



The Iliad:
The Trojan War Part II

CAST

Zeus *Ruler of the Gods*
Athena *Goddess of Wisdom*
Ares *God of War*
Artemis *Goddess of the Hunt*
Apollo *God of Light*
Hera *Queen of Heaven*
Diomedes *Mighty Greek Warrior*
Aeneas *Trojan Warrior, Son of Aphrodite*
Aphrodite *Goddess of Love*
Hector *Greatest Prince of Troy*
Paris *Prince of Troy*
Priam *Old King of Troy*
Helen *Captive Greek*
Andromache *Wife of Hector*
Thetis *Mother of Achilles*
Achilles *Greatest Greek Warrior*
Patroclus *Achilles' Best Friend*

Narrator: An eagle soared above the plains of Troy. Far below, it could see tiny bodies rushing at one another through the fog of war. Its eyes were the eyes of Zeus.

Zeus: This battle will never end I fear.

Narrator: Not only men fought in deadly hand-to-hand combat, but the gods as well. The war had become personal, and they fought in the midst of the men—god against god.

The eye of the eagle focused in.

Athena: How dare you, you little worm!

Artemis: *Ooof! (choking) (sounds of scuffling)*

Narrator: Amid the fray, Athena had taken Artemis' bow from her hands and was lashing her across her face with it. Aphrodite rushed in to rescue her.

Aphrodite: Take this, you cheating cow!

Narrator: The Goddess of Love swung her fist with all her might into the gut of her niece.

Athena: Ugh. You call that a punch? Don't you have something *else you* need to be doing?

Narrator: Blazing like the sun, Apollo swooped in from nowhere driving his golden chariot and waving his arms frantically.

Apollo: Artemis! Ladies! You are Goddesses of Olympus! You should not be fighting amongst the mortals!

Hera: Oh, Apollo, pull that stick out of your—

Narrator: Hera drove her spear into the spokes of Apollo's chariot wheel, and it shattered immediately. The God of Truth was thrown violently to the ground!

Artemis: Polly! Why you little tramp! Nobody picks on my brother!

Narrator: Artemis cried out and jumped onto Hera's back—taking handfuls of pampered locks between her fingers.

Hera: *(cries in pain)* Hair-pulling! Typical of a weakling!

Narrator: Artemis yanked Hera's head back fiercely and reclaimed her bow from the Queen of Heaven's hands.

Artemis: I'll show you a weakling, you old bag!

Narrator: The gods continued to struggle.

Zeus: *(sigh)* Show me the mortal realm.

Narrator: The view blurred and changed. In between the gods, now the humans could be seen—fighting just as fiercely.

Achilles still refused to re-enter the battle, and in his absence, the mighty Diomedes had gained acclaim. He alone had killed three hundred Trojan spears.

At this moment, he was working on three-hundred-and-one. He had cornered Aeneas, the Trojan son of Aphrodite—a cruel smile upon his lips.

Diomedes: Filthy Trojan! I have slit the throats of many of your countrymen. Now, I have come for yours.

Aeneas: Go home, Fool, or I shall send you to Hades.

Narrator: Diomedes cried and lunged forward. Aeneas faltered and came under the mercy of the vicious Greek. Diomedes raised his sword to hew him down.

But Aphrodite had seen her darling son at the point of death. She turned from her own Olympian battle to come to his rescue.

Aphrodite: Aeneas!

Narrator: She shot forward—between him and the cruel weapon of the Greek—reaching her beautiful arms out to grasp Aeneas and carry him away.

Gazing through the dust of battle, Diomedes blinked. Inches in front of him, he thought he saw a beautiful form appear around Aeneas—a goddess!

He paused with his sword in midair.

Diomedes: A goddess!

Narrator: And as the otherworldly arms encircled her son to carry him away, a new thought crossed Diomedes' mind.

Diomedes: Why should I fear Olympus? This is war!

Narrator: With a cry, he drove the point of his sword into the soft flesh of Aphrodite's hand.

Aphrodite: Ahhhhhhhhhhh! My hand!
(cries of pain)

Narrator: She grabbed her wound—dropping Aeneas back into the dirt.

Diomedes: (*yelling*) Goddess of Love, do not forget Greece! She has stung you!

Narrator: Aphrodite flew toward Olympus—holding her injured hand—wailing and moaning as she went.

Aphrodite: (*shrieking*) A stinking mortal! I've been wounded by a stinking mortal!

Narrator: Diomedes rushed forward to once again take the Trojan life he had coveted. But Apollo, in his goodness, saw Aeneas where his mother had abandoned him and enveloped him in a golden cloud—transporting him back behind the walls of Troy to safety.

Apollo: Go, Son of Troy. You are no match for this bloodthirsty Greek. I will send Hector his way and see how he fares against a prince.

Narrator: Meanwhile, Aphrodite had had a noisy entrance into the echoing halls of Olympus. There her cries had stirred the attention of Zeus. He turned from the eyes of his eagle.

Zeus: What is this noise, woman?

Aphrodite: (*enraged, whining*) Brother, a disgusting Greek stuck his sword into me! How dare he cause a goddess to feel pain! I want to know what you're going to do about it!

Zeus: (*laughing*) Nothing. Now you know how mortals feel. Perhaps that will teach you not to interfere in their affairs.

Aphrodite: (*hatefully*) Maybe you should mind your own business!

Zeus: (*seriously*) Look at them, Aphrodite. Dying for what they believe in: Honor, Valor, even Love. They all look to us for guidance. What guidance do we give them? We are just as petty as they are.

Aphrodite: (*angrily*) I wouldn't expect *you* to understand!

Zeus: (*sigh*) Aphrodite, leave me. Return to your battle. You have made your bed—now you must lie in it.

Hera: Ah, but, Husband, she is far better at lying in other people's.

Narrator: Hera, her face dirty and clothes torn, had appeared in the hallway—glaring at Aphrodite.

Hera: Remove yourself at once, or I will do it for you.

Aphrodite: I was just leaving.

Hera: Good.

Narrator: With a final whimper, Aphrodite was gone.

Zeus: Has there ever been a greater battle than this one? The gods even feel the pain of it. (*sigh*) What do you want?

Hera: This Greek, Diomedes, has proved himself most capable. He is fighting Hector, the Prince of Troy, as we speak.

Zeus: So? I grow weary of bloodshed. Let them kill until they have had their fill.

Hera: You're not listening. Alone Hector is no match for Diomedes, but Ares fights alongside the Trojan Prince—hacking Greeks down left and right. Our swineheaded son has chosen to side with his hussy, Aphrodite.

Zeus: So? I'm sure *your* hand has been in plenty of Greek victories.

Hera: I do not wish to give Diomedes an advantage necessarily. I just want to even the playing field. Aphrodite has been wounded. Let me cause Diomedes to see beyond his own world and behold the great God of War—and then show him the bite of my wrath.

Zeus: (*can't believe it*) Our son? You wish to do this to our son?

Hera: He is no son of ours. He is a tumor. A blight on our glorious mountain. We must cut him out. But he will not die—only taste my anger.

Zeus: (*sigh*) I know you. You will not let me rest until you have had your way. Do as you will. I wish all the gods could feel pain. Then perhaps we would not be so quick to give it to others.

Hera: A very wise decision. I go at once.

Zeus: (*to himself*) Where will it all end?

Narrator: Settling back to Earth, Hera neared where Diomedes and Hector furiously battled. Ares was there behind Hector, guiding his arm. Diomedes was soon to fail under the onslaught of the duo.

Ares: Ah, Mother. Come to see my latest kill?

Hera: (*shouting*) Son, do not be too quick to forget your brain and leave all decisions to other organs. You should not have sided with ~~that~~ hussy!

Ares: (*angrily, growling voice*) Mother, you don't know anything about war! I love to see death—Greek or Trojan it matters not.

Hera: You are no son of mine. Prepare to know my hatred.

Narrator: Waving her arms, Hera pulled back the veil of the mortal world.

Into Diomedes' view came the towering form of Ares, red skinned and clad in black, shining armor. Once again his lust for glory drove his arm, and he hurled his spear—not at Hector—but into the chest of that terrible god.

Ares let out a bellow—one that knocked every mortal from their feet and caused every Olympian to freeze in mid-strike.

Ares: (*screams*) Ahhh! Zeus shall hear of this, wench!

Narrator: Shooting straight up into the air, Ares cursed his mother, and Hector was left alone.

Ares: (*screaming*) FATHER! FATHER!

Zeus: (*exasperated*) What is it now?

Ares: Hera has allowed a mortal to wound me—ME—the God of War!

Zeus: Ares, please, don't take yourself so seriously.

Ares: Father, I have put up with this as long as I can. She is *your* wife. You must

control her. If you do not have the backbone to stand up to her—then you are not fit to sit on that throne!

Zeus: (*yelling*) Silence, insolent pup! Don't forget who wields the mighty thunderbolt! It was my generation that defeated the Titans, not your sniveling rabble.

Narrator: Zeus rose from his throne—his figure growing, filling the room. Ares shrunk back in fear.

Zeus: I rule the universe! I have given you a home! I have given you power! I have given you life! Yet I hear nothing but complaints day after day! I am sick of it! Enough!

Narrator: He cupped his hands into a divine megaphone.

Zeus: (*shouting*) Olympians, return immediately or face my wrath!

Narrator: On the battlefield below, every god and goddess stopped in their tracks. They had heard the cry of Zeus. He meant business.

Zeus: There will be a meeting at once!

Narrator: In the blink of an eye, every immortal was in the great hall—nervously tapping their fingers and avoiding eye contact. Only Hera seemed unbothered by Zeus' seething anger and strolled among the others like a lioness.

Zeus: (*yelling*) This nonsense will stop! My sisters! My brothers! My sons! My daughters! Fighting! Like common men amongst ourselves! We are gods! We should start acting like it! We do not let petty jealousy divide us! From this moment on, I shall direct this war. No one else.

Hera: She started it!

Narrator: Hera pointed an accusing finger at Aphrodite.

Zeus: And *I* am going to end it!

Hera: I hardly think that's fair!

Zeus: Silence, Woman, or you will feel more than sharp words.

Narrator: Hera scowled—but stayed silent. Zeus stalked angrily between them.

Zeus: No one is to leave the halls of Olympus. Greece and Troy are dead to you. Your glory is no longer theirs. Your interference is done.

(*calming down*) Now, I have *said my piece*. You may go.

Narrator: Sulking—the gods and goddesses milled out of the great hall. Zeus slunk down into his throne, sighed, and covered his head with his hand.

He heard soft footsteps approaching him. He groaned.

Zeus: (*half-groaning*) Yes? What is it now?

Thetis: Zeus!

Narrator: He slowly looked up. It was Thetis, the immortal mother of Achilles.

Zeus: Yes, Thetis. What is it?

Thetis: Surely you have not forgotten your promise. The Greeks haven't failed yet. I have seen the future. My son will soon re-enter the battle, if you do not intervene.

Zeus: I have removed all interferences. No god or goddess will give their support to either side.

Thetis: Here on Olympus maybe. But what about mighty Poseidon? Who will watch him? How do you know that he will not slink out of the sea and aide the Greeks?

Zeus: Do not try to turn me against my brother. I have agreed to help you, and I will. I will give my support to the Trojans—but only slightly. I will not determine the course of this war. It is for men to decide.

Thetis: That is all that I ask. Thank you, Zeus.

Zeus: (*sigh*)

Narrator: With the support of Zeus and the removal of the Olympians, the tide turned in favor of the Trojans. They drove the Greeks back to their ships. Victory was almost at hand.

In his tent, Achilles heard the fight raging just over the top of the hill. He felt soft footsteps in the gloom behind him.

Achilles: I see that you have been busy, Mother.

Thetis: Yes, there isn't anything I wouldn't do to save my darling boy.

Achilles: Like slaughter a thousand Greeks.

Thetis: Achilles! I only do this because I love you.

Achilles: Uh-huh.

Thetis: Now, stay here with your men. I will warn you when the fighting is closer. Then, you and your Myrmidons can board your ships and return home.

Achilles: Yes, Mother.

Narrator: He felt a rustle of wind, and Thetis was gone.

Running footsteps beat their way up to the flap of the tent. His dearest friend, Patroclus burst inside—out of breath.

Patroclus: Achilles, the Trojans have nearly topped the hill! Our armies our doomed!

Achilles: This is not our fight, Patroclus.

Patroclus: You have to do something! Your armor sits on the beach. It will soon rust. It cries out for you to use it once again! Help them!

Achilles: I will not fight for Agamemnon!

Patroclus: Odysseus says that he has agreed to give Briseis back to you—and—and gold—if you'll only fight!

Achilles: The girl? This isn't about a girl. And gold? He could offer me all the gold in Egypt. I would die before I helped him.

Patroclus: (*somberly*) Then we really are doomed.

Achilles: Not *we*, Patroclus—*them*.

Patroclus: No. We are all Greeks. I, for one, will not sit by and let my brothers be slaughtered.

Achilles: Then you are sentimental and weak. I have no use for you.

Patroclus: So be it!

Narrator: Achilles started to say something further—apologize—but did not. Patroclus left the tent with a burning anger flaring in his chest.

Patroclus: Who needs him? I will lead the Myrmidons!

Narrator: He took Achilles' armor where it lay on the beach and put it on himself. Only Achilles could command his men, so he would be the man that Achilles no longer was.

When he topped the hill, in the guise of Achilles, the Myrmidons rose from where they had been sitting for days and cheered.

Patroclus: (*shouting*) Men! It is time to fight! Let us see Troy in ruins!

Narrator: Thinking that their leader had finally come to his senses, the men grabbed their weapons and charged after him. Achilles was back! The Greeks were sure to conquer now!

When Hector—fighting among the dunes—saw the armor of Achilles top the hill, his heart sank.

The shining backs of the Myrmidons began to plow through the Trojan ranks.

Zeus viewed this all from above.

Hera: (*soothingly*) Husband...

Narrator: He turned. Hera was there. She was dressed in a radiant gown—the same gown in which she had appeared to Paris. Zeus' heart leapt. Somewhere deep down he remembered why he had chosen her as his bride.

Hera: Husband, worrying has become your hobby, has it not?

Zeus: Yes, it has. No thanks to you and your posse.

Hera: (*cutely*) I know, I know, Darling. That's why I've come. I've come to apologize—for my behavior.

Zeus: Apologize? That is a bit odd for you.

Hera: But definitely deserved. I was a fool. I let my jealousy get the best of me.

Zeus: And your blasted temper!

Hera: Oh, yes, a terrible temper. How do you ever put up with me? (*seductively*) Come here, Husband, let me rub your shoulders.

Zeus: Well, that would be nice.

Hera: Greeks—Trojans—forget about them—I have—just relax—

Narrator: She began to hum softly—
weaving her spell.

Hera: Sleep, Zeus—sleep—forget the world—forget Troy.

Zeus: Well—I—certainly—am—feeling—a bit—sleepy— (*snoring*)

Hera: (*hatefully*) Dumb oaf.

Narrator: She left his side and ran quickly through the deserted halls of Olympus.

Reaching the east edge of the palace, she leaned over, looking down to the ocean far below.

Hera: (*yelling*) Brother Poseidon! I have put the great Zeus to sleep! I have worked my spell! Now, let's make these Trojans suffer!

Narrator: Poseidon heard her cry and from beneath the sea his mighty hands surged forth.

The Greeks felt his power move through them. Not only had the fearsome Achilles returned, but now, the gods once again

avored them. The Trojans troops were driven back even further.

Patroclus, as Achilles, pushed forward, cutting Trojan heads from Trojan bodies. Many fled before him, but one stood his ground—the brave Hector.

The Prince of Troy loomed through the clouds of dust and came face to face with whom he presumed to be his mortal foe.

Hector: At last, Achilles, we two meet. It is here that this war will be decided—with our blood.

Patroclus: Correction—your blood!

Narrator: Patroclus let out a war cry and rushed forward. Wearing Achilles' armor had perhaps given him too much confidence. It was a clumsy attack, and Patroclus exposed his weakness.

Hector sidestepped Patroclus effortlessly and brought his spear up beneath the golden shield. The Greek boy felt the Trojan's spear enter his stomach. The force of his run drove it in deeper.

Patroclus: (*gasping, and choking*) You—have—killed me.

Narrator: Hector looked sadly into the helmed face of his opponent.

Patroclus: He—will avenge me—

Narrator: What did he mean?

Hector removed Patroclus' helmet and gasped. This was an imposter. The spirit of the young Greek slipped from his body and sank into the Underworld.

Slumbering loudly on his throne, Zeus had missed this fateful battle.

Aphrodite, who had been furiously pacing about the palace, suddenly appeared in the doorway of the great hall.

Aphrodite: (*screaming*) Zeus! What are you doing?

Zeus: (*waking up*) Huh, what?

Aphrodite: Sleeping? The fate of the known world is at stake, and you're sleeping?

Zeus: Sleeping? But I— (*roaring*) HEEEEERA!

Narrator: Below on the battlefield, Hector had removed the armor of Achilles from Patroclus. This was his prize now. Its master would soon be there to claim it.

Until then, Hector would wear it. He fell back to where his men had retreated—below the walls of Troy.

In camp, Achilles learned of what had befallen his friend. Blinded by tears of anger, he jumped into his chariot—sword in hand—and whipped the horses into a frenzy. He was out for blood! He would kill the man who had killed Patroclus!

Achilles: (*screaming*) Hector! Hector!

Narrator: Achilles tore down the plains toward Troy. The land was blur beside him as he sped, but in the smeared flashes of color, he saw his mother flying alongside him.

Thetis: (*frantically*) Achilles! No! All that I have worked for! Don't risk your life for this man!

Achilles: (*crazy*) He has killed Patroclus, Mother! I will kill him and everyone he loves!

Thetis: Son! He may kill you!

Achilles: I will not die. It will be his flesh that the birds will feast on.

Thetis: (*crying*) Son, you have no armor! Please, this is madness.

Achilles: I will fight him with my fists if I have to, Mother. (*screaming*) Hector!

Thetis: (*frantically*) There! In your chariot, I had hoped not to use it. I had Hephaestus make you mighty armor in the forge! It will protect you! Please, promise you will take it!

Achilles: I don't need magic to protect me! I'm not a weakling! I am Achilles! (*screaming*) Hector!

Thetis: (*softly*) Please, Son, for your mother—

Achilles: (*quietly*) I will, Mother, but your meddling is done. My fate is my fate. Whatever will be, will be.

Thetis: But, Achilles—

Achilles: Goodbye, Mother. (*yelling*) Hector! Hector!

Narrator: His chariot was now in sight of the Trojan walls. Hector stood inside Troy's open gates watching the trail of dust make its way across the plain—his face grim.

Hector: This man will be the death of me.

Narrator: His beautiful wife, Andromache, came to stand with him one last time. In her arms, she held their infant son, Astyanax.

Andromache: (*crying*) Be careful, my husband. I have heard stories of this Greek's—brutality.

Hector: (*soothingly*) Hush now.

Andromache: What will I do? What will our son do if you should die?

Hector: Troy will always live on—no matter what happens to me. He is our future. Astyanax, did you hear that? You are our future.

Narrator: He took his child and kissed its head. Then he took his wife and kissed her one final time.

Hector: Now, I must go. Troy will not fall this day.

Andromache: (*crying*) See that *you* do not.

Achilles: (*bellowing*) HECTOR! HECTOR!

Narrator: Without looking back, Hector stepped through the gates of Troy. They closed behind him as Achilles' chariot skidded to a stop yards before him.

In the distance, large groups of Greeks could be seen making their way toward the city. They were coming to see the fight.

Achilles jumped quickly out of the chariot and started to buckle on his shining armor.

Achilles: (*violently*) Hector! You and I! No one else. You have killed my friend. Now, I return the favor!

Hector: I only did what I had to do. You would have done no less.

Achilles: Do not speak to me, you piece of filth!

Hector: I will fight you, but I ask one thing—

Achilles: Do not ask me for anything! I give murderers no favors!

Hector: Are you not an honorable man? If I die in this battle, give my body back to my family, so that I may have a godly burial.

Achilles: You deserve nothing! What do you know of honor? Whose armor do you wear now, you vomiting dog?

Hector: Yours—but I see that you have gotten a fine replacement—from the gods no doubt.

Achilles: Enough! I will cut your body to pieces, and it shall lie in the sun until the birds pick it clean.

Hector: So be it.

Narrator: The two faced off under the heat of the blazing Trojan sun.

Achilles began to dance—crouching and springing. Hector stood his ground—strong and regal—worthy of a Trojan prince. They started to circle one another.

From the walls, Paris watched with shame.

Paris: This is all because of me.

Helen: No—me.

Achilles: Time to die, Trojan.

Narrator: Achilles darted forward—spinning as he came. His sword sang as it cut the air.

(*CLANG*)

Hector blocked the blow, but it had been close.

Hector: (*sarcastically*) Perhaps *I* would be a better warrior if *I* had the powers of the Styx protecting *me*.

Achilles: Perhaps I will use your guts as a sash.

Narrator: Achilles charged again, but this time, Hector brought up his spear. Achilles faltered for a moment, but changed direction and gripped the spear—taking it with him.

Hector: (*grunt*) Not to worry. I have other ways of defending myself.

Narrator: Hector pulled out his sword. He steadied himself—waiting for the next advance.

Achilles: Skewered by his own spear—how fitting!

Narrator: Achilles pummeled forward once again—sword and spear in hand. Hector blocked the sword with his shield, but the spear—the spear Achilles drove deep within the soft flesh at his neck.

Hector: (*cries out*) (*choking*)

Andromache: Noooooo!

Narrator: Hector fell on the battlefield. The world stood still for a moment.

Achilles knelt over the body and pushed the spear in deeper for good measure. A black pool of blood started to spread out over the sands. Wailing was heard from the walls of Troy.

Paris: Hector! I must save him—

Andromache: (*weeping*) Too late. You had your chance!

Paris: I—I—Hector.

Andromache: Don't say his name. You are not worthy enough to speak it. He has died for your stupidity. Now, leave him be.

Achilles: Trojans! See what I have done to your dishonorable prince! Who is next? I will kill you all for the grief that you have given me.

Narrator: From his high viewpoint, Priam clutched his chest. His most beloved son now lay in the dirt.

Priam: (*weeping*) My son—gods above—give me back my son.

Narrator: But Hector was gone.

In his madness, Achilles rolled the corpse over and spat in its face. He took his sword and drove it through the dead man's feet. Through these holes he fed leather thongs, and he lashed them to his chariot.

Achilles: Now see how the Greeks honor fools!

Narrator: He spurred his horse forward. The chariot rocked into motion—the body of Hector being dragged behind. Achilles started to scream.

Achilles: (*screaming*) Fear me, Trojans, the mighty Achilles! See your dead Hector! See how his skin rips from his body! How low is your precious prince now?

Narrator: Around the walls of Troy, he tore. Andromache turned away in grief—Paris could not look away. Priam buried his head in his hands.

Achilles: Watch the worms infest him! The dogs eat his organs! You will see him rot before you! Troy! Troy! Time to smell the stench of your leader!

Narrator: On Olympus, Zeus watched with disapproval. The champion of his favorite city was being dragged through the dirt like a dead animal.

Zeus: (*booming*) Thetis! Thetis!

Narrator: Thetis appeared in a shimmering wave of color.

Thetis: (*innocently*) Yes, Zeus?

Zeus: Your son—is shaming Greece.

Thetis: (*groveling*) Oh, Zeus, please. I told him not to go. He won't listen.

Zeus: You must make him listen, or he will anger me.

Thetis: Yes, Zeus.

Zeus: Destroying the body of the Trojan Prince is shameful. He must give it back to the father or face the consequences.

Thetis: But, Zeus, he's so hard-headed. He never listens.

Zeus: You will make him listen, or he shall be destroyed.

Thetis: I will.

Narrator: The sun began to set on the grisly scene. Achilles had pulled the body until it was almost unrecognizable—round and round the city—and finally, he had stopped.

With one final battle cry, he turned his back on the Trojan walls and headed back to his camp—the body kicking up dust behind him.

That night, Zeus sent Iris to the old king Priam. She informed him that he must claim the body of his dead son. Zeus would ensure that no harm would come to him.

Priam: Honor will once again come to my household.

Narrator: Iris whisked Priam off to the Greek camp.

As a younger man, his anger would have cried out for the death of this Greek warrior, but he was tired of death. He only wanted his son.

In the blackness of night, he slipped into Achilles' tent.

Achilles: Who's there?

Priam: An old man—an old father.

Achilles: You! How did you get here?

Priam: Please, do not sound an alarm. I come in peace.

Achilles: No one could sneak in here.

Priam: The gods have sent me. No man deserves the punishment you have dealt my son.

Achilles: You do not know what your son has done.

Priam: Yes, he has killed many. But, tell me, Achilles, how many have you killed?

Achilles: It's not the same!

Priam: How many friends? How many husbands? How many sons?

Achilles: (*weakly*) I will not hear this! I will call the guards!

Priam: No, you will not, because surely you remember *your* old father, and you know how he would feel if he were to lose you as I have lost my son.

Achilles: No.

Priam: As I held Hector, he held you in his arms on the day of your birth. Sons are precious things. *My* son is a precious thing. Please, let me take him and bury him. Give him one last shred of honor. You have proven your point.

Narrator: Achilles was silent for a moment.

Achilles: I will.

Narrator: He took the old man by the hand.

Achilles: Had we met under different circumstances, we might have been friends.

Priam: Yes, but they are as they are.

Achilles: Tomorrow, I am your enemy once again, but tonight, I give you leave.

Priam: Thank you—my son.

Narrator: Priam was gone. Achilles sat silently in his tent. He began to weep. He did not know why. For Patroclus? For Hector? For himself?

Much later when he entered the cool night air, he could see a fire burning far away.

It was the funeral pyre of Hector—burning on the walls of Troy. Its greatest prince was fading away—his death preceding the death of his great city.

Achilles: Goodbye, Hector.

I don't like war any more than the next man, but I was made to destroy. Perhaps you are the lucky one to be taken from all this sorrow.

We shall see each other again soon, I think—but not in this world.

And years from now, people will remember us—in stories, in song. My sons and your sons will grow up together saying, "Tell us of the great city of Troy."

Our glory will never truly be dead. It was built too big for this world, and it will continue on after this one has fallen. Our names will live not but for a time—but for an eternity.