

It's hardly worth bothering. (*Turns the television on*)

SOUND F.91

I mean look at this. Barbarian nursery rhymes,

(A) turns on tv

LX 12

cooking shows, bowling, endless foreign soap  
operas with tinny music and shiny polyester  
costumes. It's maddening. *I have no idea*

SOUND F.92

*what's going on.* You go looking for something

 1<sup>ST</sup> click

LX 14

with *relevance*, a larger sense of what is happening  
and the best you can do is the Weather Channel,

SOUND F.93

which...It's the only network with anything

 2<sup>ND</sup> click

LX 15

like *global concern* and yet...Look at it! Record

highs, record lows. Spiral clouds of color graphics  
that spin bumpily toward a coast and stop, spin and

SOUND F.94

stop...and there they are, there they always are...those

 3<sup>RD</sup> click

LX 16

amiable people in sports jackets standing in front

of a livid map of some place you can't...quite...make...

out...and yes, they're gesturing with their pointers and

they're presumably talking about some sort of *front*, cold

 4<sup>TH</sup> click

SOUND F.95

LX 18

or hot, wet or dry or (*She screams in frustration*)

IS THIS THE NEWS? THIS IS ALLSO UNHELPFUL!

SOUND F.96

(*She bangs the top of the set with the flyswatter.*)

 5<sup>TH</sup> click

LX 20

There's a war going on, people, right underneath those

cumulus clouds! Could we maybe get a graphic of *that*?

SOUND F.97

 6<sup>TH</sup> click

LX 22

A little actual *journalism*? How about a couple of reporters in

Safari gear standing at the front AND TELLING US

SOMETHING? ANYTHING! IS THAT SO MUCH TO ASK?

 7<sup>TH</sup> click

SOUND F.98

LX 24

(*She changes the channel.*) MORE MAKE-UP TIPS.

WHO WATCHES THIS SHT?

(L) ENT - BELL RING

SOUND G.1

(*The SERVANT enters.*)

NO, I DON'T WANT A FACIAL. NO, I DON'T WANT

ANOTHER MANICURE.MY FINGERTIPS ACHE

AND THEY'RE TOO SHINY.

 (A) lowers tv volume

SOUND G.15

**SERVANT.** Cow to see you, Madam.

**HELEN.** A what?

**SERVANT.** A cow. Anxious for an interview.

(*HELEN lifts an eyebrow.*)

She's Greek.

**HELEN.** Send her up.

SOUND G.2

**HELEN.** No. But I thought perhaps today... *(The Servant shakes her head, then gestures toward the rack a la Vanna White)* I can't decide you pick.

*(The Servant performs a little drama of deliberation, then yanks one of the dresses off the rack and begins to put in on Helen.)*

Well, she was intelligent. For a cow. If uninformative. I mean here she's traveled the entirety of the known world and she has absolutely bupkus to say about the biggest war that's ever taken place. Ever.

(Poem ON)

SOUND J.3

LX 53

Two mighty armies poised in deadlock on the bitter stones of Ilium. They hold between them the pride of the world and their clangor will wake the woe of the ages.

(Poem OFF)

SOUND J.4

LX 54

Does that ring a bell?

**SERVANT.** (Shrugging cryptically)  
Greek poetry.

**HELEN.** *(Noticing the dress, she's wearing for the first time)*  
Oh, why did you pick this one? I hate this one! *(The Servant rolls her eyes)* Do my hair.

(A) sits at vanity

LX 54.5

*(The Servant begins to arrange an elaborate coiffure.)*

You're sure there was nothing?

**SERVANT.** I was just at the front desk. There's nothing for you. Nothing at all.

**HELEN.** Tell me a story.

*(The Servant pauses. Takes a deep breath.)*

TURN PAGE FAST

NEXT:

Story Lights ON

LX 55

Him and weeping for the love of her. I think he did love me.  
 And perhaps I loved him. I try to remember sometimes.  
 But it was so long ago. What he must think of me now...  
 I can only imagine.

(E) ENT

SOUND Z.1

LX 96

*The door to the hallway slowly opens and Menelaus, in the wet remnants of a World War I army uniform, slides unconscious to the floor. It is as if he had fallen asleep in the act of knocking.*



(E) falls on pile

SOUND Z.2

LX 98

Well, what do you know.

*(She goes to where he lies and reaches out to touch him, but he scares her off by plunging suddenly into a nightmare.)*

**MENELAUS.** (Still unconscious) Heads down, boys! Heads down!  
 She's coming in, she's...Oh, God...Where's my whistle? Where's my...?

*(He braces, curling himself into a ball in anticipation of a bomb. It "hits" but he is unharmed and he relaxes a bit. Helen touches his face gently.)*

SOUND Z.25

LX 102

**HELEN.** Ah, but the happy gods did not forget you after all, long-suffering warrior. Even she, the iron goddess, pitied you and waved the darting arrow from your heart as a mother waves a fly away from her dearly sleeping child.

SOUND Z.27

LX 102.5

*(Menelaus's eyes snap open, and though he doesn't see Helen, he sees the room. He is disturbed.)*

**MENELAUS.** This isn't my suite.

**HELEN.** Isn't it?

**MENELAUS.** I must be on the wrong floor. *(Pause)* Literally.

*(As he begins to get up, he sees Helen for the first time, he is shocked. He attempts to cover.)*

I'm sorry.

*(He scrambles to get up and pull himself together, utterly disoriented.)*

**HELEN.** It's all right. It's confusing.

**MENELAUS.** I was shipwrecked. I haven't had much sleep.

you love her? *(he nods. Pause. He shakes his head. Pause. He nods.)* I see.

**MENELAUS.** I should go.

**HELEN.** Yes.

(E) EXT

SOUND Z.6

*(Menelaus exits.)*

*(Silence. Helen is disoriented and devastated. She speaks quietly, with bitter clarity.)*



(RIGHT AFTER)

LX 105

I shall die having accomplished nothing.  
I saw nothing. I heard nothing.  
My single achievement: I did nothing wrong.  
I was saved from that.  
I made no mistakes. I was perfect.

(L) EXT

SOUND Z.7

*(The Servant enters.)*

**SERVANT.** Time for bed.

**HELEN.** Yes

*(The Servant begins undoing Helen's elaborate coiffure, brushing out her hair.)*



(A) sits at vanity

LX 105.5

Tell me a story.

SOUND Z.8

**SERVANT.** Once upon a time there was a woman. She was loved, if you can call it that, or at any rate considered so extraordinary that thousands of copies are made of her, every one of them more perfect than the last. Not knowing themselves that each is a copy.

LX 106