

6T's Script: Role	6T Kid's real name
Priam	Nick
Helen	Natasha
Sinon	Ajay
Trojan Soldier 6 - captain	Ham
Trojan Soldier 1	Anusha
Trojan Soldier 2	Christian
Trojan Soldier 3	Ivan
Trojan Soldier 5 – crazy one	Riya
Trojan Soldier 7	Farr
Trojan Soldier 8	Sunny
Citizen 1	D-jai
Citizen 2	Tammy
Citizen 3	Leah
Citizen 4	Charn
Citizen 5	Too
Citizen 6	Prim
Citizen 7	Janice
Citizen 8	Manav
Citizen 9	Dario
Citizen 10	Petch
Citizen 11	Andre
Citizen 12	Holly
Citizen 13	Bea

6T's Scene: Discovery of the Wooden Horse DRAFT 4

The gods exit. Sinon hides behind the horse. The Trojans enter (funny entrance – maybe one enters and hides, then another does same and lines up behind, then another etc.) and see the horse – but do not approach it.

TS1: Holy smokes! Check this out!

TS2: Let's kick it!

TS5: What is it?

TS3: It's a great big horse, stupid! Hey, do you think it's dangerous?

TS5: Oh my Zeus! Maybe it is dangerous! Run!

TS6 (Captain): Calm down, Ralphon. Don't be such a drama queen!

TS7: Do you think it's dangerous?

TS8: I don't know. Is it dangerous or is it not dangerous?

TS1: Yeah... that is the question. How can we find out the answer?

TS2: Let's do that thing the Greeks do...

TS8: What? Attack ourselves?

TS5: Yes, Soldier Number 2! Democracy! That's the answer! Rule by the people for the people, oh Liberty and Justice for all... *(TS1 holds a sword up to his face threateningly)* wait – is this a dagger I see before my eyes?

TS6: Ralphon! Quiet!

TS3: *(Yelling to townspeople)* Hey everyone! Get out here! We've found a great big horsy and we're going to do the Greek democracy thing!

TS6: Bullockon! Quiet!

(Townspeople rush onstage confused and excited. They see the horse and point excitedly!)

TS1: *(Pointing)* Look, it's Helen!

All the soldiers straighten up and puff out their chests.

TS2: Hello Helen

TS5: *(Reaching out towards Helen)*, Oh, sweet gods in Olympus, I see before me the face that launched a thousand ships... Oh, Helen, Helen, wherefore art th-

Helen: *(interrupting)* Don't touch me!

Citizen13: Ohhh... How touching.

Citizen11: It's nice to see her talking with the ordinary soldiers.

Citizen5: Yes; it shows she's not out of touch.

Helen: (*snapping at all the soldiers who are now reaching out towards her*) I said: don't touch me! (*soldiers leave her alone*) YOU don't touch ME. Understand? I mean... look at me!

Citizen6: She sounds a bit touchy, if you ask me!

Citizen4: So.... What is that?

TS3: It's a great big horse, stupid!

Citizen4: Thanks for the feedback.

Citizen10: You know, they say that the quicker the feedback the better it is.

Citizen4: I don't know about that... I think he hurt my feelings!

Citizen12: Yeah, that feedback didn't sound very nice!

Citizen9: Just imagine how bad it would've been if he had waited for a while, then!

Citizen10: Point taken. Thanks for the feedback.

Citizen3: You know, horses have feedbags...

Citizen10: You don't say...

Citizen3: Yeah, they have them kind of tied around their mouthy, nose parts...

TS6: Everybody.... Quiet!

TS2: OK so we will have a vote. Is this horse dangerous or not. All those who say it is, say "Aye" ...

ALL: Aye

TS2: All those who say it isn't, say "Nay"...

ALL: Nay

Citizen1: "Nay"? We really should stop horsing around.

Citizen2: Yes, I agree Citizen Number 1; let's deal with the mane issues only.

Helen: Perhaps my hair would look better in a pony tail...

Citizen3: We should stop all this nickering.

Citizen5: I wonder if we're putting the cart before the horse?

Citizen6: What?? There's a cart?

TS7: Hark! I hear someone approaching! (*all listen*)

TS8: You know what? So do I!

TS3: Let's give them a nasty surprise!

ALL: Yeah, yeah...

TS6: Townspeople – DOWN! (*Townspeople immediately crouch down – except Helen who stays standing*).

Priam enters.

Soldiers leap out yelling and brandishing weapons. Priam yells straight back at them...

TS6: Woah, woah, everyone; it's King Priam!

Priam: Hold your horses, everyone, it's me, your beloved king!

TS6: Atten....hut! (*Soldiers all snap to attention*)

Priam: Thanks, Captain, I'll take the reins from here on...

TS6: Of course, your majesty.

Priam notices Helen.

Priam: Helen... how lovely to see you.

Helen: I'm sure it is... I mean, look at me!

Citizen8: She certainly is beautiful.

Citizen13: Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

Citizen9: Yeah... and my eyes say.... vavavavoom!

Citizen10: Please! Beauty is only skin deep, you know.

Citizen12: Believe me, Citizen Number 10 – I only need it skin deep!

Everyone: (*Together*) Va-va-va-voom!

Priam: Helen, I quite agree. You stand out from the crowd like an angel.

Helen: (*Rolling her eyes*) "An angel"! Good heavens!

TS6: Townspeople! It's OK; it was King Priam. All is well.

(Townspeople relax)

Priam (*indicating horse*): Now, what is this, do you suppose?

TS3: It's a great big horse, stuuuu.... pendous King Priam!

Priam: What did he say?

TS6: He said horse stew – maybe he means we could make a nice stew out of it.

Priam: Oh, no, no, no. We don't make stew out of horses...

Citizen7: Glue, Sire! That's what you make!

Priam: Yes, yes... quite right man with the unusually large head. Glue!

TS1: Good idea, Your Majesty.

Citizen8: *(To Citizen7)* I thought it was your idea.

Citizen7: Shhh! We don't want to get into a sticky situation.

Citizen8: Good point; I think I'll stick with you.

Citizen5: Our lips are sealed.

TS3: Your Majesty, Your Majesty! I don't think it's a real horse.

Helen: You don't say...

Priam: Well of course it's not a real horse! *(Quietly to soldier 1)* Go and check it's not a real horse, will you!

TS1: Don't you think he *(points at another soldier)* would do a better job?

King Priam snaps his fingers. The other soldiers all snap into action, pointing their weapons at TS1. Priam glares at him and TS1 gets the message, approaching the horse fearfully.

As he goes, guitarist plays and everyone else does the "approaching shuffle" bit. TS1 touches horse. Song ceases.

TS1: It's wooden. It's got something written on it.

Priam: What does it say?

TS1: It says, "THIS WAY UP!"

Priam: Underneath that!

TS1: It says: "In honour of the Trojan soldiers and citizens, we offer this horse to King Priam, the people of Troy and Athena – and anyone else we may have forgotten."

TS2 to TS8: Well, I guess that covers it...

TS8 *(nodding):* Pretty much....

Citizen6: Did you hear that? What did you think?

Citizen9: Nice to see us citizens got a mention on the note!

Citizen10: Yeah... Those Greeks... You know, those Greeks are alright!

TS3: Your Majesty! Do you think they are trying to BUY Troy from us?

Priam: What? A Horse? A kingdom for a horse? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Everyone: What? A kingdom for a horse? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Priam: Noooo, foolish little man with a pair of ridiculously elongated ears, this is a gift to honour us!

TS6: Perhaps we should look at it closely, My Lord. It could be a trick, after all.

Citizen11: He's right. Those Greeks are tricky little beasts!

Citizen12: Still... it's nice to get gifts every now and then.

Citizen13: I suppose we can consider ourselves "gifted".

Helen: I'm certainly gifted... I mean, LOOK at me!

TS6: There's a small hole up there, in its mouth... I could climb up and look inside...

Priam: Nonsense, Captain. Never look a gift horse in the mouth. That's a rule!

TS5 (to audience): He doth nothing but talk of this horse! Oh for a horse with wings! In riding a horse, we borrow freedom...

TS1: (Interrupting) You know... maybe we SHOULD check this horse out a little more closely...

Sinon leaps out at this point.

Helen: (Startled) Sinon!

Sinon: (quickly to Helen) Shhh!

Sinon: (to the Trojans) I saw it all! The gods told the Greeks to pack it in leave this horse as a gift, and sail home! home again, 'cross the sea. through the dark night far away...

Priam: So they are sailing?

Sinon: They are sailing.

Priam: Home again?

Sinon: Across the sea!

Priam: Interesting... Anything else?

Sinon: Why yes! The gods said that once the horse enters Troy, no one can ever conquer it!

Priam: Well... no one HAS conquered it, yet!

Sinon: Then perhaps for your wife, Lord...??

TS6: I think it is a trick.

TS7: Since when do we trust the Greeks?

TS8: Yes, they haven't been very Caring, you know.

TS1: Yes, and who IS this raggedy scoundrel!

TS2: Let's kick him!

Priam: Wait! Let's think about this. We need to put our thinking caps on!

Citizen 1: What did he say?

Citizen2: Something about Thinking Hats...

Citizen1: Thinking Hats?

Citizen2: That's what he said...

Priam: Let's look at the facts...

Citizen1: Is this part of the Thinking Hats?

Priam: Fact 1 – the Greeks have gone. Correct?

Everyone: Correct!

Priam: Fact 2 – the war is won. Correct?

Everyone: Correct!

Priam: By us, I mean.

Everyone: Oh, yeah... by us, yeah..

Priam: Fact 3 – this little rat-creature (*indicates Sinon*) has told us this horse is a gift for being the best! Correct?

Everyone: Correct!

Priam: Fact 4 – Helen can now stay with us forever. Correct?

Everyone: Correct!

Helen: (*sarcastically*) Oh, great!

Priam: Exactly: GREAT. I feel a song coming on...

Class song.

Priam: OK – it's time to celebrate!

Kool and the Gang's "Celebration" fades in as class leave the stage, fading out once everyone is gone.