



Scripts.com

Troy

By David Benioff

FADE IN:

1 EXT. THESSALIAN VALLEY - DAY 1

A mangy, bone-thin DOG lopes across the broad valley floor, sniffing at the ground. At first the scene

appears bucolic:

sky above.

But as the dog keeps running we see signs of conflict. A spear, half imbedded in the earth, rises at an angle. A bronze helmet, cracked and bloodied, lies on its side. The dog pauses to sniff the helmet then continues his search. Finally he stops, hackles on his back rising, ears pricked up. He growls, and we see what the dog sees. Dozens of CROWS have descended into a shallow ravine. They squabble and peck, clustered around something on the ground.

The dog growls louder and charges at the crows. The black birds flap away to safety, shrieking in protest.

A DEAD SOLDIER lies facedown in the ravine. Whatever armor he wore was stripped away, leaving his body to the elements.

The dog walks slowly to the dead man, sniffing at the corpse's hands. The dog whines and licks the man's fingers.

Something in the air disturbs the dog, who looks up. And now we hear it, faintly, in the distance. HOOF BEATS and chariot wheels, marching men, the clank of bronze armor and weaponry.

The dog runs, abandoning his dead master.

1A THE MYCENAEAN ARMY 1A

five thousand strong, storms into the valley from the south. Armored with bronze breastplates, helmets and shields, the soldiers glitter in the morning sun.

Riding alongside the infantry are dozens of horse-drawn CHARIOTS, each holding a DRIVER, a SPEARMAN and an OFFICER.

On the opposite side of the valley, three thousand THESSALONIAN SOLDIERS march into view. The Thessalonians are less disciplined, their armor and weaponry less impressive.

(CONTINUED)

2.

1A CONTINUED:

When each army reaches the battlefield they stop and stare one another down, two hundred yards distant.

1B A MYCENAEAN CHARIOT AND A THESSALONIA CHARIOT 1B
emerge from their respective sides and meet at the center of the field.

AGAMEMNON, king of the Mycenaeans, rides in his chariot with a DRIVER and a SPEARMAN. Agamemnon holds a gold SCEPTER, symbol of command. His breast plate is engraved with an Alpha.

His counterpart in the Thessalonian cart, TRIOPAS (60), does not project equal confidence. He eyes the size of the Mycenaean army with evident unease. He holds his own SCEPTER.

Both kings step down from their chariots and approach each other. They stare at one another for several seconds.

Agamemnon smiles and looks into the sky.

The crows wheel overhead, cawing.

AGAMEMNON :

It's a good day for the crows.

TRIOPAS :

I told you yesterday and I'll tell you again today. Remove your army from my land.

Agamemnon smiles again and turns to examine the valley.

AGAMEMNON :

I like your land. I think we'll stay.

(beat)

I like your soldiers, too. They fought bravely yesterday. Not well, but bravely.

TRIOPAS :

They'll never fight for you.

AGAMEMNON :

That's what the Messenians said, too. And the Arcadians. And the Epeians. They're all fighting for me, now.

(CONTINUED)

3.

1B CONTINUED:

TRIOPAS :

You can't rule the whole world,
Agamemnon. It's too big. Even for
you.

Agamemnon surveys Triopas's army.

AGAMEMNON :

I don't want to watch another
massacre. Let's end this war in
the old manner.

(beat)

Your best fighter against my best.
For the first time, Triopas looks hopeful.

TRIOPAS :

And if my man wins?

AGAMEMNON :

We'll leave Thessaly for good.

(beat)

I'm a generous man. If mine wins,
you keep your throne. But Thessaly
falls under my command, to fight
with me whenever I call.

Triopas considers before nodding. He shouts to his army.

TRIOPAS :

Boagrius!

The Thessalonians murmur and step aside. A giant emerges
from their midst, BOAGRIUS, a foot taller than the other
men, his face gouged with old knife scars. He marches out
to his king.

TRIOPAS :

Here is my champion.

Agamemnon raises his eyebrows as the giant comes closer.

AGAMEMNON :

(shouting to his army)

Achilles!

The Mycenaeans murmur amongst themselves, looking for Achilles. Nobody emerges. Agamemnon frowns.

TRIOPAS :

Boagrius has this effect on many heroes.

(CONTINUED)

4.

1B CONTINUED:

AGAMEMNON:

Be careful whom you insult, old king.

An OFFICER on horseback gallops from the Mycenaean ranks to the center of the field. He bows his head to Agamemnon.

OFFICER :

Achilles is not with the army.

Triopas laughs and looks up at Boagrius, who chuckles.

AGAMEMNON :

(furious)

Where is he?

OFFICER :

I sent a boy to look for him.

2 EXT. WOODS - DAY 2

A BOY (12) on a roan HORSE gallops through the woods.

3 EXT. MYCENAEAN CAMP - DAY 3

The boy rides into the camp. Scores of tents stand on the banks of a river. The only men around are COOKS tending fires and ARMORERS, mending armor and weapons.

The boy dismounts at one large tent in the corner of the camp. He pulls open the tent flap and steps inside.

4 INT. ACHILLES' TENT - CONTINUOUS 4

The boy pauses for a moment inside the tent, eyes adjusting to the dim light. Evidently last night was a wild party. Jugs of wine are everywhere, and the remains of a large feast.

Sleeping on a fur rug are two NAKED WOMEN and one NAKED MAN, tanned arms and legs entwined. The boy sidesteps

shards of a broken jug. He bends to tap the sleeping man's shoulder.

Before his fingers make contact, a hand shoots out, grabs his wrist, and pulls him to the rug. The boy finds himself flat on his back with a dagger to his throat.

(CONTINUED)

5.

4 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES :

Shh.

The boy stares into the eyes of ACHILLES (30), who seems to have barely moved. Somehow he managed to seize the boy and put a knife to his throat without waking the women.

ACHILLES :

(whispering)

I was having a good dream.

(beat)

A very good dream.

The boy nods, dumb with fear. Achilles has the lean, efficient physique of a boxer. His face and body are dark from a summer spent in the sun.

BOY:

King Agamemnon sent me. He needs -

ACHILLES:

I'll speak with your king in the morning.

BOY :

But my lord -- it is morning.

Achilles frowns. He stands and walks naked to the tent flap, holds it open and stares at the empty encampment.

BOY :

They're waiting for you.

5 EXT. MYCENAEAN CAMP 5

Achilles prepares for battle, strapping on his breastplate. The boy assists him, fixing the bronze greaves to his legs.

BOY:

Are the stories about you true?

They say your mother is an immortal goddess.

Achilles lifts up his shield. He slips his left forearm into the leather straps on the inside of the shield.

BOY :

They say you can't be killed.

(CONTINUED)

6.

5 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES:

I wouldn't be bothering with the shield then, would I?

BOY:

The Thessalonian you're fighting -- he's the biggest man I've ever seen.

Achilles mounts the boy's horse.

BOY :

I wouldn't want to fight him.

ACHILLES:

That's why no one will remember your name.

Achilles gallops away, leaving the boy standing alone.

6 EXT. THESSALIAN VALLEY 6

Agamemnon confers with his OFFICERS on the battlefield, including KING NESTOR (65), his trusted advisor.

When Achilles rides into view the Mycenaean soldiers CHEER. Some cry out his name. Agamemnon and his officers turn to watch Achilles dismount and approach them.

AGAMEMNON:

Perhaps we should have our war tomorrow, when you're better rested?

Achilles ignores the king and examines the waiting giant.

AGAMEMNON:

I should have you whipped for
impudence.
Achilles wheels on the king.

ACHILLES :

Who's giving the whipping?
He walks toward Agamemnon, fingers curling over the hilt
of his sword. Nestor slides in between Achilles and the
king.

NESTOR :

Achilles.
(CONTINUED)
7.

6 CONTINUED:

Achilles, nostrils flared, eyes narrowed, stares at
Agamemnon. Neither man is willing to turn away.

ACHILLES:

(to Agamemnon)
Why don't you fight him yourself?
Wouldn't that be a sight, a king
who fights his own battles?

NESTOR :

Achilles.
Achilles finally turns and looks at him.

NESTOR :

Look at the men's faces.
Achilles surveys the faces of the battle-weary soldiers.

NESTOR :

You can save hundreds of them. You
can end this war with a swing of
your sword.
(beat)
Think how many songs they'll sing
in your honor.
(beat)
Let them go home to their wives.

The soldiers, awed in his presence, stare at Achilles. He finally turns and walks toward Boagrius.

Agamemnon watches Achilles with undisguised hostility.

AGAMEMNON :

(to Nestor, under
his breath)

Of all the warlords loved by the
gods, I hate him most.

NESTOR :

We need him, my king.

AGAMEMNON :

For now.

6A ACHILLES 6A

When Achilles is forty yards from the giant, Boagrius turns to his army and shakes his spear over his head. They cheer, slamming their bronze swords against their bronze shields.

(CONTINUED)

8.

6A CONTINUED:

Achilles keeps coming. He looks up at the circling crows. Boagrius turns and throws his spear. The bronze spearhead glitters in the sun, blazing straight for Achilles.

Without breaking stride, Achilles raises the shield. The spearhead blasts through the bronze skin of the shield, through the thick leather on the underside, stopping inches from Achilles' face.

Achilles keeps coming.

Boagrius hoists a second spear and hurls it, grunting with effort. Again Achilles raises his shield, again the spearhead tears through the shield but does not harm Achilles.

Achilles casts aside the shield and keeps coming.

Boagrius unsheathes his tremendous bronze sword. He opens his mouth, lets loose a battle cry, and charges at Achilles.

When Boagrius raises his sword, Achilles lunges forward with terrifying speed. It does not seem possible that he could close the gap between them so quickly, but he does, thrusting his sword straight through Boagrius'

breastplate.

Achilles pulls his sword from the giant's chest and continues walking toward the Thessalonian line, never looking back.

Boagrius stares down at the hole in his breastplate. Blood pumps out, pouring down the polished bronze. He topples over.

The Mycenaean Army ERUPTS with exultant victory cries. Achilles now stands in front of the massed Thessalonian troops. He searches from face to face. None of the soldiers are willing to make eye contact with him. Finally Triopas steps out of the ranks.

TRIOPAS :

Who are you, soldier?

ACHILLES :

Achilles, son of Peleus.

(CONTINUED)

9.

6A CONTINUED:

TRIOPAS :

Achilles. I won't forget the name.

Triopas offers Achilles the heavy gold SCEPTER.

TRIOPAS:

The ruler of Thessaly carries this scepter. Give it to your king.

ACHILLES :

He's not my king.

Achilles walks west, away from both armies. The soldiers watch him go in silence.

7 EXT. IONIAN SEA - DUSK 7

We're high above the wine-dark sea, gliding north. Soon the Peloponnesian coast comes into view. The only break in the shoreline is the inlet of Laconia, and we follow it inland.

The inlet ends in a natural harbor where several tall-masted warships are beached, sails unfurled, oars locked and rowing benches empty. Dozens of smaller fishing boats are scattered about the harbor.

On top of the highest hill, overlooking all Sparta, stands a thick-walled PALACE. Torch-bearing SENTRIES, wearing plumed helmets and carrying long spears, man their posts.

MENELAUS (V.O.)

Princes of Troy, on our last night together, Queen Helen and I salute you.

8 INT. PALACE OF SPARTA - RECEPTION HALL - CONTINUOUS 8
MENELAUS (40), king of Sparta, stands at the head of a massive table that spans the length of a hall lit by torches. A battle-scarred warrior, Menelaus is already halfway drunk.

Beside Menelaus sits his wife, HELEN (25), wearing a white gown, head bowed, half listening to her husband. Fresh flowers are woven into her hair. Her beauty is so extreme she seems to exist in a separate realm.

(CONTINUED)

10.

8 CONTINUED:

The only woman in the room and the only one wearing white, Helen shines amidst the unwashed WARRIORS of Sparta and Troy. All sit at a table laden with platters of roasted game birds, whole fish, octopi, suckling pigs and bowls of fruit.

Menelaus holds his gold wine goblet in the air, toasting his honored guests, HECTOR (35) and PARIS (25).

Hector is not the best-looking man in the room, nor the largest, but the intensity of his expression, the regality of his bearing, confirms that he is a born leader.

Paris is the best-looking man in the room, by a long shot. He's not paying attention to Menelaus. He's staring at Helen.

MENELAUS:

We've had our conflicts before, it's true. We've fought many battles, Sparta and Troy. And fought well!

Menelaus's soldiers cheer drunkenly. For a moment Helen looks up and meets Paris's gaze.

MENELAUS:

But I've always respected your

father. Priam is a good man, a good king. I respected him as an adversary, and I respect him now as my ally.

More cheering, this time from the entire assembly.

MENELAUS :

Hector, Paris, young princes, come, stand, drink with me.

Hector stands. Paris does not. He's still staring at Helen. Hector nudges his brother's shoulder. Paris stands.

MENELAUS :

Let us drink to peace.

Hector nods to Menelaus and raises his cup.

HECTOR :

Peace between Troy and Sparta.

(CONTINUED)

11.

8 CONTINUED:

The king and the princes drink deeply and slam their empty cups to the table.

MENELAUS :

May the gods keep the wolves in the hills and the women in our beds.

All the men in the hall cheer and rise to their feet.

GUESTS :

To Sparta! To Troy!

A band of MUSICIANS strike up their instruments; SERVANTS roam the hall filling goblets with wine.

POLYDORA (20), one of Helen's handmaidens, leads a dozen attractive YOUNG WOMEN into the banquet hall.

The warriors howl at the sight of the women. Soon each of the handmaidens is flanked by drunken soldiers.

Menelaus grabs Hector in a bear hug. Hector gamely accepts the embrace. When the king releases him, both men spill a few drops of wine from their cups onto the floor. They drink the rest of their wine. Menelaus grips Hector's upper arm. SERVANTS refill the cups.

MENELAUS :

A strong arm. Thank the gods we made peace -- I've seen too many of my men struck down with this arm.

HECTOR :

Never again, I hope.

MENELAUS :

Only one man works a sword better than you. The son of Peleus the Argonaut.

HECTOR :

Achilles.

MENELAUS :

That madman would throw a spear at Zeus himself if the god insulted him.

(CONTINUED)

12.

8 CONTINUED :

Menelaus indicates Polydora, who stares at Hector openly.

MENELAUS :

You see that one over there? I picked her just for you. She's a little lioness.

Menelaus grins at the girl, who lowers her eyes and smiles. Helen notices this silent exchange but ignores it, conversing instead with another HANDMAIDEN who sits beside her.

HECTOR :

Thank you. My wife waits for me in Troy.

MENELAUS :

My wife waits for me right there. He leans forward to whisper conspiratorially in Hector's ear.

MENELAUS :

Wives are for breeding. You understand? For making little princes. Come, enjoy yourself tonight.

Helen stands and walks out of the reception hall.

Menelaus does not notice. Hector does. He raises his cup to Menelaus.

HECTOR :

You make excellent wine in Sparta.

Menelaus laughs and drinks with Hector.

Paris excuses himself from the Spartan generals he's been speaking with and heads outside -- in the same direction as Helen. Hector watches with mounting agitation.

9 INT. HELEN'S CHAMBER - NIGHT 9

The room is lit by a dozen tall candles. Helen removes the flowers from her hair and drops them into a bowl of water. She hears a sound and looks up. Paris stands in the doorway.

For several breaths they are silent, staring at each other.

(CONTINUED)

13.

9 CONTINUED:

HELEN :

You shouldn't be here.

Paris closes the door behind him.

PARIS :

That's what you said last night.

HELEN :

Last night was a mistake.

PARIS :

And the night before?

Helen continues removing the flowers from her hair but she cannot hide a half-smile.

HELEN :

I've made many mistakes this week.
He approaches her.

PARIS :

Do you want me to go?

His hands are on her now, sliding down her bare neck, down her back, resting on her hips. His mouth is very close to her ear. Helen closes her eyes.

HELEN :

(whispering)

Yes.

Paris kisses her neck, her ears, her closed eyes. The tightness we saw in her face when she sat by her husband's side is gone, replaced by ecstasy.

PARIS :

(whispering)

Where should I go?

She kisses him back now and there's a hunger in her kisses, something close to violence in her desire. She lifts off his tunic and pulls him nearer.

HELEN :

(whispering)

Away. Far away.

In a moment the white gown slips to her feet. He stares at her naked body in wonder. He opens his mouth to speak but she kisses him full on the lips. They sink onto the bed.

14.

10 INT. PALACE - RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT 10

As more and more wine gourds are emptied, the scene grows rowdier. An impromptu choir of Spartan and Trojan soldiers drunkenly sing battle songs.

Polydora sits on Menelaus's lap. She whispers in his ear while he laughs and drains another cup of wine. Bits of roasted boar fleck his thick red beard.

Hector sits nearby, half engaged in conversation with several Spartan generals. He's clearly not happy that his brother's still missing.

11 INT. HELEN'S CHAMBER - NIGHT (LATER) 11

Helen lies naked on her bed. In the candlelight her flanks are mapped with copper trails of sweat. She

watches Paris, who stands bedside pulling on his clothes.

PARIS :

I have something for you.

From his tunic he pulls a necklace of baby pearls threaded with silver. He sits beside her in bed.

PARIS :

Pearls from the sea of Propontis.

Paris strings the pearls around her neck.

HELEN :

They're beautiful.

(beat)

But I can't wear them. Menelaus would kill us both.

PARIS :

Don't be afraid of him.

HELEN :

I'm not afraid of dying. I'm afraid of tomorrow, watching you sail away and knowing you'll never come back.

She runs her fingers across his jaw line.

HELEN :

Before you came to Sparta I was a ghost. I walked and I ate and I swam in the sea, but I was a ghost.

(CONTINUED)

15.

11 CONTINUED:

PARIS :

You don't have to fear tomorrow.

Helen watches him, unsure what he means.

PARIS :

Come with me.

For a long moment they stare into each other's eyes.

HELEN:

Don't play with me, prince of Troy.

Don't play.

The sounds of footsteps and laughter outside the door startle them. Paris halfway unsheathes a KNIFE hanging from his belt.

Whoever's walking by the door passes without stopping.

Paris sheathes his knife, kneels beside the bed and takes her hand.

PARIS:

If you come we'll never be safe.

Men will hunt us and the gods will curse us. But I'll love you.

Until the day they burn my body I will love you.

Helen stares into Paris' eyes, contemplating the impossible.

12 INT. PALACE - COURTYARD - LATER 12

A group of TROJAN SOLDIERS lies on goatskins and furs around a bonfire built in the middle of the courtyard. Some sleep; some continue to drink and sing old Trojan songs.

Hector stands by the fire, conferring with TECTON (30), a bull-necked captain of the elite Apollonian Guard.

HECTOR:

Make the proper offerings to Poseidon before we sail. We don't need any more widows in Troy.

TECTON :

Goat or pig?

HECTOR :

Which does the Sea God prefer?

(CONTINUED)

16.

12 CONTINUED:

TECTON :

(smiling)

I'll wake the priest and ask him.

Tecton bows and exits the courtyard. Hector sees Paris slinking past the bonfire, sneaking toward his quarters.

HECTOR :

Paris!

Paris turns, smiles and waves, acting as if he hadn't seen Hector before. He ambles over to join his brother.

HECTOR :

You should get to bed. We won't sleep on land again for weeks.

PARIS :

I have no trouble sleeping on the seas. The sea nymphs sing lullabies to me.

HECTOR :

And who sang lullabies to you tonight?

Paris freezes for a moment but quickly regains his poise.

PARIS :

Tonight? Tonight was the fisherman's wife. A lovely creature.

HECTOR :

I hope you didn't let the fisherman catch you.

PARIS :

He's more concerned with the fish.

Paris smiles and starts to walk away but Hector holds him.

HECTOR :

You do understand why we're in Sparta?

PARIS :

For peace.

(CONTINUED)

17.

12 CONTINUED:

HECTOR :

And you do understand that
Menelaus, King of Sparta, is a
powerful man? And that his
brother, Agamemnon, King of
Mycenae, commands all the Greek
forces?

PARIS :

What does this have to do with the
fisherman's wife?

Hector seizes Paris's face between the palms of his hand.
Not a violent gesture, exactly, but not gentle, either.

HECTOR :

Paris. You're my brother, and I
love you. But if you do anything
to endanger Troy I'll rip your
pretty face from your pretty skull.
He kisses Paris on the forehead.

HECTOR :

Get some sleep. We sail in the
morning.

Paris, a bit shocked by the encounter, stumbles away.

13 EXT. IONIAN SEA - DAY 13

The TROJAN SHIP sails over the waves.

14 EXT. SHIP'S DECK - DAY 14

The winds are strong. Nobody needs to row. SAILORS tend
the sails or play dice.

Hector stands in the bow, leaning against the rail,
whittling a WOODEN LION. Paris joins him.

PARIS :

A beautiful morning. Poseidon has
blessed our voyage.

Hector looks at the blue sky for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

18.

14 CONTINUED:

HECTOR :

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

Paris watches his brother work the wood. When Paris speaks again his tone is more sober than we've heard it before.

PARIS :

Do you love me, brother?

Hector rests his knife on the deck and smiles.

HECTOR :

What have you done now?

PARIS :

I need to show you something.

Paris walks toward the staircase leading inside the ship.

Hector watches him for a few seconds and then follows.

15 INT. TROJAN SHIP 15

Paris pauses in front of his cabin door.

PARIS :

Before you get angry with me -

HECTOR :

Open the door.

Paris opens the door. Helen, wearing a hooded robe, sits on the edge of a hammock, swinging slightly. She stands.

Hector stares at her in disbelief. He turns and glares at Paris.

HECTOR :

If you weren't my brother I'd kill you where you stand.

PARIS :

Hector -

Hector is already out the door. Helen looks at Paris.

HELEN :

We'll never have peace.

PARIS :

I don't want peace. I want you.

(CONTINUED)

19.

15 CONTINUED:

He kisses her -- a desperate, hungry kiss, the two of them against the world -- then turns and follows his brother.

16 INT. PALACE OF SPARTA - HELEN'S BEDCHAMBER - DAY 16

Menelaus, followed by ten SOLDIERS, storms into Helen's room.

17 INT. HELEN'S BEDCHAMBER 17

He finds Polydora polishing the queen's jewelry. Menelaus grabs her arm roughly. She's terrified.

MENELAUS :

Where is she?

POLYDORA :

Who, my king?

Menelaus draws his sword.

MENELAUS:

I swear by the father of the gods

I'll gut you here if you don't tell me.

The handmaiden tries to speak but no words come out.

Fortunately for her, HIPPASUS, (50), a royal advisor, enters the room at that moment followed by an old FISHERMAN (65).

HIPPASUS :

She left with the Trojans, my king.

Menelaus stares at Hippasus, who swallows and gestures at the fisherman. The fisherman looks as if he'd rather be fishing.

HIPPASUS:

The old man saw her board their ship.

Menelaus releases the handmaiden and stares at the fisherman.

MENELAUS :

The Trojans?

(CONTINUED)

20.

17 CONTINUED:

FISHERMAN:

With the young prince. Paris.

She -

Menelaus holds up his hand. The fisherman shuts up.

Everyone watches the king, waiting for an explosion, but the news -- strangely -- seems to focus him.

MENELAUS :

Get my ship ready.

18 EXT. TROJAN SHIP 18

Hector walks quickly toward the stern, Paris right behind him. The PILOT mans the rudder.

HECTOR :

(to pilot)

Turn us around. Back to Sparta.

PARIS :

Wait, wait.

Hector spins on his brother.

HECTOR :

You fool.

PARIS :

Listen to me -

Hector shoves his brother backwards. The older brother's physical power is obvious. SAILORS watch in awed silence.

HECTOR:

Do you know what you've done? Do you know how many years our father worked for peace? How many brothers and cousins he lost on the battlefield?

PARIS :

I love her.

The muscles in Hector's jaw bulge against his cheeks.

HECTOR:

Say another word and I'll break
your arm. This is all a game for
you, isn't it?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21.

18 CONTINUED:

HECTOR (CONT'D)

You roam from town to town, bedding
merchants' wives and temple maids
-you think you know something
about love? What about your
father's love? You spat on him
when you brought her on this ship.
What about love of your country?
You'd let Troy burn for this woman.
Paris starts to speak but Hector raises a warning finger.

HECTOR :

I won't let you start a war for
her.

PARIS :

May I speak?

(beat)

What you say is true. I've wronged
you. I've wronged our father. If
you want to bring Helen back to
Sparta, so be it. But I go with
her.

HECTOR :

To Sparta? They'll kill you.

PARIS :

Then I'll die fighting.
Hector laughs bitterly. He grabs the collar of Paris's
tunic.

HECTOR :

That sounds heroic to you, doesn't

it? To die fighting. Tell me,
little brother, have you ever
killed a man?

PARIS :

No.

HECTOR :

Have you ever even seen a man die
in combat?

PARIS :

No.

Hector's face is flushed with anger. Paris tries to look
away but Hector won't let him.

(CONTINUED)

22.

18 CONTINUED:

HECTOR:

I've killed men, brother. I've
watched them dying, I've heard them
dying, I've smelled them dying.

(beat)

There's nothing glorious about it,
nothing poetic. You think you want
to die for love, but you know
nothing about dying. You know
nothing about love.

PARIS :

All the same, I go with her.

Hector releases his brother. He stares at the sea.

PARIS :

I won't ask you to fight my war.

Hector shakes his head, still staring into the waves.

HECTOR :

You already have.

For a long time Hector is silent. Finally he turns to the
pilot, who awaits the prince's command.

HECTOR :

To Troy.

Hector walks away from his brother.

19 EXT. MYCENAE HARBOR - DAY 19

Three WARSHIPS are anchored in the harbor.

Menelaus, followed by Hippasus and a retinue of SOLDIERS, climbs the long stone staircase that leads to the walled city of Mycenae, a citadel hewn from the hilltop rock.

20 INT. MYCENAE CITADEL - THRONE ROOM - DAY 20

Menelaus and his followers enter the throne room.

Treasures from various conquests fill the room: statuary and urns and intricate gold work. Armed GUARDS stand at their posts.

(CONTINUED)

23.

20 CONTINUED:

Only Agamemnon is seated, on a beautiful throne carved from solid oak. Two robed NOBLES are addressing him when Menelaus enters -- they move away as the Spartans approach.

Agamemnon stands. The two kings embrace.

AGAMEMNON :

Your messenger came two days ago.

I know what happened.

Menelaus's face darkens, his rage barely submerged.

MENELAUS :

I want her back.

AGAMEMNON :

Of course you do. She's a beautiful woman.

MENELAUS :

I want her back so I can kill her with my own two hands. I won't rest until I've burned Troy to the ground.

AGAMEMNON:

(smiling)

I thought you wanted peace with

Troy.

MENELAUS :

I should have listened to you.

AGAMEMNON :

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

MENELAUS :

All my life I've stood by your side, fought your enemies. You're the eldest, you reap the glory -this is the way of the world. But have I ever complained, brother? Have I ever asked you for anything?

AGAMEMNON :

Never. You're a man of honor. Everyone in Greece knows this.
(CONTINUED)

24.

20 CONTINUED:

MENELAUS:

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

AGAMEMNON:

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

MENELAUS:

Will you go to war with me, brother?

Menelaus reaches out his hand. Agamemnon looks into his eyes. Finally he nods and clasps hands with his brother.

21 INT. MYCENAE CITADEL - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT 21

Agamemnon paces the vast, torch-lit room. Nestor sits at a wooden table. Spread out on the table before him is a rough map of Greece and environs, painted on a tanned goat skin.

AGAMEMNON:

I always thought my brother's wife was a foolish woman. But she's proven to be very useful. Nothing unifies a people like a common enemy.

NESTOR:

The Trojans have never been conquered. Some say they can't be conquered.

AGAMEMNON :

I haven't tried yet.

(beat)

Old King Priam thinks he's untouchable behind his high walls. He thinks the Sun God will protect him. But the gods only protect the strong.

(points at map)

If Troy falls, I control the Aegean.

NESTOR:

Hector commands the finest army in the east. And Troy is built to withstand a ten-year siege.

(CONTINUED)

25.

21 CONTINUED:

AGAMEMNON :

There won't be a ten-year siege. I'll attack them with the greatest force the world has ever seen. I want all the kings of Greece and all their armies.

(beat)

Send emissaries in the morning. Nestor stands and prepares to leave.

NESTOR :

One last thing.

(beat)

We need Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Agamemnon shakes his head.

AGAMEMNON :

Achilles can't be controlled. He's
as likely to fight us as the
Trojans.

NESTOR :

We don't need to control him. We
need to unleash him. The man was
born to end lives.

AGAMEMNON :

Yes, he's a gifted killer, but he
follows no king. He threatens
everything I've built.

(beat)

Before me Greece was nothing, a
province of warlords and cattle
raiders. I've brought all the
Greek kingdoms together -- with the
sword when necessary, with a treaty
when possible. I've created a
nation out of fire-worshippers and
snake-eaters.

(beat)

I build the future, Nestor.
Achilles is the past, a man who
fights for no flag, a man loyal to
no country.

Nestor waits a respectful moment before replying.

(CONTINUED)

26.

21 CONTINUED:

NESTOR :

Your words are true. But how many
battles have we won off the edge of
his sword?

(beat)

This will be the greatest war the world has ever seen. We need the greatest warrior.

Agamemnon thinks about it, pacing the room. Finally -

AGAMEMNON :

There's only one man he'll listen to.

NESTOR :

I'll send a ship in the morning.

22 EXT. ITHACA - DAY 22

A lean, bearded SHEPHERD (40) sits on a hillside looking over the Ionian sea.

Beside him sits his faithful hunting dog, ARGOS. They watch a troop of EMISSARIES climb the steep hill. The emissaries are panting for breath by the time they reach the hilltop.

EMISSARY #1

Greetings, brother. We were told King Odysseus is here in the hills.

SHEPHERD :

Odysseus? That old bastard drinks my wine and never pays.

EMISSARY #2

You ought to respect your king, friend.

SHEPHERD :

Respect him? I'd like to punch him in the nose. He's always pawing at my wife, trying to tear her clothes off.

The emissaries, embarrassed, begin walking away. The shepherd watches them go.

(CONTINUED)

27.

22 CONTINUED:

SHEPHERD:

(to Argos the dog)

I hope Agamemnon's generals are

smarter than his emissaries.

Emissary #1 turns to look at the shepherd.

EMISSARY #1

What did you say?

The shepherd scratches behind Argos's ears. The dog wags his tail happily.

SHEPHERD:

You want me to help you fight the Trojans.

EMISSARY #1

You're -

Emissary #1 exchanges glances with his compatriots.

They're confused. Finally the chastened emissaries bow.

EMISSARY #1

Forgive us, King Odysseus.

Odysseus stands and looks down at his dog.

ODYSSEUS :

Well, I'm going to miss my dog.

EMISSARY #2

King Agamemnon has a favor to ask of you.

Odysseus smiles and rubs his dog's head.

ODYSSEUS :

Of course he does.

23 EXT. SEASIDE CLIFF - LATE AFTERNOON 23

Achilles stands in the ruins of an ivy-covered temple on a cliff above the sea, sparring with his cousin Patroclus (17). Both men wield wooden practice swords.

Patroclus is a talented, lean, flashy young fighter. His sword whirls in the air like a thing alive.

Achilles, by contrast, is the apotheosis of the efficient combatant, wasting no energy, waiting for weakness.

(CONTINUED)

28.

23 CONTINUED:

Patroclus presses in on the attack. Achilles tilts his head to avoid one thrust, side-steps to avoid another.

Spying a momentary opening he lunges forward and taps Patroclus' belly with the tip of his wood sword.

ACHILLES :

You're getting fat, cousin.

Patroclus grins and relaunches his attack, sword spinning with blazing speed. Achilles ducks beneath an arcing swing and sword-taps Patroclus on the back.

ACHILLES:

Fancy swordplay. The girls must be impressed.

Patroclus grunts and charges in again. This time a genuine duel develops, featuring splendid repartee and parrying.

PATROCLUS :

A little nervous, aren't you?

ACHILLES :

Terrified.

Achilles raises his right hand and Patroclus lifts his sword to parry the blow -- but Achilles no longer holds his sword in his right hand.

Sword in his left hand, Achilles taps Patroclus on the chest. Patroclus stares down at the wood blade.

PATROCLUS:

You told me never to switch sword hands.

Achilles rolls his head to loosen his neck.

ACHILLES:

By the time you know how to do it, you won't be following my orders anymore.

Achilles tosses aside the sparring sword. He cocks his head as if listening to some distant sound. Patroclus, oblivious to the noise, practices his swordplay.

Achilles' foot curls around the wood shaft of one of the spears lying on the ground. In one impossibly fast motion, he flips the spear into the air with his foot, catches it, and throws in the opposite direction from where he was looking.

(CONTINUED)

29.

23 CONTINUED:

The bronze warhead blazes between the temple's walls and drives into the trunk of an old fir.

Only now do we see Odysseus, leading a black horse, standing inches from the quivering shaft of the spear blocking his path. He stares at the spear for a moment before ducking his head under the shaft and walking forward.

ODYSSEUS:

(smiling)

Your reputation for hospitality is fast becoming legend.

ACHILLES :

I don't like that smile, my friend.

It's the smile you smile when you want me to fight in another war.

(beat)

Patroclus, my cousin -- Odysseus, king of Ithaca.

ODYSSEUS :

Patroclus, son of Menoetius?

The boy nods. Odysseus grips Patroclus's shoulder.

ODYSSEUS :

I knew your parents well. I miss them.

Patroclus nods again, looking at his feet.

ODYSSEUS :

Now you have this one watching over you, eh? Learning from Achilles himself -- every boy in Greece must be jealous.

(to Achilles)

We need to talk.

ACHILLES :

Tell me you're not here at Agamemnon's bidding.

Odysseus hesitates. Achilles shakes his head.

ACHILLES :

How many times have I done the
savage work for the King of Kings?
And when has he ever shown me the
respect I've earned?

(CONTINUED)

30.

23 CONTINUED:

ODYSSEUS :

I'm not asking you to fight for
him. I'm asking you to fight for
the Greeks.

ACHILLES :

Why? Are the Greeks tired of
fighting each other?

ODYSSEUS :

For now.

ACHILLES :

The Trojans never did anything to
me.

ODYSSEUS :

They insulted Greece.

ACHILLES :

They insulted one Greek, a man who
couldn't hold on to his wife. What
business is that of mine?

ODYSSEUS :

Your business is war, my friend.

ACHILLES:

(angry)

Is it? Am I the whore of the
battlefield? Can my sword be
bought and sold?

(beat; calmer)

I don't want to be remembered as a

tyrant's mercenary.

ODYSSEUS :

Forget Agamemnon. Fight for me.
My wife will feel much better if
she knows you're by my side. I'll
feel much better.

PATROCLUS :

Is Ajax going to fight in Troy?

ODYSSEUS :

Of course. You've heard of Ajax,
eh?

PATROCLUS :

They say he can fell an oak tree
with one swing of the axe.

(CONTINUED)

31.

23 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES :

Trees don't swing back.

Odysseus chuckles, but he's alert to the boy's enthusiasm.

ODYSSEUS :

We're sending the largest fleet
that ever sailed -- a thousand
ships.

PATROCLUS :

A thousand ships! Prince Hector,
is he as good a warrior as they
say?

ODYSSEUS :

The best of all the Trojans. Some
say he's better than all the
Greeks, too.

(beat)

Even if your cousin doesn't come,
Patroclus, I hope you'll join us.

We could use a strong arm like yours.

Patroclus beams with pride and looks at his cousin. Achilles wraps his arm around Odysseus's shoulders and leans closer to the Ithacan. The embrace is friendly, but there's no mistaking the power in Achilles' grip.

ACHILLES :

Play your tricks on me, if you'd like. But leave my cousin out of it.

ODYSSEUS :

You have your sword, I have my tricks. We play with the toys the gods give us. Odysseus goes back to his horse and mounts.

ODYSSEUS :

We sail for Troy in three days.
(beat)
This war will never be forgotten.
Nor will the heroes who fight in it.
Patroclus, eager but frustrated, watches him ride away.
32.

24 EXT. BEACH - SUNSET 24

Achilles makes his way across the sandy hillocks. He spies a woman in the distance.

25 EXT. SEASHORE - SUNSET 25

Achilles finds his mother, THETIS (45), standing in the surf. Her long black hair is streaked with gray. She sees a shell that she likes and stoops down to pick it up.

ACHILLES :

Mother.
Thetis turns and smiles at Achilles.

THETIS :

I thought I'd make you another seashell necklace.

ACHILLES :

I haven't worn a seashell necklace

since I was a boy.

Thetis looks at Achilles' bare neck.

THETIS :

Don't you like them anymore?

Achilles spots a good shell. He hands it to his mother.

THETIS :

Oh, that's a pretty one.

She surveys the beach for more pretty shells.

ACHILLES :

They want me for another war.

Thetis bends down and scoops up a silvery shell.

ACHILLES :

Are you listening?

THETIS :

Yes, my sweet. Another war.

ACHILLES :

Patroclus wants to go.

THETIS :

Patroclus has never seen war.

(CONTINUED)

33.

25 CONTINUED:

Thetis examines the shells in the palm of her hand.

Finally she stands and looks at her son.

THETIS :

If you stay here, with me, with
your family, you'll have a long,
peaceful life. You'll marry,
you'll have children, and your
children will have children.

They'll love you, and when you're
gone they'll remember you. But
when your children are dead, and
their children after them, your
name will be lost.

Thetis reaches up to touch her son's cheek. Her eyes are clear, her voice steady. She speaks these lines with no hesitation, no doubt.

THETIS :

If you go to Troy, no one will earn more glory than you. Men will tell stories of your victories for thousands of years. The world will remember your name.

Achilles stares at her, his eyes burning. These are words he's wanted to hear since the day he was born. His mother waits a moment before speaking again. The words hurt her.

THETIS :

But if you go to Troy, you'll never come home. You'll die there.

ACHILLES :

And you know this, mother?

THETIS :

I know it.

Achilles looks out to the sea. Thetis, tears in her eyes, smiles bravely.

THETIS :

Whenever your father came home from war, he'd stare at the sea, just like that.

(beat)

He never stayed for long.

In the distance Achilles sees a white sail. He fixates on the lonely spot of white on the endless expanse of dark water.

34.

26 EXT. AEGEAN SEA - DAY 26

We soar above the greatest armada the world has ever seen. ONE THOUSAND SHIPS sail east, crowding the sea, churning the waves with their keels.

The white sails are painted with the signs and emblems of the various nationalities represented in this alliance. One ship sails slightly out of formation. Alone amongst the entire fleet, this ship's sail is black.

27 EXT. ACHILLES' WARSHIP - DAY 27

Achilles stands in the prow of his boat, staring east.
Patroclus stands behind him, wearing a new SHELL NECKLACE.

28 EXT. TROY - DAY 28

Hector, Paris, Helen, and an entourage of SOLDIERS walk through the gates of Troy.

The city is magnificent, a wonder of white-washed walls, lush gardens, and towering STATUES of the gods. ZEUS, APOLLO, APHRODITE, and POSEIDON stand eighty feet high in the four corners of the main square.

The princes' return is a holiday for the Trojans. Thousands of ONLOOKERS line the road, cheering. Other well-wishers, standing on the roofs of houses, throw flower petals.

Paris holds Helen's hand and occasionally whispers in her ear, pointing out various sights, but Helen looks nervous. People in the crowd, mystified by her appearance, point at her and whisper amongst themselves.

Helen holds her head high and pretends to ignore the murmurs and stares. Hector looks at her. She carries herself like a queen -- but she's gripping Paris's hand with white knuckles.

29 EXT. PALACE OF TROY 29

At the bottom of a long staircase leading into the palace, four APOLLONIAN GUARDS, wearing horsehair-plumed helmets, are mounted on beautiful WHITE HORSES.

(CONTINUED)

35.

29 CONTINUED:

Hector reunites with his wife, ANDROMACHE (30), pale skinned and dark eyed. He holds her to his chest; she closes her eyes, and they stand like that for a long time. A NURSE standing nearby holds Hector's ten-month-old son, SCAMANDRIUS. Now Andromache takes the baby from the nurse. Hector stares into the boy's wondering eyes and puts his finger in the boy's hand.

HECTOR :

He has a good grip.

ANDROMACHE :

He's just like his father. He even hates peas.

While this reunion is going on, Paris embraces his father, PRIAM (70), king of Troy. Priam is a regal-looking man with a shock of white hair and sharp blue eyes. He adores Paris.

PARIS :

Father, this -- is Helen.
Helen bows her head, paying respect.

PRIAM :

Helen? Helen of Sparta?
Both Helen and Priam now look at Paris.

PARIS :

Helen of Troy.
If Priam is disturbed by this revelation, his face doesn't betray it. He leans forward and kisses the former queen on both cheeks. Helen didn't know what to expect -- she's flustered and gratified at the same time.

PRIAM :

I've heard rumors of your beauty.
For once, the gossips were right.
Welcome.

HELEN :

Thank you, good king.

PRIAM :

Come, you must be tired.
He leads them up the stairs and into the palace.
36.

29A INT. ENTRANCE HALL (PALACE OF TROY) 29A
BRISEIS, a seventeen-year-old girl with an aristocratic demeanor, wearing the white robes of a temple acolyte, approaches the royal family. Paris smiles when he sees her.

PARIS:

Briseis! Beloved cousin, your
beauty grows with each new moon.
Briseis, cheeks flushing, dips her knees in deference.
Hector approaches her now, arms open. Briseis's face
lights up. She hugs the eldest prince. Hector kisses the

top of her head.

HECTOR :

Did you miss me, little swan?

Briseis nods. Hector pinches the sleeve of her robe.

HECTOR :

A servant of Apollo now?

PRIAM:

The young men of Troy were
devastated when she chose the
virgin robes.

Briseis' cheeks turn bright red.

BRISEIS :

Uncle.

Priam laughs and kisses the girl's forehead. He takes
three goblets of wine from a SERVANT holding a silver
platter and hands them to Hector and Paris, keeping one
for himself.

PRIAM:

I thank the gods for your safe
return.

The king and the princes spill a few drops of wine.

PRIAM, HECTOR AND PARIS

For the gods!

They drain their goblets.

30 INT. PRIAM'S MEETING HALL - DAY 30

The camera glides down the long hall, past tall columns
and marmoreal depictions of the Olympians.

(CONTINUED)

37.

30 CONTINUED:

At the far end of the hall, Priam stands by an open
archway looking over the city. Hector sits at a table
that could seat fifty men.

PRIAM :

It's the will of the gods.

Everything is in their hands.

(beat)

But I'm surprised you let him bring her.

HECTOR :

If I'd let him fight Menelaus for her, you'd be burning a son's body instead of welcoming a daughter. Priam closes his eyes at these words.

PRIAM :

We could send peace envoys to Menelaus.

HECTOR :

You know Menelaus. He'd spear your envoys' heads to his gate.

PRIAM :

What would you have me do?

HECTOR :

Put her on a ship and send her home. Priam thinks for a moment, staring out at his city.

PRIAM :

Women have always loved Paris and he's loved them back.
(beat)
But this is different. Something has changed in him. If we send her back to Menelaus, he'll follow. Hector stands and joins his father in the archway. He gestures outside. The city of Troy teems with life, the CITIZENS going about their business.

HECTOR :

This is my country. These are my countrymen. I don't want to see them suffer so my brother can have his prize.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38.

30 CONTINUED:

HECTOR (CONT'D)

(beat)

It's not just the Spartans coming after her. By now Menelaus has gone to Agamemnon, and Agamemnon's wanted to destroy us for years. Once we're out of the way he controls the seas.

PRIAM :

Enemies have been attacking us for centuries. Our walls still stand.

HECTOR :

Father.

(beat)

We can't win this war.

PRIAM :

Apollo watches over us. Even Agamemnon is no match for the gods.

HECTOR :

How many battalions does the Sun God command?

PRIAM :

Don't mock the gods.

Hector opens his mouth to argue but holds his tongue.

PRIAM :

When you were very young you came down with scarlet fever.

Hector nods impatiently. He's heard this story before.

PRIAM :

Your little hands were so hot. The healer said you wouldn't last the night. I went down to Apollo's temple and I prayed until the sun came up.

(beat)

That walk back to the palace was the longest of my life. But I went into your mother's room and you were sleeping in her arms. The fever had broken.

(beat)

I promised that day to dedicate my life to the gods. I will not break my promise.

(CONTINUED)

39.

30 CONTINUED:

Hector takes a deep breath. He knows Priam has decided.

PRIAM :

For thirty years I've worked for peace. Thirty years.

(beat)

Paris is a fool sometimes. I know that. But I'll fight a thousand wars before letting him die.

Hector looks past the city to the sea. empty now, but he knows what's coming. The waters are

HECTOR :

Forgive me, father.

be the one fighting.

But you won't

He bows and leaves the old king alone in the great hall.

32 INT. PARIS'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT 32

Paris paces about the room.

looking out to the dark sea.

hair.

Helen stands in the archway

The wind blows through her

HELEN :

They're coming for me.

(beat)

The wind is bringing them closer.

Paris stops pacing and stares at her.

PARIS :

What if we left? Tonight, right now, what if we went down to the stables, took two horses and left. Ride east, keep riding -And go where?

HELEN :

PARIS :

Away from here. I could hunt deer, rabbit. I could feed us.

HELEN :

This is your home -PARIS
You left your home for me.

(CONTINUED)

40.

32 CONTINUED:

HELEN :

Sparta was never my home. My parents sent me there when I was sixteen to marry Menelaus, but it was never my home.

Paris, excited with his new-hatched plan, barely listens.

PARIS :

We'll live off the land. No more palaces for us, no more servants. We don't need any of that.

HELEN :

And your family?

PARIS :

We'd be protecting my family! If we're not here there's no need for a war.

HELEN :

Menelaus won't give up. He'll track us to the end of the world.

PARIS :

He doesn't know these lands. I do.
We can lose ourselves in a day.
Helen stands and kisses him on the lips.

HELEN :

You don't know Menelaus. You don't
know his brother. They'll burn
every house in Troy to find us.
They'll never believe we've left -and
even if they do, they'll burn
Troy for spite.
Paris considers her words and finally nods.

PARIS :

Then I'll make it easy for him to
find me. I'll walk right up to him
and tell him you're mine.
Helen wraps her arms around Paris and rests her chin on
his shoulder.

HELEN :

You're very young, my love.
(CONTINUED)
41.

32 CONTINUED:

PARIS :

We're the same age!

HELEN :

You're younger than I ever was.

33 EXT. TROY - DAWN 33

The sun rises above Troy and the Trojan countryside.

33A IN THE MAIN SQUARE 33A

dozens of SUPPLICANTS kneel before the statue of Poseidon
and lay down their offerings: bundles of flowers; small
carvings; goatskins filled with wine.

33B SOLDIERS 33B

prepare a series of fortifications at the beach. Men
carrying torches ignite giant pumice urns filled with
burning pitch. Others hammer long spikes deep into the

sand to hinder enemies rushing up from the beach.
There is little conversation and the men look tense.
Everything is touched with an air of extreme urgency.

33C A TEMPLE OF APOLLO 33C

overlooks the beach.

33D INSIDE THE TEMPLE 33D

two PRIESTS carve strips of fat from a roasted PIG and lay them on the god's altar, muttering chants as they perform the ritual.

Briseis, the temple acolyte, stands beside the priests, pouring ceremonial wine on the stone floor.

33E MERCHANTS 33E

in the marketplace set up their stalls and display their

goods:

The BRONZESMITH hammers a bronze sword into shape.

42.

33F A SHEPHERD 33F

watches over his herd of SHEEP.

33G A FARMER AND HIS SON 33G

lead a team of yoked OXEN to the fields.

33H FOUR FISHERMEN 33H

in a small boat, a mile from shore, spread their nets in the water.

34 EXT. GUARD TOWER - DAWN 34

Two SENTRIES stand in a guard tower on a corner of Troy's city walls, sipping hot broth from bowls. A large flag, emblazoned with Troy's HORSE EMBLEM, flies above the tower.

Sentry #1 blows steam off his soup. He raises his eyes, blinks and squints into the distance. He bolts upright.

Sentry #2 stands and follows his partner's gaze out to the sea. Both of them stand slack-jawed.

34A A THOUSAND GREEK WARSHIPS 34A

clog the horizon, sailing straight for Troy.

34B SENTRY #2 34B

grabs a gong tapper and begins hammering the brass gong hanging from the tower's lintel. Sentry #1 still stares at the swarm of ships. No Trojan has ever seen such a force.

34C SENTRIES 34C

in other guard towers hammer their warning gongs.

35 INT. HECTOR'S CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS 35

Hector sits on a rug by his bed, beside his wife

Andromache, watching his son.

The boy plays with the WOOD LION Hector carved on the journey back from Sparta.

(CONTINUED)

43.

35

CONTINUED:

The city bells begin to ring.

Hector looks at his wife and walks to the balcony, where he can see over the city walls to the Aegean.

He sees a thousand enemy sails. For a moment he stares at the armada before hurrying back into the palace.

36

INT. PRIAM'S MEETING HALL - DAY 36

Priam kneels before a grand statue of Zeus in the great hall. The Thunder God, his stone face a mask of rage, thunderbolts clutched in his stone hands, stares down at the old king.

Listening to the bells, Priam takes a deep breath and Looks up into Zeus's eyes. The father of the gods stares back.

37

EXT. TROY - DAY 37

Panic in the streets of Troy. Merchants quickly pack away their goods; mothers run into the streets looking for their children; young men hurry to the armory.

38

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 38

A mad rush to get inside the safety of the city walls.

38A

THE FARMER AND HIS SON 38A

hastily load provisions onto a wagon.

38B

THE SHEPHERD 38B

hurries his herd toward the Trojan gates. He's joined by hundreds of COUNTRY DWELLERS racing for sanctuary.

38C

THE FISHERMEN 38C

row desperately for shore.

39

EXT. AEGEAN SEA - DAY 39

The armada draws closer to shore. One ship sails far ahead of the rest. Its sail is black.

44.

40 EXT. ACHILLES' WARSHIP 40

Achilles' OARSMEN holler encouragement to their shipmates and check to see that their boat is safely in the lead. Achilles stands in the prow, scanning the Trojan shore. Patroclus stands beside him. EUDORUS (40), a Myrmidon lieutenant, approaches Achilles.

EUDORUS :

Should we wait for the others?

Achilles marks the progress of the other ships. The nearest is a quarter-mile back.

Those MYRMIDONS (Achilles' countrymen and comrades) not rowing are suiting up for battle.

ACHILLES :

They brought us here for a war, didn't they?

EUDORUS :

Yes, my lord. But Agamemnon -

Achilles stares at his officer until the man bows his head.

ACHILLES :

Do you fight for me, Eudorus? Or Agamemnon?

EUDORUS :

For you, my lord.

ACHILLES :

Then fight for me. And let the servants of Agamemnon fight for him.

41 EXT. AGAMEMNON'S WARSHIP 41

Agamemnon, Nestor and Menelaus stand in the ship's prow.

MENELAUS :

Whose ship is that?

Nestor shields his eyes from the sun and looks.

Nestor

Black sail. Achilles.

They watch Achilles' ship approach the beach.

(CONTINUED)

45.

41 CONTINUED:

AGAMEMNON:

What is that fool doing? He's
going to take the beach of Troy
with fifty men?

42 EXT. TROJAN BEACH FORTIFICATIONS - DAY 42

The TROJAN ARCHERS check their catgut strings one last
time.

43 EXT. TROJAN ARMORY - DAY 43

Tecton dismounts at the door of the armory and runs
inside.

44 INT. TROJAN ARMORY - DAY 44

The cavernous building is crowded with armaments: racks
and racks of spears, swords, breastplates, and shields.
Hector watches as hundreds of male CITIZENS rush into the
armory and are issued weapons by TROJAN SOLDIERS. The
faces of the men reflect fear, excitement, and resolve.
Tecton approaches the prince and bows.

HECTOR :

The Apollonian Guard?

TECTON :

Waiting at the city gates.

HECTOR :

Good.

Hector grabs the captain, LYSANDER, overseeing arms
distribution.

HECTOR :

How long before the army is ready?

LSYANDER:

Half our men are still coming in
from the countryside. We have to
arm them, we have to match them
with the right officers -

HECTOR :

How long?

(CONTINUED)

46.

44 CONTINUED:

LSYANDER :

(taking a deep breath)

Noon?

HECTOR :

Make it sooner.

We've never seen the prince in martial mode before. He

looks different:

HECTOR:

I want patrols to scour the countryside. Check every home, every pasture. I want every Trojan brought inside the walls. If they can't walk, carry them.

Lysander bows his head. Hector walks swiftly away, followed by Tecton. Lysander and the other Trojans watch their prince with silent respect. There is no doubt who leads the city.

45 EXT. ACHILLES' WARSHIP 45

Though the oarsmen continue to pull, everyone is now armored. Achilles sees Patroclus, armed and ready to fight.

ACHILLES :

Where are you going?

PATROCLUS :

To fight the Trojans.

Achilles shakes his head and takes Patroclus' spear.

ACHILLES :

You're not ready.

PATROCLUS:

I am ready. You taught me how to fight.

Achilles rests his hand on the back of the boy's head.

ACHILLES:

And you're a good student. But
you're not a Myrmidon yet.
He gestures to the Myrmidons around them.

(CONTINUED)

47.

45 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES :

These are the fiercest soldiers in
Greece. Each of them has bled for
me before.

(beat)

I can't fight the Trojans if I'm
worrying about you, cousin. Guard
the ship.

Patroclus looks about the deck. The only unarmored man
aboard is an old, ONE-LEGGED COOK, mending spears.
Patroclus angrily strips off his breastplate and drops it
to the deck.

46 EXT. GATES OF TROY - DAY 46

Hector and Tecton gallop through the gate. They rein in
their horses and look over the elite Apollonian Guard,
eighty of Troy's finest soldiers, riding well-groomed,
snorting mounts.

When Hector speaks his voice is clear and steady.

HECTOR :

All my life I've lived by a code,
and the code is simple.

(beat)

Honor the gods.

(beat)

Love your woman.

(beat)

And defend your country.

The men roar.

HECTOR :

Troy is mother to us all. Fight
for her!

The men roar and thrust their spears into the air. Hector

leads the charge to the beach.

47 EXT. ACHILLES' WARSHIP - DAY 47

Achilles stands in his ship's bow, scanning the Trojan dunes. He turns to face his men. He smiles.

ACHILLES :

Myrmidons, we are brothers of the sword. I'd rather fight alongside you than any army of thousands.

(CONTINUED)

48.

47 CONTINUED:

The Myrmidons cheer. Achilles points his sword toward Troy.

ACHILLES:

Do you know what's waiting beyond that beach?

(beat)

Immortality.

The Myrmidons raise their swords and cry out with one voice.

The oarsmen give one last mighty pull on their oars and beach the tar-caulked keel of the warship on Trojan sand. Achilles puts on his helmet, grabs a coiled rope anchored to a bronze cleat, and rappels down to the beach. The Myrmidons follow him, tossing the ropes off the deck and shimmying down to the beach.

48 EXT. TROJAN BEACH FORTIFICATIONS - CONTINUOUS 48

The archers behind the fortifications watch the Myrmidons climb down from their ship.

Their CAPTAIN raises his hand: wait... wait...

CAPTAIN of archers

Now!

The archers rise and release their arrows.

49 EXT. TROJAN BEACH - CONTINUOUS 49

Hundreds of arrows whistle through the air. Four of the Myrmidons climbing down cry out as arrows hit them; they tumble into the sea. Other arrows rip into the packed sand or zip harmlessly into the water.

The Myrmidons, clustered together and holding their shields above their heads, look to Achilles. Achilles makes a hand signal. Half his men split off and run to

the fortifications on their left, howling like wolves as arrows rain down.

50 EXT. ACHILLES' WARSHIP - CONTINUOUS 50

Patroclus huddles under the railing beside the cook as arrow after arrow screams by. A flaming arrow hits one of the sails, and then another. The sails begin to burn.

(CONTINUED)

49.

50 CONTINUED:

ONE-LEGGED COOK

Help me get the sails down!

The cook limps over to the sails, ignoring the arrows that rain around him. Patroclus takes a deep breath and runs in a crouch to the cook. Together they lower the burning sails.

51 EXT. TROJAN BEACH - DAY 51

Achilles sprints toward the archers, half his men behind him. The archers let off another volley. More Myrmidons fall.

52 EXT. AGAMEMNON'S SHIP - DAY 52

Agamemnon, Menelaus, and Nestor watch the battle from the prow of their ship. They're still half a mile away.

AGAMEMNON :

(in awe despite himself)

The man wants to die.

We hear SHOUTS of "Achilles!" from the other ships, a great clamor as men bash the flats of their swords against their shields and cheer their hero on.

Agamemnon hears the cheering. He grits his teeth and glares at the distant Achilles. Nestor notices

Agamemnon's barely concealed fury. He speaks quietly, so no one else can hear.

NESTOR:

Give him his battle. You'll take the war.

AGAMEMNON:

Give him too many battles and the men will forget who's king.

53 EXT. TROJAN PLAIN - DAY 53

Hector and his men near the high dunes, galloping at

breakneck speed.

54 EXT. TROJAN BEACH - CONTINUOUS 54

Achilles, three arrows in his shield, sprints across the sands. Arrows tear through the air about him. No man alive can run with Achilles.

(CONTINUED)

50.

54 CONTINUED:

He leaps over the fortification, sword flashing before his feet ever touch the ground. The archers crumple to the ground as Achilles' sword cuts through them.

In a moment the Myrmidons catch up to Achilles and lay into the archers. Within seconds they massacre them.

Achilles turns and nods to the temple: the next target.

Eudorus gasps for air. Achilles regards him with amusement.

ACHILLES :

Breathe, my friend.

Eudorus takes two deep breaths. Achilles dashes for the temple. His Myrmidons follow behind.

54A EXT. TEMPLE OF GOLD 54A

The archers at the temple unleash a fusillade of arrows. Every few yards another Myrmidon falls. Several of them are wounded, but if they're not dead they keep moving forward.

55 EXT. AJAX'S SHIP - CONTINUOUS 55

Ajax's ship is one hundred yards from shore. Legendary AJAX (30) -- a huge man, brutally muscled, head shaved, face and body scarred -- stands in the prow, watching Achilles.

AJAX :

Look at him, hogging all the glory.

He walks over to his rowers, grabs an oarsmen on the front bench under the armpits and tosses him away. Ajax sits, grabs the oar handle, and begins rowing maniacally, the veins in his massive arms bulging through the skin.

AJAX:

Row, you lazy whores, row! Greeks are dying!

The oarsmen redouble their efforts and the ship leaps over

the waves toward the shore.

56 EXT. TROJAN BEACH DUNES - DAY 56

Hector and the Apollonian Guards rein in their horses atop the dunes. Hector sees Ajax's ship plowing into the beach. Hundreds of other ships are close behind.

51.

56A EXT. BEACH DEFENCES 56A

The Trojan archers rain arrows down on Ajax's ship. Several flaming arrows catch in the hull and begin to burn.

56B EXT. TROJAN BEACH DUNES - DAY 56B

TECTON :

We can't hold the beach, my prince.

Hector sees where Achilles and the Myrmidons are heading.

HECTOR :

They're trying to take the temple.

TECTON:

No believer would spill blood in
Apollo's temple.

Hector, increasingly uneasy, watches Achilles dodge arrows. He turns and points to the spot where Ajax's ship has landed.

HECTOR:

(to an Apollonian officer)

The archers need help. Burn as many ships as you can, but don't sacrifice yourself. Bring the men back to the city.

The OFFICER bows and leads 60 Guards to the fortifications.

HECTOR :

(to Tecton)

Follow me.

He gallops toward the temple, Tecton and his men behind him.

57 EXT. TEMPLE OF APOLLO - DAY 57

Achilles, his shield now quilled with arrows, hurls his spear. It catches the closest archer just above the breastplate, tearing through the man's throat.

The archers near by throw down their bows and take up the spears racked behind them.

(CONTINUED)

52.

57 CONTINUED:

But Achilles is already upon them, cutting them down with ruthless precision. Every time his bronze sword flashes through the air another Trojan falls, and Achilles keeps sweeping through them, his face painted with Trojan blood. The other Myrmidons are fighting beside their leader now, and the Trojan archers are no match for the Myrmidons in hand to hand combat. Soon the temple area belongs to the Greeks.

58 EXT. AJAX'S SHIP - CONTINUOUS 58

Ajax and his men rappel down the ship's hull while arrows rip into wood and flesh.

Ajax carries a giant battle-axe and a shield twice the size of most men's.

When he reaches the surf he doesn't wait for his men; he roars and charges at the archers in the dunes.

59 EXT. TEMPLE OF APOLLO - CONTINUOUS 59

Achilles, not even breathing hard after the slaughter, removes his helmet and rests it on the wall. The surviving Myrmidons search the grounds, dispatching any dying Trojans.

Eudorus hurries over to Achilles' side.

EUDORUS :

The temple is secure.

ACHILLES:

The Sun God is the patron of Troy, our enemy. Take whatever treasure you can find.

The Myrmidons cheer and rush the temple.

EUDORUS :

With your permission, my lord -

ACHILLES :

Speak.

Eudorus gestures to the sun above them.

EUDORUS:

Apollo sees everything. Perhaps
it's not wise to offend him.

(CONTINUED)

53.

59 CONTINUED:

Achilles nods and walks over to the towering statue of
Apollo in front of the temple.

Eudorus watches in horror as Achilles climbs atop the
statue and beheads Apollo with a swing of his sword.

60 EXT. TROJAN BEACH - CONTINUOUS 60

Hector and Tecton rein in their horses.

TECTON :

He dares attack Apollo?

Hector spurs his horse and races toward the invaders,
followed by his twenty men.

The other sixty Apollonians gallop to Ajax's landing spot.

61 EXT. TEMPLE OF APOLLO - CONTINUOUS 61

Achilles gazes at the sky as if waiting for the sun to
blast him for blasphemy. Nothing happens.

Hearing hoofbeats, Achilles turns and spots Hector and his
men, two hundred yards away.

ACHILLES:

(to Eudorus)

Get inside the temple, warn the
men.

Eudorus hurries to warn his comrades.

ACHILLES :

Eudorus! Wait, wait a moment.

The Myrmidon captain stops. Achilles hefts a spear,
judges the distance, and throws.

One hundred yards from Achilles, the spearhead finds its

mark:

horse and skewered to the ground. He clutches at the
wooden shaft, not comprehending his fate.

Hector reins in his horse and stares at his fallen
captain. The man is finished. Hector turns to look at
Achilles.

Eudorus's eyes are wide. No other man alive could have

thrown a spear that far or that accurately.

(CONTINUED)

54.

61 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES :

Now you can go.

Eudorus runs inside the temple.

Hector kicks his horse and gallops toward Achilles. His men cry out and follow him. Achilles waits. Hector raises his own spear. When he is fifty yards away, he throws.

At the very last moment, Achilles bends his head to one side, an almost lackadaisical movement. The spear rips through the air occupied by Achilles' head half a moment before.

Achilles smiles.

Hector draws his sword and charges, his men right behind him. Achilles walks, with insulting insouciance, into the temple.

A series of high steps lead inside the temple. Hector and the Trojans dismount and proceed cautiously to the temple.

62 EXT. TROJAN BEACH - DAY 62

An arrow sticks out of Ajax's leg but he doesn't seem to notice it. He bulls forward, giant shield held in front, and slams into the Trojan ranks.

Where Achilles is all grace and speed, Ajax is brute force. Parrying his blows is useless: his battle axe splits bronze shields, bronze swords, bronze helmets. The sound of his axe carving through a breastplate and the man beneath the breastplate is like nothing else on earth. As Ajax drops another Trojan, he lifts his ax to the heavens.

AJAX:

I am Ajax, breaker of stones,
widow-maker of Salamis! Look upon
me, Trojans, and despair!

The Apollonians join the fight against the Greeks. The Guards are far better than the archers at hand-to-hand combat.

55.

63 INT. TEMPLE OF APOLLO - DAY 63

Hector and his men enter the temple. Eyes adjusting to the gloomy light, they gingerly advance. All is quiet. Evidence of looting is everywhere.

At the back of the temple, stairs lead up to the altar room. Hector walks toward the stairs. Blood trickles down the steps. Hector raises his eyes.

Achilles stands atop the staircase, both hands wrapped around the hilt of his sword, the sword point resting on the top step. He stares down at Hector.

WAR CRIES explode through the temple. The Myrmidons burst from their hiding places and rush the Trojans.

Hector is an obvious target. Two Myrmidons charge him, their spears leveled.

If Achilles is the apotheosis of martial grace, Hector is something altogether different -- a man of ordinary gifts who has become an extraordinary warrior by dint of experience, endless training, and powerful intelligence.

As the Myrmidons charge he waits. At the last moment he swings his sword, slicing both spearheads from their shafts. The Myrmidons stare at their decapitated spears. Hector doesn't give them a chance to recover. He pounces, sword flashing, and both men fall to the temple floor.

Achilles watches from the top step. Hector begins running up the stairs. Achilles disappears inside the altar room. Another Myrmidon bounds up the stairs after Hector. The prince wheels about and kicks the Myrmidon in the breastplate. The soldier tumbles down the steps. Hector continues up the stairs.

64 EXT. TROJAN BEACH - DAY 64

As more Greek ships make landfall, the Apollonian officer sees that their position is no longer defensible.

APOLLONIAN OFFICER

Back to the city! Back to the city!

The Trojans begin to retreat. The archers still turn to fire whenever there's time. Mounted Guards haul fleeing archers onto their horses.

56.

65 INT. ALTAR ROOM - DAY 65

Hector finds the bodies of two PRIESTS. They lie on the stone floor, limbs splayed, throats slit.

Sitting atop the altar, half-hidden by the shadows, is Achilles. He's a terrible sight to behold, splattered with blood, his bronze sword still dripping.

ACHILLES :

You must be very brave or very stupid, to come after me alone.

(beat)

You must be Hector.

Hector stares at Achilles a moment before kneeling by the dead priests' bodies.

ACHILLES :

A private audience with the prince of Troy. I'm flattered. Do you know who I am?

HECTOR :

These priests weren't armed.

Hector closes the eyes of the murdered priests. Achilles jumps down from the altar and looks at the bodies.

ACHILLES :

I didn't kill them. Cutting old men's throats -- there's no honor in that.

HECTOR :

Honor?

(spits)

Children and fools fight for honor.

I fight for my country.

Hector charges. Achilles dances back, staying just out of reach. Achilles looks relaxed, almost playful.

HECTOR :

Fight me.

ACHILLES :

Why kill you, prince of Troy, with no one here to see you fall?

Achilles backs out of an archway opening onto the bright day outside. Hector follows.

57.

66 EXT. TEMPLE OF APOLLO - CONTINUOUS 66

Down at the beach, scores of Greek ships are on the sand.

HECTOR :

Why did you come here?

Achilles gestures at the invading flotilla.

ACHILLES :

They'll be talking about this war
for a thousand years.

HECTOR :

In a thousand years even the dust
from our bones will be gone.

ACHILLES :

Yes, prince. But our names will
remain.

A band of bloodied Myrmidons, led by Eudorus, emerges from
the temple. Hector, surrounded by enemies, warily backs
off.

EUDORUS :

(to Achilles)

The Trojans are dead.

ACHILLES :

Go home, prince. Drink some wine.
Make love to your wife. Tomorrow
we'll have our war.

HECTOR :

You speak of war as if it's a game.
But how many wives wait at Troy's
gate for husbands they'll never see
again?

ACHILLES :

Perhaps your brother can comfort
them. I hear he's good at charming
other men's wives.

Hector stares at Achilles and the Myrmidons for another
moment before walking away.

EUDORUS :

Why did you let him go?

ACHILLES :

It's too early in the day for
killing princes.

58.

67 EXT. TROJAN BEACH - DAY 67

Thousands of Greek soldiers on the beach watch as the
Trojans retreat, many of the archers riding behind their
Apollonian saviors.

Hector mounts his horse and rides back toward the city.

When the Greeks see Achilles climbing onto the temple's
roof they stare in awe, silent.

Achilles raises his bloodied bronze sword toward the sun.

The CLAMOR that erupts from the beach is deafening.

Thousands of men cheering and yelling his name: Achilles!
Achilles!

68 EXT. AGAMEMNON'S SHIP - DAY 68

Agamemnon, still aboard his ship, waits for the gangplank
to be lowered. His dark eyes are cold and hateful as he
listens to the men cheering.

69 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT - LATER 69

Soldiers tug more and more ships onto the sand. From the
landed ships, primitive cranes are already beginning to
lower boxes of provisions, military materiel, and horses.
Achilles walks across the beach, carrying his helmet,
accepting the congratulations of the troops. Ajax,
shirtless, strides over.

AJAX :

Achilles!

Achilles halts. For a moment there seems to be tension in
the air. Everyone watches. Ajax gives Achilles a bear
hug.

AJAX :

You're as fearless as a god.

ACHILLES:

The gods are immortal. What do
they have to fear?

Ajax laughs and releases Achilles.

AJAX :

I'm honored to go to war with you.

Achilles nods and grips the big man's thick arm.

(CONTINUED)

59.

69 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES:

I don't have to worry about my back
with you behind me.

Achilles continues walking. He sees Odysseus walking down
a gangplank from his ship to the beach.

ACHILLES:

(calling out)

If you sailed any slower, the war
would be over.

ODYSSEUS:

I don't mind missing the beginning
of the war -- as long as I'm here
at the end.

Achilles smiles and keeps walking. He arrives at the
Myrmidon's newly established base. Patroclus, Eudorus,
and the other surviving Myrmidons greet Achilles.

EUDORUS :

We have something to show you.

Achilles follows Eudorus and the grinning Myrmidons to a
large tent twenty yards inland from their beached ship. A
few Myrmidons hammer the last tent pegs deep into the
sand.

Eudorus holds open the tent flap. Achilles looks at his
captain for a moment before entering the tent.

70 INT. ACHILLES' TENT - CONTINUOUS 70

No rugs have been laid down yet, so loot from the temple
has been stacked on the sand: gold chalices, black
amphorae, woven tapestries, goatskins filled with sacred
wine.

But Achilles does not look at this plunder. Bound by the
wrists to the center pole of the tent is Briseis, dressed
in her white robes.

Terrified but trying to retain her composure, she returns
Achilles' stare. Robes torn, hair disheveled, bleeding

from the lip:

strength. Something changes in Achilles' eyes when he looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

60.

70 CONTINUED:

EUDORUS :

The men found her hiding in the temple. They thought she'd... please you.

ACHILLES :

Leave us.

Eudorus bows and exits.

Achilles pulls a small, sharp knife from his belt.

Briseis stares at the blade.

Achilles walks over to her and cuts the ropes that bind her. She sits back, rubbing the chafed skin of her wrists, still watching Achilles. He sheathes his knife.

ACHILLES :

What's your name?

Briseis stares at him but doesn't answer. Achilles becomes aware, for the first time, that he's covered in blood. He wipes a hand across his face. Briseis looks about the tent, as if searching for a way out.

ACHILLES :

You're safer in this tent than out there. Believe me.

BRISEIS :

You killed Apollo's priests.

ACHILLES :

I've killed men in five countries. But never a priest.

BRISEIS :

Then your men did.

(beat)

The Sun God will have his vengeance.

Achilles removes his bronze grieves.

ACHILLES :

What's he waiting for?

Briseis is stunned by such blunt blasphemy but she can't take her eyes off him, because Achilles, after all, is Achilles.

BRISEIS :

The right time to strike.

(CONTINUED)

61.

70 CONTINUED:

Achilles removes his breastplate.

ACHILLES :

His priests are dead and his acolyte's a captive.

(beat)

I think your god is afraid of me.

Briseis laughs bitterly.

BRISEIS :

Afraid? Apollo is master of the sun. He fears nothing.

Achilles nods and looks around the dark tent.

ACHILLES :

Then where is he?

Briseis has no answer. Achilles smiles and she looks away.

A bucket of hot water sits beside a washcloth. Achilles wets the cloth and begins to scrub the blood from his body.

BRISEIS :

You're nothing but a killer. You don't know anything about the gods.

ACHILLES :

You haven't seen twenty summers and you think you know my heart? I know more about the gods than

priests could ever teach you.

(beat)

You're royalty, aren't you?

Briseis says nothing. Achilles smiles again.

ACHILLES :

You've spent years talking down to men, you must be royalty. What's your name?

(beat)

Even the servants of Apollo have names.

BRISEIS :

Briseis.

(CONTINUED)

62.

70 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES :

Are you afraid, Briseis?

Briseis is quiet for a moment. She watches Achilles with a mixture of fear and curiosity.

BRISEIS :

Should I be?

EUDORUS (O.S.)

(calling from outside the tent)

My lord -

ACHILLES :

What is it?

Eudorus sticks his head inside the tent.

EUDORUS:

King Agamemnon requests your presence.

ACHILLES:

Why would I want to look at him when I can look at her?

EUDORUS:

All the kings are there,
celebrating the victory.
Achilles stands.

ACHILLES :

Give me a moment.

Eudorus withdraws. A long beat while Achilles studies her.

ACHILLES:

You don't need to fear me, girl.
You're the only Trojan who can say
that.

71 EXT. AGAMEMNON'S TENT - LATER 71

Two muscular GUARDS stand by the opening to Agamemnon's tent. Achilles, wearing clean clothes, doesn't bother waiting for the guards' permission to enter; he brushes past them and through the tent flap.

63.

72 INT. AGAMEMNON'S TENT - CONTINUOUS 72

The largest tent on the beach, Agamemnon's command quarters are a lush affair, decorated with the spoils of a dozen wars. Several AIDES-DE-CAMP bustle in and out on various errands. The Greek kings are here: Odysseus, Ajax, Menelaus, etc.

Agamemnon sits on a heavy wood throne, garishly inlaid with gold, mother-of-pearl, and precious stones.

Triopas, king of Thessaly, kneels before Agamemnon.

TRIOPAS :

You've won a great victory, King of Kings. No one thought the Trojan beach could be captured so easily.

He hands Agamemnon a ceremonial dagger with a gold hilt.

AGAMEMNON :

A beautiful gift, Triopas. You will be among the first to walk the streets of Troy tomorrow.

Triopas stands and bows. Achilles has watched this exchange with disbelief. He glances at Odysseus, who shrugs. Now Nestor, king of the Pylians, kneels before Agamemnon and hands him an urn decorated with painted

warriors.

NESTOR :

My father Neleus had this urn made to commemorate his victory at Cyparisseis. I present it to you in honor of an even more memorable victory.

AGAMEMNON :

Thank you, old friend. Tomorrow we'll eat supper in the gardens of Troy.

Nestor stands and bows. Agamemnon places the dagger and urn beside a pile of other luxurious gifts. As the kings file out of the tent, Odysseus clasps Achilles' shoulder and speaks to him out of the others' earshot.

ODYSSEUS :

War is young men dying and old men talking. You know this. Ignore the politics.

(CONTINUED)

64.

72 CONTINUED:

Odysseus exits the tent. Agamemnon deigns to notice Achilles waiting for him.

AGAMEMNON :

(to his aides)

Leave us.

The aides exit, leaving Achilles and Agamemnon alone. Achilles eyes the pile of gifts.

ACHILLES :

Apparently you've won some great victory.

AGAMEMNON :

Ah, perhaps you didn't notice. The Trojan beach belonged to Priam in the morning. It belongs to Agamemnon in the afternoon.

ACHILLES :

You can have the beach. I didn't
come here for sand.

AGAMEMNON :

No, you came because you want your
name to last through the ages.

(beat)

A great victory was won today -but
the victory is not yours.

Kings did not kneel to Achilles.

Kings did not bring homage to
Achilles.

ACHILLES :

The battle was won by soldiers.

The soldiers know who fought.

AGAMEMNON :

History remembers the kings, not
the soldiers.

(beat)

Tomorrow we'll batter down the
gates of Troy. I'll build
monuments to victory on every
island of Greece, and carve
Agamemnon in the stone. My name
will last forever. Your name is
written in the sand, for the waves
to wash away.

ACHILLES :

First you need the victory.

(CONTINUED)

65.

72 CONTINUED:

Achilles turns to leave.

AGAMEMNON :

One more thing, son of Peleus.

Achilles stops.

ACHILLES :

I don't want to hear my father's name from your mouth.

AGAMEMNON :

The first pick of the battle's spoils always goes to the commander. Your men sacked the temple of Apollo, yes?

ACHILLES :

You want gold? Take it, it's my gift, to honor your courage. Take what you want.

AGAMEMNON :

I already have. Aphareus! Haemon!
Two battle-scarred soldiers, APHAREUS and HAEMON, drag Briseis into the tent. Her face is bruised -- clearly she's been slapped around.

AGAMEMNON :

The spoils of war. Tonight I'll have her give me a bath. And then -- who knows?
Achilles draws his sword.

ACHILLES:

(to the soldiers)
I have no quarrel with you, brothers. But you'll never see home again if you don't let her go. The soldiers hesitate, then draw their own swords. Achilles advances on them.

AGAMEMNON :

Guards!
The two sentries rush into the tent, swords drawn. Achilles is surrounded. He raises his sword.
(CONTINUED)

66.

72 CONTINUED:

BRISEIS :

Stop!

Everyone stops and looks at the girl. Despite her torn robes, her noble bearing and authoritative tone command respect.

BRISEIS :

Too many people have died today.

She looks at the various men in the room and finally addresses Achilles.

BRISEIS:

If killing is your only talent,
that's your curse. But I don't
want anyone dying for me.

Everyone is quiet until Agamemnon laughs.

AGAMEMNON:

Mighty Achilles, silenced by a
slave girl.

ACHILLES :

She's not a slave.

AGAMEMNON :

She is now.

Achilles' eyes are flat and merciless.

ACHILLES:

Before my time is done, King of
Kings, I will look down on your
corpse and smile.

Achilles turns and leaves the tent.

73 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT - DAY 73

Most of the ships have been hauled onto the beach.

Hundreds of soldiers finish digging a long trench in the sand. Pikes are anchored and other fortifications constructed to protect the tents and ships from attack.

74 EXT. CITY OF TROY - DUSK 74

In the dying light, the Trojans prepare their city for siege. Gray-bearded OFFICERS oversee the reinforcement of the main gates. SOLDIERS haul thousands of arrows atop the city walls.

67.

74A EXT. TEMPLE OF ZEUS 74A

A massive CONGREGATION at the Temple of Zeus kneels before the Thunder God's statue while PRIESTS burn the BODIES of fallen Trojan soldiers on tall PYRES. The WIDOWS keen.

75 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT 75

The beach is lit by thousands of torches. The Greeks have transformed the serene beach into a well-fortified camp.

76 INT. PRIAM'S MEETING HALL - NIGHT 76

Priam stands by the room's open archway. Beyond the city he sees his beach occupied by the tremendous Greek force. Hector, Paris, and several of Troy's leading GENERALS, ARISTOCRATS and PRIESTS sit around the long table. One of the generals, GLAUCUS (60), pounds the table with his fist.

GLAUCUS:

If they want a war, we'll give them a war. I'd match the best of Troy against the best of Greece any day. VELIOR (40), a big-bellied nobleman, shakes his head.

VELIOR:

The best of Greece outnumber the best of Troy, two to one.

GLAUCUS:

So what do you suggest, we surrender the city, let the Greeks slaughter our men and rape our wives? Velior looks at Paris until the prince returns his gaze.

VELIOR:

I suggest diplomacy. The Greeks came here for one thing. Let's be honest, my friends. Trojans are burning on the pyre right now because of one youthful indiscretion.

Paris looks away from Velior.

(CONTINUED)

68.

76 CONTINUED:

PRIAM :

Glaucus, you've fought with me for forty years. Can we win this war?

GLAUCUS :

Our walls have never been breached. Our archers are the best in the world. And we have Hector. His men would fight the shades of Tartarus if he commanded. We can win.

ARCHEPTOLEMUS (65), High Priest of Troy, wearing a long white robe embroidered with gold thread, now raises his voice.

ARCHEPTOLEMUS :

I spoke with two farmers today. They saw an eagle flying with a serpent clutched in its talons.
(beat)

This is a sign from Apollo. We will win a great victory tomorrow. Troy is the eagle. The Greeks -

HECTOR :

Bird signs! You want to plan our strategy based on bird signs?

PRIAM :

Hector. Show respect. When Archeptolemus prophesied four years of drought, we dug deeper wells. The drought came and we had water to drink. The high priest is a servant of the gods.

HECTOR :

And I'm a servant of Troy.
(beat)
I've always honored the gods, father. You know that. But today I fought with a Greek who desecrated the statue of Apollo.

Apollo didn't strike the man down.

(beat)

The gods won't fight this war for us.

(CONTINUED)

69.

76 CONTINUED:

PARIS :

There won't be a war.

(he stands)

This is not a conflict of nations.

It's a dispute between two men.

And I don't want to see another

Trojan die because of me.

PRIAM :

Paris -

PARIS :

Tomorrow morning I will challenge

Menelaus for the right to Helen.

The winner will take her home. The

loser will burn before nightfall.

Paris leaves the room. The others sit in stunned silence.

GLAUCUS :

Does he have a chance?

Everyone looks at Hector, who meditates before answering.

HECTOR :

I want our army outside the gate in

the morning. Agamemnon won't let

this war end with a duel.

77 EXT. PALACE GARDEN - NIGHT 77

Priam's gardens are wondrous: palm trees grow in the

courtyard; flowered vines climb the walls; Aeolian harps

chime in the breeze.

Priam and Paris sitting on a bench, facing a statue of

Aphrodite. The king holds a cloth-wrapped bundle in his

lap.

PARIS :

Father, I... I'm sorry for the pain
I've caused you. I -

PRIAM :

Do you love her?
Paris looks up at the statue of Aphrodite.
(CONTINUED)
70.

77 CONTINUED:

PARIS :

You're a great king because you
love your country so much. Every
blade of grass, every grain of
sand, every rock in the river -you
love all of Troy.
(beat)
That's the way I love Helen.
Priam nods and contemplates the goddess of beauty.

PRIAM :

I've fought many wars in my time.
Some were fought for land, some for
power, some for glory.
(beat)
I suppose fighting for love makes
more sense than all the rest.
Paris says nothing, but his father's words seem to relieve
a great burden from his shoulders.

PRIAM :

But I won't be the one fighting.
He hands Paris the bundle. Paris, curious, begins
unwrapping the cloth. Finally the object is uncovered: a
shining sword, expertly forged, inscribed with the seal of
Troy.

PARIS :

The Sword of Troy.

PRIAM :

My father carried this sword, and
his father before him, all the way

back to the founding of Troy. The history of our people was written with this sword.

(beat)

Carry it with you tomorrow.

Paris holds the sword up and it glows in the moonlight.

PRIAM :

The spirit of Troy is in that sword. As long as a Trojan carries it, our people have a future.

78 INT. HECTOR'S CHAMBER - NIGHT 78

Hector sits on the bed beside Andromache, who nurses their baby boy.

(CONTINUED)

71.

78 CONTINUED:

Hector looks exhausted. He stares at his son.

HECTOR :

He has no idea what's happening.

ANDROMACHE :

Thank the gods.

HECTOR :

The man who killed Tecton outside Apollo's temple -- I've never seen a spear thrown like that. An impossible throw.

A long beat until Andromache breaks the silence.

ANDROMACHE :

Briseis was in Apollo's temple this morning.

Hector stares at Andromache.

HECTOR :

Are you sure?

She nods, swallows hard, and closes her eyes. After a moment Hector, his eyes full of sorrow, runs his hand through her long hair.

HECTOR :

I need to see my brother.

ANDROMACHE :

Don't go.

HECTOR :

I need to speak with him.

ANDROMACHE :

I mean tomorrow. Don't go. You've fought enough. Let other men go out there.

HECTOR :

You think I want to fight, my love? I want to see my son grow tall. I want to see the girls chasing after him.

ANDROMACHE :

Just like they chased his father?

(CONTINUED)

72.

78 CONTINUED:

HECTOR:

He's much more handsome than I ever was.

For a moment they sit quietly, watching their son.

ANDROMACHE:

I lost seven brothers in the Spartan Wars. You'd think I'd be good at losing by now.

(beat)

I can't lose you. I won't survive.

Hector stares at her for a beat before pulling her close and kissing her. Everything is in this kiss, their entire past. Andromache finally lets him go and Hector walks out the door.

79 INT. PALACE HALL - LATER 79

As Hector walks to Paris's room, he spies someone in a

dark cloak sneaking down the candle-lit hallway -- an assassin?

HECTOR :

Wait!

The cloaked figure looks back and then runs. Hector chases. The fugitive runs through the archway at the end of the corridor and into the garden.

80 EXT. PALACE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS 80

Hector runs into the garden. He's far faster. He seizes his quarry and pulls aside the fugitive's cowl. It's Helen.

HECTOR :

Helen?

By the light of the moon he examines her face. The stress of recent weeks has taken its toll, but the shadows beneath her eyes make her face more compelling than ever. Embarrassed by the awkwardness of their position, Hector stands and helps Helen to her feet.

HECTOR :

What are you doing out -

(CONTINUED)

73.

80 CONTINUED:

Helen runs. Hector catches her again after a few strides.

HELEN :

Let me go.

HECTOR :

Where?

Helen struggles against Hector's grip, but it's useless.

HELEN :

Let me go!

Helen, still struggling, begins to cry. Hector pulls her to his chest. She cries for real now, violently sobbing, her mouth muffled against Hector's body.

HECTOR :

Shh. Shh.

HELEN:

I saw them burn. I saw them
burning on the pyres.

(beat)

It's my fault.

HECTOR :

No.

HELEN:

It is. You know it is. All those
widows. I still hear them
screaming.

Helen takes a deep breath. She manages to control
herself.

HELEN:

Their husbands died because I'm
here.

Hector can't deny this. Helen pushes herself out of his
grip.

HELEN :

I'm going down to the ships.

HECTOR :

No. You're not.

(CONTINUED)

74.

80 CONTINUED:

HELEN :

I'll give myself back to Menelaus.
He can do what he wants -- kill me,
make me his slave. Anything's
better than this.

HECTOR :

It's too late for that. You think
Agamemnon cares about his brother's
marriage? This is about power.
Not love.

HELEN :

Paris is going to fight in the morning.

HECTOR :

Yes.

HELEN :

Menelaus will kill him.
Hector looks away, the words hurting him.

HELEN :

I won't let that happen.

HECTOR :

It's his decision.

HELEN :

No. No. I can't ask anyone to fight for me. I'm no longer queen of Sparta.
Hector bows to Helen and kisses her hand.

HECTOR :

You're a princess of Troy. And my brother needs you tonight.
Helen stares at Hector in wonder. The words seem to bolster her spirit, and she smiles though her eyes are still wet. She nods, touches his arm and goes back to the palace.

81 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT - DAWN 81

Up and down the beach thousands of GREEK WARRIORS prepare for battle. Despite their vast numbers, the men are oddly quiet, each absorbed with his own thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

75.

81 CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON SEVERAL FACES -- these are men we haven't seen before and probably won't see again, not kings or heroes but ordinary men preparing for battle.

One warrior prays with eyes closed, mumbling the words, kneeling in the sand. A second man inspects each

arrowhead in his quiver. A third sits in the sand,
snapping seashells.

82 INT. ACHILLES' TENT - LATER - DAY 82

Achilles sits cross-legged, arms held straight out in
front of him, palms up. His bronze sword is balanced on
his palms.

Patroclus and Eudorus, armored for battle, enter the tent.
Achilles does not look away from his blade. Though the
sword must be heavy, his arms do not tremble.

EUDORUS :

My lord? The army is marching.

ACHILLES :

Let them march. We stay.

EUDORUS :

But the men -

Achilles turns to glare at him and Eudorus falters.

EUDORUS :

-- the men are ready.

ACHILLES:

Agamemnon spat on my honor
yesterday. I promised that girl
her safety and he stole her from
me. Let him fight the Trojans
today.

Eudorus and Patroclus exchange glances. Eudorus bows to
Achilles and exits the tent. Patroclus remains behind.

ACHILLES:

When I was very small I saw my
father kill a man with his bare
hands.

Patroclus doesn't know how to respond to this.

(CONTINUED)

76.

82 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES :

There's so much blood in a human

body.

Achilles flips the sword in the air and catches it by the hilt. He examines the edge.

ACHILLES :

You're ready to fight, Patroclus?

PATROCLUS :

I am.

Achilles rests his sword on the ground. He stares at Patroclus for a moment before speaking.

ACHILLES :

You're ready to kill?

Patroclus hesitates.

ACHILLES :

At night I see their faces. All the men I've killed. I see them standing on the far bank of the River Styx.

(beat)

They're waiting for me.

Patroclus stands absolutely still. He's never heard his cousin speak this way before.

ACHILLES :

Some nights I walk among them. When I wake I can still hear their words.

(beat)

They say, "Welcome, brother."

Achilles inspects the knuckles of his fist.

ACHILLES :

Never hate the men you fight. All of us are mortals. All of us, wretched things, tumbled crying from our mother's loins.

(beat)

Only the gods are free from sorrows.

PATROCLUS :

I hate no one, cousin.

(CONTINUED)

77.

82 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES :

Good.

(beat)

I taught you how to fight. But I never taught you why to fight.

PATROCLUS :

I fight for you.

ACHILLES:

And who will you follow when I'm gone?

Patroclus hesitates, unsure how to answer.

ACHILLES:

Most soldiers battle for kings they've never met. They do what they're told; they die when they're told to die.

PATROCLUS :

Soldiers obey.

ACHILLES:

We don't have much time to walk in the sun, Patroclus. After this life comes the underworld, an eternity telling stories to other shades. Don't tell them you died following some fool's orders.

PATROCLUS :

And what should I tell them?

ACHILLES:

Tell them your name. If your life has been worthy, they'll know the rest.

83 EXT. WALLS OF TROY - DAY 83

One thousand ARCHERS stand in various positions on the broad city walls, quivers of arrows by their sides. TROJAN CITIZENS also crowd atop the walls, quiet and sober.

Priam sits in a grandstand beneath a blue canopy. Seated by him are CITY LEADERS, including Velius and Archeptolemus.

Helen stands apart from everyone else. No one is overtly hostile to her, but behind her back people stare and whisper.

78.

84 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS 84

Below the walls, on the broad field that stretches down from the city gates, the TROJAN ARMY has amassed. In the front, Hector and General Glaucus sit astride their horses.

The soldiers are disciplined and well-outfitted, arranged in tight formation.

Paris rides out to join Hector. Hector examines Paris's face.

HECTOR :

Are you sure you want to do this?

PARIS :

I started this war.

Paris searches the faces atop the city wall. He finds Helen.

CLOSE on Helen. The wind is blowing hard, ruffling her cloak, her hair. There is love in her eyes, and fear and exhaustion. Paris stares up at her for a long time before turning away.

A low, ominous RUMBLE grows steadily louder. Hector hears it first. He looks down the vast sloping field toward the sea.

Now the other soldiers hear it, and then the citizens atop the walls. All speech ceases. The Trojans quietly wait. The rumbling resolves into the steady beat of WAR DRUMS.

84A EXT. BEACH - DUNES 84A

And now we see them, fifty thousand GREEKS. The reflection of sunlight off fifty thousand bronze shields, fifty thousand bronze helmets and chest plates, is spectacular -- the army looks like a river of lava,

flowing uphill.

84B EXT. WALLS OF TROY 84B

The Trojan soldiers don't quiver or waver, but the expressions on their faces betray their anxiety. The Greek army is more than twice the size of the Trojan army.
79.

85 EXT. WALLS OF TROY - CONTINUOUS 85

The citizens shield their eyes from the brightness. They exhibit their nervousness more openly than the soldiers. One OLD WOMAN moans softly, her hand over her mouth.

86 EXT. BLUFF - DAY 86

Patroclus, Eudorus, and the rest of the Myrmidons climb to the top of a tall bluff near the beach. From here they can see the broad battlefield a mile away.

87 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY 87

The Greek army halts just beyond arrow range. A delegation of kings -- Agamemnon, Nestor, Menelaus, Odysseus, and Ajax -- on CHARIOTS proceeds to the center of the battlefield.
Odysseus looks over his shoulder and then yells to Ajax.

ODYSSEUS :

Where's Achilles?

Ajax looks around and shrugs.

87A EXT. BATTLEFIELD BETWEEN ARMIES 87A

Hector and Paris spur their horses and canter out to meet the Greeks. The brothers speak without looking at each other.

HECTOR :

Menelaus is a bull. He'll charge you.

Paris nods.

HECTOR :

He's stronger than you, so try not to fight him up close. Keep your distance. Use your quickness.

Paris leans over and tries to spit, but his mouth is too dry.

HECTOR :

Brother?

Paris, his face ashen, looks at Hector.

HECTOR :

You don't have to do this.

(CONTINUED)

80.

87A CONTINUED:

Paris shakes his head and continues riding toward Menelaus.

88 EXT. WALLS OF TROY - DAY 88

Helen, alone, views the battlefield. An old, spotted hand takes her elbow. She turns and looks into Priam's eyes.

PRIAM :

Sit with me.

Helen follows the king to his grandstand and sits beside him. She's aware of people staring at them but he seems oblivious.

PRIAM:

All my life I've prayed against this day.

HELEN :

Yes, my king.

PRIAM :

Call me father, dear child.

Startled by this affection, she hesitates before responding.

HELEN :

Forgive me, father. For...

She pauses, staring out at the vast Greek army.

HELEN :

...bringing this.

Priam shakes his head and smiles sadly.

PRIAM:

I blame you for nothing.

Everything is in the hands of the gods.

(beat)

Besides, how could I blame anyone
for falling in love with Paris?

Helen looks out at the battlefield, fixing on Paris, at
this distance a tiny figure on horseback. Priam takes
her hand.

81.

89 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY 89

Hector and Paris ride up to the Greek kings. Menelaus
stares at Paris, his fingers tapping the hilt of his
sword. Paris does not make eye contact.

The kings step down from their chariots and the Trojan
princes dismount from their horses. Both armies are lined
up several hundred yards apart.

Agamemnon surveys the Trojan army.

AGAMEMNON :

I see you're not hiding behind your
high walls. Valiant of you. Ill-
advised, but valiant.

HECTOR :

You come here uninvited. Go back
to your ships. Go home.

AGAMEMNON :

We've come too far, Prince Hector.

MENELAUS :

Prince? These are not princes.
What son of a king would accept a
man's hospitality, eat his food,
drink his wine, and then steal his
wife in the middle of the night?

PARIS :

The sun was shining when your wife
left you.
Menelaus draws his sword. He points it at the city walls.

MENELAUS :

She's up there watching, isn't she?
Good. I want her to watch you die.
Agamemnon places a hand on his brother's arm.

AGAMEMNON :

Not yet, brother.

He makes a sweeping gesture, indicating his entire army.

AGAMEMNON :

Look around you, Hector. I've brought all the warriors of Greece to your shores.

(CONTINUED)

82.

89 CONTINUED:

NESTOR :

You can still save Troy, young prince.

AGAMEMNON :

I have two wishes. If you grant them, no more of your people need to die. First, give Helen back to my brother. Second, Troy must submit to my command, to fight for me whenever I call.

HECTOR :

You want me to look upon your army and tremble. Well, I see them. I see fifty thousand men brought here to fight for one man's greed.

AGAMEMNON :

Be careful, boy. My mercy has limits.

HECTOR :

I've seen the limits of your mercy. And I tell you now that no son of Troy will ever submit to a foreign ruler.

AGAMEMNON :

Then every son of Troy shall die.

PARIS :

There is another way.
Everyone watches Paris now.

PARIS:

(to Menelaus)
I love Helen. I won't give her up.
And neither will you. So let's
fight our own battle. Let the
winner take Helen home, and that
will be the end of it.

AGAMEMNON :

A brave offer. But not enough.
Menelaus pulls Agamemnon aside and speaks to him out of
the others' earshot.

MENELAUS :

Let me kill this little peacock.
(CONTINUED)
83.

89 CONTINUED:

AGAMEMNON :

I didn't come here for your pretty
wife. I came for Troy.

MENELAUS :

And I came for my honor. His every
breath insults me.

(beat)

Let me kill him. When he's lying
in the dust, give the signal to
attack. I'll have my revenge and
you'll have your city.

Agamemnon ponders the offer. He nods. They rejoin the
others.

MENELAUS:

(to Paris)
I accept your challenge. And
tonight I'll drink to your bones.
He walks over to his chariot and grabs his shield. Hector

helps Paris into his helmet and speaks quietly to him.

HECTOR :

He doesn't have the stamina he once did. Make him swing and miss.

He'll tire.

Paris nods. He turns toward Menelaus but quickly turns back and grabs Hector's arm.

PARIS :

Hector!

Hector waits. Paris opens his mouth but no words come out. He tries again.

PARIS :

If I fall -- tell Helen -- tell her -

HECTOR :

I will.

PARIS :

Don't let Menelaus hurt her. Make him swear -

HECTOR :

Think about your sword and his sword. Nothing else.

(CONTINUED)

84.

89 CONTINUED:

Hector hugs him close for a moment and releases him.

Paris walks toward the center of the field, where Menelaus waits.

89A PARIS'S POV 89A

It's difficult to see from inside your bronze helmet.

Your peripheral vision is severely restricted, and the nose guard bisects your vision.

Your breathing sounds amplified, impossibly loud and half-panicked. But there's no turning back. Menelaus stands

in the center of the vast battlefield, patient and menacing, carving the air with lazy strokes of his sword.

You look back and see Hector. Hector nods, trying to

encourage you, but he looks worried. Behind Hector is the Trojan army, twenty-five thousand silent men. Behind the army is the city of Troy. Atop those walls, beneath that blue canopy, your father is watching, and the woman you love.

You turn back to Menelaus. He's smiling at you.

89B BACK TO SCENE 89B

Menelaus charges at Paris and swings mightily, trying to knock the prince's head from his shoulders. Paris manages to duck beneath the flashing blade.

Menelaus fights with little art and great savagery, exploiting his superior strength. Paris is quicker. He nearly surprises the bigger man with a fast sword thrust, but Menelaus dominates the fight, hammering Paris's shield with a furious barrage of blows.

Paris steps away and tries another thrust, but this time Menelaus sidesteps and smashes Paris in the jaw with the hilt of his sword, knocking the prince's helmet off.

Paris falls, blood leaking from his nose and mouth.

Hector, frustrated and powerless to help, tries to will his brother to victory.

HECTOR :

(under his breath)

Get up. Get up.

85.

89C EXT. GREEK LINES 89C

Ajax and Odysseus, standing together, watch the bloodied prince. Ajax looks disgusted, Odysseus amused.

AJAX:

This is the prince of Troy? In Salamis, the women fight better.

ODYSSEUS :

But they're not as pretty.

90 EXT. WALLS OF TROY - CONTINUOUS 90

Helen, unable to sit, now stands at the wall, watching her lover battle her husband. Priam stands beside her.

91 EXT. BLUFF - CONTINUOUS 91

Patroclus and the other Myrmidons watch the battle.

EUDORUS :

Menelaus still knows how to fight.

92 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS 92

Menelaus swings at the fallen prince but Paris is able to block the blow with his shield and scramble to his feet. Menelaus points to the sky. Three CROWS circle above.

MENELAUS :

You see the crows?

(beat)

They've never tasted a prince before.

The Spartan's mind games are working -- Paris wears the face of a man who doesn't want to fight. He swings clumsily and Menelaus manages to catch his wrist. The Spartan grins and raises his sword for the kill. Paris lashes out with his free hand, punching the Spartan hard in the jaw. Menelaus grunts and shoves the Trojan away. He spits out a tooth. He's no longer smiling.

92A ODYSSEUS AND AJAX 92A

exchange a quick glance: not bad.

86.

92B MENELAUS 92B

But Menelaus bores in again, blow after blow. Finally his bronze blade bites into Paris's thigh. Paris staggers backward, blood flowing down his leg. He swings desperately but Menelaus parries, knocking the sword from Paris's hand.

Paris stares at his fallen sword, five feet away.

Paris runs. Menelaus snarls and chases after him.

93 EXT. WALLS OF TROY - CONTINUOUS 93

The citizens seem shocked that their prince and hero would flee before a Greek assailant. They look at each other and whisper, glancing at Priam, curious to see his reaction.

PRIAM :

(to himself)

Fight him, son. Fight him.

Helen stares at the battlefield, her face unreadable.

94 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS 94

Paris runs to Hector, gasping for breath, the blood pouring down his face and leg. He falls to his knees before his older brother. Hector stares at Paris and then at Menelaus, who has stopped seven feet from the princes.

MENELAUS :

Fight me, you coward! Fight me!

Paris, unable to look at either man or speak, trembles by his brother's side. Hector, completely at a loss, lays his hand on Paris's head.

MENELAUS :

We have a pact. Fight!

CUT TO:

94A EXT. GREEK LINES 94A

AGAMEMNON signals for the DRIVER of his chariot.

AGAMEMNON:

The Trojans have violated the agreement. We march.

(CONTINUED)

87.

94A CONTINUED:

The driver nods. Agamemnon hops onto the chariot and they ride toward the army to deliver the orders.

CUT TO:

94B EXT. BATTLEFIELD 94B

HECTOR looks from his brother to the enraged Menelaus.

MENELAUS:

This is not honor. This is not worthy of royalty.

Hector looks at his brother but Paris is not looking at anybody. He gasps for breath, the blood streaming from his wounds. Hector glances at the Greek army, then back to Paris.

MENELAUS:

If he doesn't fight, Troy is doomed.

HECTOR :

Paris.

Paris shakes his head, blood dripping from his nose.

PARIS :

No. No.

HECTOR :

(to Menelaus)

The fight is over.

MENELAUS :

The fight is not over. Stand back,

Prince Hector.

Hector stares at the king, judging his intentions.

MENELAUS :

I'll kill him at your feet. I

don't care.

HECTOR :

He's my brother.

Menelaus charges, sword raised overhead. In one motion Hector draws his own sword and plunges the point through Menelaus's breastplate. Menelaus's momentum carries him forward, until his breastplate touches the hilt of Hector's sword.

(CONTINUED)

88.

94B CONTINUED:

Menelaus, eyes wide open, stares down at the blood which now begins rushing down his armor. He looks up at Hector. Hector pulls his blade out. Menelaus falls to the ground.

CUT TO:

94C EXT. GREEK LINES 94C

AGAMEMNON standing on his chariot in front of his army, sees his brother fall. For a moment the vast field is silent.

Agamemnon SHOUTS. A wordless cry of rage, echoing from the Greek lines to the walls of Troy. He points toward Hector.

The entire Greek army surges forward. Hollering with a collective violence powerful enough to make the ground tremble, fifty thousand soldiers charge at Hector.

CUT TO:

94D EXT. BATTLEFIELD 94D

sees them coming. The ground he stands on trembles with the concussive force of Greek feet and horses' hooves.

HECTOR :

Paris.

Paris still seems to be in a state of shock.

HECTOR :

Get up. Get up!

The avalanche of Greek infantry is getting closer. Paris finally gets to his feet but runs in the wrong direction, toward the Greeks.

HECTOR :

Paris!

What seems to be a sprint to suicide turns out to be something different: Paris grabs the fallen sword of Troy from the ground, dangerously close to the charging Greeks. He turns and dashes back to Hector. The princes mount.

(CONTINUED)

89.

94D CONTINUED:

The Greeks are almost upon them. Brandishing their spears and screaming their war cries, all of them vie for the glory of felling the Trojan princes.

The closest Greeks launch their spears. One whistles by Hector's ear. He spurs his horse. The princes gallop toward the city.

CUT TO:

94E EXT. GREEK LINES 94E

ODYSSEUS watches this chase with trepidation.

ODYSSEUS :

Our men are too close to the walls.

CUT TO:

94F EXT. WALLS OF TROY - BELOW 94F

GLAUCUS the Trojan general, sees that the princes have gained some distance from their pursuers. He calls to an OFFICER standing on the city wall.

GLAUCUS :

ARCHERS!

95 EXT. BLUFF - CONTINUOUS 95

Patroclus turns and sees Achilles, standing on a high rock behind the other Myrmidons. We don't know how long Achilles has been watching the battle.

ACHILLES :

Pull back, you fool.

96 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS 96

The Greek army continues to charge at full speed. One thousand TROJAN ARCHERS notch their arrows and pull back their catgut strings.

GLAUCUS :

Now!

One thousand bronze-tipped arrows soar into the air, a deadly swarm of hornets that rises toward the clouds before descending on the charging Greeks.

(CONTINUED)

90.

96 CONTINUED:

Hundreds of Greeks fall. The Trojan archers let loose another swarm of arrows. The arrows fall with a great HISS. Many find their mark, biting into the throats and faces of the Greeks.

The Greek army, so overwhelming seconds ago, is now struck with chaos. The men in the front turn back, realizing they've become targets, while the men in back still push forward. In this confusion of foot traffic the arrows continue to fall, a rainstorm of bronze.

Agamemnon, standing on his chariot in the middle of his frenzied troops, tries to maintain order, but his shouts go unheard above the general roar.

The driver of his chariot falls, an arrow through his neck.

Agamemnon grabs the reins and tries to steer the chariot, but so many men are running about, so many bodies litter the ground, that maneuvering is extremely difficult.

CUT TO:

96A EXT. WALLS OF TROY 96A

HECTOR AND PARIS have reached the city walls, where Glaucus and the army wait for them. Hector grabs Paris's

arm.

HECTOR :

Get inside the city.

He slaps Paris's horse. Paris, head bowed, rides away.

Hector turns to his army. He shouts to them at the top of his lungs.

HECTOR:

The commander of the Greeks wants

the Trojan army to fight for him!

The Trojan mood becomes more and more bellicose.

HECTOR:

Would any man here like to fight

for Agamemnon?

TROJANS :

NO!

Hector raises his sword and points it at the Greeks, who retreat from the arrow fusillade in disarray.

(CONTINUED)

91.

96A CONTINUED:

HECTOR :

For Troy!

TROJANS :

TROY!

The Trojans charge. Hector, on horseback, reaches the Greeks first. His sword cuts down everyone within reach. The Trojan infantry attacks the Greeks, whose line has been broken by the rain of arrows. The Trojans take advantage of their enemies' panic. Hector's plan has succeeded.

97 EXT. BLUFF - CONTINUOUS 97

Achilles is unable to stand still. His fingers twitch as he watches the battle; he paces back and forth and curses. Patroclus and the Myrmidons avoid looking at their leader.

ACHILLES:

Get them in line... get them in

line...

98 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS 98

Odysseus, meanwhile, works to reorganize the troops.

ODYSSEUS:

Selepius! Bring your men back into
line!

Ajax, standing nearby, sees Hector chopping his way
through the Greeks. Ajax runs at Hector.

Two TROJAN SOLDIERS try to intercept Ajax. The mighty
Greek swings his huge battle axe. The blade cuts clean
through the first soldier's arm and halfway through his
torso.

The second soldier hacks at Ajax but the big man blocks
the sword with his shield and then uses the shield to ram
the soldier's face. Blood sprays from the Trojan's
crushed skull. Both soldiers fall dead to the ground.

Hector, battling a Greek INFANTRYMAN, doesn't see Ajax
coming. Ajax grabs Hector's horse's bridle and tugs hard,
the veins in his arms bulging beneath the skin.

(CONTINUED)

92.

98 CONTINUED:

The horse tries to buck but Ajax twists the horse's head
till it falls. Hector falls with the horse, tumbling to
the dirt. The Greek infantryman he had been fighting
stabs at him.

Hector rolls away and manages -- while flat on his back
-- to swing his sword, chopping off the infantryman's feet
just above the ankles. The infantryman screams and falls.
Ajax releases the horse, raises his axe, and swings at the
fallen Hector. The prince gets his shield up just in
time. Ajax's axe cleaves through the shield, splitting
the bronze into two even halves.

Hector stares at the halved shield, discards it, and jumps
to his feet. The two fighters circle each other while
thousands of soldiers around them battle to the death.

AJAX :

So you're the best of the Trojans?

Hector, looking for an opening in the brute's defenses,
says nothing. Ajax charges, swinging his battle axe.

Hector ducks below the axe and lunges forward with his

sword, but Ajax -- quick despite his size -- sidesteps, grabs the smaller man in a bear hug and squeezes.

Hector turns red. The sword falls from Hector's hand.

Ajax grins.

Hector slams his helmeted head forward, butting Ajax in the face. Ajax staggers back, blood spraying from his nose, his axe falling to the ground.

Hector struggles to regain his equilibrium. Ajax growls and launches himself at the prince.

Hector snatches a spear off the ground and positions it just as Ajax dives at him. The spear pierces Ajax's armor, driving through his belly and out his back. Hector holds the shaft steady. Ajax stares down at his wound.

He seems more irritated than anything else.

Ajax places his two big hands on the spear shaft, right where the spear enters his body. He breaks the spear in two, snapping the solid wood like a twig.

Half a spear still sticking out his back, Ajax swings the shaft, clobbering Hector in the side of the head, sending the horsehair-plumed helmet flying.

(CONTINUED)

93.

98 CONTINUED:

Hector, dazed, falls to one knee. Ajax whacks him again on the back of his neck. Hector crawls forward blindly. His hands brush over the blade of his dropped sword. Hector springs up, driving his sword into Ajax's gut, just below the big man's breast plate. Hector withdraws his sword. Both men see the ground drenched with Ajax's blood.

Ajax backhands Hector with the broken spear shaft, cracking the prince in the jaw and dropping him again. Ajax grabs Hector, hoists him upright and begins throttling the prince. Ajax spits a great wad of blood and smiles, teeth washed red.

Hector tries to kick at Ajax, but Ajax's thumbs dig deeper and deeper into Hector's throat. Hector's eyelids begin to flutter as he chokes.

But the Salamisian king has lost too much blood. He sinks slowly to his knees. Hector is forced to his knees as well.

Finally Ajax's eyes roll back. He topples onto Hector, hands still locked on the prince's throat. Hector undoes

the death grip. He squirms out from under Ajax's corpse and stands.

99 EXT. BLUFF - CONTINUOUS 99

Patroclus and the Myrmidons watch Ajax fall with disbelief. Achilles cannot bear to watch any longer. He walks away. None of his men dare look at him.

100 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY 100

The Trojans are routing the Greeks. With two of their kings already fallen, the Greek force is in disarray. Odysseus sees Agamemnon speeding by on his chariot. Odysseus runs and manages to leap onto the chariot. The two kings shout at each other above the commotion of battle.

ODYSSEUS :

We need to retreat!

Agamemnon surveys the battlefield and his battered forces.

(CONTINUED)

94.

100 CONTINUED:

AGAMEMNON :

My army has never lost a battle.

ODYSSEUS:

If we don't fall back you won't have an army!

Agamemnon seems dazed by the turn of events. Finally Odysseus hollers to whichever CAPTAINS can hear his voice.

ODYSSEUS:

Back to the ships! Back to the ships!

The captains take up this cry, shouting orders to their men.

The Greeks retreat. The Trojan soldiers give a mighty shout as they pursue their enemies.

101 EXT. WALLS OF TROY 101

The people cheer. Nobles and commoners embrace as brothers.

102 EXT. BATTLEFIELD 102

Hector, still on foot, leads his men as they chase down the fleeing Greeks. Several thousand Greeks have fallen.

103 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT 103

The Greeks get back to their trenches, the bulk of the force still intact. ARCHERS in the Greek rear guard, manning the trenches, now raise their bows and prepare to fire.

Hector, eager to avoid the mistakes his Greek counterparts made earlier, holds up his hands and BELLOWS to the troops.

HECTOR :

Halt!

The Trojan army stops just outside the Greek archers' range. Lysander, the Trojan captain, stands beside Hector.

(CONTINUED)

95.

103 CONTINUED:

LYSANDER :

We have them on the run, my prince.

HECTOR :

We're almost in range of their archers. You saw what our arrows did to them.

(beat)

Have the men gather our fallen. When they're done, send an emissary to the Greeks. They can collect their dead without fear of assault.

LYSANDER :

Would they have done the same for us?

HECTOR :

Of course not. That's why Troy is worth defending.

Hector turns and heads back to the white city.

104 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - LATER 104

Thousands of BODIES litter the broad field. We see them first from high above, their bronze armor gleaming in the failing sunlight. CLOSE on several of the dead men's faces.

The living haul the dead from the battlefield. HORSES are used to pull wagonloads of bodies.

Fathers or sons or brothers or friends say their goodbyes and wash the dead men with washcloths and buckets of water.

The sun sinks into the ocean. Both sides build funeral pyres for their fallen. When a body is loaded onto the pyre, a relative or friend places two COINS on the dead man's eyes.

Dozens of SALAMISIANS view Ajax's body. They weep as they pass by, each man kneeling to kiss their fallen king's hand.

104A EXT. BATTLEFIELD - FUNERAL PYRESS 104A

Agamemnon stands before the body of Menelaus.

(CONTINUED)

96.

104A CONTINUED:

He places two coins on Menelaus's eyes. He steps down from the pyre, accepts a torch from a CAPTAIN, and sets the pyre on fire.

AGAMEMNON:

I will burn their city before I leave, brother. I promise you that.

As the sky grows dark, the dead burn on the beach and inside the walls of Troy.

105 INT. PARIS'S BEDCHAMBER -NIGHT 105

Paris flinches as Helen, using needle and thread, stitches his leg wound. His face is bruised, his eyes red.

PARIS :

You think I'm a coward.

Helen, concentrating on her stitching, says nothing.

Paris flinches as the needle pierces his skin.

PARIS :

I am a coward.

(beat)

I knew he would kill me. I knew it. You were watching, and my father, my brother, all of Troy - it didn't matter. The shame didn't

matter.

(beat)

I gave up my pride, my honor. Just
to live.

HELEN:

You challenged a great warrior.
That took courage.

PARIS :

I betrayed you.
Helen inspects her work. The black stitches are a little
ragged, but they seem secure.

HELEN:

Menelaus was brave. He lived for
fighting. And I hated him from the
day I married him until the day he
died.

(CONTINUED)

97.

105 CONTINUED:

Helen leans forward until her lips are inches from Paris.

HELEN :

I don't want a hero, my love. I
want a man to grow old with.
She kisses him and there is great tenderness in her kiss.
A knock on the door. Helen looks up. Another knock.

HELEN :

Come in.
Hector enters the room. He examines Paris's leg.

HECTOR :

(to Helen)
Well stitched.
(to Paris)
You have a talented woman.
(beat)
I thank the gods you're alive,
little brother.

PARIS :

I wanted to make you proud of me.
He grips Paris' shoulder.

HECTOR :

You will.

106 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT 106

Thousands of campfires constellate the beach. Tens of thousands of exhausted soldiers stare into the flames.

107 INT. AGAMEMNON'S TENT - NIGHT 107

Nestor sits at a table, poring over the map of Troy.
Odysseus lies in a hammock strung between two of the tent poles, eating olives and spitting out the pits.
Agamemnon paces the rugs that floor the tent. His usual air of supreme confidence is gone, replaced by agitation.

AGAMEMNON :

They're laughing at me in Troy.
Old Priam and the others, drunk on victory. They think I'll quit these shores, sail home at first light.

(CONTINUED)

98.

107 CONTINUED:

ODYSSEUS :

Maybe we should.
Agamemnon spins and glares at Odysseus.

AGAMEMNON :

Flee like a whipped dog?

ODYSSEUS :

The men believe we came here for Menelaus's wife. He won't be needing his wife anymore.

AGAMEMNON:

(furious)

My brother's blood still wets the grass and you insult him?

ODYSSEUS :

It's no insult to say a dead man is dead.

NESTOR :

If we leave now we lose all credibility. If the Trojans can beat us so easily, how long before the Hittites invade?

ODYSSEUS :

You're right. But if we stay, we stay for the right reasons.

(to Agamemnon)

We stay to protect Greece, not your pride. Your private battle with Achilles is destroying us.

AGAMEMNON :

Achilles is one man. What good could he -

ODYSSEUS :

Hector is one man. Look what he did to us today.

AGAMEMNON :

Hector fights for his country. Achilles fights only for himself.

ODYSSEUS :

I don't care about the man's patriotism. I care about his ability to win battles.

(CONTINUED)

99.

107 CONTINUED:

NESTOR:

(to Agamemnon)

He's right. The men's morale is weak.

ODYSSEUS :

Weak? They're ready to swim home.

AGAMEMNON :

Even if I wanted to make peace with Achilles, the man won't listen. He's just as likely to spear me as speak with me.

ODYSSEUS :

I'll talk to him in the morning. Agamemnon thinks about it for a moment and nods.

NESTOR :

He'll want the girl back.

AGAMEMNON :

He can take the damned girl. I haven't touched her.

ODYSSEUS :

Where is she?

AGAMEMNON :

I gave her to the men. They needed some amusement after today. Odysseus and Nestor exchange worried looks.

108 EXT. GREEK CAMPFIRE - NIGHT 108

A band of battle-weary, drunken SOLDIERS stand by a campfire. They're exhausted, caked with dirt and their comrades' blood.

They shove Briseis back and forth between them. Each man she bounces into tears off a strip of her robes, which are now filthy rags barely covering her body.

Her face seems to have shut down. She has a bruise below one eye and her hair is wet with wine. The soldiers stare at her with a mix of hostility and lust.

APHAEREUS :

You Trojan whore.

(CONTINUED)

100.

108 CONTINUED:

ECHEPOLUS :

We should kill her now, keep her
from breeding any more Trojan
bastards.

APHAEREUS :

No, she's Agamemnon's property.
(tearing off a
sleeve)
What's this? A virgin's robe?

HAEMON :

You won't be needing that much
longer.
Haemon squats by the fire, holding an iron in the flames.
He pulls out a branding iron in the shape of Agamemnon's

seal:

HAEMON :

Hold her down.
Briseis sees the hot iron and begins to struggle,
screaming and kicking at the men. Four of the soldiers
pin her down.

HAEMON :

Why are you kicking, girl? Better
to be a Spartan slave than a Trojan
priestess.
Briseis claws Haemon in the face. He growls and punches
her.

HAEMON :

Come on, come on, hold her down.
The soldiers hold her in the sand. Haemon steadies the
hot brand and searches for the best place to mark her.
When the brand is inches from her arm someone grabs the
iron, pulls it out of Haemon's hands and then slams it
down on the man's head. Haemon collapses.
Achilles stands alone, unarmed save for the branding iron.
By firelight he looks ferocious. Echepolus stumbles
backward.

ECHEPOLUS :

Achilles.

Aphaereus spits in the sand. He draws his sword.

(CONTINUED)

101.

108 CONTINUED:

APHAREUS :

There's one of him and ten of us.

Achilles swings the iron, almost too fast for the eye to follow. Aphaereus's face collapses. He falls to the beach.

Nine.

ACHILLES :

The other soldiers run. Achilles lifts Briseis to her feet. More gently than we would have believed possible, Achilles brushes the sand from her face and hair.

Can you walk?

ACHILLES :

Briseis nods. Achilles, arm around her shoulder, leads her away from the campfire.

109 EXT. ACHILLES' TENT - NIGHT 109

Eudorus and Patroclus are waiting when Achilles and Briseis get to the tent.

ACHILLES :

Get me food and water.

robe.

And a new

Eudorus bows. Patroclus watches Achilles and Briseis enter the tent.

110 INT. ACHILLES' TENT - LATER 110

Achilles sits near Briseis, watching her. She's clean now, dressed in a new robe -- a man's robe, far too big for her. Platters of fruit and roasted meats sit near her, along with pitchers of wine and water. Briseis doesn't touch any of it.

ACHILLES :

You should eat.

Briseis says nothing.

ACHILLES :

Did they hurt you?

BRISEIS :

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

102.

110 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES :

I saw you fight them. You have
courage.

BRISEIS :

To fight back when people attack
me? A dog has that kind of
courage.

ACHILLES :

I like dogs more than people.
Briseis stares into Achilles' eyes. He's not used to
people meeting his gaze. He stares back at the girl,
intrigued.

BRISEIS :

Why did you choose this life?

ACHILLES :

What life?

BRISEIS :

This... to be a great warrior.

ACHILLES :

I chose nothing. I was born and
this is what I am.

BRISEIS :

But you must enjoy it.

ACHILLES :

Does the scorpion feel joy when he

stings the beetle?

(beat)

I doubt it. I doubt he feels anything at all.

BRISEIS :

But you're not a scorpion. You're a man.

ACHILLES :

And you're a woman in love with a god. Where was Apollo when those men tried to scar you?

BRISEIS :

Do you enjoy provoking me?

ACHILLES :

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

103.

110 CONTINUED:

They watch each other, Achilles smiling, Briseis angry.

ACHILLES :

You've dedicated your life to the gods, yes?

Briseis, glaring at him, doesn't answer.

ACHILLES :

Zeus, God of Thunder. Athena, Goddess of Wisdom. You serve them?

BRISEIS :

Of course.

ACHILLES :

And Aries, God of War, who blankets his bed with the skins of men he's killed?

Briseis pauses, caught in the trap.

BRISEIS :

All the gods are to be feared and respected.

For a long beat they are silent, staring at each other. The air between them is charged with more than mere contention.

BRISEIS :

What do you want here in Troy? You didn't come for the Spartan queen.

ACHILLES :

I want what all men want. I just want it more.

Achilles takes an apple and unsheathes a dagger. He tosses the apple in his hand. On the third toss he whips his knife-hand up and across and neatly catches four apple quarters.

He offers a quarter to Briseis. Stunned, she slowly shakes her head. Achilles shrugs and eats the sliced apple.

(CONTINUED)

104.

110 CONTINUED:

(3) 110

ACHILLES :

I'll tell you a secret-- something they didn't teach you in your temple. The gods envy us. They envy us because we're mortal, because every moment might be our last. Everything is more beautiful for the doomed.

He stares at her with such intensity she must look away.

ACHILLES :

You will never be lovelier than you are right now. And we will never be here again.

Briseis is quiet for a moment. She rubs the ripe purple grapes on the platter beside her.

BRISEIS :

I thought you were a dumb brute.
She looks into Achilles' eyes.

BRISEIS :

I could have forgiven a dumb brute.

111 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 111

It's quiet now. Only a few campfires burn under a full moon.

112 INT. ACHILLES' TENT - LATER 112

Achilles lies on his back on a deer skin, sleeping.

Briseis kneels beside him. In the candlelight we see the glint of a bronze blade. She holds the knife near his throat.

Achilles open his eyes.

ACHILLES :

Go on.

Briseis holds the blade against his skin.

ACHILLES :

Nothing is easier.

BRISEIS :

Aren't you afraid?

(CONTINUED)

105.

112 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES:

Every mortal dies. Today or fifty years from now, what does it matter in the face of eternity?

BRISEIS:

You'll kill more men if I don't kill you.

ACHILLES :

Many of them.

For several seconds she holds the knife to his throat. Finally she puts it down.

BRISEIS :

May Apollo forgive me.

Achilles pulls her closer and they kiss.

He slowly slides the robe off her shoulders. Briseis -eyes closed, lips parted -- trembles as Achilles unveils her. For a moment she hesitates but soon hesitation evaporates and she presses her body against his, kissing his throat, his chest, his hands.

Their hunger for each other is stronger than gods and nations.

113 EXT. BAY - DAWN 113

Rosy-fingered dawn appears. The seagulls cry above the waves.

114 INT. ACHILLES' TENT - MORNING 114

Achilles watches Briseis sleep. She looks very young and fragile, her face bruised, her eyelids fluttering as she dreams. Achilles watches her with great tenderness.

Eudorus opens the tent flap. Sunlight streams in.

Achilles puts a finger over his mouth. Eudorus sees Briseis and nods. Achilles gently pulls the blanket over her naked shoulders. He stands and exits.

115 EXT. ACHILLES' TENT - CONTINUOUS 115

Odysseus waits for Achilles outside the tent.

(CONTINUED)

106.

115 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES:

(to Eudorus)

Have the men start loading the ship. We're going home.

Eudorus, surprised, looks at Odysseus for a second before bowing to his commander and walking away.

ODYSSEUS :

You found the girl?

ACHILLES :

I found her.

ODYSSEUS :

Is she hurt?

ACHILLES :

Not as badly as those who hurt her.
Achilles stares at the sea. Seagulls patrol the skies.

ACHILLES :

Do you miss your wife, Odysseus?

ODYSSEUS :

Always.

ACHILLES :

I've never missed anyone in my
life. I used to think it was a
weakness, needing someone else.

ODYSSEUS :

We all need someone else. Right
now, Greece needs you.

ACHILLES :

Greece got along fine before I was
born and Greece will be Greece long
after I'm dead.

ODYSSEUS :

I'm not talking about the land.
The valleys, the mountains -- they
don't care what we do. The men
need you. You should have seen the
slaughter yesterday.

ACHILLES :

I saw it. And I saw who led the
men to slaughter.

(CONTINUED)

107.

115 CONTINUED:

ODYSSEUS :

Agamemnon... is a proud man. But
he knows when he's made a mistake.

ACHILLES :

The man sends you to make his

apologies? He doesn't understand honor. What are you doing in thrall to that pig of a king?

ODYSSEUS :

The world seems simple to you, my friend. But when you're a king, very few choices are simple. Ithaca cannot afford an enemy like Agamemnon.

ACHILLES :

Am I supposed to fear him?

ODYSSEUS :

You don't fear anyone, that's your problem. Fear is useful.

(beat)

Stay, Achilles. You were born for this war.

ACHILLES :

My life is war. Is that what you think?

ODYSSEUS :

Am I wrong?

Achilles stares at the sea again.

ACHILLES :

A week ago you were right. But things are less simple today.

ODYSSEUS :

Women have a way of complicating things.

Achilles smiles. He turns to Odysseus and clasps his hand.

ACHILLES :

Of all the kings of Greece, I respect you most. But in this war you're a servant. And I refuse to be a servant any longer.

(CONTINUED)

108.

115 CONTINUED:

ODYSSEUS :

Sometimes you need to serve in order to lead. I hope you understand that one day.

Odysseus walks away. Achilles watches him go and then turns back toward his tent. He sees that Patroclus has been standing by the tent throughout the previous conversation.

PATROCLUS :

We're going home?

ACHILLES :

We leave at noon.

He tries to enter his tent but Patroclus grabs his arm and blocks his path. Achilles stares at Patroclus' hand.

Patroclus releases him but doesn't move out of the way.

PATROCLUS :

If Poseidon curses us and our ship goes down, what will I tell the shades in Hades? That I died running from this war, abandoning our countrymen?

ACHILLES :

Our countrymen?

PATROCLUS :

Yes, our country! We're Greek, cousin. I broke bread with these men, I drank their wine, I listened to their jokes. These are our comrades. We cannot desert them.

(beat)

Your feud with Agamemnon is tearing this army apart. And your reputation suffers. The men are talking -

Achilles' eyes narrow as his temper rises.

ACHILLES :

If my blood wasn't in your
veins -

PATROCLUS :

But your blood is in my veins.

(CONTINUED)

109.

115 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES :

I gave you an order, cousin. We
leave at noon.

Achilles opens the tent flap.

PATROCLUS :

If you command us not to fight for
the king of kings, so be it. But
please don't ask me not to fight
for Greece.

(long beat)

When the shades hear my name I want
them to know I led a worthy life.

Achilles, face inscrutable, watches his cousin walk away.

116 INT. PRIAM'S MEETING HALL - MORNING 116

The notables we've seen in this room before -- Priam,
Hector, Glaucus, Velior, Archeptolemus -- are gathered
again.

ARCHEPTOLEMUS :

The omens are gathering. The
directive is clear.

HECTOR :

Fight for your country. That's the
only directive.

PRIAM:

(to Hector)

The last time the high priest spoke
to us he prophesied a great victory

for Troy. We won a great victory.

Let him speak.

(to Archeptolemus)

What course of action do you recommend?

ARCHEPTOLEMUS :

The gods favor our cause. Now is the time to destroy the Greek army.

PRIAM :

Glaucus?

(CONTINUED)

110.

116 CONTINUED:

GLAUCUS :

Their morale is battered. Hit them now, hit them hard, and they will run.

VELIOR :

I must admit, I overestimated the Greeks. They lack discipline and courage.

Hector, frustrated and weary, rubs his eyes.

HECTOR :

The Myrmidons did not fight yesterday. There must be dissension among the Greeks. But if we attack their ships, we'll unify them.

(beat)

If they decide to attack, let them. They can't breach our walls. We'll beat them back again.

(beat; to Priam)

Yesterday the Greeks underestimated us. We should not return the favor today.

Priam meditates on this conflicting advice. He stands and paces about the room. He turns to Archeptolemus.

PRIAM :

You're confident about the meaning
of these omens?

ARCHEPTOLEMUS :

The desecration of his temple
angers Apollo. The gods have
cursed the Greeks. Two of their
kings have already gone down to the
dust.

Priam continues pacing, hands clasped behind his back.

PRIAM :

Prepare the army. We attack at
noon.

HECTOR :

We're making a mistake, father.
Father and son face each other across the long table.

PRIAM :

Prepare the army.
111.

117 EXT. ACHILLES' WARSHIP - LATER - DAY 117

Achilles' ship has already been hauled into the shallow
water, ready to depart. Myrmidons climb the gangplank,
carrying gear onto the ship's deck.

118 INT. ACHILLES' WARSHIP - DAY 118

Briseis sits in the cabin watching Achilles tie a hammock
to a peg. Something has changed between them. She looks
at him with undisguised tenderness.

BRISEIS :

Am I still your captive?

ACHILLES:

Captive is a harsh word. You're my
guest.

BRISEIS:

In Troy, guests can leave whenever
they want.

ACHILLES :

Strange custom.

Achilles takes her hand and inspects her uncalloused palms.

ACHILLES:

You've never worked the fields.

Never chopped wood, never carried a milk pail. These are the hands of royalty.

Achilles raises his own hands and shows them to her.

ACHILLES:

My hands are gates to the underworld.

(beat)

All my life I've walked with Death.

But I grow tired of his company.

(beat)

Come with me to Larissa.

A hint of a smile crosses her lips.

BRISEIS:

Larissa. Is that where you're from?

(beat)

It's a pretty name.

(CONTINUED)

112.

118 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES :

I thought I'd never see it again.

(beat)

Before I left home my mother told me my fate.

BRISEIS :

(sincere)

She speaks with the gods?

ACHILLES :

She knows things.

(beat)

She told me if I stayed home I'd have a long, peaceful life. And if I came to Troy, life would be short... but my name would never be forgotten.

BRISEIS :

And you chose Troy.

ACHILLES:

But what if Fate brought me here for another purpose? What if I had to go to war to find peace?

(beat)

To find you?

She cups his face between her palms, pulls him closer, kisses his lips. For a moment they gaze at each other, until the sounds of WAR CRIES, HORNS, and BATTLE DRUMS fill the air.

Achilles raises his head and listens, his face hardening. Briseis, alarmed, watches him.

119 EXT. AGAMEMNON'S TENT - DAY 119

Agamemnon, Nestor, and Odysseus exit the tent. The beach is a frenzy of activity. Thousands of men rush to their positions, hastily arming themselves. The kings look to the high dunes.

120 EXT. HIGH DUNES - CONTINUOUS 120

Hector and his APOLLONIAN GUARDS, on horseback, crest the dunes and look down on the Greek encampment. 25,000 TROJAN FOOT SOLDIERS march behind Hector. He gives a signal. The force halts.

113.

121 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT - CONTINUOUS 121

The GREEKS, plainly nervous, swarm to the long trench they've dug. The Trojans crushed them yesterday. Now they're back.

121A EXT. HIGH DUNES 121A

The Trojan ARCHERS pull their bows off their shoulders and notch their arrows.

121B EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT 121B

The Greek archers notch their arrows.

Odysseus stands with his ITHACANS, waiting to battle. A cry starts up on the far end of the Greek line and grows

steadily louder. Odysseus looks in that direction. A glittering figure has stepped forth from the Myrmidon camp, clad in the beautiful and distinctive armor that every man in the Greek army recognizes.

ODYSSEUS :

Achilles.

All down the Greek line we hear the cheer building to a roar. Agamemnon, hearing the commotion, turns and sees the shining warrior. He watches the spectacle with mixed emotions.

Eudorus, standing with several Myrmidons, is thrilled by his leader's unexpected arrival.

EUDORUS :

Arm yourselves, men.

The Myrmidons quickly and excitedly arm themselves.

121C EXT. HIGH DUNES 121C

The Trojans are not aware of this energy. Hector raises his sword and points at the Greeks. The Trojan army charges. When they are within range the Trojan archers release, sending a volley of arrows over the heads of their comrades. The Greek archers release at the same time.

Two flocks of arrows cross in the sky and swoop down on the men below. Dozens of Greeks and Trojans fall to the sand.

114.

121D EXT. GREEK BEACH DEFENSES 121D

But now the glorious bronzed figure of Achilles leaps over the trench, sunlight reflecting off his polished armor.

He raises his sword to the sky. A great, violent ROAR rises from the Greek army. When he runs toward the Trojans the Greeks jump from their positions and follow. The two armies collide. Unlike the grassy field the men fought on yesterday, today's battle takes place on the sand, and sand is everywhere.

Horse hooves kick up clouds of sand. Men struggle for footing in the loose sand. Red blood puddles on the yellow sand.

But much more is different than the terrain. Now the Greeks have a leader. The Myrmidons are at the forefront, battling with a ferocity most Trojans have never seen before.

A Trojan OFFICER, spear raised, gallops toward the figure of Achilles. Before the Trojan can throw, Eudorus hurls his spear, catching the officer in the neck. The man goes down.

Odysseus, immersed in combat, sees this. He hesitates for a moment and in his distraction is nearly cut down by an axe-wielding Trojan. They fight.

After Odysseus dispatches the man, he looks back toward the glittering figure of Achilles. Something's making him uneasy.

A Trojan swings his sword at the shining warrior, narrowly missing a clean decapitation. The Greek hero thrusts his spear and guts the Trojan.

The Myrmidons surge forward, hacking their way through the Trojans. The Greek army steadily pushes the Trojans back, picking up more and more momentum.

Now it is the Trojans who seem frightened, unsure where the Greeks found this intense spirit.

Glaucus, the Trojan general, on horseback, shouts to Hector.

GLAUCUS:

The gods are with them today! We should fall back!

Hector, fighting, does not answer.

(CONTINUED)

115.

121D CONTINUED:

The Myrmidons are getting closer to the elite Apollonians. Hector notices them now. He notices the beautiful armor of their leader, notices the leader hop nimbly from the path of a charging Trojan and cut the man down.

HECTOR :

(to himself)

Achilles.

Hector goes after him. He grips the reins and guides his horse toward the Myrmidons. His Apollonians, clustered about him protectively, move in that direction as well.

121E EXT. GREEK BEACH DEFENSES 121E

The two elite forces clash. These men are experts, wielding their spears and swords with superior skill.

Hector's horse stumbles in the deep sand. Hector abandons

his mount, leaping down to the beach, running for the shining warrior. A Myrmidon intercepts him. Their battle is quick-- Hector kills him with a sword thrust. Now he is face to face (or helmet to helmet) with the figure of glorious Achilles. The two men, breathing heavily from the combat, stand still for a moment. The intricately-worked bronze of Achilles' helmet, breastplate, and shield all shine bright. He's a difficult man to stare at for long. Now he charges, sword raised.

They fight. And though the battle continues all around them, everyone seems to be aware of the duel taking place. The shining warrior is quicker than Hector and lighter on his feet, swinging again and again, a blaze of bronze. Hector fights patiently, parrying the blows, waiting for an opening.

The sword of Achilles whistles over Hector's head, swung so hard that the man wielding it cannot protect himself. Hector takes full advantage, swinging quickly, his blade carving the soft flesh just beneath Achilles' helmet. A long question mark of blood whips out of the cut throat. The man falls.

(CONTINUED)

116.

121E CONTINUED:

Everything seems to stop. Though the battle is still underway and thousands of individuals are still fighting for their lives, a collective gasp of despair comes from the Greeks.

Odysseus, stunned, stares at the body on the ground. Hector stands next to the fallen man. He wedges the tip of his sword inside the bronze helmet and lifts it off. Patroclus is dying, trying to breathe as his throat floods with blood. His eyes are panicked.

Hector stares down at the dying boy, at the blood-soaked SEASHELL NECKLACE.

For a moment they stare at each other, the victorious prince of Troy and the dying boy in the sand. The sounds of Patroclus' gurgling breaths visibly upset the prince. With an anguished cry he raises his sword and brings it down. We don't see the blade hit, but the boy's suffering ends.

Hector sees a stunned Odysseus standing nearby. The

Greeks have pushed the Trojans back from the beach, onto the grassy inland plains, but now combat has halted.

HECTOR :

Enough for one day?

Odysseus nods. Hector calls out to Glaucus.

HECTOR :

Arms down! Back to the city!

Glaucus relays the call. Odysseus calls to his CAPTAINS.

ODYSSEUS :

Arms down! Arms down! To the beach!

Odysseus sheathes his sword and approaches. He crouches by Patroclus and closes the dead boy's frightened eyes.

Hector and Odysseus look at each other for a beat.

Hector mounts his horse and leads his men home. The two sides retreat. Eudorus hurries over and kneels beside the dead boy.

EUDORUS :

We were going to sail home at noon.

(CONTINUED)

117.

121E CONTINUED:

ODYSSEUS:

I don't think anyone's sailing home now.

122 EXT. ACHILLES' WARSHIP - LATER 122

Eudorus walks up to the ship, takes a few deep breaths, and calls to his commander.

EUDORUS :

Achilles!

Achilles emerges from the ship's cabin and walks to the bow. He descends the gangplank to the beach. Briseis follows.

Eudorus bows. Achilles examines his captain. Eudorus is sweaty and dirty, his hands caked with dried blood. His helmet is off but he still wears his armor.

ACHILLES :

You've been fighting.

EUDORUS :

My lord -

ACHILLES :

You violated my command.

EUDORUS :

No, my lord. There was a mistake.

ACHILLES:

A mistake? I ordered the Myrmidons
to stand down. You led them into
combat?

EUDORUS :

I didn't lead them.

Eudorus cannot meet his commander's gaze.

ACHILLES :

Who did?

EUDORUS :

We thought you did.

Now Achilles can tell, staring at his captain's face, that
something is very wrong. He looks around the encampment.
All the men returning from combat avoid looking at
Achilles.

(CONTINUED)

118.

122 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES :

Where's Patroclus?

EUDORUS :

We thought it was you, my lord. We
-- he wore your armor. Your
shield, your grieves, your helmet.

(long beat)

He's dead, my lord.

ACHILLES :

You're lying.

EUDORUS :

Never, my lord. Never. He looked like you. He even moved like you. We all followed -

ACHILLES :

Lies.

EUDORUS :

He fought well, my lord. With great courage. But Hector came after him. Achilles' nostrils are flared, his eyes narrowed.

EUDORUS :

If I could have saved him - Achilles hits Eudorus hard in the mouth. The captain falls to the sand. Achilles looms above him, fists clenched. Eudorus holds his mouth. Blood is already beginning to stream out.

ACHILLES :

Liar!

EUDORUS :

My lord, I saw him fall. Achilles seizes Eudorus by the hair and hauls him to his knees. He snatches Eudorus's sword and raises it. Briseis grabs Achilles' shoulder.

BRISEIS :

Don't!

With his free hand Achilles grabs her throat. She claws at his wrist. Her feet spasm and kick inches off the ground.

(CONTINUED)

119.

122 CONTINUED:

Eyes bulging, she stares at him. Whatever kindness she'd

seen in his eyes before, whatever tenderness, it's gone now.

Achilles drops her. She sags to the ground, gasping for breath, beginning to sob. Achilles releases Eudorus. The captain remains on his knees, watching his lord.

ACHILLES :

Dead?

EUDORUS :

Hector cut his throat.

Achilles walks to a dead campfire where the Myrmidons cook their dinner. He drops Eudorus's sword and kneels in the ashes, grabs handfuls of the soot, and blackens his face.

Achilles stands, grabs the sword, and walks toward the sea. Everyone stares at him. He keeps walking as the waters lap at his ankles, his knees, his waist.

The waves are high, crashing down on him, but Achilles does not turn from them. He swings the sword, chopping through the surf, slicing the crests off the waves, groaning as he fights. The soldiers on the beach stare at him.

Achilles battles the sea.

123 EXT. PALACE GARDEN - NIGHT 123

Hector, carrying a torch, leads Andromache through the lower garden, down a staircase descending from the shrine of Apollo to a door half-hidden by climbing vines. He opens the door.

124 INT. PALACE OF TROY - SUBTERRANEAN LEVEL - NIGHT 124

Andromache follows Hector into the palace's dark recesses.

ANDROMACHE :

Where are you taking me?

Hector leads her until they reach a bronze-banded oak door. He opens the door, revealing the mouth of a dark tunnel.

(CONTINUED)

120.

124 CONTINUED:

HECTOR :

You remember how to get here?

ANDROMACHE :

Yes.

HECTOR :

Next time you come, follow this tunnel. There's nowhere to turn, so you can't get lost. Keep walking.

ANDROMACHE :

Hector -

HECTOR :

When you get outside you'll be on the south side of the Scamander River. Follow the river till you see Mount Ida. Keep Ida to your west, walk south, and you'll get to Lyrnessus.

(beat)

The Greeks won't go that far inland.

ANDROMACHE :

You're frightening me.

Hector stares into the darkness of the tunnel.

ANDROMACHE :

Hector.

(beat)

Why are you telling me this?

HECTOR :

If I die -

ANDROMACHE :

No -

HECTOR :

If I die, I don't know how long the city will stand.

ANDROMACHE :

Don't say that.

(CONTINUED)

121.

124 CONTINUED:

HECTOR :

If the Greeks get inside the walls,
it's over. They'll kill all the
men. Doesn't matter how old,
they'll pull grandfathers from
their beds and carve their lungs
out.

ANDROMACHE :

Please -

HECTOR :

Doesn't matter how young. They'll
throw the babies from the city
walls.
Andromache closes her eyes.

HECTOR :

The women they'll take for slaves.
And that will be worse for you than
dying.

ANDROMACHE :

Why are you saying these things?

HECTOR :

I want you to be ready. I want you
to get our boy, get him, and come
here. Save as many others as you
can, but you get here, you go down
these stairs, and you run.

(beat)

Do you understand?

She nods. The flickering flame of the taper throws giant
shadows on the stone walls.

HECTOR :

I killed a boy today.
(beat)

He was too young. Much too young.

125 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT 125

Patroclus's body lies atop a massive funeral pyre, dressed in a simple white frock.

(CONTINUED)

122.

125 CONTINUED:

Achilles, clean now, all the soot washed away by the sea, scrubs Patroclus's face with a damp cloth. As fastidious as a mother, Achilles scrubs away the dried blood on the boy's lips, the dirt on his chin, the crusted blood on his cut throat. He removes the SHELL NECKLACE.

Agamemnon stands with Nestor in the crowd surrounding the pyre. Agamemnon watches the rite with ill-concealed pleasure.

AGAMEMNON :

That boy just saved the war for us.

Odysseus stands nearby. Melancholy and fatigue age his face.

When the boy is clean Achilles pulls two COINS from a leather pouch. He places one coin over each of the dead boy's eyes. He kisses the boy's forehead and descends from atop the pyre. Eudorus hands him a torch and Achilles sets the pyre on fire.

126 EXT./INT. MONTAGE - NIGHT 126

We visit all our characters tonight. First Achilles, standing by the burning pyre, watching his cousin burn. Briseis sits nearby, watching Achilles watch the fire.

126A AGAMEMNON 126A

sits in his tent, carving X's on the map of Troy, his jaw taut as he ravages his painted enemy.

126B PRIAM 126B

stands on a palace balcony, staring over his city.

126C HECTOR 126C

stands by his son's crib, watching the boy sleep.

126D HELEN 126D

lies in bed. She hears a noise -- phhhthck! phhhthck! -repeated over and over at brief intervals. She rolls out of bed and walks to the arched window.

123.

126E DOWN BELOW IN THE PALACE GARDEN 126E

Paris practices his archery, shooting a target again and

again by moonlight.

127 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT - DAWN 127

Achilles, still standing in the same place, watches the remaining wood of the pyre collapse. He walks to his tent. On the way he passes Briseis. She has fallen asleep on the sand.

He sees the bruises on her throat where his hand throttled her. As usual, the expression on his face is unreadable. He stares at her for another moment and walks away.

128 EXT. ACHILLES' TENT - DAWN 128

Achilles finds Eudorus sleeping outside his tent.

ACHILLES :

Eudorus.

Eudorus blinks, unsure where he is, then rouses himself as he recognizes his master's voice. He struggles to his feet.

EUDORUS :

My lord.

ACHILLES :

I need my armor.

Eudorus nods and rushes off.

129 INT. ACHILLES' TENT - DAWN 129

Eudorus helps Achilles prepare, clasping on his greaves.

130 INT. HECTOR'S CHAMBER - DAWN 130

While his wife and child sleep, Hector clasps on his greaves.

INTERCUT between Achilles and Hector, clamping on their breastplates, arm guards, helmets, etc.

131 EXT. SHRINE OF APOLLO - MORNING 131

The small shrine on the palace grounds is designed so that the summer sun rises above the sculpted Apollo's head.

(CONTINUED)

124.

131 CONTINUED:

Hector kneels in front of Apollo's statue, head bowed.

When he raises his face he's almost looking into the sun.

132 EXT. ACHILLES' TENT - MORNING 132

Achilles exits his tent, fully armed.

Eudorus is behind him. The SOLDIERS are beginning to stir and they stop in their activity now and stare at him.

Two MYRMIDONS tether a CHARIOT to a large black HORSE.
The work finished, they step back as Achilles hops into
the chariot. Eudorus attempts to hop on behind him.

ACHILLES :

No.

Eudorus looks at his commander for a second and backs
away.

ACHILLES :

(to the Myrmidons)

Rope.

A Myrmidon hands him a coil of braided ROPE and retreats.
Briseis steps into view. Her eyes are shadowed from lack
of sleep. She stares up at Achilles and he looks at her.
She looks fragile today, her pale throat purpled with
bruises.

BRISEIS :

Don't go.

Achilles watches her in silence.

BRISEIS:

Hector is my cousin. He's a good
man.

(beat)

Take me to Larissa with you. But
don't fight him. Please don't
fight him.

(beat)

We could have a life together, but
not if you choose this path.

(beat)

You can walk away from war. We can
walk away.

Achilles gazes at her, considering her words.

(CONTINUED)

125.

132

CONTINUED:

He tugs the reins and the horse begins trotting toward
Troy.

133

EXT. WALLS OF TROY - DAY 133

The CROWDS start to fill the viewing areas above the city walls.

Priam and his COUNSELORS sit below the blue canopy.

Paris sits near them, but not with them. He doesn't look at anybody and people are careful to avoid looking at him. Hector stands alone at one of the wall's turreted corners, staring toward the sea.

134

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY 134

Achilles rides his chariot across the vast grassy field.

135

EXT. WALLS OF TROY - CONTINUOUS 135

Hector watches the lone chariot approach.

136

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS 136

Achilles stops one hundred yards from the walls. He steps from the chariot and walks toward Troy, helmet by his side.

137 EXT. WALLS OF TROY - DAY 137

An ARCHER standing beside Hector notches an arrow.

HECTOR :

No.

Hector looks for Glaucus, standing farther down the wall. He gives the old general a hand signal. No attacks.

138

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY 138

Achilles stands alone in the vast field. He looks up at the Trojan CITIZENS staring down at him.

ACHILLES :

Hector!

In the background, we see hundreds of GREEK SOLDIERS crest the high dunes.

126.

139 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS 139

ACHILLES :

Hector!

Louder and louder, his voice echoing above the silent city.

ACHILLES :

HECTOR!

(beat)

HECTOR!

(beat)

HECTOR!

140 EXT. WALLS OF TROY - CONTINUOUS 140

Hector walks over to his father. Achilles keeps bellowing his name. Hector kneels before his father and kisses his hand.

HECTOR :

Father. Forgive me for any offenses. I've served you as best I could.

Priam stands, beckons for Hector to rise, cups Hector's cheeks in his palms and kisses Hector's forehead.

PRIAM :

May the gods be with you.

Hector hesitates for a moment, then bows and turns to go.

PRIAM :

Hector!

Hector turns back. Father and son look at each other.

For a moment we think Priam will be unable to speak.

Finally:

PRIAM :

No father ever had a better son.

The words deeply move Hector. He bows again and moves on.

He passes by Glaucus, who bows to the prince.

GLAUCUS :

Apollo guard you, my prince.

Hector claps the general's shoulder and keeps walking. He stops beside Paris. They embrace.

PARIS :

You're the best man I know.

(CONTINUED)

127.

140 CONTINUED:

HECTOR :

You are a prince of Troy.

Hector grips Paris's arm tighter and stares into his eyes.

HECTOR :

I know you'll make me proud.

Hector kisses Paris's forehead and continues on his way, pulling his helmet onto his head.

140A EXT. STAIRS 140A

waits for him above the stairs leading to the city gates. She holds their baby boy Scamandrius.

HECTOR :

You remember what I told you?

ANDROMACHE :

You don't have to go. You don't -

HECTOR :

You remember what I told you.

Andromache hasn't slept. Her hair is a wild tangle; her eyes are rimmed red. She nods. She holds her son up to his father. The boy doesn't see his father, he sees something terrifying, a man with a bronze face and a plume of horsehair.

Scamandrius begins to CRY. Hector removes his helmet. Now the boy sees his father. He giggles and reaches out. Hector takes the boy in his arms and holds him. He kisses the boy's fuzzed head and closes his eyes for a moment. Finally he hands the baby back to Andromache. He smiles at his wife. She grabs him by the back of the head and presses his face to hers. Her mouth is open, her eyes closed, her body slack against his.

Finally he disengages himself. He walks away from her. She and Scamandrius stare after him, but he never looks back.

140B EXT. GATES (INSIDE CITY WALLS) 140B

He walks down the long staircase descending from the walls. He stops at the massive city gates. The GATEMEN begin pulling the long chains that open the gates.

(CONTINUED)

128.

140B CONTINUED:

He senses someone behind him. He turns. Helen stands ten feet away, her unearthly beauty greater than ever. As the heavy gates rise, Helen and Hector stare at each other, never blinking, never looking away.

Finally the gate is lifted. Hector bows to Helen and fits his helmet on his head. He leaves the city. Helen watches him go.

141 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY 141

Hector walks toward Achilles. Everything is very quiet. The people on the walls are hushed. Even the birds seem reverent.

Thousands and thousands of Greeks now line the high dunes, making the valley an enormous amphitheater ringed with spectators from the dunes to the walls of Troy.

Achilles stands motionless. The two men are alone on the great field. Hector stops twenty feet away from Achilles.

HECTOR :

I've seen this moment in my dreams.

Achilles, expressionless, stares at the prince.

HECTOR:

I'll make a pact with you, with the gods as our witnesses. Let us pledge that the winner will allow the loser all the proper funeral rituals.

ACHILLES:

There are no pacts between lions and men.

Achilles tosses aside his helmet -- an insulting gesture, impugning Hector's combat skills.

ACHILLES :

Now you know who you're fighting.

Hector pauses a moment before removing his own helmet and tossing it aside.

HECTOR:

I thought it was you I was fighting yesterday. I wish it had been you.

But I gave the dead boy the honor he -

(CONTINUED)

129.

141 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES:

You gave him the honor of your sword.

(beat)

You won't have eyes tonight. You won't have ears, or a tongue. You'll wander the underworld, blind, deaf, and dumb. And all the

dead will know:

fool who thought he killed Achilles.

Achilles draws his sword. Hector draws his. They charge. We've seen extraordinary fighting before, but we've never seen this -- a prowess so extreme as to be hypnotic. Two better swordsmen have never clashed. All their lives, all their training and past battles, have led to this moment. Nothing is wasted. No flourishes or balletic leaps or spins. Every swing is a death blow countered. The rapidity of the exchange is breathless.

The bronze blades hiss as they split the air. They swing with such power that sparks fly whenever a sword scrapes a shield.

142 EXT. HIGH DUNES - DAY 142

Agamemnon, Nestor, and Odysseus stand with their men. For the moment all machinations and intrigues are forgotten. Each of them knows this fight will be remembered forever, and each watches quietly.

143 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY 143

Hector lunges forward and from our angle it appears that he has skewered Achilles. Hector's face is inches from Achilles. Achilles appears unperturbed. Hector looks down. Achilles has trapped him, allowing Hector's sword to miss his side by inches and then clamping down on Hector's sword arm. Hector tries to yank his sword free but cannot.

Achilles stabs at Hector's face and Hector ducks at the last moment, the sword point puncturing the air above his head. Achilles releases Hector and takes another mighty

swing.

130.

144 EXT. WALLS OF TROY - CONTINUOUS 144

Andromache sits with Scamandrius, her back against the wall. She cannot watch. Her boy, blissfully unaware, coos happily and plays with his mother's long hair.

145 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS 145

Achilles, sensing the advantage, moves in a step too close.

Hector sees an opening and slashes. Achilles jumps back at the last possible moment, but Hector's blade gouges out a long strip of bronze from Achilles' breastplate.

Both men swing. Their swords lock and for a moment everything is still. Achilles' face is inches from Hector's. Hector is sweating and breathing heavily.

Achilles is not.

Achilles shoves Hector and relaunches his attack. While Hector still fights ably, he's clearly tiring. As Achilles' blows force Hector back, the prince steps on a rock, trips, and falls. Achilles stands above him.

ACHILLES:

Get up, prince of Troy. I won't let a stone take my glory.

Hector stands. He knows his energy is fading fast. So he spends everything on one last try. He charges, swinging with explosive fury, putting all his might into each blow. When the barrage is finished and Hector pauses for a breath, he sees that Achilles, unhurt, has parried everything. Now Achilles bores in, swinging. Hector blocks and blocks, but doesn't have the stamina for a new assault.

Achilles lunges. Hector raises his shield. The sword plunges through the seven layers of oxhide, plunges through the hammered bronze of the shield, the bronze of the breastplate, all the way into Hector's heart.

Hector looks down at the blade. He looks at Achilles.

There is no mercy or remorse on the man's face.

Hector falls.

146 EXT. WALLS OF TROY - CONTINUOUS 146

Priam reacts as if he received the blow, clutching at his chest and reeling backward.

(CONTINUED)

131.

146 CONTINUED:

Paris presses forward, gripping the edge of the wall so hard his knuckles turn white.

Andromache hears the GROANS of the crowd. She covers her ears and clamps her eyes shut. Scamandrius stares at her, baffled.

147 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS 147

Hector lies on his back. Achilles pulls out his bloody sword and walks to his chariot. Hector blinks. The sun, now high in the sky, is blinding. Hector stares into the sun and dies.

Silence. Silence everywhere. No victory cry from the Greeks.

Achilles returns in the chariot. He jumps out with the coil of rope. He ties Hector's ankles together, then ties the other end of the rope to the back of the chariot.

148 EXT. WALLS OF TROY - CONTINUOUS 148

Something hardens in Paris's face. Whatever callowness we've seen before seems to ebb away as he watches Achilles abuse Hector's body. Priam and his subjects watch in horror.

PRIAM :

My boy... my boy...

Andromache sits against the wall, knees tucked against her chest, face against her knees. Scamandrius begins to cry.

Helen kneels by Andromache. She picks up the baby and soothes him. Helen takes Andromache's hand. Andromache looks up. Her eyes are a terrible thing to see.

HELEN :

Let's go inside.

Andromache allows Helen to pull her to her feet. Helen, holding the baby in one arm, guides Andromache away.

149 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS 149

Achilles whips his horse and the chariot starts rolling, dragging Hector through the grass.

132.

150 EXT. WALLS OF TROY - CONTINUOUS 150

Priam's legs give out. Glaucus and Paris catch him before he falls and carry him toward the shade beneath the blue canopy.

151 EXT. HIGH DUNES - DAY 151

Achilles rides his chariot over the crest of the dune.
The Greek army parts like the Red Sea, solemn and silent.

152 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT - DAY 152

Achilles rides into camp. The Greek soldiers gather round to stare at Hector's body. Achilles doesn't look at anyone. He unties the rope and hauls Hector by hand across the sands.

Odysseus stands nearby, amongst the men. A few of the soldiers laugh, seeing the Trojan prince laid low.

SOLDIER 1

He doesn't look so glorious now.

Odysseus turns and glares at the soldier, who shuts his mouth. Odysseus walks away.

Achilles drags Hector's body to his tent, dumps him there, and walks inside.

153 INT. ACHILLES' TENT - CONTINUOUS 153

Briseis kneels in the center of the tent, palms pressed together, eyes lowered in prayer. She opens her eyes and looks up when Achilles walks in.

He looks more beast than man, splattered with Hector's blood. Briseis sees Achilles' face and knows what happened. For the first time her strength deserts her. She looks very young, very childlike as she begins to cry. He regards her for a moment before going to his bedding and lying on his back. We stay on his face as Briseis weeps.

154 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT 154

All but the sentries are sleeping. No campfires burn as a fat moon rises above the sea.

133.

155 INT. ACHILLES' TENT - NIGHT 155

Achilles, now clean, sits in the center of the tent, sharpening his sword. Briseis sits in a far corner. She's been crying for hours, her eyes red and swollen.

BRISEIS:

You lost your cousin. And now
you've taken mine.
Achilles looks up at her.

BRISEIS :

When does it end?
Achilles continues sharpening his sword.

ACHILLES :

It never ends.

Briseis stares at him for a moment and leaves the tent. Achilles quits his sharpening. Now there is nothing but silence, nothing but a bronze sword for company.

156 EXT. TROJAN BEACH - NIGHT 156

Briseis sits on the beach, facing the moonlit sea.

157 INT. ACHILLES' TENT - NIGHT 157

Achilles still sits alone, his eyes empty. He hears a rustling at the tent flap. An old man wearing a hooded robe steps inside. The old man pulls his hood down. It's Priam.

ACHILLES :

Who are you?

Priam seems physically hurt by the sight of Achilles. For a moment it seems he will collapse again.

But he wills himself onward, walking to Achilles' chair. He sinks to his knees, takes Achilles' hands, and kisses them. Achilles observes all this with curiosity.

PRIAM:

I have endured what no one on earth has endured before. I kissed the hands of the man who killed my son.

ACHILLES :

Priam?

(CONTINUED)

134.

157 CONTINUED:

Priam nods. Achilles stands, helping the old man to his feet.

ACHILLES :

How did you get in here, old king?

The sentries -

PRIAM :

I know my own country better than the Greeks, I think.

ACHILLES :

You're a brave man. If Agamemnon knew you were here, he'd have your head on a spit.

PRIAM :

Do you really think death frightens me now? I watched my eldest son die, watched you drag his body behind your chariot.

Priam stares at Achilles, and for the first time since we've known him, Achilles looks away.

PRIAM :

Give him back to me. He deserves the honor of a proper burial. You know that. Give him to me.

ACHILLES :

He killed my cousin.

PRIAM :

He thought it was you. He defended his country. How many cousins have you killed? How many sons and fathers and brothers and husbands? How many, brave Achilles?

(beat)

I knew your father. He died before his time. But he was lucky not to live long enough to see his son fall.

Achilles does not respond. We cannot read his expression.

(CONTINUED)

135.

157 CONTINUED:

PRIAM :

You've taken everything from me. My eldest son, heir to my throne, defender of my kingdom.

(beat)

I can't change what happened. It's the will of the gods. But give me

this small mercy.

Achilles looks into the old man's eyes. Priam tries to blink back his tears but fails.

PRIAM :

I loved my boy from the moment he opened his eyes till the moment you closed them.

(beat)

Let me wash his body. Let me say the prayers. Let me place two coins on his eyes for the boatman.

ACHILLES :

If I let you walk out of here, if I let you take him, it doesn't change anything. You're still my enemy in the morning.

PRIAM :

You're still my enemy tonight. But even enemies can show respect. Achilles nods.

ACHILLES :

I admire your courage, old man. You're a better king than the one leading this army. Meet me outside in a moment.

158 EXT. ACHILLES' TENT - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 158

Achilles, carrying a torch and a white shroud, walks to the spot where Hector's body lies. He crouches beside the dead prince. Death has not robbed Hector's face of its dignity.

A small sand crab approaches the body and Achilles shoos it away. He shoves the butt end of the torch into the sand.

(CONTINUED)

136.

158 CONTINUED:

Achilles rubs his eyes with his hand and takes several deep breaths. When he removes his hand, we see something

remarkable:

For a moment he seems unsure what to do. Finally he begins wrapping the white sheet around Hector's body.

ACHILLES :

We'll meet again soon.

159 INT. ACHILLES' TENT - LATER - NIGHT 159

Priam, deep in his grief, sits with his head bowed. He hears noises outside. He stands and exits the tent.

160 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT - CONTINUOUS 160

Achilles gently loads Hector's body, now wrapped in the shroud, onto a moonlit chariot. Priam walks to the chariot.

Four Myrmidons, keeping a respectful distance, stand guard.

ACHILLES:

Your son was the best I've fought.

I want you to know that.

(beat)

In my country the funeral games last twelve days.

PRIAM :

It's the same in my country.

ACHILLES:

Then no Greek will attack Troy for twelve days. The prince deserves that honor.

Achilles, hearing footsteps, turns. Briseis emerges from the shadows. Priam is stunned.

PRIAM :

Briseis?

Priam wraps his arms around her, thrilled she's alive.

PRIAM:

We thought you were dead, little swan.

(CONTINUED)

137.

160 CONTINUED:

After a moment Briseis turns and looks at Achilles.
Nobody speaks for a long beat. Tears shine in Briseis' eyes.

ACHILLES:

You'll be safe behind the Trojan walls.

Achilles reaches into his tunic and pulls out the SHELL NECKLACE that Patroclus had worn. He fastens it around her delicate neck, where the purple bruises are still visible. He speaks quietly to her, too softly for Priam to hear.

ACHILLES:

If I hurt you -- it's not what I wanted.

(long beat)

You gave me one night of peace in a lifetime of war.

She stares up at him, her young face mapped with conflicting emotions. Finally, Achilles turns to Priam.

ACHILLES:

Go. No one will stop you, you have my word.

Priam gets in the chariot. Briseis still looks at Achilles.

PRIAM :

Come, my girl.

Priam reaches down and helps her onto the chariot. He seizes the reins and they're off, the Myrmidons escorting them to safety. Achilles stares at Briseis until she's gone.

161 INT. AGAMEMNON'S TENT - DAY 161

Agamemnon paces about his tent in a murderous fury.

Odysseus, Nestor and several AIDES stand in attendance.

AGAMEMNON:

(shouting)

Achilles makes a secret pact and I have to honor it?! What treason is this?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

138.

161 CONTINUED:

AGAMEMNON (CONT'D)

(fairly spitting
the words)

Consorting with the enemy king!
Giving him twelve days of peace.
Peace! Their prince is dead; their
army is leaderless. This is the
time to attack!

NESTOR:

Even with Hector gone, we have no
way to breach their walls. They
can wait ten years for us to leave.

AGAMEMNON:

I will smash their walls to the ground. If it costs me
forty thousand Greeks, Zeus hear me, I will smash their
walls to the ground.

Nestor and Odysseus exchange troubled glances.

162 EXT. CAMPFIRE - DAY 162

Odysseus sits with his ITHACANS by the fire. The men eat
a breakfast of grilled fish. The soldier sitting beside
Odysseus whittles with a sharp knife.

Odysseus watches the man work. The Soldier notices his
king's attention. He smiles and holds up a small WOOD
HORSE.

SOLDIER :

For my boy back home.

Odysseus nods, never taking his eyes off the toy horse.

163 EXT. AGAMEMNON'S TENT - DAY 163

Hundreds of Greeks eat breakfast on the beach. Several of
them turn to watch Odysseus, who rushes to Agamemnon's
tent and disappears inside.

164 EXT. MAIN SQUARE OF TROY - NIGHT 164

A giant pyre has been built in the city square. Thousands
of CITIZENS are gathered around to watch. No crowd has
ever been more silent. The city has lost its favorite
son.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

Hector lies atop the pyre, dressed in a woven robe of white and gold, his hair washed and oiled, his skin gleaming and clean. His face is undamaged. Two coins rest above his eyes.

Priam stands at the base of the pyre, holding a lit torch. His hand trembles. He is unable to light the pyre.

Finally Paris grips his father's shoulder. Paris takes the torch from Priam and lights the kindling.

Helen, Andromache, and baby Scamandrius sit nearby.

Andromache's face is completely blank. She stares dully at the quickening fire. Helen holds Scamandrius in her lap. The boy plays with the WOOD LION his father made for him.

165 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT 165

By torchlight, we see Greeks stripping planks from two burnt shells of warships. Others pry spikes out of the fortifications.

Odysseus watches the men carry the planks and bundles of spikes to an ever-growing pile. Achilles approaches him.

ACHILLES:

Wily Odysseus. You've found a way to make the sheep invite the wolves over for dinner.

ODYSSEUS :

This is war.

ACHILLES:

Agamemnon will kill them all. Men, women, children -- all of them.

You know that.

Achilles walks away. Odysseus follows him.

ODYSSEUS:

I'm the king of Ithaca, not Troy.

My loyalty is to Ithaca. If this plan works, the war ends in a night. And my men can sail home to their wives.

Achilles keeps walking, Odysseus pacing after him.

(CONTINUED)

140.

165 CONTINUED:

ODYSSEUS :

It's not Troy you're worried about,
is it? It's one Trojan. One Trojan
girl.

Achilles halts. He stares at Odysseus for a long count.

ACHILLES :

I've always liked you. But if that
girl dies because of your plan, you
will never sail home to your wife.

Achilles turns and leaves. Odysseus takes a deep breath.

166 EXT. ACHILLES' TENT - LATER 166

Achilles arrives at his tent and finds Eudorus polishing
his armor. Eudorus jumps to his feet.

ACHILLES :

Eudorus.

(beat)

Forgive me.

Eudorus blinks. No one has ever heard these words from
Achilles' mouth before.

ACHILLES :

I should never have struck you.
You've been a loyal friend all your
life.

EUDORUS :

I hope I never disappoint you
again.

ACHILLES :

Rouse the men. You're taking them
home.

EUDORUS :

Aren't you coming with us?

ACHILLES :

I've got one more battle to fight.

Eudorus hesitates, watching his lord. Finally:

EUDORUS :

She's worth fighting for. We'll
march behind you.

(CONTINUED)

141.

166 CONTINUED:

ACHILLES:

All that's left is the slaughter.
I don't want to see my men fouled
with children's blood.

(beat)

Go, Eudorus. This is the last
order I give you.

After a long pause, Eudorus bows deeply to his commander.

EUDORUS:

Fighting for you has been my life's
honor.

Achilles grips his lieutenant's shoulder and strides away.

167 EXT. GUARD TOWER - DAWN 167

Twelve days later.

The SENTRIES are at their posts, warming their hands over
a brazier. The sky begins to lighten.

Sentry 1 stares down to the sea. He hurries to the edge
of the tower and squints into the morning fog. Sentry 2
looks at him and then joins him.

SENTRY 1

They're gone.

It's true. All the Greek ships are gone from the beach.
All the tents have been struck, all the chariots taken
away, every last man -- gone.

Nothing's left on the beach but a strange wooden
structure.

168 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT - DAY 168

Priam, Paris, Glaucus, Archeptolemus, and Velior, all on
horseback, lead the Apollonian Guard onto the beach. The
soldiers -- still wary of an ambush -- surround their
leaders, protecting them from attack. The Trojan leaders
dismount.

Slowly they approach a WOODEN HORSE standing forty feet high.

(CONTINUED)

142.

168 CONTINUED:

The beach is deserted save for the bones of burnt-out ships, a few stray arrows, the remnants of the camp fires, and corpses -- dozens of Greek bodies scattered in the sands.

Each of the cadavers is covered with large black sores. The Trojans inspect the bodies, keeping a wary distance.

PRIAM :

Plague.

GLAUCUS :

Don't get too close, my king.

ARCHEPTOLEMUS :

This is the will of the gods.
Everyone turns to look at the high priest.

ARCHEPTOLEMUS :

They desecrated the temple of Apollo and Apollo desecrated their flesh. The Greeks could fight our swords and arrows, but they can't fight the god's plague.
Glaucus shakes his head and laughs.

GLAUCUS :

They thought they'd come here and sack our city in a day. And look at them now, fleeing across the Aegean.
Priam stares up at the great horse.

PRIAM :

What is this?

ARCHEPTOLEMUS :

An offering to Poseidon. The Greeks are praying for a safe return home.

GLAUCUS :

I hope the Sea God spits on their offering and lets them all drown at the bottom of the sea.

ARCHEPTOLEMUS :

This is a gift. We should bring it to the temple of Poseidon. All the men stare at the towering horse.

(CONTINUED)

143.

168 CONTINUED:

PARIS :

I think we should burn it.

VELIOR :

Burn it? My prince -- it's a gift to the gods.

GLAUCUS :

The prince is right. I'd burn all of Greece if I had a big enough torch.

ARCHEPTOLEMUS :

I warn you, good men. Be careful what you insult. Our beloved prince Hector had sharp words for the gods and a day later Achilles' sword cut him down. Priam turns to look at the high priest.

PARIS :

(glaring at Archeptolemus)
Burn it, father.
Archeptolemus ignores Paris and speaks directly to Priam.

ARCHEPTOLEMUS :

Forgive me, my king. I mean no disrespect. But I don't want to see any more princes of Troy incur

the gods' wrath.

All the men look at Priam. He stares at the massive horse.

PRIAM :

I will not watch another son die.

169 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY 169

Dozens of Trojan soldiers tugging long ropes pull the massive horse across the grassy plain.

170 EXT. GATES OF TROY - DAY 170

The soldiers drag the horse through the gates. The citizens of Troy watch from atop the walls and inside the city proper.

144.

171 EXT. MAIN SQUARE OF TROY - DAY 171

The horse now stands near the statue of Poseidon wielding his trident, beside his temple on one corner of the city square.

The square is crowded and jubilant. Soldiers and citizens celebrate their great victory, drinking wine in the streets, waving torches and Trojan flags, singing songs. Paris and Helen sit on the palace stairs, watching the crowd.

PARIS:

Look at them. You'd think their prince had never died.

Helen takes his hand.

HELEN :

You're their prince.

(beat)

Make your brother proud.

Her comment echoes the words Hector spoke to him before his death. Paris nods solemnly. Helen rests her head on his shoulder. They sit quietly as the crowds sing in the street.

172 EXT. BEACH ENCAMPMENT - DUSK 172

An abandoned DOG lopes along the beach, stopping to sniff each Greek corpse. Finding one dead man he seems to recognize, the dog licks the cadaver's face.

The "sore" on the dead face is licked clean. The sores are masterful forgeries, applied with squid ink and dried blood.

173 EXT. CLIFFS OF HELLESPONT - NIGHT 173

A TROJAN RIDER on horseback trots south, away from distant Troy. He looks toward the Hellespont. Something catches his eye. He frowns and guides his mount toward the cliff's edge.

We rise above him and look down at the Hellespont. By the light of the moon, nearly one thousand GREEK WARSHIPS harbor in the deserted bay.

The rider stares at the ships in horror.

145.

174 EXT. MAIN SQUARE OF TROY - NIGHT 174

The square is empty now, all the revelers gone home. The wood horse waits in the moonlight. We witness something

strange:

ground.

Soldiers emerge from the horse and slide silently down the

ropes:

None of them wear the bright, clanking bronze armor.

Their swords and spears are wrapped in lambskins.

Odysseus leads a team of Ithacans across the square.

Quiet as shadows, they creep up on the sentries guarding the main gate. Another team moves toward the guard towers.

Achilles stands alone in the dark square, watching his compatriots set off on their deadly missions. Finally he turns and moves in the opposite direction, toward the palace. He's on a different mission.

174A EXT. CITY GATES 174A

Two Ithacans cut the gate sentries' throats. The soldiers begin pulling the chains to raise the city gates.

174B THE TROJAN RIDER 174B

gallops to Troy. The Greeks see him coming and look to Odysseus for guidance. The rider, still at some distance, shouts to the men at the gates.

TROJAN RIDER:

They're still here! The Greeks are still here! They sailed up the Hellespont!

Odysseus hurls his spear. It flies through the bars of the gate and into the rider's throat, knocking him from his horse. The horse, panicked, gallops away.

175 EXT. GUARD TOWER - CONTINUOUS 175

One of the sentries, hearing the commotion, wakes up. Groggy, he looks over the edge of the tower -- into a Greek's face. The Greek, one hand on the ladder, stabs the sentry. Another Greek crawls into the tower and kills the second sentry.

146.

176 EXT. GATES OF TROY - CONTINUOUS 176

The Greeks pull the gates open. They wave their torches, a signal. Looking into the distance, we see something shifting in the darkness, coming closer and closer. The Greek army, shadows in the dark, charges toward the city at a sprint, silent. Thousands upon thousands of warriors running quietly as panthers.

Like water bursting through a dam, the Greeks blast through the gates, swords and spears raised.

177 EXT. PALACE OF TROY - NIGHT 177

Briseis leans against a balustrade, staring toward the beach. She wears a blue robe and the seashell necklace. She hears NOISES from the city gates and turns. On a flagpole above the highest guard tower, the Trojan flag is burning.

178 EXT. TROY - NIGHT 178

All over the city, the Greeks carry out their raids, killing sentries at their posts, setting buildings on fire with torches, opening the stable doors and shooing all the frightened horses into the streets.

178A NEW ANGLE 178A

Soon the city is in chaos. Fires burn out of control. Screams begin to echo down the alleyways, first just a few, then more and more, until it seems the entire city is screaming.

178B ACHILLES 178B

runs through the burning city, keeping to the shadows.

179 INT. PRIAM'S MEETING HALL - NIGHT 179

Priam stands on the balcony, watching his beautiful city burn, watching the destruction of his life's work.

180 EXT. TROJAN ARMORY - NIGHT 180

Trojan soldiers begin to straggle in, but they're not prepared for this. Many are unarmed and all look terrified. Four Trojans run to the armory doors and throw them open.

(CONTINUED)

147.

180 CONTINUED:

They dive back as a BLAST of heat rushes out the door. The armory is aflame, fires eating at the wood-beamed ceiling, devouring thousands of spears on their racks.

181 EXT. TROJAN STREETS - NIGHT 181

FAMILIES of terrified civilians stagger through the streets in their bedclothes. MOTHERS clutch their CHILDREN's hands. OLD WOMEN flee their burning buildings. The women scream when they see Achilles running toward them, sword drawn. But pillaging is the last thing on his mind.

182 INT. PALACE HALLWAYS - NIGHT 182

Briseis hurries through the hallways. Outside, past the archways, the white buildings of Troy are on fire. We hear the screaming of a dying city.

183 EXT. MAIN SQUARE OF TROY - NIGHT 183

Agamemnon stands in the very center of Troy, head tilted back, watching with delight as the beautiful city burns.

AGAMEMNON :

I promised you, brother.

(yelling to
his troops)

Burn it all!

184 INT. PARIS'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT 184

Paris suits up for battle. He grabs his bow and quiver of arrows. Helen watches him. Andromache enters the room, Scamandrius in her arms.

ANDROMACHE :

We have to run.

HELEN :

Where?

ANDROMACHE :

I'll show you.

Paris looks at Helen.

HELEN :

Come, my love. Come with us.

148.

185 EXT. STREETS OF TROY - NIGHT 185

Odysseus battles his way down the street, leading the Greeks against a contingent of half-armored Trojans. The Trojans are too dazed to offer much resistance.

186 EXT. PALACE GARDEN - NIGHT 186

Andromache, carrying her baby and a lit torch, leads Helen, Paris, and other WOMEN and CHILDREN down the staircase to the vine-tangled door. Andromache pulls it open.

187 INT. PALACE OF TROY - SUBTERRANEAN LEVEL - NIGHT 187

Andromache leads the Trojans to the bronze-banded door. She opens the door, revealing the dark tunnel.

ANDROMACHE :

It's a long walk.

Helen and the others enter the tunnel. Paris does not. He stands just outside the door.

PARIS :

I stay.

HELEN :

No -

PARIS:

My father will never abandon the city. I can't leave him.

HELEN:

The city is dead! They're burning it to the ground!

Paris looks at the huddled refugees. They're a timid lot, terrified and weak. AENEAS (14) looks stronger and braver than the rest. He's supporting his ELDERLY FATHER.

PARIS :

What's your name?

AENEAS :

Aeneas.

PARIS :

Do you know how to use a sword?

Aeneas nods. Paris pulls out the sword of Troy.

(CONTINUED)

149.

187 CONTINUED:

PARIS :

The sword of Troy. I wasn't so good with it, but it's a fine sword.

(beat)

As long as it's in a Trojan's hand, our people have a future.

(hands sword to Aeneas)

Protect them, Aeneas. Find them a new home.

AENEAS :

I will.

Andromache touches Paris's arm.

ANDROMACHE :

Briseis wasn't in her room.

PARIS :

I'll find her.

Andromache kisses him. She turns and leads the way through the tunnel. The Trojans follow. Aeneas bows to Paris and helps his father as their long journey begins.

HELEN :

I'll stay with you.

Paris pushes her gently toward the door.

PARIS :

Go.

HELEN :

Don't leave me. Please don't leave me.

PARIS :

How could you love me if I ran now?

HELEN :

Please -

PARIS :

We will be together again. In this world or the next, we will be together.

He kisses her hard, pushes her through the door and closes it. He kisses the wood, turns and runs toward the battle.
150.

188 INT. PALACE OF TROY - NIGHT 188

Briseis runs down a long corridor. We hear cries from the massacre outside.

BRISEIS :

Paris? Andromache?

She stops mid-stride. A riderless WHITE HORSE rounds the corner and bolts toward her, eyes crazed, muzzled foamed with spittle. Briseis backs against the wall. The terrified horse gallops past her.

189 EXT. PALACE OF TROY - NIGHT 189

ACHILLES:

BRISEIS! BRISEIS!

Achilles scales the high wall surrounding the palace and jumps to the other side. He's spotted by an Apollonian. The Guard charges. Achilles cracks him in the face with the hilt of his sword. The Guard falls. Achilles grabs him and hauls him to his feet, sword at his throat.

ACHILLES :

Briseis -- where is she?

(louder)

Where is she?!

APOLLONIAN #2

I don't know... please, I have a son.

Achilles shoves him away.

ACHILLES :

Get him out of Troy.

The Guard, stunned to find himself alive, finally runs.

Achilles rushes into the palace.

190 EXT. PALACE STAIRS - NIGHT 190

Odysseus and his men fight their way up the palace stairs.

The Trojans resist heroically. They die heroically.
Agamemnon stands behind his troops, hollering orders.

AGAMEMNON :

No one escapes! No one!

151.

191 INT. PALACE - RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT 191

Outside we hear the screams and battle cries. Glaucus stands with fifty of his men, the last line of defense. He walks through their ranks, clasping hands with each man.

GLAUCUS:

You men are soldiers. Leading you has been an honor.

Paris runs into the hall. Glaucus smiles and clasps hands with the prince. Glaucus addresses the men.

GLAUCUS:

The boatman is waiting for us. I say, let him wait a little longer!

The men roar as the Greeks spill into the reception hall.

191A THE TROJANS 191A

attack. For a few moments they drive the Greeks back.

Paris notches an arrow and fires. A Greek falls, an arrow through his throat.

But too many Greeks pour through the doors. The Trojans fight bravely, especially Paris, who fires quickly and accurately.

Odysseus engages Glaucus and quickly kills the old general. The surviving Trojans retreat farther into the palace.

192 INT. MEETING HALL - NIGHT 192

Dozens of Greeks charge into the hall, seizing whatever treasures they can carry and smashing whatever they can't.

Priam, armed with a sword, rushes into the hall. He sees two Greeks grabbing small GOLD FIGURINES of the gods from their wall sconces.

He raises his sword.

PRIAM:

Have you no honor? No respect for the gods?

(CONTINUED)

152.

192 CONTINUED:

Before Priam can move forward he is speared from behind, the spearhead tearing through his back and out his chest. He falls. Agamemnon stands above him. He yanks his spear free.

AGAMEMNON:

I wanted you alive, old king. I wanted you to watch your city burn.

PRIAM:

Please... the children... spare the innocents...

AGAMEMNON :

Let Hades decide who's innocent.

He walks away, leaving the old man to die alone on the floor.

193 INT. SHRINE OF ZEUS - NIGHT 193

Archeptolemus kneels beneath the statue of Zeus. He stands when a band of Greek soldiers close in on him.

ARCHEPTOLEMUS:

Beware, my friends. I am a servant of the gods.

A soldier chops him down and hurls the priest's body over the balustrade.

194 EXT. PALACE GARDEN - NIGHT 194

Briseis runs into the garden, looking for a friendly face. No one's in sight. She runs to the lower garden.

She doesn't notice Agamemnon, stained with Priam's blood, standing in an archway of the burning palace, watching her.

195 INT. PALACE HALLWAYS - NIGHT 195

Achilles races through the palace, ignoring the fire and smoke, searching the faces of the terrified women he passes.

ACHILLES :

Briseis! Briseis!

153.

196 EXT. PALACE GARDEN - NIGHT 196

Briseis kneels by Apollo's statue, ignoring the inferno around her.

AGAMEMNON (O.S.)

Too late for prayer, priestess.

Briseis does not look up. Agamemnon grabs her long hair and pulls her to her feet. He holds his sword to her throat. Two of his BODYGUARDS stand behind him.

AGAMEMNON:

Your parents should have taught you to stand for a king.

BRISEIS :

They did.

AGAMEMNON:

You wore a white robe when I last saw you. No more? Did brave Achilles ruin you for the temple? Briseis does not look at him or answer. He pulls her close.

AGAMEMNON:

I almost lost this war because of your little romance. I want to taste what Achilles tasted.

197 INT. PALACE - NIGHT 197

Achilles, running past the bodies of dead Trojans, looks through an archway and sees Briseis in Agamemnon's hands. He dashes outside.

198 EXT. PALACE GARDEN - NIGHT 198

AGAMEMNON :

(whispering in
Briseis' ear)

You'll be my slave in Mycenae. A Trojan priestess scrubbing my floors. And at night -

He tears her robe. Briseis pulls her hand out of her sleeve. She's holding a ceremonial DAGGER.

She drives the dagger into the side of Agamemnon's neck.

His eyes bulge. She rams the dagger deeper. Agamemnon falls to the ground, clutching at his neck.

(CONTINUED)

154.

198 CONTINUED:

The bodyguards stare at their dying king in disbelief.

Briseis runs. The bodyguards pursue her.

Briseis stumbles and falls. She looks behind her. One of the bodyguards raises his sword, ready to split Briseis in half.

Before he can bring down his sword, his head flies from his shoulders. As the man falls, Achilles whirls around and dispatches the other bodyguard, bronze sword glittering in the moonlight.

199 INT. PALACE - CONTINUOUS 199

Paris, bow in hand, looks out an archway to the garden and sees Achilles -- the man who killed his brother -splattered with blood, sword in hand, standing over Briseis.

200 EXT. PALACE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS 200

Achilles looks down at Agamemnon's corpse, lying in puddled blood a few feet away. He looks back to Briseis.

ACHILLES :

Come with me.

Before she can answer her eyes go wide. She sees Paris, in the upper garden, notching an arrow.

ACHILLES :

Come. I'll protect you.

Paris pulls back the catgut string. Briseis screams:

BRISEIS :

No!

Paris fires. Briseis's scream distracts him -- the arrow sails off course, hitting Achilles above his heel, tearing through the tendon. Achilles staggers, turns, and sees Paris.

Achilles snarls and heads for him. Paris shoots again.

Achilles tries to dodge but the torn tendon in his heel slows him down. The arrow rips through his side.

Achilles keeps limping forward.

BRISEIS :

Stop! Paris! Stop!

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

Paris releases another arrow. Now Achilles doesn't even try to dodge. The arrow sinks deep into his chest. Achilles keeps coming. He knows this is the end. A small smile crosses his face. He has waited for this moment his entire life. He marches toward his destiny. Paris notches another arrow. His hands are shaking but he fires again. This one drills deep into Achilles' belly.

BRISEIS :

Stop!

Achilles keeps coming. Paris reaches for another arrow. His quiver is empty. Aeneas has his sword. The palace around them is burning, lighting their faces. Blood pours from Achilles' wounds. The arrow shafts stick out of him. Any other man would have already fallen. But he keeps coming, relentless, his face a mask of grim purpose. Briseis runs in front of her cousin Paris and shields him with her body. Achilles lifts his bloody sword.

BRISEIS :

No more. Briseis does not move. For several seconds the great warrior and the young girl stare at each other.

BRISEIS :

No more killing. Achilles looks at the seashell necklace she wears.

BRISEIS :

No more. Achilles raises his sword and brings it down hard, burying its bronze blade in the soil of the garden.

ACHILLES :

No more. He reaches out and rubs the shells of her necklace.

ACHILLES :

My mother made this necklace.
(CONTINUED)

156.

200 CONTINUED:

He sinks to a sitting position on the grass. He pulls the arrows out of his body and tosses them aside. Briseis sits beside him. She cradles his head in her arms while all Troy burns around them.

ACHILLES :

You have to get out.

BRISEIS :

Shh.

ACHILLES :

Get out.

She kisses his lips, running her fingers across his jaw.

BRISEIS :

There's no way out.

Achilles stares at Paris.

ACHILLES:

There's always a way out for the princes.

Paris tries to lift Briseis to her feet but she refuses.

ACHILLES :

Briseis.

She leans closer. He's losing too much blood, his strength is fading, but he summons his remaining energy to speak.

ACHILLES:

I chose this night... but you will see the sun again. I want you to live.

Her face is full of sorrow and love. He touches her lips, his fingers trembling as his body fails. She kisses him.

ACHILLES :

Live.

She doesn't want to go but he pushes her gently away. Finally she nods.

BRISEIS :

Because of you.

(CONTINUED)

157.

200 CONTINUED:

She turns and follows Paris down the stairs toward escape. Achilles watches her intently until he sees she's safely away. He takes a deep breath and closes his eyes.

Hordes of rampaging Greeks storm the garden, burning anything that will burn, hollering their victory cries. Achilles sits alone in the garden. He shivers, hugging himself for warmth, waiting.

201 EXT. MAIN SQUARE OF TROY - DAWN 201

The Greeks are victorious. The beautiful city of Troy is a ruin. Trojan PRISONERS are led off in chains. Greek soldiers carry gold treasures from the lavish temples and palace.

Funeral pyres fill the square. One pyre, taller than the rest, rises in the center of the square. Odysseus stands atop the highest pyre, staring down at the body of Achilles.

For a long time Odysseus looks at the dead man's face. He knows the world will never see another Achilles. Finally he reaches inside his tunic, pulls out two coins, and places them over Achilles' eyes.

ODYSSEUS :

Find peace, my brother.

Odysseus climbs down from the pyre. A LIEUTENANT hands him a torch and Odysseus starts the fire. The dry wood quickly catches. Black smoke rises toward the circling crows.

CLOSE on Odysseus as he watches his friend burn.

202 EXT. SCAMANDER RIVER - DAWN 202

A small band of Trojans marches east toward the rising sun. Helen and Paris, Andromache and Scamandrius, Aeneas and the others -- alive. They walk toward Mount Ida. Briseis walks behind the others. She stops for a moment and looks back toward the ruins of Troy.

(CONTINUED)

158.

202 CONTINUED:

CLOSE on Briseis for a beat. And then we see what she

sees:

the smoldering city, rising above the circling crows, and finally fading away into the deep blue sky.

FADE OUT.

THE END: