling and soon he's descended into full blown Greek lamentation*) Aiai! Oimoi, whatever shall I do! I'm lost, we're lost, the whole war is lost! Aiai!!

*Enter Odysseus reading a letter:*

**Odysseus:** To Odysseus, my dearest sweetie,

Your absence has forced us all to the edge of poverty. Don't worry though, there are a whole bunch of helpful gentlemen who have just

come from all over the island to lend a hand. I've decided to open up Ithaca for tourism, so if you could just try to promote it a bit over at Troy, I'd be ever-so grateful. Always know that my heart weaves for you.

Your ever-devoted lovely wife,  
Penelope

**Agamemnon:** aiai!

**Odysseus:** what the Hades is going on here? (*Glancing at the audience and switching into a conny salesman voice*) I know that in Ithaca, at least, the sun is shining and the wine is sweet. Come try our freshly pressed olives!

**Agamemnon** (*between sobs*): all... the.... soldiers are leaving and we're going to lose!

**Odysseus:** Soldiers? Leaving? This is mutiny! How am I going to have my aristeia without a bunch of commoners around to make the appropriate clashing and groaning noises! Who told them they could leave?

**Agamemnon:** *mc*

**Odysseus:** Oh gods above and below and everyone in between, what ever possessed you to do that?

**Agamemnon:** (*breaking into hysterical sobs*) I'm just not good at this king business. I try so hard, but I never get it right. It's so hard when everyone is jealous of my manly beauty, and my naturally curly hair. It's such a trial to be the most attractive Greek in the camp, the pressure-

**Odysseus:** whoa there, hang on buddy. Don't get yourself into a tizzy, we'll sort it out. Chin up. Where's the kingly smile? Alright, I'll take care of this, I'll even hold your sceptre for a bit. You go take a breather, have an arming scene, everyone feels better after he's dramatically pulled on a pair of greaves, come on, off you go!

*Odysseus marches over to where the chorus has been industriously packing its bags.*

**drill sergeant style:** Where do you think you're all going? You, head up, shoulders back! Army stance! (*they all straighten a little*). What do you think this is, summer camp? We've got a war to fight here!

**CM1:** But Agamemnon said we could go if we wanted to!

**Odysseus:** Are you saying you were given a choice? A bunch of commoners, the hoi polloi making a choice? Hah! Good one! You almost had me going there for a minute! Gentlemen, democracy hasn't been invented yet, this here is an oligarchy, and the oligarchy says GIVE ME TEN!!!

*the chorus immediately drops and begins doing push-ups.*

Alright boys, it's time for a little remedial boot camp. Clearly these past ten years have taught you nothing of what it means to be a Greek. Let's go.

*I'll Make a Man Out of You* (from Disney's *Mulan*)

**Odysseus**

Hear me oh Acheans, Hellenes one and all.

It shames my dearest thumos, when you cringe and crawl.

Don't go fleeing to your hollow ships,  
when there's fighting left to do!

Somehow I'll make a Greek out of you.

Witty as a Sophist,

but a man of war,

snap on greaves and breast plates

as you leave the door.

If you think you can just skulk away,

then you haven't got a clue.

Ninnies, I'll make a Greek out of you!

CM1 I really wanna see my mom

CM2. Say goodbye to those who knew me

CM3. Why did I enlist in the first place?

CM4. He's gonna hit me with his stick

CM5. Guys, I think it's called a sceptre

CMA. Can he really take that from the King of Men?

**Chorus**

Be a Greek

We must be mighty as great Olympos

Be a Greek  
with all the foresight of Delphi too,  
Be a Greek  
with all the heat of the fires of Lemnos  
Mysterious as Hecate's crescent moon!

### **Odysseus**

Time is marching onward 'til the fall of Troy  
It's loaded up with plunder, loot for ev'ry boy!  
If you whine and say you wanna leave,  
there'll be no tri-pods for you!  
That's why I'll make a Greek out of you!

### **Chorus**

**Homer:** And so, the newly encouraged Greeks marched off to battle.  
Meanwhile, on the battlements of Troy the old men, women and  
children gathered to watch the fighting, unaware of their impending  
doom.

*Chorus/ heroes freezes in various battle poses while Trojans sit off to the side and discuss them.*

**Priam:** Well now, what have we here today? Bless my stars and garters,  
just look at all those Greeks; I can't even come up with a suitable  
metaphor to describe their number.

**Cassandra:** Oh woe! The end is near! I can see the bodies piled high  
and streets running red with blood-

**Priam:** Oh stop that nonsense Cassandra. What in tarnation are you  
gabbin' about now?

*Enter Helen.*

**Cassandra:** Her the destroyer of our city! Cast her out now, BEFORE  
IT'S TOO LATE!

**Priam:** Now you pipe down, missy. Helen's a good girl; you ought to  
go learn from her example!

**Helen:** Oh father Priam, I am so sorry for the grief I've caused you. I  
never meant it, I always do my best.

**Priam:** There here deary. Don't you fret a bit. It's just my brat of a son  
that's causin' all the problems. You jest sit right by me and look pretty.

*Bless Yore Beautiful Hide from Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*

### **Priam:**

Bless yore beautiful hide!  
Lovely down to the core!  
we ain't won yet  
but I'm willin' to bet  
you're worth fightin' for!

### **Cassandra**

Curse yore beautiful hide!  
My hatred burns so true!  
I see the fact  
when the city is sacked  
it's all because of you!

**Priam:** Cassie dear, if you keep up that nonsense I'm sendin' you  
straight to your room where you'll have to sit in the corner and think  
about what you've done.

**Cassandra:** Soon even the corners of this city will be flattened! *(storms  
off and sits a little away from Priam and Helen, but still visible to the audience.)*

**Priam:** Now Helen, why don't you remind me about who all those  
Greeks hangin' around there are? For instance that one there.

**Helen:** Oh that's Ajax

*--(back in the tune of Bless yore beautiful hide)--*

*Branney and Big, eats like a pig!*

**Priam:** And him?

**Helen:** Odysseus

*Clever as a knife, pines for his wife  
and there's Nestor  
old and sly, can't seem to die  
the gung-ho Diomedes  
strong as a bear, got fabulous hair  
oh and there's my ex!*

*sweeter than most, but dumb as a post!*

*(Each hero struts his stuff as Helen points them out and then join in one more chorus):*

**Chorus, Priam et al.**

Bless your Beautiful hide!  
wherever you may roam  
if we have to fight  
we'll use our might,  
to bring you right back home!

**Priam:** Now I see most of my boys out their, but wait, one's missing.  
Wait, WHERE IS THAT LAZY YELLOW BELLIED SHEEP  
HERDING BRATFACED SON OF A GUN! PARIS!

**Helen:** *(sniffs in disgust)* Hmf, what's the point of being carried off and launching a thousand ships when your current husband isn't even on the battlefield! Sometimes I just hate men!

*(Cassandra takes notice)*

*Paris Sweeps the curtains open and strides to the steps. He is the ultimate pretty boy.*

**Helen:** go fight like a man! It's all your fault there's thousands of people dying out there!

**Paris**

Oh baby, baby  
Oh baby, baby  
Oh Menelaus  
How was I supposed to know  
That Helen was your wife  
Oh Menelaus  
You should have just let it go  
And now you're right outside, yeah  
Show me, how you want it to be  
Tell me "hero"  
'Cause I need to know now what we've got  
*(pulls golden apple out of tunic)*

*[CHORUS:]*

My Trojan wife is kissing me  
I must confess, I still believe  
When I'm not with her I lose my mind  
Give me a sign *(Helen slaps him)*  
Hit me baby one more time

Oh Helen, Helen  
The reason I breathe is you  
the gods have got me blinded  
Oh Helen, Helen  
There's nothing that I wouldn't do  
It's just the way they planned it  
Show me, what a boy toy should be  
Tell me baby  
'Cause I need to know now what we've got

My Trojan wife is kissing me  
I must confess, I still believe  
When I'm not with her I lose my mind  
Give me a sign *(chorus holds up signs that spell out "pretty boy")*  
Hit me baby one more time.

*Helen shoves him off stage, then storms off to sit with Cassandra.*

**Homer:** And so they fought like lions, like tigers, like bea- *(pauses as Menelaus comes at Paris who tries to cat fight him, realizes the strategy is not working and skulks away. Some in chorus shouts "cat fight!")* Sometimes I think I should make a living writing almanacs. But nevertheless, there were moments of such heroism, such daring that they shall never be surpassed. Until Nascar came about...

In this scene, Diomedes goes after Aeneas. *(Doing the slow-motion aristae thing...)*

**Aeneas:** *(palm stop)* Dude, dude... Dude, you can't kill me. You can't interfere with fate. See, I've been told by the gods to pencil in some travel plans for the summer. We're taking the yacht around the

Mediterranean and I already put a deposit down for my dock in Italy. I can't die because that would mess with fate, and you can't mess with fate. She's worse than my mother-in-law.

**Diomedes:** Man, I'm in the middle of an aristaea. I can't just leave you here... I've got to finish my day's quota of Trojans slain.

**Aeneas:** Okay, I've got an idea... you know that game, "rocks, papyrus, pillars"

*They play rock/paper/scissors to determine a winner. Diomedes shoots papyrus to beat Aeneas' rocks. Aeneas stomps off.*

**Homer:** After Diomedes soundly defeated the fierce shiny-toed Aeneas, the Greek army continued to press on valiantly. But despite the bravery of the heroes...

**CM5:** Hey, I thought I was pretty darn brave!

**Homer:** and some exemplary chorus members, without the strength of Achilles, the Greeks were driven back.

*Trojans clear stage leaving a bedraggled chorus attempting to patch up a myriad of wounds with limited success.*

*Greek Chorus are all clumped together on stage. Hector wearing a name-badge sign to mark who he is walks on and says a quiet "boo." Chorus freaks.*

**Hector (calls on his banana phone):** Hi Andromache, my little muffin. I'm just taking care of some loose ends on the battle field, but I'll be home for dinner. What, lamb chops, I can't wait!

*(Hector exits.)*

**CM4:** I want my mommy!

**CM3:** Tomorrow's going to be the end, without Achilles we are toast. Anyone got a band-aid?

**CM2:** I want my mommy!

**CM1:** Here's one I found on the ground!

**Everyone but CM1:** eeew!

**CM5:** So what are we going to do? Ask Achilles to come back and save our sorry Greek behinds?

**CM2:** *(Forgetting his need for parental comfort)* Yeah!

**CM3:** Wait, wait! We can't ask him. We're just a bunch of no account commoners. What we need to do is get one of the generals to ask him.

**CM4:** Yeah, but we're still commoners no matter which general we ask. They only talk to us when they want us to go charge somewhere.

**CM1:** Than I say let's abolish the class system! Let us rise up and overthrow our masters! Let the proletariat-

**CM5:** Woah buddy let's ease up on the hortatory subjunctives a bit.

What we have to do is evoke our generals' sense of pity. Greek heroes are a bunch of saps, everyone knows it.

*puppy eyes and earnest gazes towards the audience*

*Just then Nestor comes hobbling onto the stage, with Agamemnon and Odysseus.*

**Nestor:** Now listen to me young grasshopper. You've got to go to Achilles, apologize, and give Briseis back.

**Agamemnon:** Awwe do I have to?

**Odysseus, Nestor and the chorus:** Yes!

**Odysseus:** *(noticing chorus for the first time)* Where did you lot come from?

**CM1:** Us?

**CM2:** Don't mind us we're just...um just

**CM3:** Foraging. Ya know looking for any bandages... or food... that might be lying around.

**Odysseus:** What a sorry bunch of soldiers. I know, why don't we take them with us when we go pay Mr. Sulky-pants Achilles a visit.

**Agamemnon:** But I said I don't wanna go! I'm too beautiful to be degraded like this. The stress of it might ruin my flawless complexion. It's his own fault anyway. *(exits stage)*

**Nestor:** Now I told you youngins before and I tell you again! I don't care who started this mess. Go fix it.

**Odysseus:** Come on you lot, let's go. We've got to put the sparkle back in Achilles' eye and sword back in his hand. And quickly. I've got a night raid to commence and get back to my tent in time for my Skype date with my wife.

*everyone exit, enter Achilles and Patroclus*

*(scene now focuses on Achilles and Patroclus)*

**Achilles:** No! I won't go! I'm going to sit here all day and play Lyre Hero. Alone, in the dark. Wallowing in self-pity.



**Patroclus:** Achilles, the sun is shining on the beach and I can see dolphins splashing in the waves. How can you waste such a beautiful day?

**Odysseus:** Ahh! The Greeks are loosing, the Trojans are encroaching. All will be lost! Without Achilles to carry the day, we're bird food!

**Patroclus:** Hey, you think your life's messed up?! Look at me, I can't even get him out of his tent, me his BEST FRIEND. I always thought we only needed each other, you know, friends. That our friendship surpassed pettiness and that girls were just distractions. But now, look at him, it's like I don't even exist!

**Odysseus:** Well, you're in luck, because I brought the most persuasive bunch in this camp.

**Chorus:** Who, us?

**Odysseus:** Hop to it men!

### **Chorus**

Hey! What's the big idea?  
Yo, 'pollo!

*(chant)*

I said stuck too deep in your emo rut  
Oh, loves gonna get you down  
I said stuck too deep in your emo rut  
Oh, loves gonna get you down

*(sing)*

Stuck too deep in your emo rut  
Oh, loves gonna get you down  
I said stuck too deep in your emo rut  
Oh, loves gonna get you down  
Say love, say love  
Loves gonna get you down

Say love, say love  
Loves gonna get you down.

I went walking with Patty one day  
When he warned me what people say  
Live your life until love is found  
'Cause the gods gonna get you down.  
Take a look at the girl next door  
She's a player and a downright bore  
Zeus, he loves her but she wants more  
Oh, bad girls get you down.

Muse, sing it!  
stuck too deep in your emo rut  
Oh, loves gonna get you down  
stuck too deep in your emo rut  
Oh, loves gonna get you down  
Say love, say love  
Oh, loves gonna get you down.  
Say love, say love  
Oh, loves gonna get you down.

Thetis told you what you should know  
Too much sulking gonna eat your soul  
If she loves you let her go  
'Cause love only gets you down.  
Take a look at a boy like him (*chorus points to Patroclus*)  
works out regularly at the gym  
he's fit for a Homeric hymn  
oh love won't get him down

Sing it!  
stuck too deep in your emo rut  
Oh, loves gonna get you down  
stuck too deep in your emo rut  
Oh, loves gonna get you down  
Say love, say love  
Oh, loves gonna get you down.

Say love, say love  
Oh, loves gonna get you down.

**Diomedes:**

Just back from my night raid. Good song, an admirable performance, men, but right now the Trojans are torching out ships! Hector set them on fire and they're burning up!!!

**CM4:** Hey, let's break out those bags of marshmallows! Let's see if we can toast them golden-brown! (*Chorus exits stage*)

**Patroclus:** Achilles, pal, friend, cousin, you can't let this happen. Your own ships are in danger of being toast.

**Achilles:** I don't mind, I've already got a new ship picked out from the Spring Catalogue of ships. See, this one has four banks of oars and an optional lavender canopy. (*Shows catalogue to audience*)

**Patroclus:** I don't care how many banks of oars or what the color options are for canopies, we need to focus on the present, and that means you need to fight! ... Or at least let me take your place.

**Achilles:** Fine. You can grab my armor from the back of the tent. It's adjustable. (*Pause while Patroclus grabs armor.*) Try not to scratch it or ding it up too much. They don't call me shiny Achilles for nothing.

*Achilles sings to Patroclus as he marches off*

There's a fine, fine line between a lover and a friend;  
There's a fine, fine line between eros and pretend;  
And you never know 'til you reach the gods if it was worth the uphill climb.

There's a fine, fine line between love  
And a waste of time.

*Patroclus goes off to fight. Achilles sings as he leaves*

There's a fine, fine line between a slaying and a win;  
And there's a fine, fine line between your comrades and your kin.

I guess if someone wants to fight back it isn't such a crime,  
But there's a fine, fine line between war  
And a waste of your time.

And I don't have the time to waste out here anymore.  
I don't think that I even know what I'm looking for.  
For my own sense of pride, I've got to close the door  
And walk away...  
Oh...

There's a fine, fine line between a tripod and pot  
And there's a fine, fine line between what I wanted and what I got.  
You gotta go after the things you want while you're still in your prime...

There's a fine, fine line between love, war and hate,  
And a waste of time.

*(Achilles sits on steps with head in his hands, then exits.)*

**Homer:** At the sight of Patroclus playing dress-up in Achilles' armor, the Trojans fled. All except one. The brave, the daring, the invincible Hector! In the dust of battle, like two lions fighting for a kill, they square off for a duel.

**Hector:** Is it just me, or were you a little taller when we last met? And your nose... its... different. Did you get a nose job while staying at Troy? Good grief, how are we Trojans supposed to be the front-runners of civilization with you Greeks continuously bringing in anachronisms?

**Patroclus:** Wait, what's wrong with my nose? (*gets distracted. Hector goes in for the kill.*)

**Hector:** Not so swift-footed right now eh? I, Hector, chief among Priam's sons and voted the #1 dad at the preschool three years running, have at last cornered the great Achilles!

**Patroclus:** "Wait, I need a long-winded death oration!"

**Hector:** “fine, make it quick.”

**Patroclus:** Alas, how tragic it is that one should be cut down in the prime of life when they...

**Hector:** not “they” but “he or she”

**Patroclus:** ... when *he* or *she* has so much potential and future. Due to the grievous kidnapping of Helen

**Hector:** “*Owing to*” the grievous kidnapping. Someone wasn’t paying attention in rhetoric class.

**Patroclus:** Oh, put a lid on it. When one is dying, grammar, surprisingly, is not a priority.

**Hector:** Well I’ve heard enough. (*Hector lunges at Patroclus*).

**Patroclus:** (*rolls out of the way*) But I’m not dead yet!

**Hector:** what??

**Patroclus:**

feel happy. I feel happy. My thumos is ablazing!

(*sung*)

I am not dead yet

I can dance and I can sing

I am not dead yet

I could go and have a fling

I am not dead yet

No need to go to bed

No need to call the gods in

Cause I’m not yet dead.

**Chorus:**

He is not yet dead

That's what ol' Patsy said

No, he's not yet dead

That man is off his head (*point to Hector*)

He is not yet dead

So make sure he’s well fed

Keep him off the pyre because he's not yet dead.

**Hector:**

Well he should be dead

I whacked him on the head

That he’s not dead

It makes me just see red

Just be a man

go fight and take a stand

You mimsy little weakling, you really should be dead

**Chorus:**

He is not yet dead

That's what ol' Patsy said

No, he's not yet dead

That man is off his head (*point to Hector*)

He is not yet dead

So make sure he’s well fed

Keep him off the pyre because he's not yet dead.

*Achilles enters.*

**Hector:** Ahh it’s a ghost! Didn’t I just mortally wound you?. Who’s that guy over there?!

**Achilles:** You’ve got bigger problems than the poltergeist. (*Achilles sees Patroclus.*) YOU KILLED MY FRIEND. er, lover. er, no cousin, gentleman caller. It’s complicated.

**Patroclus:** but I’m not dead!

**Hector:** Well you’ll be dead soon enough! It doesn’t matter how many Achilles there are, I can take you all on!

**Messenger:** Wait! Hold your horses, fellows!

**Achilles:** excuse me, but that is the job of my charioteer.

**Messenger:** regardless sirs, you may want to reconsider you actions.  
'There is no reason for you to be fighting anymore.

**Achilles:** But he killed-

**Patroclus:** I'm not dead!

**Hector:** yet.

**Messenger:** Stop! You don't understand. Helen, the entire reason for fighting this war has been abducted!

**All:** Abducted? Again! (*random people: does mean we have to fight another war? what?*)

**Messenger:** Well maybe not exactly abducted. You see she and the lady Cassandra got to talking yesterday and found they had a lot in common. Particularly their hatred of men. So one thing led to another and now they've just caught the fastest trireme to Lesbos where these things are legal. They'll be honeymooning in Egypt shortly. So in short, this whole war is a waste of time. I mean we could get a cardboard pop-up Helen and put her up on the walls and it could be kind of like capture the flag except with sharp objects, but you guys seem pretty tired out.

**Chorus:** Yeah you bet! We've had enough. We're tired. No more fighting. I want my mommy! etc.

**Messenger:** Did I mention that you seem to have some pretty low morale?

**Odysseus:** Egypt? Why would they go to that overgrown sand box? At Ithaca the water is warm and the sun is shining! I'll tell you what guys, let's all take a little cruise over to my neck of the Aegean and sign peace treaties over chilled wine and baklava?

**CM2:** That seems like an awful lot of travelling. I don't want to spend ten years on a boat! Can't we just go down to the river over there and

have a party? You know pour some libations, slaughter some bulls, have a sing along?

**Hector:** To the river Xanthus, let's lay down our burdens!  
(*sings*) Gonna lay down our burdens!

**Chorus:** Down by the riverside  
Down by the riverside  
Down by the riverside

**Hector:** Gonna Lay down my burdens

**Chorus:** down by the riverside  
ain't gonna study war no more.  
I ain't gonna study war no more  
Ain't gonna study war no more  
Ain't gonna study war no more  
I ain't gonna study war no more  
Ain't gonna study war no more  
Ain't gonna study war no more

**Nestor:** Gonna lay down my spear and shield

**Chorus:** Down by the riverside  
Down by the riverside  
Down by the riverside

**Nestor:** Gonna lay down my spear and shield

**Chorus:** Down by the riverside  
ain't gonna study war no more.  
I ain't gonna study war no more  
Ain't gonna study war no more  
Ain't gonna study war no more  
I ain't gonna study war no more  
Ain't gonna study war no more  
Ain't gonna study war no more

**Odysseus:**  
Gonna travel back to my Home

**Chorus:** across the wine dark sea  
across the wine dark sea  
across the wine dark sea

**Odysseus:** gonna travel back to my Home

**Chorus:** across the wine dark sea  
Ain't gonna study war no more!  
ain't gonna study war no more.  
I ain't gonna study war no more  
Ain't gonna study war no more

**Homer:** Wait what are you doing? Stop spouting those double negatives! how is my *Iliad* going to be studied in a Quaker institution 2000 years from now?

**Chorus:** Ain't gonna study war no more  
I ain't gonna study war no more  
Ain't gonna study war no more  
Ain't gonna study war no more

*(Cast claps it off during last chorus)*