



Scripts.com

Helen of Troy

By John Twist

Here was Troy 3000 years ago,
a city of destiny...
...so situated that it dominated
the Hellespont...
... today known as the Dardanelles.
This was the only sea route
to and from the east.
As a result, Troy grew prosperous...
...a tempting prize of war
for the Greek nations.
The Trojans had long memories of the
time when the Greeks, led by Sparta...
...had pillaged and burned
the city of their fathers.
They had prepared strong defenses
against the possibility of future assault.
That is why new Troy,
their rebuilt city...
... was guarded by mighty walls,
an impregnable shelter...
...for a happy people in love with beauty.
In the palace square
and the busy streets...
... the industrious citizens were enjoying
the works of peace...
...as though this carefree era
would last forever.
There was Lord Aeneas,
nephew of King Priam...
...on his way to the palace...
... where the future of Troy
was being weighed by the royal council.
And so we've locked out
the understanding of nations. . .
. . .and we've locked in the poison.
Trojans jumping at every rumor. . .
. . .pointing fingers at each other.
I tell you there's only one solution.
Have your way. Go to Sparta.
Go wherever you will. . .
. . .but don't try to drag
the destiny of Troy with you.
What destiny, to live like a crab
in a shell?

We live well.
We tax traders at the sea gate.
That's our blood.
Stupidity! We'll choke on our own fat
unless we sail our ships of trade.
But how can we,
when every harbor is an enemy's?
-Oh, I'm sick of your crazy dreams.
-Careful, brother.
Paris has always been able
to crack your neck.
And you can thrash us both.
-Tell him he's a fool, Hector!
-My sons. . .
. . .the fool is the man who makes
a quarrel of a debate.
Paris, I bless your plan to sail to Sparta.
I know I can trust you not to beg
for peace.
I'll try to convince the Greeks
our power makes a treaty advisable.
I'd convince them.
I'd take 100 ships of war
and burn the soil of Sparta black!
I'm sure you would, Polydorus,
and create endless war.
And you, Hector,
do you aspire to anything. . .
-. . .but to excel at swordplay and boxing?
-Yes, sire.
The javelin and the discus.
Hector's a good son, Priam.
And a good husband, my lord.
Is that not sufficient glory?
By your leave, Paris' ship
is ready to sail.
Do the gods approve the day
and the hour?
The omens are good and also
the prophecies, with but one exception.
One troubled priestess of the temple.
-My daughter.
-Don't be angry, Priam.
-Cassandra is ill.

-Sick in the mind.

Arise, Paris. . .

. . .and go.

The virgin Cassandra does make one point that causes me much concern. Prince Paris, it appears, gives all his worship to one goddess alone.

-Aphrodite.

-I'm not sure I worship anything.

No.

Admiration is the better word.

Admiration for the beauty of a marble image.

It was not the goddess of beauty who taught us to arm against our enemies. . . .but Athena, the goddess of wisdom. . . .and the patroness of the horses of war.

Athena does not rejoice in this. . . .

This solitary adoration of yours.

Neither is she delighted that you undertake a mission of peace.

And I suppose that evil horse of hers will spring out and trample me.

Very well. Let it come, my lord. . .

. . .if that's the price of living in a world of fables.

Do not say that, Paris.

Do not seek peace elsewhere, dear brother. . .

. . .until first you have pacified Athena.

My little Cassandra, there can be no postponement.

Give me your blessing for a happy voyage.

I cannot bless what I see in your future.

Cassandra!

-Cassandra, stop this.

-But, Father, it's true.

What I see and feel is true.

Go, Paris.

Come, Cassandra.

-Come and rest a while.

-How can I, Mother?
Oh, I wish it hadn't been given me. . .
. . .this agony I live with.
Paris!
Paris, don't go. Please don't go.
-I must sail at once.
-If you have any love for Troy. . .
. . .don't bring this dreadful thing
upon us.
-And I thought you loved me best of all.
-I do, but. . .
. . .the noise, the storm grows so great.
The screaming of horses,
the cries of dying men.
-Take care of her.
-My dear, my dear.
Perhaps it could not be otherwise.
What must be, no one can change.
Where are we today? Elysium?
Far from it. We're nearing Sparta. . .
. . .a harsh military land, where a man
will cut off his arm to prove he's brave.
-I wonder what the women look like.
-My profound Cousin Aeneas.
To think deeply, Paris,
one must think of women.
They bring all life into the world
and much death.
-They sway the destinies of men.
-Not my destiny.
What's the matter?
Oh, just a quickening of the breeze.
But I don't like the hot breath of it.
Oh, it's nothing.
Only one drifting cloud up there.
Up the mast with you!
-I command you! Climb the mast!
-Drop the sail!
My prince, the ropes are fouled,
and these men refuse to climb the mast.
-I'll flay them!
-No!
There's only one way
to cure these fantasies.

No, my prince, not you. No!
Paris!
Paris!
Paris!
Paris! Paris!
Paris!
Megas!
Aphrodite.
What?
Some ship had bad luck.
She does exist.
-Who?
-The fairest goddess.
This creature is crazy.
But with a nice sort of craziness.
What was your ship?
The Dolphin...
-. . .of Troy.
-A Trojan.
Cut him loose, Andros.
Maybe we can warm some life into him
before we turn him over to the soldiers.
Women! Why warm a man
to cut his throat?
Cover him up, quickly.
We're looking for our sovereign lady,
the Queen of Sparta.
She came to the shore
to visit a nurse of her childhood days.
-My lady.
-I left orders not to be disturbed here.
But there are certain developments
which make this beach unsafe today.
A strange ship was sighted
running out of the storm.
We couldn't go after her.
Heavy seas.
She might have been Trojan.
It's possible she left spies.
You see Trojan phantoms everywhere.
-This was no phantom ship.
-The emblem of the royal House of Troy.
The king would want me to insist
that his queen return at once.

Inform King Menelaus
that Cora is taking excellent care of me.
Go along now.
Very well, my lady.
Andraste!
-Andraste, help us carry this man.
-A man, my lady?
How interesting!
-I can't risk hiding a Trojan.
-Yes.
What if he's a warrior and only
pretending? You must be careful.
Women who are always careful
miss much in life, Andraste.
He doesn't seem to recover.
But his heart beats.
Give him some broth,
and we'll turn him over.
-Good.
-Oh, no! They'll kill him.
-I still say good.
-And I, too, would say so. . .
- . . .if he were as unattractive as you.
-Thank you.
To whom am I indebted
for this gallant defense?
Nobody of importance.
I am only a slave.
Now tell us about yourself, Trojan.
Did I mention that?
My memory is clouded.
But I do recall I thought you a vision.
A goddess.
Dear Aphrodite. . .
. . .allow me to present myself.
-Prince Paris of Troy.
-We'll dispense with impudence.
You're a bit impudent yourself
for whatever you are, a slave?
-Silence! You're addressing--
-A slave of the palace, Andros.
Of what importance is that?
I tell you truly, I am Prince Paris.
I come to offer a treaty of peace

to King Menelaus.
But of course, you don't believe me.
My articles of identity. . .
. . .all the gifts I was bringing
to the Court of Sparta. . . .
My crew won't come near
a Spartan harbor now.
They'll swear the gods
hurled lightning at me.
Perhaps I do believe you.
The sea has damaged your appearance,
but not your manner.
You must leave here at nightfall.
Follow the coast. You'll reach a cove
where Phoenician ships put in.
-No. I still have a mission.
-Do as I tell you!
Our soldiers have a habit
of plunging a dagger into strangers.
And why should that worry you?
Never mind. The feelings
of a slave are of no importance.
They are to me.
In any place but Sparta,
one so fair would be a queen.
In Troy, we'd make songs about you.
King Menelaus would not permit
that here.
Because you'd make
his queen look plain.
She would be pained to hear you
say that.
Do you know her?
She owns me. I'm her shadow.
And I always thought I knew her.
No, I don't believe anyone knows
Queen Helen very well. . .
-. . .including Helen.
-Not even the king?
Great power doesn't need knowledge.
Wait. I only ask these questions. . .
-. . .because I must go to the palace.
-Don't chance it.
I intend to be discreet, so prepare me.

If Menelaus won't help me,
I'll ask the queen.
That you must never do! I--
Oh, if you were old and ugly,
maybe then she could help you.
But you're not old, nor ugly.
It's late, Andros.
We must get the fish to market.
Gladly. If the soldiers find him here,
I don't want to be involved.
I wouldn't mind.
We must get back to the palace,
Andraste. I've stayed here too long.
Promise me. . .
. . .we'll meet again.
You can go back now.
Supplies, for your voyage home.
So you still hope
I won't go to the palace?
More than ever.
The kings of Greece are gathering there
to consider a war against Troy.
Then my mission was well-timed.
-When will they be in council?
-Tomorrow, perhaps.
But tonight. . .
. . .there are only you and I.
Under the magic of the moonlight.
Here. See what I brought you?
My dear little slave girl. . .
. . .I don't want what you steal
from the palace.
I only want what I steal
from the palace.
No, my prince.
Very well, then, I'll borrow you.
But we'll be quite honest about it.
-I'll offer to buy you from the queen.
-Oh, no! That would mean death!
Nonsense.
I'll explain to her that
you're no slave to me. . .
. . .but my future Princess of Troy.
Let me go, Paris.

Don't you believe I could love a slave?
Yes, I believe.
My heart believes and loves you.
My heart is yours, Paris,
but I can never be.
You must not seek out the queen,
nor anyone at the palace.
And this moment must be our last.
Don't ask me why.
Call it magic, call it a dream.
And never speak of it to anyone.
Hear our Spartan host, King Menelaus.
-Are you sure Ulysses is coming?
-His ship was not far behind mine.
This great Ithacan refused to leave
his wife and farm.
He's so sick of war,
he wouldn't let go of the plow.
Till his child was cast in front of it,
to convince him Greece's glory. . .
. . . comes before contentment.
You can have the glory.
I'll take Troy's gold.
Not my share, brother.
Ulysses, King of Ithaca!
Greetings, friend.
You're acquainted with everyone.
Ajax, Prince of Salamis.
Nestor, King of Pylos.
Diomedes, ruler of Aetolia.
And I think you know my brother,
King Agamemnon of Mycenae.
Greetings, fellow pirates.
It is a righteous war we plan, Ulysses. . .
. . . a war of defensive aggression.
A neat sort of righteousness.
You think the Trojans built a citadel
for peace-lovers?
Have you heard of Priam's sons?
Polydorus begs for war!
Hector wants only a challenge.
Paris is anyone's equal with a cestus,
bow and javelin.
You believe they want peace?

All the more reason why we
cannot plan without Achilles.
But he hates my brother and me--
He hates you almost as much
as he loves war.
In order to lock himself from
all temptation of joining with us. . .
. . .he hid himself securely,
in a house of women.
That's where I found him,
hiding from all persuasion. . .
. . .dressed as a woman!
Did you persuade him?
Yes. He's here at the stables,
seeing to the care of his horses.
Achilles, a blushing girl.
I shall commend him for the beauty
of his face and figure.
The man who blows his own horn.
Commend him, Menelaus.
I commend you, Achilles.
And I despise you.
And you, Agamemnon.
But it seems we must unite. . .
. . .so I am here to lead you.
-Lead us, Achilles?
-Of course.
I and my good friend Patroclus.
Since we were boys,
we could stand alone and defy an army.
-I question that.
-Who?
I, Ajax.
My imitator.
You disgusting glory-hunter.
To imitate him, I'd need to wear
three layers of armor.
That's where he gets his reputation
for being invulnerable.
Silence this fool, Menelaus.
I would prefer not to be angered by him.
The truth of the matter is,
his skin's as tender as his vanity.
And especially his heel.

-He can't even stand leather against it.
-I do not fight with my feet.
Take your ease, my prince.
I'll handle this buffoon.
Enough of this.
We must remain united.
Impossible.
We've never been united,
and we never will be.
Keep my horses ready.
Patroclus, we shall leave.
I see no ethical purpose
for a raid on Troy.
-Nor I.
-Now, wait. Wait.
Here. You talk of ethics.
Here's the sign of a Trojan ship
prowling our shores.
No peaceful trader,
but a royal ship of the House of Priam.
It was my ship, sire.
I am Paris of Troy.
-You are King Menelaus?
-Yes.
Sorry to present myself like this,
I was swept overboard in the storm.
Fortunately, this gathering
of the most royal of Greece. . .
. . .makes my mission easier.
-How'd you know we were here?
-I beg my lord's indulgence, I know.
So I'm saved from
journeying to each king. . .
. . .if you decide against offers of peace
I bring from Troy.
-What?
-Troy does not plan war?
You are wrong, Menelaus.
Stop this or lose your Trojan plunder.
-Where'd you find this impostor?
-He came to the palace.
-I thought you'd question him.
-You interrupt council!
-Hear him.

-This is our business.
He's only some wandering vagabond.
See the rags he wears.
These roving jesters
come often to my palace.
And they never fail
to have some nimble talent.
What do you do besides
this royal imposture?
It seems I try to do the impossible.
The cesti.
If he's Paris, he should have
some skill with the cesti.
-Brilliant, brother, brilliant.
-You heard, Ajax, Achilles?
Achilles is weary from travel.
Achilles did not make his reputation
fighting children.
This Sparta, my son, is a viper's nest.
-I'll see you aren't--
-If we offend the pretender. . .
- . . I give him leave to go.
-No.
After all, part of my task
was to spread civilization.
But I must exact an agreement.
If I come fairly out of this fight,
will you believe that I am Paris. . .
. . .and hear the Trojan peace terms?
If your head's still
on your shoulders, yes.
Paris!
My good Trojan, you have used
a Spartan persuasion on me: courage.
My courage almost failed me
at the thought of meeting Ajax.
You shall rest.
And tomorrow we shall talk.
About your adventures,
your voyage. . .
. . .and the secret charm
that makes me call you 'friend. '
And Troy shall call Sparta 'friend. '
Alpheus, find quarters for our guest.

And, Alpheus. . .
. . .they say the Trojans have
great eyes for beauty.
Find him a slave
and see that she is beautiful.
There is one slave in your palace for
whom I'd gladly become a slave myself.
Menelaus!
You expressed a wish yesterday
to present your guests to me.
A proud wish.
Helen, Queen of Sparta,
wife to Menelaus. . .
. . .I present Paris,
Prince Royal of Troy.
Why are you here, Trojan?
To study our arts and culture?
Yes, my lady.
The art of self-preservation.
Trojan impudence!
By your leave, my lord. . .
. . .I shall receive the Greeks
at some happier moment.
I heard my lady was truly Spartan
this afternoon.
My heart behaved like a fool.
I'm sure Menelaus could hear it beating.
Tell your servants to go.
You may go.
-Get out!
-When will you learn?
The man can neither speak nor hear.
What did you think of the Trojan?
-You saw what I thought.
-Yes, I saw what you thought.
Of this Trojan anyway.
What is this game you're playing?
Helen, you reveal yourself.
So does he.
Speak plainly. If I've given you
some offense, punish me. . .
. . .but don't welcome a stranger with
one hand and strike him with the other!
So now we're fond of Trojans?

I might do many things with him.
I might send him home. . .
. . .with his appearance altered.
I might hold him hostage
to bleed tribute out of Priam.
I imagined once I had married a king.
-You married a king.
-I married a robber.
Why did you marry him?
Why did you marry him?
When a king takes spoils,
he robs no one.
When he kills, he commits no murder.
He fulfills justice.
The way of a Spartan.
I understand these things.
You do not.
I understand enough.
Then understand your place
in the palace, nowhere else!
You've seen this man before.
Admit it.
Your silence condemns you.
You've been out of the palace secretly.
Admit it. You know this man.
Silent as ever. No words for me,
your husband. I am your husband!
-Don't.
-Say 'husband' to me.
Say 'husband' to me.
I can think of many ways of dealing
with your Trojan, Helen.
Andraste.
I am the slave sent
to the Prince of Troy.
The queen's handmaiden, eh?
The king commands me
to entertain his guests.
A fine Greek custom, but guest?
He's in a prison, if he only knew it.
Oh, I'm instructed that
he shall not know it.
Must King Menelaus command
you himself to admit me?

The royal temper's already running
a fever.
Shall I tell the king you said that?
Get to your business,
you little troublemaker.
You should be in bed.
Yes, I should but--
But your mistress sent you
to play another trick on me.
No. She sent me to help you escape.
Escape?
Those two soldiers
on watch down there. . .
. . .are they going to help me too?
You're a captive.
The king plans tortures for you.
You must leave quickly.
Return to the fisherman's hut.
I'll go a distance with you
to point the way.
My good friend Menelaus.
-The door is also watched.
-Then what chance have I?
Helen thought to make you
look like a merchant.
Any fool could see you're a prince.
-Soldiers.
-Fisherman!
-Yes?
-Fisherman!
Yes?
-What do you want?
-A cup of wine.
-Our throats are salted by the breeze.
-Oh. Cora, the wineskin.
The captain's an idiot.
Does he think the man will swim?
He'd be deep in the forest by now.
Here. Take it with you.
Go, and remember,
there will be soldiers above. . .
. . .so you'd best try the rocks
under the cliff.
Get to a cove beyond the tower.

There, a boat will send you to the ship.
Wings of Mercury speed you.
Why do you wait?
It was just a foolish hope.
-I half-imagined she'd come.
-Here?
She sent you garments. . .
. . .arranged for a Phoenician ship
to take you home. What more, Trojan?
I didn't really expect her to come.
-I only hoped.
-Don't even breathe it.
If she should show her face here
and be recognized. . . .
I know.
And I wish I could repay you
for your kindness.
And for the queen. . .
. . .tell her she'll walk in all my dreams.
Wait!
The ship is not yet in the cove.
Helen.
Andraste, you are free.
-Go as far away as you can from Sparta.
-My lady.
You made clear to Adelpus what I said?
-He is far off by this time.
-Then be on your way.
Freedom is made of quicksilver
sometimes.
Go. Hurry.
Helen.
Helen is the queen.
The girl you thought you knew
was quite nameless and without reality.
I can't believe that.
-It was she who helped me to escape.
-No.
That was the queen who hates cruelty.
She would have done the same
for any slave.
I see.
She is the queen who
comes here to say this.

She will always remember
the gentle Paris.
And she will do her small part
to turn this nation from war.
-You're not a Spartan.
-I am.
Daughter of a king who chose
a Spartan husband for me.
A man you despised.
I despise oppression,
as do many others here.
We need to be Spartan to endure it.
And we need to be understood.
You are.
You, not Menelaus, will be Sparta to me.
I'll tell my father there's still hope.
I'll tell Troy what I've seen and heard.
The rulers divided,
unable to find cause for war. . .
. . .even the Spartan people.
Stop worrying.
The kings have been carousing all night.
And so she is real, that one I loved.
Yes.
The gods sometimes change
the bravest of intentions.
They are kind.
I'll never doubt them again.
Oh, Helen.
Helen, you are a slave as long
as Menelaus possesses you.
Come away to freedom.
Come to Troy with me.
And destroy the hope of peace
you were taking home with you?
No.
If even one Trojan dies on the walls,
I'm a failure.
Forgive me, Helen.
You are two women,
both wise and good.
I am two men.
One fairly good, I try to believe.
The other, very bad indeed.

One is a man.
The other just a boy, I think.
Paris, let him be so always.
Never let him grow old.
Helen.
The ship.
And now I must go back.
It is a way the gods have. . .
. . .to give with one hand
and take with two.
Oh, no. This is not goodbye.
You shall still be with me
across the sea.
And you with me.
And always young, Paris, remember?
What is remembered is forever young.
Halt!
Stand still, Trojan.
-My lady, I ask you remove yourself--
-Send your archers away.
I beg the queen to stand
out of danger.
You wouldn't dare. You'll die.
I can no more than lose my own life,
and it's lost if I let him go.
Silence!
Helen!
Helen! Helen!
-You lie. She's in there.
-No.
-She's in there. Break the locks!
-Break them.
Break.
It's true.
The Trojan's taken Helen.
He's carried her away.
By force, against her will.
To think of her struggles,
her fruitless cries for help.
We had our differences,
but she was my wife.
It goes deeper than that.
This is the assault of all women
in Greece.

Shame. Shame on every Greek nation.
Then man your ships.
Follow them.
Ulysses, why do you sit?
She must be restored to me.
-Not now, Menelaus. Later.
-Yes. Now, now, now!
Will you not stand with me?
Menelaus, we will reclaim her,
and with her, all the loot of Troy.
But only if you wait.
We'll send out a call
to every city in Greece.
All Greeks united in a war of honor.
Yes. That's what the future will call it.
I call it that now.
This Prince of Troy has asked for war,
not peace.
Ulysses.
I'm sure you'll agree with me that it is
my duty to become our leader.
Leader?
I'll see no one but Achilles as leader.
It is my consecrated duty to become
our leader to avenge my dear brother.
Quite, quite, Agamemnon.
And I will follow you.
And tell you what to do, as usual.
And I will persuade
the sensitive Achilles. . .
. . .with certain fascinating facts. . .
. . .about the great store of gold
to be found in Troy.
I seek no treasure.
I will kill.
So shall we all, brother.
To defend your honor.
Who are they?
I don't know, but I know
the color of their gold.
Sparta is the past, Helen.
Troy is this way.
What will they call us there?
A woman who left her husband.

A prince turned thief.
What else can we ever be?
Two people in love.
Against the world, if need be.
If I could make a bargain
with the gods. . .
. . .we would escape the world. . .
. . .never landing on any shore.
A lovely dream,
but somewhere we must land.
Paris, there's an island called Pelagos.
The sea can feed us.
And there are little houses
near the village well.
Let's go there.
I cannot. I was born to an obligation.
Paris, son of Priam, heir to responsibility.
I could leave the kingdoms of the world
and never miss them.
-But you--
-Helen. . .
. . .our life together will fade
if I run from this.
It will become a slight thing
that any storm can tear apart.
No, Paris.
Forgive me.
I forget you are a woman,
not a goddess.
Captain.
-You know the island of Pelagos?
-It's far southward. . .
-. . .through the Cytherean straits.
-Sail southward.
-Captain.
-Yes?
We have decided otherwise.
Sail north to Troy.
-What is it?
-You'll have to see, Lord Aeneas.
Wait.
Aeneas, call the queen.
Paris!
Paris.

Come and meet my brothers.
Hector, Polydorus.
I told you about them.
Lucky Paris. You could fall
in the black pit of Hades. . .
. . .and come out with arms
full of sunshine.
He's always had a fine flair
for surprises.
I'm happy to see that you
diverted your mission. . .
. . .to an enterprise more to your talents.
Come.
-Aeneas.
-Paris.
-Paris.
-I should have had faith.
The great god Zeus would never
let him die. . .
-. . .and with him our hopes of peace.
-It's a miracle.
Tell us what happened, Paris.
Here is your miracle.
I would never have seen
Troy again but for her.
It would have taken
a sea sprite to save you.
How could one so tender
have managed it?
Postpone your questions.
She suffered an ordeal that I
shan't relate in her presence.
It's enough that our son has been
given back to us by you, my dear.
You are welcome, my child.
Paris, call the high steward.
See that she is made comfortable.
Later, you shall tell me
of your adventures.
At your command, Father.
My brother seems to have
forgotten his courtliness.
By what name, my lady,
shall we know you?

-My name is--

-Her name is death.

-Cassandra!

-Forgive her. She suffers an illness.

Wait.

You were going to say?

I am Helen, Queen of Sparta.

The wife of King Menelaus?

-His wife no more.

-The goddess of beauty, Aphrodite. . .

. . .come down to Earth in mortal form.

She will bring the disaster

I have prophesied.

Her name will be written

in letters of fire. Helen.

Helen of Troy.

And she saved my life again. . .

. . .but at such risk to herself

that I couldn't leave her. . .

. . .to the mercy of the Spartans.

I can see I've troubled you, sire.

But in your affection for me

and mine for you. . .

. . .I hope you will judge me fairly.

I would never have believed

that this could happen. . .

. . .not through this son of mine.

This son who shared my hope

of everlasting peace.

Who promised he would bring it.

And what have you brought?

Dishonor.

You have united the Greeks.

You have kindled a flame that will

weld them together against us.

This will bring them

to our very shores.

That should delight you.

You may have to answer

for the death of many a good Trojan.

You have presumed too much

upon our affection.

Paris. . .

. . .send her back to Sparta

and make your peace with Menelaus.
I'll never send her back.
-You reject every word of wisdom?
-My love has no logic.
It could only choose
between Troy and Pelagos.
Helen wanted to go to Pelagos. . .
. . .but I had to bring you the warning.
And she had the courage
to come with me.
But she was right.
There is no heart in Troy.
We'll seek it elsewhere.
The coward's way to avoid the fight?
-You exceed the rights of a brother.
-And you. . . .
You scorn every Trojan duty.
The damage is done.
Go or stay. It matters not.
-I shall not see you again.
-Priam.
Bring to the council chamber the armory
masters and the granary stewards.
Tell them I want an estimate
of Troy's ability to withstand a siege.
There were times when I almost forgot
that I had other children, Paris. . .
. . .others to die, perhaps.
Destiny, Paris. Destiny.
Every Trojan woman with son
or husband will curse you.
Well, don't worry, brother,
a war may clear the atmosphere.
War, the only thing
that could make you happy.
Keep out of my way,
or you'll never live to enjoy it.
-Lord Aeneas.
-You may go.
The ship that brought you to Troy
is still in the harbor.
My charioteer will take you there.
I see.
Or if my lady prefers,

I'll arrange for a royal escort.

No, I won't delay.

Wait for us.

My chariot will be in the courtyard.

Athena wields much power, it seems.

-If I return to Menelaus--

-No.

Pelagos?

Yes, I'll take you to Pelagos.

You said our lives would fade

if you ran away.

I also said that you'd be happy in Troy.

Paris, the word has spread.

-They are not armed with flowers.

-Quick, before they overrun the courtyard.

They won't as long as they enjoy

their carnival.

-Take Helen to the harbor.

-Don't show yourself to them.

-See her aboard the ship.

-Paris!

Dog!

You expect us to fight a war

for your amusement?

My brave Trojans. . .

. . .will you show as much spirit against
the Spartan army. . .

. . .as against one Spartan woman?

Can you stand alone, each, in battle. . .

. . .or do you need the cowardice
of numbers to make you bold?

Go home and search your hearts,

Trojans. . .

. . .for all this must be answered soon.

-You can leave safely now.

-Without you?

I've gained a victory of a sort tonight.

I mustn't lose it, Helen.

There's no Pelagos if I'm there alone.

But there's always one island
where the storm can't touch us.

It's anyplace, Paris,

where we're together.

-Here?

-Oh, yes, even here.

News reached Troy

that the Greeks were about to sail...

... with the mightiest armada ever known
to man. The Trojans prepared for war.

Our signals have never warned
of so many ships.

-That's all right. We're ready.

-Hundreds.

-Many more than we can count.

-Five, 600. More.

-No less than 1 000 ships.

-We'll make them pay a heavy price.

What shall we pay?

Aeneas, bring them here. Let them see.

Yes, sire.

Faster. Faster.

-See what you have brought upon us?

-Father.

The face that launched 1 000 ships.

Now remember, these Trojan walls
are our strength and our substance. . .

. . .so let no eager fool
attempt to charge this plain. . .

. . .until these ramparts
have served their purpose.

Well, to your posts.

Hector, where is my place?

Beside your Spartan woman.

Come with me, brother.

I'll share Spartan blood with you.

You can have my share.

No Trojans to greet us?

I had hoped they'd be foolish enough
to scatter their forces.

-Where do we make camp, Agamemnon?

-Camp? No, onwards.

Every moment of delay,
my Helen suffers.

Our camp is the Trojan palace.

We must attack at once.

Against Troy's walls, Achilles? No.

We must equip to take this fortress.

Ulysses is right. We must prepare.

The canny counsel of Ulysses prevailed.
The Greeks consolidated their beachhead
and built machines for attack...

...on a scale big enough
to match the Trojan walls.

Follow Achilles!

Hector.

-To the ramps. Back!

-We're outflanked! Fall back!

Return to your towers.

To the ramps. Back!

Back!

Polydorus.

It's a good war, Paris.

Hector, the man of peace. . .

. . .now our greatest warrior.

Thank Helen for your destiny.

-Thank Paris.

-I thank him for my life.

Oh, great Zeus, king of all. . .

. . .we give to you Polydorus,

Prince of Troy.

I pray you, judge him

with compassion and understanding.

Let not Athena's hatred feed

on my defenseless son. . .

. . .but on our sorrow here.

We, the living dead of Troy,

shall pay his debt. . .

. . .in the years of siege to come.

And the Greeks did prepare

for years of siege.

They unloaded provisions

from their ships...

...and as time went on

they looted and raped...

... the small surrounding villages.

Take your hands off her!

-A warrior commanding his commander?

-She's mine.

Great as you are, I'm still your chieftain,

protector of all the spoils of war.

-Take her to my quarters.

-No.

Agamemnon, if you take this girl,
I shall sail home.
-Then fly, mighty warrior. Fly.
-Agamemnon!
-He didn't mean that, Achilles. Come on.
-Sail home, great warrior.
No, Achilles.
Out! Out! Out!
Achilles, Agamemnon does not
speak for all our people.
Dogs! Jackals!
I'll never fight his battles again.
But for Greece, you'll fight.
No more.
During these years of stalemate,
the Trojans...
...from the safety of their walls,
constantly harassed the invaders...
... with night raids on their camps.
-Helen, how perfect.
-The girl you fell in love with?
Always keep that image with you, Paris.
I shan't need to.
I have the source of its magic.
Right here, I hold its living warmth. . .
. . .and its spirit is always
with me on the ramparts.
Then it can't be lost, can it?
What has been lived
and shared is never lost.
-Never, Helen.
-But if you should lose me. . .
. . .could you resign yourself to that?
Don't worry, nothing will happen to you.
Nothing endures on Earth, Paris,
neither sorrow nor happiness. . .
. . .or people in love.
Dear Helen, she looks for shadows
in the one bright place in Troy.
People in love should not be blind.
They should look to the future
and prepare for separation.
But not so gloomily, my love.
I'll meet you in Elysium. . .

. . .where an age of years
is just a wink of time.
You charter a ship.
I'll take the flying horse, Pegasus.
To our island, Paris?
Oh, goddess come to Earth,
make me immortal with your kiss. . .
. . .and we'll live on nectar and ambrosia.
-But I'm not sure I like being so ethereal.
-Nor I.
How many years, fellow Trojans,
shall we suffer?
Our only respite,
a truce to burn our dead.
The holiday of a Troy
that once knew happy times.
Must the Trojans always set
their funeral pyre so near this house?
-How long will they accuse me?
-They lost many loved ones, my lady.
Lulled by the promises
of peace forever.
I, for one, believe we might
have had that peace. . . .
I thought I could escape from it,
but there is no place--
-And no victory for anybody.
-Go. Leave me.
Paris commanded me
to stay with you while he's on duty.
Leave me, I tell you.
No, friends!
Hear me, Trojans.
Cast her to the Spartans.
Cast Paris out of Troy.
-If you haven't the fiber for this. . . .
-Helen, don't go out.
Their mood is dangerous.
I've sent soldiers to disperse them.
-You've come to ask me to leave Troy.
-No, Helen.
No.
But for Paris, I would have lost Hector.
I must love my sons equally. . .

. . .and whomsoever they love.
You are good.
The high priest says that even the gods
fight each other.
Some for Athena and Greece,
some for Troy and Aphrodite.
How, then, could I blame you
for this war?
-I could stop it.
-No one could.
I could. . .
. . .if I return to the Greeks, to Menelaus.
Go back to someone you so despise?
If it brings an end to war and restores
Paris to the love of the Trojans. . . .
-He'd never let you go.
-And could I ever leave him?
-You must help me to decide.
-Would you defy the Fates?
No mortal should attempt so much,
Helen. And yet I wonder. . .
. . .is one so lovely quite mortal?
Lovely? No. I am everything
I was determined not to be.
I have only been selfish.
All the despair, the pain
and the tears I've brought.
How different from that island dream.
Return to your King of Troy. . .
. . .and tell him we will receive
Helen at the appointed place.
But warn him there must be no
treachery or deceit.
I assure you, my lord,
no deceit exists.
It is her wish
to return to King Menelaus.
-It's her wish. You hear that, brother?
-I've heard it often.
Wait, herald.
Tell your master from Menelaus
that we demand--
No, no, no. Nothing else.
Nothing else, only the return of Helen.

The Trojans wish to make peace.
As men of peace,
we accept their offer.
Have we suffered to return
empty-handed?
Empty-handed, Menelaus?
With Helen returned, integrity satisfied?
You are too outspoken, brother.
When the Trojans have handed
over Helen, we'll teach them. . .
. . .that we're not easily bought off.
But I'd like Achilles with us,
in case they prove troublesome.
He still refuses to fight
so long as you're in command. . .
. . .and your lovesick jackass of a brother
brays upon this beach.
Then he'll get not one obol
of Trojan tribute.
Helen?
Helen.
-Where is she?
-She's not here, Paris.
Not here? Where?
She's gone to the camp of the Greeks.
To Menelaus?
She was determined to end
the destruction. . .
. . .and restore you to the hearts
of the Trojans.
-And you conspired with her--
-She was not a captive here, Paris. . .
. . .but a woman of self-determination,
a queen with more courage. . .
. . .than I would have had
to sail against the tides of heaven.
-He shan't take her.
-The hour has passed, Paris.
You can't prevent it.
Wait, Trojans.
You've returned the wife of Menelaus,
but that isn't all your debt.
Debt?
-We recognize no claim of debt.

-No?

Then who pays for the Greek blood
shed on this plain?

Trojan blood has paid in full.

Trojan blood is not valid currency
in Sparta. . .

. . .nor does it pay for launching
1 000 ships.

The terms of this truce were clear.

The return of Helen,
in exchange for which. . .

. . .you agreed to sail
from these shores.

-You trusting fools.

-Two things only will suffice:

Half the treasury of Troy
before we depart. . .

. . .and after that,
1 000 talents every year.

Take these nobles as security!

-Here's payment, Menelaus!

-To the gates with her!

Bring her back to Troy!

Follow them!

After them! After them!

Back! Turn back!

Don't go too close
to the Trojan walls.

Not against Hector.

Patroclus! Patroclus!

-Bring me my armor.

-Yes, master.

Thank you, Trojan, for bringing us
the body of Patroclus.

Thank you very much.

My son, Greek treachery has proved
that theirs is not a war of honor.
Helen, through you, we have learned
that they seek plunder, not justice.
I ask forgiveness of you both.

Cassandra. . .

. . .we have found there
is great wisdom in you.

-What more can you tell us?

-New storms shall ride the sky. . .
. . .but the guilt will be Athena's,
not Helen's.

-Thank you, Cassandra.

-Such courage must not go unrewarded.
Helen, you will be
a princess of Troy.
Where is Hector
and Andromache?
They are to bestow the laurels.
Where is Hector?
By the Scaean gates, sire.
He anticipates a call to single combat
for the death of Patroclus.
I killed him. Any Greek challenge
would come to me.
But Hector didn't want you
to be challenged by Achilles.
-He was devoted to Patroclus.
-Hector sent him his friend's corpse. . .
. . .with personal compliments.
No one can match Achilles,
not even Hector.
This must not happen.
He cried like an animal in grief, my lord,
and then called for his armor.
Ah, so he comes.
Hector!
Hector!
-It is done, Andromache.
-Achilles?
By his hand, my father
and my brothers fell.
-While you live, I still have them in you.
-I intend to live, Andromache, for you. . .
. . .and for our son.
This helmet always frightens him.
Let's pray that he may never need one. . .
. . .that he finds peace.
Arms to bear.
If Achilles wins, we move.
We strike at once!
To the palace!
And if Achilles dies, we retire

to consider a certain plan of mine.
-There's an immortal shield around him.
-Mighty Zeus, help me find a weakness.
Achilles is dead!
So dies Greek courage,
but not Greek cunning.
Defeated by men,
deserted by the gods.
I used to number the months by a battle,
a pestilence, a famine.
Now it's all one long nightmare.
I fought wars since most of you
were sucklings, but never one like this.
Let's take our ships
and sail back home.
That we shall do.
I have a plan that first required
a Trojan victory.
-That much, at least, is accomplished.
-You speak treason.
As you will,
but let's be realistic.
The greatest army on Earth
has lost its war.
What are you dreaming, Ulysses?
I'm dreaming of my wife,
the good, constant Penelope.
And in my dreams, I see myself returning
to her with all the treasures of Troy.
-But how?
-Has this anything to do with the work. . .
. . .that Apagos and his men
have been doing in the woodlands?
They're building a monument
to the triumph of Paris and Helen.
A gift from the goddess Athena.
A sacred horse,
so big and so beautiful. . .
. . .that Troy cannot help
taking it to her heart.
Remember, blow the retreat
loud enough for Troy to hear.
Let the ships sail but keep
sufficient force in the woodlands.

The ships will return at dawn.
Are you sure the Trojans will take
this monstrosity into the city?
I promise. Their gratitude to Athena
for her victory will be tremendous.
And they'll give a loving welcome
to her wondrous horse.
And to Bacchus, the god of grapes.
Make ready, men of Greece!
First they sounded retreat,
and now the call to man the oars.
Their torches are moving
back to the sea.
-Aboard the ships?
-We'll soon know.
Lord Aeneas has gone
to the shore with scouts.
Sire, they've sailed.
The last of their ships has gone to sea.
Sound the cry! Light the victory torch.
Carry it through the streets.
Good, Priam. Good.
-Our heroes would wish us to rejoice.
-Light the victory torch!
You'll see a Troy
you've never known before.
I see it in your faces.
Open it! Open it!
Let us look at the world again!
The night smiles on us.
Look, Priam.
I was trying to tell you of it, sire.
Some strange monument that
the Greeks have left at our doorstep.
Beware the Greeks bearing gifts.
My sister speaks truly. It is a thing of
evil that should be burnt upon the plain.
I agree.
The enemy doesn't give
joyful presents.
My children, this is no gift
from the Greeks. . .
. . .but a symbol of worship
they had to abandon.

Sire, the people beg permission to bring
this amazing prize into the square.
They have fought long and bravely.
I cannot deny them.
Father, please hear me.
It is not the end of ruin,
but the beginning.
We must not be ungrateful. . .
. . .to a goddess who has proved herself
our goddess. Bring in her sacred horse.
It shall be a monument
to Trojan valor.
Yes, sire.
It is a great and perfect thing.
How childish I was
to have misgivings.
And I to be afraid
of a wooden giant.
What was that for?
Athena. So forgiving of a rival goddess.
Are you jealous, Aphrodite?
I'm only Helen. . .
. . .who wonders if she'll
ever be a Trojan, really.
When the Trojan people
look upon that plain. . .
. . .won't they always think
of Helen of Sparta?
There is peace everywhere now.
We're not bound to remain here.
Wherever you wish to go, Helen,
I'll take you.
Hail to Prince Paris and his Helen!
Hail to Helen!
-All hail to Paris!
-Hail to Helen!
Destiny, Paris. Destiny.
There is no escape, it seems.
Not even from happiness.
No, and I am happy. Very happy.
Men of Sparta!
Men of Sparta, to the palace!
Forward!
Troy is lost, but you must not die.

While the Greeks plunder,
make for the north gate.
-Do you think I would leave you now?
-Or I?
Obey your king.
Aeneas, take care of Andromache
and my grandson.
Paris, Helen. . .
. . .I command you, go.
Magnificent leadership, Agamemnon.
Athena will reward you with
all the glory.
All of you, break in!
Helen!
Take them! The rest of you, search!
Find her!
-Don't let me get lost, Paris.
-Never.
Paris!
Paris! Paris!
Paris!
Oh, Paris! Paris!
Paris! I thought I was lost!
The gods are with us. Come.
Paris!
For a moment, I thought. . .
-. . .that you were that little slave girl.
-Oh, I am.
Whatever your love wishes me to be,
whatever is in your heart.
You are my heart.
Paris. No.
My ship has returned for you.
Go there.
Wash his blood from you.
That can never be.
It's my blood.
It can't be lost, Paris, can it?
What has been lived
and shared is never lost.
Never, Helen.
Then this is not goodbye.
You shall always be with me.
And you with me.