*from*

# The Greek Mythology Olympiaganza

*By Don Zolidis*

©2008

©2008 Don Zolidis ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

**Copyright Protection.** This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States of America has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

**Reservation of Rights.** All rights to this play are strictly reserved, including, without limitation, professional and amateur stage performance rights; motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video, and sound recording; rights to all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction now known or yet to be invented, such as CD-ROM, CD-1, DVD, photocopying, and information storage and retrieval systems; and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments.** Amateur and stock performance rights to this play are controlled exclusively by Don Zolidis. No amateur or stock groups or individuals may perform this play without obtaining advance written permission from Don Zolidis.

**Restriction of Alteration.** There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the play unless directly authorized by Don Zolidis. The title of the play shall not be altered.

**Author Credit.** Any individual or group receiving permission to produce this play is required to credit Don Zolidis as the sole and exclusive author of the play.

**AI training.** For avoidance of doubt, Don Zolidis reserves the rights in any manner for purposes of training artificial intelligence technologies to generate text, including without limitation, technologies that are capable of generating works in the same style or genre as the play.

*The Greek Mythology Olympiaganza (iliad iliad iliad)*
*©Don Zolidis*

*One-act comedy*
*Cast of 8-30+*

*Complete with little green army men, a beauty pageant, and warring narrators, this is The Iliad as you've never seen it before. Two narrators have a blast recreating Homer's quintessential epic myth at a rapid pace and in wildly varying styles, as it morphs seamlessly from a musical to a modern drama and a bizarre one-man show. This side-splitting parody is both hysterical and historical – the perfect opportunity to laugh while you learn! (A one-act version and a full-length version of this play are also available.)*

**Cast of Characters**

NARRATOR 1
NARRATOR 2
GREEKS
TROJANS
TROJAN CHEERLEADER
ACHILLES
HECTOR
PARIS
MC
APHRODITE
HERA
ZEUS
ATHENA
HELEN
MENELAUS
TRICIA

Note: Most of the roles can be double or triple-cast. The cast of the show could be as small as six or as large as you like (with additional soldiers.)

*(The set may truly be anything. Greek pillars. A school. A bare stage. Perhaps a complete Dionysian temple with roasting spits of pigs if you have that kind of budget. If you don't, perhaps toy pigs.)*

*(NARRATOR 1 enters with a stack of note cards. She is dressed in Greek attire and is somewhat nervous.)*

NARRATOR 1

Hello audience.

*(she flips her note card.)*

My name is—

*(she flips her note card)*

<*ACTOR'S REAL NAME*> and I'm here today to give my presentation on Greek Mythology in an informative, entertaining and

*(flips card)*

Entertaining manner.

*(realizes she's written "entertaining" twice and destroys note card.)*

Now I know what some of you are thinking.

*(she laughs in a very forced manner.)*

I hate Greek Mythology.

*(points to someone in the audience.)*

I hate school.

*(points to someone else in the audience)*

I hate my hair. But—

*(flips note card)*

You are in for a treat, because my partner <*NARRATOR 2's real name*>—

*(NARRATOR 2 storms onto the stage, wearing an outlandishly nerdy outfit. NARRATOR 2 is the exact opposite of nervous.)*

NARRATOR 2

ALL RIGHT PEOPLE ARE YOU READY TO LEARN ABOUT THE GEEKS!!!? Yeah! That's what I'm talking about! GEEEEKS!! Who's with me! Scream it! Scream it! GEEEKS!

*(NARRATOR 2 is unimpressed with the audience reaction.)*

That's cool, all right, I know what you're doing then. You're just like, feeling me out—okay, I got it. So… Let's talk about Geek Mythology. According to Wikipedia, there are many different types of geeks. You've got your physics geeks, your sci-fi geeks, your theatre geeks

*(He points sneakily at NARRATOR 1)*

Your historical re-enactment geeks, your computer game geeks, your fantasy adventure role-playing geeks, but this is what you gotta know.

NARRATOR 1

What are you doing?

NARRATOR 2

I'm giving my presentation. It rocks. Thank you. Now your basic geek can be identified by their lack of social skills—they may have a difficult time hitting on girls—

*(hitting on a girl in the audience)*

What's up?

NARRATOR 1

We're supposed to be doing a presentation on Greek Mythology. Greek.

*(NARRATOR 2 stops.)*

NARRATOR 2

Why would we do that?

NARRATOR 1

Because that's what we've been studying for the past two months.

NARRATOR 2

Seriously?

NARRATOR 1

Have you been paying attention at all?

NARRATOR 2

I've got an Ipod, I don't pay attention to anything. Ipod ROCKS!

NARRATOR 1

Shut up. Why did I get partnered with you?

NARRATOR 2

You were sick the day people were choosing partners.

NARRATOR 1

Right. We're supposed to be doing a presentation on Greek Mythology

NARRATOR 2

Oh. That's cool, I'll just wing it.

NARRATOR 1

Do you know if we're getting graded individually, or as a group?

NARRATOR 2

I think individually.

NARRATOR 1

Great. Well—no discussion of Greek Mythology is complete without dealing with Epic Poetry. Which is what we are going to—discuss with you—

*(NARRATOR 2 has a laptop out. NARRATOR 1 notices.)*

What are you doing?

NARRATOR 2

Research. Come on, Wikipedia. We're just gonna cut and paste this sucker. Do we have wi-fi in here?

*(he whispers loudly to NARRATOR 1)*

Stall. Stall for time.

NARRATOR 1

I actually did my work, <*Actor's name*>.

NARRATOR 2 *(mocking her)*

I actually did my work, <*actor's name.*>

NARRATOR 1

So—to help us with our presentation we have a few actors who are… um… they're really pretty awesome—can you guys come on out there?

ACTOR *(off-stage)*

No!

NARRATOR 1

The audience wants to see you.

ACTOR *(off-stage)*

I don't care!

NARRATOR 1 *(stern)*

Come out here.

ACTOR *(off-stage)*

I'm not wearing pants!

*(ACTOR appears, holding one of the curtains over his lower section. He waves.)*

NARRATOR 1

All right, this is only one of a dream team of actors pulled together from the community. Trust me. They are… really good. Despite what you've heard. So…

*(NARRATOR 2 waves his hand for NARRATOR 1 to keep stalling.)*

We only have a certain amount of time to do this.

*(NARRATOR 2 keeps gesturing for her to stall. NARRATOR 1 gestures back that she can't stall.)*

So for our presentation we will be discussing and portraying the Iliad.

*(NARRATOR 2 perks up.)*

NARRATOR 2

Seriously? The Iliad?

*(he closes his laptop.)*

NARRATOR 1

You've actually heard of it?

NARRATOR 2

It's only like the greatest epic poem of all time. I read it every night.

NARRATOR 1

I wouldn't exactly call it the greatest.

NARRATOR 2

Well nobody's asking you. The Iliad rocks, man!

NARRATOR 1

I find it kind of dull, actually.

NARRATOR 2

Are you kidding me? It's like a party for your brain!

*(he screams it and runs around)*

The *Iliad! The Iliad!* Yes! Yes! Yes!

*(he stops and notices no one else is joining him.)*

NARRATOR 1

The Iliad is a recounting of the Trojan War composed by Homer—

NARRATOR 2

Homer! YES!!!!

NARRATOR 1

By Homer some time around seven hundred B.C. It was the first work he completed and as a result, it's a little… how do you say it?

*(NARRATOR 2 is throwing things around and chanting like a football fan.)*

NARRATOR 2

Il-i-ad! Il-i-ad! Il-i-ad!

NARRATOR 1

Immature. The Iliad is 8,674 lines long. Of those, 7,922 describe someone being killed.

NARRATOR 2

YES! YES!

*(NARRATOR 2 finds two swords and begins waving them around like pom pons.)*

Two four six eight! Death death death death is great!

NARRATOR 1

You know what? It's just—could you stop that for a second? I just—I don't like the Iliad.

NARRATOR 2

How could you not like the Iliad?

NARRATOR 1

It's just people getting killed. That's it.

NARRATOR 2

I know. It's awesome.

NARRATOR 1

It's like the target audience is eight year old boys.

NARRATOR 2

So?

NARRATOR 1

I like stories with narrative complexity and deeper meanings and application to our daily lives.

NARRATOR 2

See I prefer stories that aren't boring.

NARRATOR 1

Well, since no study of mythology is not complete without a history of the Trojan war—

NARRATOR 2

WAR!!!

NARRATOR 1

We are going to present it as if it were performed by its target audience: eight year old boys.

*(NARRATOR 2 runs off-stage to general hub-hub.)*

So… why was there a war you ask?

ACTOR

Who cares?!

NARRATOR 1

I care, darn it, and I'm going to explain it!

*(ACTOR runs out on stage carrying a sword. He kills NARRATOR 1.)*

ACTOR

Now you're dead!

NARRATOR 1

I am not dead, I am here to give context—

*(ACTOR stabs NARRATOR 1 again.)*

ACTOR

Now you're dead again!

NARRATOR 1

I am not dead.

ACTOR

Cheater! Rule check!

*(ACTOR 2 appears.)*

She says she's not dead!

NARRATOR 1

You can't kill me I'm—

ACTOR 2

Did he stab you?

NARRATOR 1

Yes he did—

ACTOR 2

Then you're dead.

ACTOR 1

I told you you were dead.

*(ACTOR 1 stabs her again.)*

I just stabbed you again. You're triple dead.

NARRATOR 1

*There is no such thing as triple dead!*

ACTOR 2

Actually there is. It means you've been stabbed three times. That's okay, you can come back to life in two minutes.

*Skipping Forward*

*(The TROJANS stab the GREEK repeatedly.)*

TROJAN

You're dead, I hit you, you're dead!

GREEK

Fine. Ack.

*(GREEK dies. NARRATOR 1 recovers.)*

NARRATOR 1

So the battle was not going well for the Greeks—they appealed to their great hero, Achilles. Now, Achilles' mother had dipped him in the river Styx when he was an infant, so he was invulnerable to harm.

*(ACHILLES enters. The TROJANS attack him.)*

TROJAN

You're dead! I hit you!

ACHILLES

Shield.

TROJAN 2

I hit you in the back!

ACHILLES

Shield.

TROJAN

I hit you again!

ACHILLES

Didn't hurt. Bam. You're dead. Bam. You're dead.

*(ACHILLES kills TROJAN and TROJAN 2 ridiculously easily. They run off stage to become TROJAN 3 and TROJAN 4. If you have more actors, feel free to use as many TROJANS as you wish. They charge.)*

TROJANS

I killed you! I killed you!

ACHILLES

Shield. Bam. You're dead. Bam you're dead. Bam you're dead. Shield. Bam you're dead. Shield. Shield. Bam you're dead. Bam you're dead.

NARRATOR 1

Achilles fought his way through the entire Trojan army until he was confronted by their great hero, Hector.

*(HECTOR enters. HECTOR speaks with a Spanish accent. Think Inigo Montoya from The Princess Bride. He enters with a flurry of music.)*

HECTOR

Hello. My name is Hector. You killed my friends. Prepare to die.

*(ACHILLES swings his sword. HECTOR parries it.)*

HELLo. My name is HECTOR. You killed my friends. Prepare to die.

*(ACHILLES swings again. HECTOR parries again.)*

I said HELLO. MY NAME is HECTOR. You killed my friends. Prepare to die.

*(ACHILLES swings again, this time HECTOR parries and hits him with his sword. ACHILLES stumbles.)*

*I SAID HELLO! MY NAME IS HECTOR! YOU KILLED MY FRIENDS! PREPARE TO DIE!*

*(They fight back and forth (make this as involved sword fight as possible). Stirring music plays.)*

ACHILLES

Why are you smiling?

HECTOR

Because I know something you don't know.

ACHILLES

What's that?

HECTOR

I am not left-handed.

*(he switches hands and fights again.)*

Why are you smiling?

ACHILLES

Because I too know something you don't know.

HECTOR

What's that?

ACHILLES

I'm completely invulnerable. See look.

*(ACHILLES grabs HECTOR's sword. He stabs himself with it.)*

Doesn't hurt. I can't even feel that.

*(he starts fooling around, play-acting that he is being stabbed, etc…)*

`Oh no don't hurt me Hector! Please don't stab me in the head! Oh look, oh—look, I just hit my head with a rock and it didn't hurt—

*(A TROJAN runs at ACHILLES. ACHILLES kills him without looking at him.)*
I didn't even look at that guy and I just killed him. `oh I'm so scared of big bad Hector. What am I going to do? I guess I'll just STAB him.
*(ACHILLE stabs HECTOR, who falls.)*

HECTOR
Ow. This is not fair.

ACHILLES
I guess we all can't have mothers who love us enough to dip us in the river Styx and make us invulnerable then. Tough.
*(ACHILLES stabs HECTOR again, who dies.)*

HECTOR
I'm dead. Ack.

NARRATOR 1
But Achilles had one weakness.

ACHILLES
No no no, I don't have any weaknesses.

NARRATOR 1
No he did, and he didn't want anyone to know about it. His Achilles heel, if you will.
*(more TROJANS enter, accompanied now by a TROJAN cheerleader.)*

TROJAN CHEERLEADER
Let's go Trojans! Woo! Come on Trojans! Woo! Goooooo… Trojans! Yay!
*(The TROJAN CHEERLEADER jumps up and down.)*

NARRATOR 1
Okay, hold on one second. Does anyone else think it's odd that USC named their mascot after a group of people who were slaughtered and had their city razed to the ground? Seriously? This is who we're modeling our school after? Why not name themselves the Greeks?

TROJAN CHEERLEADER
Here we go Trojans! Here we go! Don't get killed, Trojans, don't get killed!

TROJAN
We have to find his weakness somehow.

TROJAN 2
Yes, he must have an Achilles heel. If only we knew where to look.

TROJAN

If only.

TROJAN CHEERLEADER

T –R- O- J- A- N- S! Go Trojans, go go go Trojans—
*(ACHILLES stabs the TROJAN CHEERLEADER.)*
Ack.

TROJAN

That's not fair! You can't kill our cheerleaders!
*(The CHEERLEADER gets back up.)*

TROJAN CHEERLEADER

Shield.

ACHILLES

You can't have a shield!

TROJAN CHEERLEADER

My Mom is seriously overprotective too. I was also dipped into the river Styx.

ACHILLES

Okay. This isn't fair. Invulnerability was my thing. You can't just copy it.

NARRATOR 1

But just then one Trojan happened to get in a lucky shot.
*(A TROJAN runs in, trips over his feet, and lands at ACHILLES' feet. He accidentally hits ACHILLES in the heel.)*

ACHILLES

Ahhhhh! Nooo! Not my Achilles heel!

TROJAN 2

So that's why they call it that.

NARRATOR 1

And the blow to his heel was so mighty that it killed him.
*(ACHILLES dies.)*

ACHILLES

Ack. I'm dead in a completely improbable yet ironic way. Who could have possibly forseen this?
*(A GREEK enters and slowly drags ACHILLES' body off.)*

TROJAN CHEERLEADER

Yay Trojans! Let's form an enlightened republic based on principles of equality and freedom of expression! Go!

NARRATOR 1

But the war was not over.

GREEK

This war is not over!

*(The TROJANS retreat behind a wall.)*

TROJANS

Go home Greeks!

GREEK

You go home!

TROJAN

We are home!

GREEK

Well go somewhere else then!

NARRATOR 1

So the Greeks laid siege to the city of Troy. It was a long siege. A mighty siege.

GREEK

Um… what exactly is a siege?

NARRATOR 1

You're waiting.

GREEK

For what?

NARRATOR 1

For them to die.

GREEK

What are they going to die of?

NARRATOR 1

Starvation.

TROJAN

Hey does anyone want a Jello Pop?

TROJAN 2

Ooh me!

TROJAN CHEERLEADER

I've got trail mix. Who wants some?

GREEK

They've got trail mix back there! This isn't fair! They're never going to die now!
*(NARRATOR 2 emerges.)*
Hey can I have a Jello Pop?

TROJAN

No!

GREEK

Please?

TROJAN

No!

GREEK

This means war!

TROJAN

It's been war, moron! Hey do you want something?

GREEK

Yes.

TROJAN

Ask for it nicely.

GREEK

May I please have something?
*(TROJANS throw their garbage over the wall.)*

TROJAN

You can clean that up.

GREEK

This means war!

NARRATOR 2

So the battle stalled. And not much happened for a long time. Perhaps this would be as good a time as any to give you the proper context behind this massive war.

*(The GREEKS and TROJANS leave to change costumes.)*

It all started with a beauty contest. Now I know what you're thinking: beauty contest? Don't most wars start that way? And the answer is yes. Little known fact: World War I started because of a beauty contest between the Arch Duke Ferdinand and the Pope. During the bathing suit portion of that competition, someone killed the Arch Duke. And then the war started. But in this case the beauty contest was between three goddesses:

*(APHRODITE enters.)*

Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty.

*(HERA enters.)*

Hera. Angry wife of Zeus.

HERA

I'm so much more than that.

NARRATOR 2

Whatever. And Athena. Goddess of Wisdom and also War too just for fun.

*(ATHENA enters. At least one of these goddesses should be played by a male. Preferably two or three.)*

Now—they appeared before a young shepherd named Paris.

*(PARIS enters.)*

PARIS

Well I'm just walking around minding my sheep. One sheep. Two sheep. Three sheeps. Four sheeps. Five sheeps.

ALL GODDESSES

GREETINGS MORTAL!

PARIS

Ah! Holy goddesses!

HERA

Who's the fairest one of all?

APHRODITE

Pick me. Pick me.

*(NARRATOR 2 becomes the MC and grabs PARIS.)*

MC

Welcome to the Miss Olympus Pageant!

*(singing)*

There she is, Miss Olympus Goddess. Walking down the runway in her goddess-ness-ness.

*Skipping Forward*

bones, which would then splinter into a thousand pieces, each piece in turn igniting in a flame of evil so incomprehensible that your existence would be erased from the memory of the world. And there would be lots of back hair. Thank you. Hi Mom!

*(She leaves.)*

MC

Okay. Horrible horrible doom if you don't pick Athena. An interesting argument. And finally, Hera, queen of the gods.

HERA

Thank you, <*actor's name*> I'll gladly answer that question.

MC

I haven't asked a question yet.

HERA

Don't contradict me.

MC

Okay.

HERA

If chosen as Miss Olympus, there will be many brownies. Many many brownies. Made from scratch with love and care because I am the mother goddess as well as the queen goddess. I will also make sure you wear your seatbelt and carry an umbrella with you.

*(ZEUS enters.)*

ZEUS

Hey what's for dinner anyway!

HERA

What are you doing here?

ZEUS

I came home and there was nothing cooking and Artemis said you were down here doing some pageant thing—

HERA

Oh so now you come home! Mighty Zeus finally decides to visit our house and he wants a hot dinner on the table! Is that it?! Maybe if you took out the garbage every once in a while I might consider making you something for dinner!

ZEUS

Oh come on the garbage doesn't seen need to be taken out!

HERA
Have you seen the hedges out front? Have you seen them?

ZEUS
Nag nag nag nag! I should have married my other sister!

HERA
You don't have any other sisters!

ZEUS
Well I wish I did! And you're over here flirting with this mortal!

HERA
I am not flirting!

ZEUS
I'm going out!

HERA
Where are you going?

ZEUS
Out!

HERA
You better not be visiting Dionysus again! The neighbors don't want to see you passed out on the lawn any more!

ZEUS
I'll visit whoever I want! I'm king of the gods!

HERA
You're king of sleeping on the couch!
*(ZEUS leaves.)*

MC
Married love. Isn't it wonderful?

HERA
Where was I?

MC
Peace and harmony and brownies.

HERA

Yes. Brownies. Thank you.

MC

Well—what do you think Paris?

PARIS

Um… they're all equally beautiful?

MC

Don't you just wish that could be the answer? But it can't! A winner must be crowned! So… let's bring our finalists out here—

*(The THREE GODDESSES stand shoulder to shoulder.)*

PARIS

The Second Runner Up is… Hera!

*(HERA forces a smile. ATHENA and APHRODITE give each other a quick hug and wait for the announcement.)*

MC

Now—if the winner of Miss Olympus is unable to fulfill her duties—the first runner up will take the crown.

PARIS

The first runner up is… Athena

MC *(almost overlapping)*

That means Aphrodite is Miss Olympus!!!

*(APHRODITE tries to hug ATHENA, who punches her in the stomach and stomps off. MC brings out a crown and puts it on APHRODITE's head. APHRODITE does a twirl.)*

APHRODITE

Ah'd like to thank the children who made this possible, mah mother, and ah'd also like to thank—

*(ATHENA returns, grabs the microphone and speaks in the most threatening voice imaginable.)*

ATHENA

**YOU HAVE SEALED YOUR DOOM MORTAL!**

MC

Wow that's probably not a good sign. But as a bonus, any girl you want will fall in love with you. Of course they'll probably be doomed too. Thank you everyone! Good night.

*(HERA grabs the microphone)*

HERA

Hi everyone! I just wanted to thank my family for this opportunity and add that

*(to PARIS)*

**YOU ARE DOOMED**. Bye!

*(She leaves. PARIS is left alone. NARRATOR 2 emerges.)*

NARRATOR 2

So Paris chose Aphrodite, which was not a good choice.

PARIS

Who should I have chosen then?

NARRATOR 2

The correct choice should have been: I love you all equally.

PARIS

They didn't let me say that! That's what I wanted to say!

NARRATOR 2

Or, as an alternative, you could have killed yourself. Although they probably would have followed you into Hades and made you choose there. So… Paris could make any girl fall in love with him.

PARIS

Are there any mermaids around here?

NARRATOR 2

What is your deal with mermaids?

PARIS

I think they're cute.

NARRATOR 2

You're a little weird. But there were no mermaids—

PARIS

Are you sure there's no mermaids?

NARRATOR 2

There's no freaking mermaids! Get over it. So he was walking along one day and he saw the most beautiful girl imaginable.

*(HELEN enters.)*

She was so beautiful, in fact, that when Paris saw her—

*(PARIS faints.)*

He fainted. And when he got up and saw her again—

*(PARIS faints again.)*
He fainted again. But the third time he spoke to her –

PARIS

What's up?
*(HELEN faints.)*

NARRATOR 2

She fainted.

PARIS

You're pretty.

HELEN

So are you.

PARIS

I know. Let's run away together.

HELEN

Okay.
*(They start to run away together.)*
Oh wait—I'm forgetting something… oh well, it's probably not important.
*(They run off.)*

NARRATOR 2

What she had forgotten was that she was actually married. To the King. Small point. Now the king's name was Menelaus. And his advisor was a girl named Tricia.
*(MENELAUS enters. TRICIA enters shortly afterwards. She is a typical teenage girl.)*

TRICIA

You know what I heard?

MENELAUS

What is it, my most trusted advisor, Tricia?

TRICIA

Okay, so like do you know Sarah Banks? And you know that like I hate her, right? Okay, but she doesn't know I hate her—I'm one of her top friends on MySpace, so she posted that she saw this chick named Gabriella, I think she's from like Sparta or something, they're horrible in Sparta, anyway this chick Gabriella said that she knows this guy who's the brother of this other guy from Troy, right? And like this guy from Troy is supposed to be like really hot, right?

MENELAUS

Can you please get to the point?

TRICIA

Right. Well… okay, so you know this guy from Troy, right?

MENELAUS

No I don't know him.

TRICIA

But there's this guy. And this guy's brother told Gabriella to tell Sarah to tell me that this guy from Troy likes Helen. Which I think is just not cool because you don't just like another guy's wife.

MENELAUS

I trust Helen.

TRICIA

Right. Of course. But you shouldn't because she already left with him.

MENELAUS

What?

TRICIA

I know.

MENELAUS

What are you talking about?

TRICIA

Isn't that nasty?

MENELAUS

What do you mean Helen left with him?

TRICIA

She totally just dumped you. I'm so sorry.

MENELAUS

No one dumps me. I'm the king.

TRICIA

That's right. You're the king.

MENELAUS

I know that.

TRICIA

I'm just agreeing with you. But you know what? If you really want to get back at her you should go out with someone else. Like me.

MENELAUS

No thanks Tricia. What should I do besides that?

TRICIA

Well, like this guy from Troy totally dissed you. So you can't just let him come in and steal your girlfriend, right?

MENELAUS

Right.

TRICIA

So if it were me—I think I'd like raise a gigantic army and then go to his house and burn it to the ground and kill everyone inside. But that's just me.

MENELAUS

That's exactly what we'll do!

NARRATOR 2

Thus began the Trojan War. The most logical war in History. Seriously. It broke down like this:

MENELAUS *(shouting across the stage)*

Hey Paris! You stole my wife! I'm going to kill everyone in the same country as you!

PARIS *(shouting back)*

Tough! We're in love!

MENELAUS *(shouting back)*

Let me talk to my wife!

*(HELEN appears by PARIS' side.)*

HELEN

What?

MENELAUS *(shouting back)*

I can't find my socks! Where did you put them?

HELEN *(shouting back)*

Did you check the bottom drawer of your dresser?!

*Skipping Forward*

Grrr.

*(She storms off.)*

I'm not telling any more war stories.

NARRATOR 2

Fine. I'm sure there are some great epic poems about quilting and girls connecting to each other with magic pants! Oh I know! Let's have an epic poem about our feelings!

NARRATOR 1

I'm leaving.

*(She leaves.)*

NARRATOR 2

All right. Now it's time for War!

*(The TROJANS and GREEKS come out in dance formation, preferably in tights.)*

What are you guys doing?

GREEK

I thought this was the musical part of the show.

NARRATOR 2

No I'm sorry this is the Trojan War. This is not a musical. This is manly stuff.

*(Music begins. GREEKS and TROJANS begin snapping.)*

Stop that.

*(They begin a slow dance a la West Side Story.)*

GREEKS *(singing)*

When you're a Greek you're a greek all the way!
From your first gyro sandwich to your last dying day!

*(They do a dance.)*

NARRATOR 2

Hey hey hey! No. No. No dancing.

GREEKS *(singing)*

When you're a Greek you're the king of the hill
With a spear and a sword for a mighty quick kill

*(They dance some more.)*

And when the fighting is done it is time for T.V.
Because when you're a greek you're a capital G!

NARRATOR 2

Stop it guys.

GREEKS *(singing)*

Oh we like strutting around and doing a dance!
We're the toughest greek soldiers in mighty tight pants!
*(The TROJANS dance-fight back.)*

TROJANS

We are the Trojans we're clean and we're cool
We love to do yoga and follow the rules!
*(The TROJANS dance back.)*
We like to wear headphones and listen to Cher
Don't mess us with boys—

NARRATOR 2

STOP! STOP!
*(He stops the action.)*
This is not how the Trojan war went.
*(The actors leave, quite sad. One remains.)*

GREEK

Actually if you look at documents from the time—

NARRATOR 2

No. No. Now—I know we have a limited number of actors. But if we're going to do this war, we're going to do it right.
*(NARRATOR 1 returns.)*

NARRATOR 1

And that is why we are going to scale down the battle with these:
*(she holds up a little green army man.)*
Little green army men.

NARRATOR 2

Hey that's a good idea.

NARRATOR 1

The green ones will be the Greeks. And the tan ones will be the Trojans.
*(*If you wish to use different figurines, feel free. Greeks could be transformers or dinosaurs or strawberry shortcake dolls or anything, really. The more outlandish the better.)*
Okay, so the Trojans are holed up in their city, Troy.
*(She dumps a bucket full of Trojan figurines on one part of the stage.)*
And they're going a little crazy.
*(NARRATOR 1 picks up some "Trojans" and talks with them.)*
`Ah! I'm going crazy!'
*(She tosses one up into the air.)*
`I'm going crazy too!'

*(She tosses another one up into the air.)*

`I want a burger!'

*(She tosses a bunch of them into the air.)*

NARRATOR 2

And meanwhile the Greeks are over here.

*(NARRATOR 1 dumps a bucket full of Greek figurines on another part of the stage.)*

And they're going crazy too.

*(He picks up a figurine.)*

Me loco! Me so crazy! And every once in a while a guy would get sick of waiting and he would—

*(NARRATOR 2 throws a "Greek" at NARRATOR 1.)*

NARRATOR 1

Stop it.

NARRATOR 2

Now, when Achilles was mad he killed this many people.

*(NARRATOR 2 runs through the "Trojans" stomping and kicking as many as possible.)*

NARRATOR 1 *(as the "Trojans")*

Ah! I'm dying! Mama! No! Why me? Oh the humanity! Et cetera. Et cetera.

NARRATOR 2

And he was killing people until—

*(NARRATOR 1 takes a "Trojan" and stabs NARRATOR 2 in the heel with it.)*

Aaaah. He dies.

NARRATOR 1

And then the Trojans fought back and killed this many people.

*(NARRATOR 1 runs through the "Greek" camp, kicking and stomping.)*

NARRATOR 2 *(as the "Greeks")*

Ah! Ah! Stop killing us! No! We don't like you any more! Blah blah we're dead. Et cetera.

NARRATOR 1

So they were roughly even. And the Greeks waited.

*(NARRATOR 2 throws a "Greek" at NARRATOR 1.)*

I said stop it.

NARRATOR 2

He was tired of waiting.

NARRATOR 1

So they waited some more—

*(NARRATOR 2 throws another "Greek" at NARRATOR 1.)*

Cut it out!

NARRATOR 2

I'm sorry, they're going crazy over here!

*(as the "Greeks")*

Rar! Rar! We so crazy!

NARRATOR 1

And then were was Odysseus

*(NARRATOR 2 produces "Odysseus" who should be a larger figurine—maybe a GI Joe, Raggedy Andy, or Optimus Prime.)*

And Odysseus was smart. Too smart. Well, actually, not too smart. He was plenty smart. And he came up with a plan.

NARRATOR 2

*(as "Odysseus")*

All right men listen up.

*(as another "Greek")*

No I hate you.

*("Odysseus" stabs the other Greek repeatedly.)*

Die die die die die. I'm in charge here!

*(as another "Greek")*

No I'm in charge!

*(another "Greek")*

No I'm in charge!

*(another "Greek")*

Me!

*(Odysseus)*

Everybody shut up! Shut up! Listen: I've come up with a plan.

*(Greek)*

Oh we've been at this war for ten years and now he has a plan. Brilliant.

*(another Greek)*

I say we go home!

*(Odysseus)*

We're not cutting and running, all right! Not while I'm in charge! We build a giant hippopotamus.

*(Greek)*

What's a hippopotamus?

*(Odysseus)*

It's like a big ugly thing that sits in the water.

*(Greek)*

Like your Mom?

*(The Greeks all laugh.)*

*(Odysseus)*

Shut up! We say we're giving to the Trojans as a gift. And then we're all sitting inside of it, and when they take it into the city we jump out and kill them all.

*(Greek)*

I'm not a getting in a hippo!

*(another Greek)*

I think we should meet them on the field of battle and engage them in a fair fight!

*(the other greeks laugh.)*

NARRATOR 1

So they built a giant Hippopotamus.

*(The Trojan Hippopotamus is rolled in.)*

*(as a "TROJAN")*

What the heck is that thing?

NARRATOR 2 *(Odysseus)*

It's a giant hippo!

NARRATOR 1 *(Trojan)*

Why?

NARRATOR 2 *(Odysseus)*

Um… it's a gift.

NARRATOR 1 *(Trojan)*

We don't want it!

NARRATOR 2 *(Odysseus)*

We're just gonna leave it here then.

NARRATOR 1 *(Trojan)*

We're gonna set it on fire!

NARRATOR 2

And so many greeks perished inside the Trojan Hippo. So they built a second, even more impressive gift for the Trojans.

*(The Trojan Fish is rolled in.)*

NARRATOR 1 *(Trojan)*

What's that?

NARRATOR 2 *(Odysseus)*

It's a fish. Kind of a bass. I think.

NARRATOR 1 *(Trojan)*

What kind of bass?

NARRATOR 2 *(Odysseus)*

A striped bass.

NARRATOR 1 *(Trojan)*

Do you have a large mouth bass?

NARRATOR 2 *(Odysseus)*

No.

NARRATOR 1 *(Trojan)*

We're gonna set it on fire then.

NARRATOR 2

And even more Greeks perished inside the Trojan Fish. And finally. Odysseus came up with the perfect gift.

*(A rocking horse is rolled in.)*

NARRATOR 1 *(Trojan)*

What do you want this time?

NARRATOR 2 *(Odysseus.)*

We give up.

NARRATOR 1 *(Trojans)*

Hey guys. They're giving up!

*(The "Trojans" cheer.)*

Yay! Let's have a party! Woo!

NARRATOR 2 *(Odysseus)*

And to prove we're giving up and going home, we're going to leave you this horse. Um… but there are a few ground rules with taking care of the horse, you don't just get to keep it if you're not going to take care of it. First, you can't set it on fire.

NARRATOR 1 *(Trojan)*

Awww.

NARRATOR 2 *(Odysseus)*

Second, you can't poke it with swords.

NARRATOR 1 *(another Trojan)*

But that's what I do with all my pets.

NARRATOR 2 *(Odysseus)*

Third. If you hear any noises or people moving around inside the horse, you have to ignore that because most horses have complicated digestive systems. Even wooden ones.

NARRATOR 1 *(Trojan)*

Okay.

NARRATOR 2 *(Odysseus)*

Good. Now if you'll excuse me I'm going to hide somewhere.

*(Odysseus climbs into the horse.)*

NARRATOR 1

And so the horse entered the city of Troy. And as the Trojans partied that night—

*(Music Plays. "TROJANS" dance.)*

`Y. M. C. A. It's fun to stay at the Y. M. C. A.!

NARRATOR 2

The Greeks snuck out of the horse and they were like AAAAAAAAAh!

*(NARRATOR 2 runs around like a madman, kicking over action figures, stomping them, punting them, humiliating them, picking them up and hurling them into the wings, generally making a complete fool of himself.)*

And these guys over here were like, `no, don't kill us!' and the Greeks were like `die die die die!' and then there was this other guy over here who was passed out and they were like stab stab stab stab and then all the Trojans were running this way and the Greeks were like rarrrrrrrrghghghg! And this guy got punted into the wings—

*(He takes an action figurine and punts it)*

And then these guys jumped off the city wall

*(He throws some off the stage)*

And the Trojans were running around like `no! They were in the horse! They were in the horse! Aaaaaaaaahg! Stomp Stomp Stomp! Smash Smash Smash! Help us! Help us! Aaagghgh! I'll fight you! I'll fight you! I'll fight you! And then Helen and Paris were up here in the tower

*(He produces a Barbie figurine for Paris.)*

And Paris was like I'm so pretty! Wait.

*(picks up a different figurine)*

This is Paris. And this is Helen. And they were in the tower and Helen was like `I love you' and Paris was like `Gee thanks baby' `what do you mean gee thanks?' `I just want to be friends' `I left my kingdom for you' `give me some sugar' okay. Smooch. Smooch. Smoochies. And the Greeks over here were like arrarrrrarrgh! And here's Menaloas and he's like they're smooching in the tower! Noooo! So they were charging and there was smooching and then it was like all of a sudden this giant bird came down—it was the Millenium Falcon!

*(Gets out a spaceship)*

And there were aliens everywhere! And the aliens were like let's nuke the whole place! And then boom!

*(He starts throwing figurines everywhere.)*

Boom! Booom! And some of the guys mutated into zombies and they were like brains! Brains! And gyros! And then the other guys were like oh no zombies! Nooooo! Ahhh! And then and then and then

*(He grabs a pail of water)*

A flood! A flood! And then aarrrhghghghghghghghhghghghgh!

*(NARRATOR 2 rolls around on the floor screaming and throwing figurines everywhere. Finally he stops. NARRATOR 1 is just staring at him.)*

*(Long pause.)*

NARRATOR 1

Um… <*Actor's name*>? What are you doing?

NARRATOR 2

Huh?

NARRATOR 1

Are you on medication or anything?

NARRATOR 2

Um… I'm sorry I guess I got lost in the fog of war there.

NARRATOR 1

A little bit, yeah. So…

**End of Excerpt.**
**To purchase this play, please visit [www.concordtheatricals.com](http://www.concordtheatricals.com)**