

The Trojan Horse is a historical event that will forever live on for its deception and cunning. My play will take place inside the horse following the four characters that sit inside the head of the horse. The opening scenes are tense as we see them give the horse to the Trojans. The Trojans are extremely hesitant but finally allow the horse inside their gates. Suddenly the audience follows the inhabitants at the head of the horse: four men, led by the great and wise Odysseus. There is only one problem: in all the delays around the acceptance of the horse the great Odysseus has consumed more mutton than humanly imaginable, now he must defecate. Yet, the Greeks--wise as they were--forgot to install a bathroom in the horse. Thus, Odysseus poops himself in the horse, and though he leads his army to victory over the stubborn trojans, he still carries the shame of the stool wherever he goes. His army never respects him the same, and he ends up banishing himself in shame, hence beginning The Odyssey.

The Shame of a King

Odysseus: Macho, brave, masculine, heroic man.

Sir Bettencourt: A less-respected, cowardly knight with a big mouth.

Aleksander: A mighty warrior, just a little less mighty than Odysseus, still quite noble though.

Greek Chorus: Three different people with good onstage chemistry, and who can manage serious tones.

Notes: All lines from the chorus come quickly off of one another. The Horse will just be the frame of its head on stage, and the three knights will be huddled inside of it, while the chorus stands outside the frame but always on stage.

In the head of the horse, the three knights are crammed together. Odysseus is at the front followed by Sir Bettencourt and Aleksander in the back. The chorus stands to the side always visible.

CHORUS 1

After much ado at the gate, the brave men have broken through to Troy not a moment too late.

CHORUS 2

Disguised in this dastardly steed our knights will carry out this nasty deed.

CHORUS 3

When night falls the men shall strike those dastardly Trojans with all their might.

CHORUS 1

Led by the awe-inspiring Odysseus our great Greeks shall surely be victorious.

CHORUS 2

Now, let us just watch and wait as the Trojans discover their fate.

ODYSSEUS

Uh oh!

CHORUS 3

Ah, the wise Odysseus has stirred,

CHORUS 1

Look! His eyes! They are wide and absurd.

CHORUS 2

What's perturbing our great lord?

CHORUS 3

Perhaps he was stabbed by his own sword?

Odysseus clutches his stomach and looks in pain.

ODYSSEUS

Oh Brothers!! This is bad!

SIR BETTENCOURT

What?! Wh-What do you see?!

ALEKSANDER

Should I be preparing for battle sir?

Pause. Odysseus makes a strained face, then looks on again with intense relief.

ODYSSEUS

Oh no. It's not that. It should all be okay.

BETTENCOURT

Good lord. Troy must not have learned of our method for sewage.

ALEKSANDER

Yes. This God-forsaken city has a wretched stench.

ODYSSEUS

Yes. Um the sewage lines the streets! I suppose we just caught a bad gust of wind.

CHORUS 1

That was strange.

CHORUS 2

No sewage lines this streets, unless I am deranged.

CHORUS 3

No, you are certainly not, throughout the streets there is not even a small spot.

The lights dim like the sun is falling as the knights stare on admirably.

ODYSSEUS

Are we all prepared for the fight that will ravage the streets as soon as this light fades?

ALEKSANDER

Aye, my king. I know you will lead us wisely. My faith in you will never falter.

Pause.

ODYSSEUS

And you, Bettencourt?

SIR BETTENCOURT

Do you doubt me, my king?

Odysseus makes another pained face and doubles over once again.

ALEKSANDER

Ha, Bettencourt your perjury has physically harmed our King!

SIR BETTENCOURT

It's sir to you, you incestious twit.

CHORUS 1

Isn't Aleksander only the son of incest?

CHORUS 2

The coliseums have been hot with talk that Aleksander's new lover may be of his nest.

CHORUS 3

No matter. If he is great in battle, I'll never be the one to tattle.

Odysseus loudly groans.

ALEKSANDER

My king, are you alright?

ODYSSEUS (*Through gritted teeth*)

I'm fine. Leave me alone.

CHORUS 1

What is wrong with our king?

CHORUS 2

Was it that mound of mutton? Is that the thing?

CHORUS 3

He must consumed pounds upon pounds and a wing.

SIR BETTENCOURT

Yes, Aleksander. Hush, allow our king to focus.

ALEKSANDER

Focus? It must be impossible with your cowardly veneer stuck forcefully in his rear.

SIR BETTENCOURT

Nice rhyme farmboy, did your sister-wife teach you that?

ALEKSANDER

She is my cousin I'll have you know! And no she didn't.

Odysseus shits his pants.

ALL THREE CHORUS

Oh no.

SIR BETTENCOURT

Um. What was that sir?

ODYSSEUS

What was what?

SIR BETTENCOURT

Nothing, I suppose. I just thought I heard something.

ODYSSEUS

Must've been from outside. Or you're hallucinating. Could be both. I don't know. Wasn't me though.

ALEKSANDER

Sir, we should probably quiet down until nightfall.

ODYSSEUS

Yes. Great call, my wise apprentice. Hush now, both of you.

Fade until it is nearly dusk as the characters sit silently. Finally, Sir Bettencourt starts to aggressively sniff.

SIR BETTENCOURT

What in the name of all that is good and holy is that smell?!

ODYSSEUS

Hm? What smell?

ALEKSANDER

That smell is vile!

ODYSSEUS

Must be those nasty Trojans, huh? (*Pause.*) Right my fellow noblemen?

CHORUS 1

They are onto our mighty King.

CHORUS 2

They know what he has done, his bowels' scent is circling the horse in a ring.

CHORUS 3

What can we do?

CHORUS 1

Not a thing.

ALEKSANDER

My liege, I believe you have defecated. This wretched stench hangs so firmly in the air to be from outside.

SIR BETTENCOURT

You should lose every ounce of your pride.

ODYSSEUS

Okay. Maybe I did.

ALEKSANDER

Good god. For this atrocity committed inside this wooden monstrosity, I will make it certain that you and your loose bowels will face exile.

Scene.