

TROY

by

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BLACK SCREEN

1

HELEN (V.O.)

(conversational, breaking
the 4th wall)

The last time I was truly happy
was my fourteenth summer. Warm
weather, light evenings out with
the gang.

It was the summer of my first
blood. Mum had always called me El
or Chick-chick, but after she'd
shown me how to take care of it,
she said "you're a woman now,
Helen of Sparta" and I became
Helen.

INT. AN OPEN PLAN KITCHEN LIVING ROOM - DAY

2

CLYTEMNESTRA is fussing about over a stove with some pans on it. AGAMEMNON comes up behind her and puts his hands on her hips and starts kissing her neck, nuzzling and rubbing himself against her...

CLYTEMNESTRA
(fondly)
Stop, it you...

She flicks him ineffectually with a tea towel - he continues... His phone rings. He steps away from her, gets his phone out of his pocket and looks at it.

AGAMEMNON
Bloody Menelaus... I better take
this...

Answers phone

AGAMEMNON
Helas ya bas, Menelaus...

Indistinct reply
Fucks sake, cool yer jets, slow
down fellah...

Indistinct reply
(puts on stammer)
M..M..M..Menelaus, stop talkin,
take a deep breath an start again

Turns to Clytemnestra and rolls his eyes

Indistinct reply
Helen's gone? Where?

Indistinct reply
Troy? the fuck?

Indistinct reply
Is she away with him, or did he
take her off?

Indistinct reply
Where you there?

Indistinct reply
Stop, stop, stop. If you didnae
see her go, how do you...

Indistinct reply
Away an talk to the maids an the
kitchen people an the boatmen.

(MORE)

AGAMEMNON (CONT'D)

Find out what happened. Tell them to keep schtum. Then phone me back.

Indistinct reply

Yeah it matters a fuckin lot if she took off wi him or he dragged her away.

Hangs up. Clytemnestra has stopped cooking and is looking at him.

AGAMEMNON

Your fuckin sister, again, fuckin trouble, again, that one and my fuckin idiot brother, a marriage made in heaven, jeez.

Agamemnon paces about. A small girl aged about 4 comes in - it is IPHIGENIA. She comes up to Clytemnestra and hugs her leg. Clytemnestra ruffles her hair, bends down...

CLYTEMNESTRA

(whispers)

Gie Daddy a hug, sweetie

Iphigenia wanders over to where Agamemnon is pacing and reaches out to him. He pats her on the head and ignores her.

CLYTEMNESTRA

(shouting to Orestes off screen)

Orestes, come get yer sister and get yer hands washed for lunch.

Orestes comes in, sees his dad pacing and leads Iphigenia off. Clytemnestra lays the table. Agamemnon gets his phone out and punches a number in.

AGAMEMNON

Hellas ya bas, Penelope. Odysseus in?

Indistinct reply

He's to ring me pronto, better still get his arse here.

Hangs up abruptly. Glares at Clytemnestra, she looks quizzically at him. Orestes and Iphigenia come back in and sit at the table.

ORESTES

What's for lunch?

AGAMEMNON
 (snappily)
 Lunch is for lunch.

Kids sit silently. Clytemnestra starts serving the food.

CLYTEMNESTRA
 (to the kids)
 Sush, somethin's come up, Daddy's
 workin...
 (to Agamemnon)
 Eat...

Agamemnon glares at her. The phone rings.

AGAMEMNON
 Yes

Long indistinct reply
 Right, go roond every bastard who
 was there when she left an tell
 them if they speak a word of it I
 will personally gralloch them.

Long indistinct reply
 All right, I'll tell her.

Hangs up

AGAMEMNON
 (to Clytemnestra)
 He's sending Hermione over to
 stay.

CLYTEMNESTRA
 What's goin on?

Agamemnon approaches her to speak without the kids
 hearing.

AGAMEMNON
 She's fucked off wi that Trojan
 playboy.

Clytmenestra looks shocked.

CLYTEMNESTRA
 What happens now?

AGAMEMNON
 (sarcastically)
 When I get the memo, you'll the
 first to know...

Agamemnon storms out.

IPHIGENIA
 Is Hermione coming?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yes, darling, she is, sush, eat.

The kids are excited and continue to eat. Clytemnestra looks thoughtful and worried.

EXT. MYCANAE CASTLE - LATER THAT DAY

3

AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS are joined by ODYSSEUS.

ODYSSEUS

Well hello, Sengamemnon and Wo-
man-elaus, what's the fuckin co-
co-commotion? what's the big
mysterious hurry?

MENELAUS

It's Helen...

AGAMEMNON

(interrupting)

Helen's fucked off with Paris the
Trojan. We need to figure oot oor
response.

ODYSSEUS

(looking pointedly at
Menelaus)

Oor?

Menelaus looks uncomfortable, like a spare prick at a wedding, it is obvious that there will now be a conversation between Agamemnon and Odysseus and he is just an onlooker.

ODYSSEUS

Is it a threat, tae us? What is it
that we are reactin against here?
Menelaus has got the hump? you're
gonnae ride in fur the kid?

AGAMEMNON

Makes us look stupit...

ODYSSEUS

Makes him look stupit...

AGAMEMNON

Mostly, but an me too..

ODYSSEUS

If its no a threat, is it an
opportunity?

AGAMEMNON

What sort of opportunity?

ODYSSEUS

Fucked if I know, I am but 15
seconds intae this... Troy has
done somethin to us, what can we
do to Troy? Is there an angle?

MENELAUS

(incredulous)

Troy is the city of a thousand
horses, we're 10-boat island men.
What can we do to them?

ODYSSEUS

(patronisingly to
Meneleus)

If we cannae dae Troy, whose wi
them? Who can we do wit tae? If
some cunt's come the cunt, then
often some other cunt pays, eh?
Life's no fair, not when Odysseus
is here.

AGAMEMNON

The Troad is wi them, anycunt on
the Hittite roads, the plainsmen,
traders, aw the wee coastal towns.

ODYSSEUS

Finally, cookin wi gas. Anyone
gonnae congratulate me then?

AGAMEMNON

Fur wit?

ODYSSEUS

Congratulations, Odysseus, gettin
everycunt AFORE the weddin games
drunk to swear to defend the
marriage no matter who won, and
gettin everycunt AIFTER the weddin
games drunk to swear to defend the
marriage of Meneleus, now of Troy,
and the lovely Helen was a fuckin
masterstroke.

MENELEUS

How the fuck is that a
masterstroke when my wife has run
away wi one of them?

AGAMEMNON

Your wife husnae run aff, she was
abducted, and if you did what I
telt ya, you've already telt
everyone who knows different what
act-u-ally fuckin happened on pain
my fuckin killin the absolute fuck
oot of them. Ya did tell them? An
yer gonnae tell them again when
you get back, eh?

Meneleus nods.

ODYSSEUS

Tell them Odysseus licked his
knife.

Mimes licking a knife.

AGAMEMNON

Alright, its a start, what next?
Wit will that turn oot?

ODYSSEUS

I've no been to Troy, only heard
tell, an youse huvnae neither, pit
a call intae the auld yin, Nestor.

Agamemnon nods

ODYSSEUS

(totting up in his head)
35-37 ships this spring, at a
pinch, more if the Myrmidons come.
Still but a mosquito to Troy. But
if the Troad goes well, gold,
burds, some cheery killin, mebbies
70-90 next spring?

AGAMEMNON

(nodding)
Mormaers will go for that, but the
Tyrant of Athens and...

ODYSSEUS

Fuck all the Tyrants, fuck the
Mormaers, fuckin Young Teams you
want. Attic Young Teams will give
30-35 alone.

AGAMEMNON

(laughing)
Tattoo of rape on ma right hand
and pillage on ma left

MENELAUS

That would be 7 fingers...

Agamemnon and Odysseus look at him like there's a village
missing its idiot.

ODYSSEUS

Provisional muster, what, 4 weeks,
6 weeks Saturday? Where?

AGAMEMNON

6 weeks, Aulis.

ODYSSEUS AND MENELAUS

Aulis

ODYSSEUS

Provisionally on yer call to
Nestor and us workin it over for
mair nor a wee mintie.

AGAMEMNON

Pro-viz-eeey-oh-an-ally.

They leave.

INT. THE ROYAL PALACE AT TROY - DAY

4

PRIAM and HECUBA are standing with ANDROMACHE on a staircase.

ANDROMACHE

Hector is awa doon tae speak tae
Alexander. He'll no be long.

HECUBA

Must be a misunderstandin,
Alexander wouldnae nivir dae
nothin like that...

Andromache looks askance at Hecuba.

PRIAM

Wheest you both, we'll ken soon
enough, here he is...

Hector comes up the stairs.

PRIAM

Well?

HECTOR

It is her, she wanted tae come, he
didnae jist grab her. She's aye
fancied him, since the marriage
games.

PRIAM

Did he tell ya that? or...

HECTOR

I spoke to them baith, an ma man
went an talked to them as were on
the boat.

HECUBA

Telt ya it was a fuss over nothin,
fishwives all of ye. And why
checkin up on Alexander behind his
back, Hector?

ANDROMACHE

Ya ken fine why, Hecuba. Wi
Alexander it's aye the
embellishments.

Hecuba glares at her. Paris (known in Troy as Alexander)
comes up the steps.

PARIS OF TROY (ALEXANDER, SOMETIMES
SANDY)

I'm baaaack.

(pause, cheerily)

Who's deid? the long faces on
youse.

PRIAM

Where do we staun Alexander?

PARIS OF TROY

Staun? Staun wi respect to wit?

ANDROMACHE

Is it war with Sparta?

HECUBA

Sparta? Its Mycenae, ya dozy
bissum.

ANDROMACHE

(wearily)

Helen of Sparta, the sister is
Clytemnestra of Mycanae.

HECTOR

The cousin is of Ithica, Penelope,
marriet to that Odysseus

HECUBA

No, that's not right.

PARIS OF TROY

Two sisters, Helen and
Clytemnestra, out of Sparta - the
elder marriet out to Mycanae,
Agamemnon the Mormaer there. His
kid brother Meneleus marriet into
Helen and took the Mormear of
Sparta - on account of no brother.

PRIAM

(interrupting)

So? War? With Sparta and Mycanae
and maybe Ithica?

PARIS OF TROY

(shakes head
dismissively)

They're sheepshaggers dad, you
seen Sparta recently. We're Troy
for fucks sake.

(looks around and
indicates at the glamour
and glitz)

HECUBA

Alexander, language.

PARIS OF TROY

(mock contrite)

Sorry mum.

PRIAM

Start at the start - and tell us
howcome I am staunin here wi a
runawa bride, facin war with 3.

PARIS OF TROY

Well, I was at the marriage games
what, two, three year ago, I
thought I had a good shot, but she
<airquotes> picked </airquotes>
the drippy kid brother. I said to
ya at the time, the fix was in.

Pauses expectantly, nobody butts in, continues

So I am cutting about on the boat,
doin the biz, settin up the
connections to shift the shit, and
we end up at Sparta, the drip is
awa, get on fine, coupla drinks,
get chattin, blah-blah. She's no
happy, want's a do-over, can she
come to Troy wi me. Ching-ching.

ANDROMACHE

(sarcastically)

That's it, a burd oot a nightclub,
comes wi her own haircurlers an a
war party?

Hector puts his hand gently on Andromache's arm to
restrain her.

HECTOR

(silent mouthing)

Shush

PARIS OF TROY

That's the short version. Long
version, Ah'm in luv, she's in
luv, she's no happy, she wants
awa, she's awa. We're Troy, the
men of a thoosan horses, they're
sheepshagger wi a handfu uv crab
boats.

Paris shrugs.

ANDROMACHE

She has a bairn on him, where's
the bairn, is it a laddie, brought
the heir of Sparta wi ya?

PARIS OF TROY

Lassie. And no, she's back in
Sparta.

ANDROMACHE

(sarcastically)

A wumman left a lassie o wit? two,
and run awa an youse are aw "oh,
aye, sounds aboot right". C'mon
I'll feel yer lumps.

PARIS OF TROY

(making calm down
gestures with his hands)

There's mair, there's mair, an
Ah'm sure Helen'll tell you, its
her tale to tell, no mine. My tale
is Ah luv her and she's here wi
me. End of.

Pause

Right, dad, Hector, us three will
talk over this war wi 3 stuff,
fluff mair like. Mum, Andromache,
once Helen's got hersel settled
and had a kip, I'll bring her up
and youse can get to know her and
no be snipin at me. Jist cool yer
jets, the lot of you.

Paris leaves. Priam and Hecuba go one way, Andromache and
Hector another.

INT. - A TEMPLE - DAY

5

Cassandra is in a temple, looking to camera. She is dressed very flash. She talks with her whole body, hands, moving her head, leaning in and out (a bit like some sort of rap star but no so stylised).

CASSANDRA

Eldest kid see.
 A girl, in case ya hadnae noticed.
 So at any moment some ploughboy
 could up the shieling, walk awa
 frae the cattle beasts and be
 ringin ding-dong-ding-a-ling on ma
 devil's doorbell...

Points to groin with both hands.

(emphasis "eldest son")
 And where would the eldest son be
 then, eh?
 Well, ya cannae heal-up a fanny,
 so make her a priestess. Naebody
 wants tae fuck wi the God
 Hymenaeus.

Shrugs quizzically

But enough aboot me. You've met
 the rest. Hector's a good kid,
 proper solid, loves his burd, does
 the right thing, a' ya want, but
 cannae run the angles.
 Sandy, Paris ya will know him as,
 fuck knows why now, cannae mind,
 some stunt.

Looses place momentarily

Oh, yeah, Alexander, prince of
 Troy...

Bows

...known to the world and Greeks
 as Paris and those who love him,
 Sandy... cheeky chappie, handsome
 laddie, right wee trickster,
 charmin, smart and trouble on a
 fuckin stick. He can see the
 angles, but he thinks he's sooo
 clever he can outrun them.

Points to self, puts on modesty

Me? Ah'm the best of the both, but
 Ah'm stuck in here.

Long silence, holding eyes on camera.

..and if Ah wisnae, maybe this
 wudnae be shapin up such a shit
 show, ken?
 Ah mean, Ah'm no trapped-trapped,
 Ah get aboot - an Ah telt them, Ah
 telt them good.

Pats herself on head, makes a girly-girl face
 (mouths silently)

Twats, fuckin twats the pair uv
 them.

EXT. BEACH WITH ITHICA IN THE BACKGROUND - DAY

6

The two cousins PENELOPE and CLYTEMNESTRA walk on the beach arm in arm.

PENELOPE

Puir wee Helen, always in the wars. This time literally, sheesh.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Ya think it will come tae it? How?
(gestures back at Ithica)
Nivir been to Troy, but Ah've seen the postcards. We'd get humped.

PENELOPE

Odysseus has it aw worked oot. Summer raidin, year oan year, roll the snowball. Bring the Young Teams oan wi loot.

CLYTEMNESTRA

<Indicates quote>Loot</indicates quote> is the least of it, wi them mentalists.

They exchange anguished glances.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Cannae believe she's awa. No like, no like. When d'ya'reck we'll see her again?

PENELOPE

That's wit I said to him. "I can see how it builds up, but how does it end?" Nada, zip, nilch. What does Agamemnon say?

CLYTEMNESTRA

The usual.
(puffs out chest, puts on voice)
Bold men o Greece. Best fightin sort. Soft-handed city boys in silk underwear cowerin behind big walls.

They continue walking in silence for a bit. Penelope turns to Clytemnestra.

PENELOPE

Cly, how did we end up here?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Well, if I mind it right, in your case it was we were in a bus shelter at 4:30 of a summer morning, sharin the last king-size and, I quote:

(mimes drawing on a cigarette)

"Either I marry the mad wee fuck, or I end up stuck here with one of the in-breds and the highlight of ma life is gonnae been goin up the layby of a summer evenin wi a bag o tins to watch 2 dogs fuckin."

PENELOPE

(laughing)

That's such a misrepresentation by ommission. I did also add "he makes me laugh, an a touch of cray makes of him a more thrillin ride". It's not all bad, Mormaer of Ithica's wife, big hoose, good kid, pumped every Saturday morning and twice on high holidays, meat of a Sunday, come rain, come shine.

They walk a bit more.

PENELOPE

And how goes it up the Haus, Hausfrau?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Hermione's settlin in, her and Iffy, I could watch them all day, like me an Helen in a mirror.

PENELOPE

Doin the big sis/wee sis thing? Aww. See you broody again, there'll be 4 and then 5 at the table.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Not if Odysseus plan goes on, the heid-bummers'll no be back winter on winter for how long?

PENELOPE

Enough of the kids, wit about you?

CASSANDRA

Ah'm doin fine. No as cynical as you. Got ma man, ma hoose, ma kids.

PENELOPE

an Helen's.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Blood is blood.

(pause)

He's a good man, Penny. Ambitious, which is no a bad thing. Wants to make a bigger and better of Mycanae. Nobody would make a better High Steward nor my Agamemnon, maybe your Odysseus.

PENELOPE

Nah, never happen, and he knows it. The other side uv bein so sparky is bein a wee touch flaky, as well you know. They make a good team. Odysseus will aye be the consigliere and niver the capo di tutti... Agamemnon knows when to listen an when to reign him in.

CLYTEMNESTRA

Well I wish he'd listen to me an the bairns a wee bittie mair sometimes.

PENELOPE

One day hen the docs'll find a cure for Selective Male Deafness, but me an you will be long in our boxes by then.

CLYTEMNESTRA

(glumly)

Preach, cuz, preach.

They walk silently for a while.

PENELOPE

It'll become clearer aifter Aulis.

They continue walking in silence away from Ithica.

EXT. VARIOUS SETTINGS (SEE LOCATIONS) - DAY



7

Troops, young men wearing football tops, jeans and motorcycle jackets, carrying samuria swords and cut-throat razors assemble at various points - and on various boats. There are basically two scenes shot in different locations - and no dialogue, no close ups, just singing and music

EXT. SCENE 1 - CLOSES - DAY

8

A LARGE GROUP OF YOUNG MEN WALKING DOWN THE STAIRS OF A CLOSE, SHOT FROM THE BACK, THEY ARE SINGING

 Hello, hello
 We are Athena's boys
 We're up to our knees in Trojan
 blood
 Surrender or you'll die 
 (They throw their arms up
 when they sing Hello
 Hello)

EXT. SCENE 2 - FERRIES/HARBOUR SIDES - DAY

9

A LARGE GROUP OF YOUNG MEN GETTING ON SMALL FERRIES, THEY ARE SINGING AS BEFORE.

INT. THE PALACE AT MYCENAE - DAY

10

Agamemnon sits at a desk. Odysseus enters.

ODYSSEUS
 Helas, ya bas. All sorted for
 Aulis?

AGAMEMNON
 Seems to be, nae problemo.

ODYSSEUS
 What's the final muster?

AGAMEMNON
 36 ships

Odysseus does finger guns, shooting, blowing away the gun
 smoke and holstering.

ODYSSEUS
 He shoots, he scores - Odysseus on
 the fuckin money
 (pause)
 Again.
 (pause)
 Got your speech?

AGAMEMNON
 Workin on it, well about tae.

ODYSSEUS
 What's the offer?

AGAMEMNON
 (looks up)
 Spondoolicks, burds, scrappin, the
 usual...

ODYSSEUS
 Nah, pal, them's the reasons to
 come, but you need to gie them
 mair.
 (emphatically)
 What's the excuse to come?
 (pause)
 The Young Teams'll be up for aw
 that loot an shite, but what's
 their patter back hame?
 Reasons AND excuses. Reasons and
 excuses.
 Glory, at a pinch...
 (thinks)
 Gottae be honour. We pulled them
 in wi honour, the wedding games,
 the vows, gottae work that.
 (MORE)

ODYSSEUS (CONT'D)

Let the Trojans take the absolute
piss wi this, and they'll be back.
Cannae be lettin some fuckin
jockeys abduct oor lovely women.
Fragrant Helen of Sparta, could be
your burd, Menelaus's honour is my
honour, is your honour. Blah-de-
blah-de-blah. Aw that shite, lay
it on wi a trowel.

(pause)

Anyway, fuckin crack on, I'm away
to see my lovely wife's lovely
cousin to get some of her lovely
grub down ma neck.
Later, gator.

Agememnon is writing, he doesn't look up.

AGAMEMNON

(absently)

While, 'dile.

Odysseus leaves.

INT. AN OPEN PLAN KITCHEN LIVING ROOM

11

ORESTES, IPHIGENIA and HERMIONE are sitting the floor playing, CLYTEMNESTRA is watching.

Agamemnon comes in.

AGAMEMNON
 (to Clytemnestra)
 Headin aff to Aulis in a wee mo.
 Gonnae take Orestes and Iffie wi
 me. See their daddy at work, you
 just stay with Hermione, eh?

CLYTEMNESTRA
 (quizzically)
 Is that a good idea?

AGAMEMNON
 Ah dinnae spend enough time wi the
 kids, and it'll be even less
 aifter Aulis. It'll be a grand day
 out, aw the lads from airts-and-
 pairts, and singin...
 (to Orestes and
 Iphigenia)
 Come see daddy makin a big speech
 to aw the sodjers?

Orestes and Iphigenia nod enthusiastically.

AGAMEMNON
 Awa and get yer shoes oan.

The 2 children scamper away.

CLYTEMNESTRA
 Ah'm no sure, if...

AGAMEMNON
 (interrupting)
 Dinnae fash hen. Its important for
 Orestes, make a man uv him.

Agamemnon kisses her forehead. The children return.
 Agamemnon takes them by the hand.

AGAMEMNON
 Come oan Iffie. You gonnae be a
 sodjer like yer dad when you grown
 up Orestes, eh?

Agamemnon and the 2 older children leave. Clytemnestra,
 now holding Hermione, watches them go.

EXT. THE TEMPLE AT AULIS - DAY

12

Large group of young men in football tops and biking jackets carrying samurai swords and cut-throat razors waiting on the steps at Aulis. Odysseus is at the top when Agamemnon accompanied by Orestes and Iphigena arrive.

AGAMEMNON

(to Orestes)

You stay here Orestes, Ah'm gonnae
take Iffie up wi me.

ORESTES

I want to come wi you...

AGAMEMNON

Naw, you stay...

ORESTES

(insistently,
interrupting)

Why can I no come?

AGAMEMNON

Daddy needs his we sodjer Orestes
to stay with the rest of the
sodjers, like a big man? Can you
do that? You a big man? A guid
sodjer?

Orestes nods his head (a bit reluctantly). Agamemnon threads his way up the steps to the top with Iphigenia.

VIEW OF AGAMEMNON FROM BEHIND WITH THE CROWD FACING HIM DOWN THE STEPS LOOKING UP. ODYSSEUS AND MENELAUS FLANK HIM. IPHIGENIA IS TOO SMALL TO BE SEE, BUT WE CAN SEE BY HIS ARMS THAT HE IS HOLDING HER HAND WITH HIS LEFT HAND.

AGAMEMNON

When last we aw met it was a happy
time - the marriage games at
Sparta. The same games that led to
ma brother Menelaus bringin
(turns to Menelaus)
the lovely and now abducted Helen
intae oor faimly. In them days we
all swore twice an oath.

(MORE)

AGAMEMNON (CONT'D)

Wan tae respect Helen's choice
afore an wan tae defend yon sacred
marriage aifter.

Ah niver thought Ah wud huv tae
call youse oan it ever.

But these bloody Trojans, in their
fancy hooses, wi their fancy
clothes an aw the money uv the
Troad, wi everythin goin for them,
in their arrogance and pride, it
wasnae enough. They wanted mair
nor gold and horses. They wanted
Helen, they wanted oor honour,
they wanted oor humiliation. No
just Menelaus's, no just ma
faimly, but aw of youse, aw of
youse.

They'll learn no to mess wi us,
the men o Greece, and we'll huv
oor compensation frae their fancy
hooses an fancy lives. They might
be the men of 1,000 horses but we
are the men of 1,000 ships. Ah ken
Ah'm askin a lot, yer time, yer
lives even, yer sacrifices - but
this is not for me and mine but
youse and yours. A leader niver
asks of the troops of wit he'll no
dae himsel. Ah'll be the first to
sacrifice of mine an wit Ah luv
for the honour o us aw.

With a sudden movement, Agamemnon raises a bloody sword
with his right arm - he lets go with his left hand. There
is a massive groan of shock from the assembled crowd.

CLOSE UP OF ODYSSEUS'S FACE - HE IS SHOCKED

SHOT FROM THE BACK OF THE LEGS OF THE MEN FACING
AGAMEMNON UP THE STEPS OF THE TEMPLE AT AULIS. WE SEE
BLOOD RUNNING AND POOLING DOWN THE STEPS BETWEEN THEIR
FEET. WE HEAR THE CROWD OF MEN CHANTING AND SINGING...

♪♪ Hello, hello
We are Athena's boys
We're up to our knees in Trojan
blood
Surrender or you'll die ♪♪
(They throw their arms up
when they sing Hello
Hello)

INT. AN OPEN PLAN KITCHEN LIVING ROOM - DAY

13

CASSANDRA is playing with Hermione. The door opens and Orestes is ushered in by a young man in a football top, leather bikers jacket and jeans.

ORESTES IS ONLY SHOWN FROM THE WAIST UP (WE WILL LEARN LATER IN FLASHBACK THAT HE HAS PISSED HIMSELF).

Orestes looks pale and shocked, Clytemnestra stands and rushes over to him.

CLYTEMNESTRA

(anxious)

Orestes, luv, wit is it?...

EXT. THE TEMPLE AT AULIS - DAY

14

The steps are empty - there is no body of Iphigenia but only a large trail of blood and bloody footprints down the steps.

SHOT FROM BEHIND

CLYTEMNESTRA approaches the steps. She lies down and kisses a pool of blood and lies there for what seems like an eternity.

CLOSE UP FROM THE FRONT

Clytemnestra slowly pulls herself up. Her front and face are covered in blood.

CLYTEMNESTRA
(screaming angrily,
crying, shaking)
Ah'll fuckin ya, ya fuckin bastard
- Ah'll fuckin kill ya, ya fuckin
fuck.