

## Heaven, Earth and a horse of wood – An Ancient Greek Epic by Sid River

**Background**      Hey, I just fancied writing an Ancient Greek Epic! Ok, so we were doing an Ancient Greek topic at the time and it seemed a good idea. It has several scenes, which is unusually long for one of my efforts! This went down a storm and is a great one to do if you want to go mad with costumes, music, sound effects and jokes about olives. Just make sure that you have a shed load of white bedsheets before you start!

Parts	Description
<b>Narrator(s)</b>	Only one in the script but you can create more of these by just dividing up the parts speech by speech. Should act like heavenly muses and be visible on stage in costume.
<b>Zeus</b>	Loud and self important. Should speak like Brian Blessed and wear Godly robes.
<b>Plodkins</b>	A humble servant in a tunic. Always at his master's side.
<b>Athena, Aphrodite and Hera</b>	Three Goddesses, all absolutely 'gorge', and they should dress and act accordingly in the best flowing togas money can buy. They are arrogant and spiteful with it and should not be asked lightly to dinner parties.
<b>Antandecius</b>	In the UK, Ant and Dec are the ever present hosts of a multitude of painful Saturday night game shows. Feel free to change the name to something equally as relevant and witty from your own national TV schedules. He should be smarmy, in love with himself and sporting a permanent rictus grin.
<b>Prince Paris of Troy</b>	The love interest. Handsome and dashing but a real wimp in the first scene. Thinks he's witty too! Wears a better class of tunic.
<b>Eric and Ernicus</b>	Named after two well loved British comedians from the seventies. Again feel free to change the names to other relevant witty names. These two fancy themselves as a comedy duo and should speak in a 'music-hall comedy stylee'. With tunics of course!
<b>Helen of Troy/Sparta</b>	Elegant and beautiful to look at, but turns out to be a bit of a battleaxe at the end! Each time anyone mentions Helen by name, she should stand up or appear at the side of the stage and simper cheesily through a picture frame being held by a stage hand, holding the position for no more than a second or two, thus creating an instant portrait of beauty. This repetitive action should be accompanied by another stage hand pinging a naff triangle/bell sound as she peers through the frame. This looks really funny and gets better as the three of them get slightly out of time as the action repeats. It's worth doing as a bit of visual comedy but feel free to omit it if it sounds too abstract. This is indicated in the script by <b>PING!</b> In brackets.
<b>King Menelaus</b>	Dramatic, and owner of the best tunic and string beard below cloud level.
<b>General</b>	King Menelaus' military leader but with poor organisational skills
<b>Achilles</b>	Hero number one. Dashing tunic, muscles and an array of weapons. Like to pose a lot.
<b>Odysseus</b>	Hero number two. Brains as well as good looks.
<b>Ajax</b>	Hero number three. In the UK there used to be a sink cleaning product called Ajax (does it still exist?) so he needs to wear yellow or pink marigold gloves and carry a sink plunger and a toilet roll for weapons. The reference to cleaning products will make sense of his speeches. If you never had 'Ajax' cleaner in your country, then, once again, change the name to suit and make it relevant.
<b>Captain</b>	Not the sharpest sword in the armory and very sarcastic with it.
<b>Soldiers (2)</b>	They have a few funny lines. You can always add more and make them one-liners if you need the parts. Think of the Roman legionaries in the Asterix books!
<b>Trojan Horse</b>	Not a character, but a chance to let your imagination run wild. I did this by making a series of card panels with windows that the Spartans could hold in front of them as they shuffle on. They need to be able to speak whilst inside the horse. Good lick with this!

## Heaven, Earth and a horse of wood.

### Scene 1

*The setting is the Summit of Mount Olympus. There are pillars and Godly artifacts around and in the centre is a Royal throne. One (or possibly two if you want to spread the parts) suitably mused narrator stand at the side of the stage with wax (cardboard) tablets*

Narrator: It is a fine, sunny afternoon on the pinnacle of Mount Olympus and the Pantheon of Greek gods are happily going about their godly duties, which mainly consist of devising fiendishly cruel tasks and punishments for lowly and unfortunate members of the human race, and generally arguing amongst themselves about who is the greatest god of all.

*A bearded man enters wearing a crown and flowing tunic. A smaller, thinner man is following carrying a covered food dish. He sits on a throne centre stage.*

Narrator: Zeus is the most mighty of all the gods and is accompanied wherever he goes by his faithful servant Plodkins.

Plodkins: *(Taking the lid from the food tray)* There you are your high and mightiness, a nourishing bowl of boiled olive soup with olive oil bread, and a delicious slice of mashed olive pie on the side.

Zeus: *(sighs heavily)* Olive this, olive that! Is this all we have to eat in this place?

Plodkins: Unfortunately sire, the god of small mediterranean shrubbery is having a production drive at the moment. You can't move in the kitchen for olives!

Zeus: This is ridiculous! Can't we have him replaced with the god of . . . toasted potato waffles or something?

Plodkins: *(trying to sound positive)* Look, don't fret sire, tomorrow's feast is chicken and turnip surprise!

Zeus: Chicken and turnip surprise, that sounds better. What's the surprise?

Plodkins: The surprise? *(looking sheepish)* Erm . . . there's no chicken.

Zeus: *(aghast)* No chicken? Well that is a surprise!

Plodkins: . . . And no turnips.

Zeus: *(Getting frustrated)* No turnips either? Well what's in the blessed thing? *(He sees Plodkins looking embarrassed)* Oh no, don't tell me . . . Olives!

*Plodkins nods and Zeus sighs heavily and waves away the food. Plodkins hands him a wax tablet which Zeus studies hard.*

Narrator: As the supreme ruler of all the gods, the mighty Zeus deals only with the most

important issues of heaven and Earth.

Zeus: (*deep in thought*) Hmm . . . these Baboons I've created, I can't decide whether to give them red bottoms or blue ones. What do you think?

*Before Plodkins can answer, a commotion/argument off stage distracts them. Three beautiful goddesses, Hera, Athena and Aphrodite, flounce into room.*

Aphrodite: Yoo hoo, Zeusy boy! Where are you handsome one?

Zeus: (*aside*) Oh no!

Narrator: One of his tasks is to be responsible for sorting out squabbles between the lesser gods.

Zeus: (*Loudly and with a forced smile*) Ladies, what a lovely surprise. I must say you're all looking lovely today.

Aphrodite: (*snootily*) Of Course!

Hera: (*with a flick of the hair*) Naturally!

Athena: (*striking a pose*) What did you expect!

Aphrodite: Well you know and we know that compared to everyone else, the three of us are just absolutely *gorge*, Zeusy old chap, but we really have to know, out of the three of us, who . . .

Hera: (*interrupting*) Whom!

Aphrodite: (*with an impatient scowl*) Yes alright, *whom* is the most beautiful of us all.

Athena: (*dreamily and whilst playing with hair and fluttering eyelashes*) Mirror, Mirror, on the wall *whom* is the fairest of them all.

Hera: (*thinking hard*) Do you know, actually, I think 'who' might have been right in the first place.

Aphrodite: (*increasingly confused*) Who might have been right?

Hera: Or perhaps 'which'?

Athena: (*offended, with hands on hips*) Whom are you calling a witch, you wizened old crone.

*They begin to squabble.*

Zeus: (*aside*) Methinks a decision like this could be more dangerous than a twelve headed serpent with toothache. (*to the three*) Now girls, calm down. Despite being the most omnipotent, all seeing, all powerful supreme ruler of the gods, except for Sundays and a fifteen minute olive-break every three hours, I could not possibly be expected to decide between you. You are all equally lovely to me.

*All three look offended and stand with hands on their hips.*

Aphrodite: Well that's just typical. You rule over all the heavens and earth, but you can't even make a simple decision like this.

Hera: That's the last time I'm doing your ironing matey-boy.

Zeus: Look, panic ye not. *I* may not be able to decide, but I know a man who can!  
*All three look suddenly interested.*

Zeus: (*clicks his fingers and speaks to servant*) Plodkins, send a heavenly muse down to Prince Paris in the City of Troy and have him transported up here. I have an important job for him.

Plodkins: Certainly, your godship.  
*Plodkins exits.*

Zeus: Now, my fine ethereal beings, begone and prepare yourselves for the contest. (*they leave excitedly*) Oh, and see if you can pick me up a pizza on the way back. No Olives!

## **Scene 2**

*Suitable music for a beauty contest plays and a game show host in bow tie, tux and tunic bursts in to applause and cheering.*

Antandecius: Welcome, welcome ladies and gentlemen, I am Antandecius, the god of Saturday night game shows, and this . . . is the grand final of Miss Olympus. (*music still plays*) Now, our three lovely finalists are waiting nervously behind the curtain (*giggling can be heard*) but before we bring them out, let's meet the poor sap . . . I mean, young man who is going to make this suicidal . . . I mean, extremely important decision. Please jangle your jewelery for . . . Prince Paris of Troy!  
*A terrified looking Prince is brought on to stage by two heavies in shades. Antandecius slaps a friendly arm around his shoulder.*

Antandecius: (*looking mistily into the distance*) Ah Paris, the international city of romance. (*snaps out of his musing*) Now young Sir, are you ready to take on this enormous responsibility.

Paris: (*terrified*) I . . . I . . . erm (*gulp*)

Zeus: (*Jeering from the audience, standing up with a pizza box in one hand and a slice in the other hand*) Of course he is!

Antandecius: (*More cheesy smiling*) Excellent! And does it bother you at all that the last human to choose a winner of a Miss Olympus beauty contest was boiled in a bath of old socks and then turned into a three legged skunk with bad breath?

Paris: Erm . . . well . . . I . . .

Zeus: (*Sarcastically, and standing once more*) No, not a bit! He a big brave soldier

aren't you?

Antandecius: *(before Paris can speak)* Marvelous! Well without further ado, let's bring out our three goddesses of heavenly gorgeousness. Hera! *(enters)* Athena! *(enters)* and Aphrodite! *(enters)*

*All three mince in to cheers and wolf whistles. They are wearing Miss World sashes saying Miss Understood, Miss Conduct and Miss Behaviour on them. They stand like little teapots, pouting on stage. Paris stands there aghast.*

Antandecius: *(after calming the audience)* Now Paris, I believe that you have prepared a crucial question for the contestants.

Paris: *(shaking)* Erm . . . Yes *(gulp)* Please tell me . . . why I should choose you as Miss Olympus. Erm . . . Contestant number one please.

Hera: *(Stepping forward confidently)* Well, apart from being *intensely* stunning of course, I'm also very kind to small animals. Why, only the other day I created a whole new species of guinea pig from the ear lobe of a three-toed sloth. Oh, and if you don't choose me, I'll have you ripped apart by wild bunnies! *(she smiles menacingly)*

Antandecius: *(getting unreasonably excited)* Oooo. Sounds tempting!

Paris: *(wiping sweat off his brow)* Erm . . . contestant number two.

Athena: *(Also stepping forward confidently)* Well, I'm sure that you can't deny that I am as beautiful as all the stars in the sky.

Hera: *(aside)* Yes, only not quite as bright!

Athena: *(Ignoring comment)* And of course, there's my *extensive* charity work for lost orphans and underprivileged Demi-gods. Oh, and I will have you stir-fried alive in olive oil and served in a white-wine sauce at the next widows of famine banquet *if you don't choose me. (dangerous simper)*

Antandecius: *(sarcastically and with relish)* Yum Yum!

Paris: Erm . . . Contestant number three please.

Aphrodite: *(cunningly)* Well, now . . . you seem like a nice boy Paris, so I'll tell you what. If you choose *me*, not only will I make sure that these two *amateurs* don't harm a hair on your head, but I'll also tell you where you can find the most beautiful woman on Earth. How does that sound to you?

*The other two stare daggers at her.*

Antandecius: Hmmm, a crafty gambit. That should certainly get the self preservation vote.

Paris: *(jumping at the chance to escape alive)* Too right! It's a deal. I choose contestant number three! *(falling to his knees)* Now please, I'm a Trojan celebrity, get me out of here!

Zeus: *(standing up and walking to the stage applauding)* Bravo! Bravo! Well done that

boy. Send him on his way Plodkins.

*Aphrodite dances around the centre of the stage blissfully as Miss World or suitable victory music plays. She sits on Zeus' empty throne wiping tears of happiness from her eyes. Hera and Athena step forward with faces like thunder, jam a victory crown heavily on to her head and thrust a scepter into her hand before folding their arms and scowling. Aphrodite stands, still being all emotional whilst flowers are thrown on from the side of the stage. She clasps her hands and stares dreamily into the distance, sighs and then speaks through false sobs.*

Aphrodite: Oh isn't it *wonderful!* I'm the most beautiful goddess on the mountain. Now I'll always be in the popular group in the canteen! (*she flits off stage*)

Zeus: (*walking over to the two fuming losers*) Oh hard luck ladies but that's the way the cookie crumbles.

Athena: (*stamping feet*) Not fair!

Zeus: Well the dice have been cast, so lets hear no more of wild bunnies and Earthling stir-fry. (*He turns to Plodkins and claps an arm around his shoulder*) Come Plodders, we have other godly business to attend to. Now about those baboon bottoms . . . (*they leave the stage in deep discussion*)

*The two goddesses left stomp to centre stage and pull faces that look like they're sucking a lemon.*

Athena: (*sulkily*) Well that's it then. Its back to the drawing board to slap on a few more tons of natural skin tone foundation!

Hera: (*with a mischievous grin*) Not quite. We may not be able get at that worm Paris directly, but I think that we can still lob a spanner or two in the works from up here.

Athena: (*sounding excited*) Oooh yes. It's been a while since they had a long drawn out war down there.

Hera: Exactly! (*they link arms to leave, smiling smugly*) You know, there's nothing quite like causing a whole heap of suffering and misery to make a girl feel better about herself! (*they exit laughing*)

### **Scene 3**

*In the city of Troy. Prince enters with two men at arms Eric and Ernicus. They stand either side of Paris, all three with inane grins on their faces. They perform this like a music hall act, waiting painfully for groans and laughs from the audience.*

Narrator: Prince Paris has been safely returned to the City of Troy, but not before the Goddess of love, Aphrodite has smitten him with tales of the beautiful 'Helen

of Sparta' (**PING!** - see notes about Helen of Troy character on page one) as she promised. All poor Prince Paris can think about now is how he can take her out for a slice of olive pizza and a marriage proposal.

Paris: What have you heard, brothers Eric and Ernicus, of this Helen of Sparta (**PING!**). Is she really as beautiful as they say.

Eric: Well I've heard that she hatched from an egg and she's not all she's cracked up to be!

Paris: Surely you must be *yolking*?

Eric: I'm not, and *don't* call me shirley.

Ernicus: It's no *eggs-ageration*. I've heard that fine young men from the length and breadth of the Kingdom have sought to win her favour but to no avail.

Eric: And that she has married Old King Menelaus of Sparta

Paris: Well, they say there's nothing like a royal wedding to get a girl's imagination fired up.

Ernicus: (*sounding suspicious*) Yes, and the royal treasure chests.

Eric: I've also heard that she has a beautiful niece . . . a girl called Iphigenia.

*The song 'Girl from Ipanema' suddenly plays and they do a brief disco dance routine. It stops suddenly and the narrator interjects.*

Narrator: Iphigenia, not Ipanema you dunderheads.

Eric: Oh sorry.

Ernicus: And I've heard . . .

Paris: Look, enough with all this gossip. Lets head over to Sparta and view this wondrous vision for our selves!

*They leave the stage plotting their journey.*

#### **Scene 4**

*As the narrator recites the next part of the story, the drama is acted out on stage with a backdrop of dramatic/atmospheric music or silent movie music.*

Narrator: And thus it was that Prince Paris sailed to Sparta and met with King Menelaus and the beautiful Helen, instantly falling in love with her and wanting her for his wife. Whilst they were there, pressing reports took Menelaus away on kingly business and the trusting monarch left Helen (**PING!**) to play the 'hostess with the mostess'.

Prince Paris, spotting a golden opportunity, stole the helpless Helen (**PING!**) from the Sparta and sailed back to Troy. Mind you, I say 'stole' and 'helpless' but rumour has it she had time to pack twenty-seven suitcases of clothing and

cancel the milk before more or less sprinting up the gangplank to sail off with the handsome young Prince.

When Menelaus returned to Sparta, he was understandably furious, particularly over the cancellation of the milk as he was forced to eat his corn flakes with olive oil for the next three days.

Menelaus: (*Shouting*) Assemble all the able men of the Kingdom. Tomorrow we sail to Troy to burn down the town and rescue the beautiful Helen (*PING!*).

General: Certainly Sire. How many men shall I recruit?

Menelaus: Well a voice in my head is telling me that this could be a long drawn out affair, so I think about fifty thousand should do.

General: (*panicking*) Fifty thousand! But Sire, it's been a while since the last war and I think I only have addresses for about twenty-five.

Menelaus: Twenty-five thousand?

General: (*looking sheepish*) Erm, No . . . Just . . . twenty-five.

Menelaus: (*shouting*) Well that won't do. Get yourself down to 'rent-a-hero' right away and hire me two or three top notch superstars. When people hear about that, they'll come flooding back in their thousands. Put the word out (*he puts on dark glasses*) WE'RE PUTTING THE BAND BACK TOGETHER!

Narrator: And so it was, word got around, and within days Menelaus did indeed have a fleet of a thousand ships and a force of fifty-thousand warriors, and, most importantly, three of the *fittest* heroes that Ancient Greece had to offer.

*Three Greek heroes, wearing dark glasses swagger on to the stage to a heroic or funny tune. They pose about a bit and then introduce themselves.*

Achilles: I am Achilles the brave. fearsome warrior and hero. As a baby I was held by the ankle and dipped into a vat of magic potion, rendering nearly every inch of my body indestructible. (*people offstage go 'oooohh'*)

Odysseus: I am Odious . . . I mean Odysseus, Field General and master tactician. I have been fed on a diet of fresh fish from the day I was born to invigorate and develop the 'little grey cells of the brain'. (*he burps and wafts away the smell*) Oops, pardon me. Sardines! (*people offstage go 'ugh!'*)

Ajax: I am Ajax the proud. As a small child I was dropped into the kitchen sink and, since that day, I have scoured the enemy from the battle field and ensured a shiny, clean victory, free from limescale and . . . other . . . unwanted . . . bacteria. (*people offstage go 'huh?'*)

*The heros join King Menelaus and his army at the side of the stage and there is more narration whilst the battle scenes are acted out to dramatic backing music.*

Narrator: And thus it was, with a little help from certain glamorous supreme beings (*Hera*

*and Athena stand up/appear from behind a curtain etc and cackle in evil villain style)* King Menelaus led his army across the ocean to the golden beeches outside the walled city of Troy. There began a mighty siege of the city and battles a plenty. There was much to-ing and fro-ing (*a battle scene is enacted with the Spartan army rushing backwards and forwards*) . . . and as well as to-ing and fro-ing, there was plenty of fro-ing and catching (*a spear is thrown and caught by the General who is skewered and keels over, dead*) After ten years of war, many were killed, the walls stood firm, and gallons of milk went undelivered. Achilles the brave was undone by one of Paris' stray arrows.

*An arrow from Paris hits Achilles in the heel and he hops around with his leg in the air*

Achilles: Oh Oh Oh be careful, that came sharp! (*He looks at the wound in shock and falls to the floor*) Oh my, I am undone by a shot to the sandals!

Eric: Good shot Sir!

Paris: Not really, I was aiming for his head.

Narrator: Ajax the Proud lies dead in a grave of flowers. Lemon scented and kind to the hands to the very end.

Ajax: (*waving his plunger and throwing his toilet roll*) At least I was good value for money.

Narrator: And within the walls of Troy, even Paris was killed. (*He dies a dramatic death on the battlements. Eric and Ernicus looked shocked and then burst into floods of tears*) Only the beautiful Helen (**PING!**) remained untouched as the long war became a dismal stalemate. Outside the walls of Troy, the decimated Spartan forces are having second thoughts about staying for Christmas. The last remaining hero, Odysseus, calls a strategic meeting with King Menelaus and the Captain of the guard.

Odysseus: Now listen carefully King. This battle's going nowhere. We've run out of ideas. We're banging our heads against a brick wall!

Menelaus: But what do you suggest? Harder helmets? Would that bring the walls down?

Captain: (*stepping forward enthusiastically*) Sire! I could assemble a company of men with the thickest heads in the regiment, if you think that will help? (*He hits one of the soldiers on the head with a fake club*)

Odysseus: What? No! Just forget the headbanging. I'm talking about an exceedingly cunning plan that will get your forces inside that city.

Menelaus: And this doesn't require us to bang heads?

Odysseus: No, not heads . . . NAILS! What I'm talking about is a cunningly designed DIY project.

Menelaus: DIY? Ooooh, I love DIY. Will we get to use stencils and do sponge printing on a bit of MDF?

Odysseus: *(a little confused)* Well, if that's what you want.

Menelaus: *(getting over excited)* Oooh, yes yes yes! What are we going to make? A decked barbeque area? A softwood pergola and water feature?

Odysseus: Erm . . . No. We're going to build . . . a huge wooden horse!

Menelaus: A huge wooden what?

Odysseus: A horse. *(The others start to snigger and guffaw)* No, listen, it's brilliant. *(he pulls out a plan of a badly drawn and labelled wooden horse on wheels)* We build a gigantic hollow horse . . . on wheels, decorate it all nice like, then we wheel it over to the city gates in the dead of night and then all run off and hide. The People of Troy wake up in the morning, see the horse, think it's nice parting gift from their Spartan neighbours and shove the thing inside and . . . Hey presto, the walls are breached!

*All of the others stare open-mouthed*

Captain: *(sarcastically)* And then what? We just sit around for a few hundred years hoping they'll all be infected by woodworm and that the city will fall down around their ears?

Odysseus: Oh no no no no! I forgot to say. Although the horse will be hollow *(his voice becomes low and cunning)* . . . it won't actually be . . . empty! We're going to fill it!

Captain: With what? Mince pies and fortune cookies?

Odysseus: No No, You misunderstand. WE'RE going to fill it. Or rather you are.

Captain: *(slightly panicking)* Me? What about him? *(points at a worried soldier)*

Odysseus: You, him, us, and two dozen of the kings finest troops. Then, when night falls and all the Trojans are off to the land of nod, you're going to sneak out and pop the lock on the gates. Then, all the King's horses and all the kings men will hop out from behind the sand dunes, rush through the gates all angry like, and . . . 'Bob's your uncle'! *(he is very excited)*

*They all stare in silence, open-mouthed for a few seconds. Then King Menelaus leaps to his feet and roars with enthusiasm.*

Menelaus: One captured City of Troy. Ody, you're a genius! Quick, round up all the woodcutters and carpenters, Operation 'Extreme Horse makeover' begins at dawn. *(they turn to leave the stage)* Now do you promise me that I can be in charge of the colour scheme and soft furnishings?

### ***Scene 5***

Narrator: And so began the most ambitious and unusual building project since the Pharaoh Pecankhanut had insisted that the people of Egypt should construct his special burial pyramid 'pointy end down'!

For the next few weeks, fighting ceased and the people of Troy were puzzled by the sounds of hammering and sawing, and the cries of "To you, to me!" and "That's my thumb you're hitting!" that could be heard from the Spartan camp.

Eventually, on the twenty-eighth day, the colossal wooden beast was completed and wheeled, under cover of darkness to the gates of the great City. (*crammed horse enters - see page one for details*) When dawn broke (*sound of breaking glass, a scream and a 'Sorry Dawn' offstage*) the gullible Trojans leapt from their beds and wondered at the sight of the enormous gift horse. They wheeled it into the city, named it Dobbin and danced and celebrated late into the night. Only the beautiful Helen (***PING!***) watched from her window and suspected that the Spartans were up to some kind of trickery.

Helen: There's something fishy about that horse. I smell a rat!

Narrator: (*very dramatically*) But no Helen, it is no rat that you smell, It is a dozen or so brave Spartan warriors, crammed into the dark like sardines, biding their time and waiting for Troy to fall under the spell of sleep.

Odysseus: It smells a bit in here. Is that you?

Soldier 1: No, it's sardines. Sorry. I'm a bit nervous.

Soldier 2: They're getting a bit wild down there. What if they think we're a pinata and start hitting us with sticks?

Odysseus: Stop worrying. Just sit tight and shut up.

*They all sigh and put their chins in their hands.*

Narrator: Several hours later.

*Some Trojans fall asleep on the stage.*

Captain: Oooh my back's killing me.

Soldier 2: Could you move your knees please, you're giving me a dead-leg.

Soldier 1: Are we nearly there yet, I could do with the loo!

Odysseus: Shhh! Be quiet and listen!

Captain: (*whispering loudly*) I can't hear anything.

Odysseus: Exactly! The Trojans have gone to beddy-byes. Now it is time to put phase 2 of the plan into action.

Soldier 2: Phase two? What's phase two?

Odysseus: We sneak out of the hidden trap door, shin down the horsey shin, open the gates and 'Bob's your uncle', City captured. *(they all smile knowingly)*

Soldier 2: *( thoughtful pause)* Look, who is this 'Uncle Bob' that everyone keeps on about.

Narrator: Unbeknownst to everyone, particularly the snoozing Trojans, Uncle Bob, or 'Anklebobbicus' to give him his full name, was in fact the little known Greek god of nasty surprises. And, on this particular hot summer night in Troy, good old Uncle Bob worked one of his nastiest surprises to date, for when the gates were cast open, the clandestine forces of Sparta jumped out of the sand dunes and sacked the helpless city.

*Spartan soldiers rush on and attack the sleeping Trojans*

Narrator: The massacre was brutal and bloody and every last Trojan was slaughtered in his bed, or a least forced to watch endless repeats of Coronation Street\* until they went bananas and threw themselves off the battlements.

*King Menelaus enters and Helen is brought to him*

Narrator: After ten long years of pointless and futile war, Menelaus was at last re-united with his beautiful bride, Helen.

Menelaus: *( throwing open his arms and drops to his knees)* Helen, my beautiful bride, you are returned to me at last.

Helen: *( folding her arms and looking frosty)* Well, you took your time didn't you? I'll have you know I've been sitting here for nigh on ten years whilst you've no doubt been gallivanting around the med on your private yacht. Did you spare one thought for me in all this time? *( she put her hands on her hips)*

Menelaus: But . . . but . . .

Helen: I think not! And I bet you didn't even fetch the washing in and fix that shelf in the bathroom! And did you put the bins out? *( she grabs him by the ear)* Honestly, without me to nag you, you just wouldn't do ANYTHING!

*He is dragged off stage. Troops follow looking very confused. The narrator(s) walks to centre stage.*

Narrator: *( dramatically)* And at the top of Mount Olympus, the mighty gods and goddesses of the heavenly spheres sit around on their thrones safe in the knowledge that, with their steady hands on the helm, the world of humans will always be a much nicer and more beautiful place!

Hera/ Athena: *( standing up and letting out and evil cackle)* NOT!

*Music plays. End. Whole cast come on and bow or do the can-can with swinging tunics if you want a real ending. Colour*

*\*This is an extremely old and tired domestic soap opera that has been on UK TV since dinosaurs ruled the Earth. Again, substitute it for something more relevant and equally as banal.*

My first Nuden  
horsey - by Odious  
aged 10

