

# PORT·REGIS

## The Belly of the Beast A play by Rafe B, E Form

*The scene opens with father and son crouching by a fire. The light flickers across their faces*

Alexander: Father please, please I beg you tell me the story again!

*Thyros squeezes Alexander's small hand in his and chuckles*

Thyros: This is the last time Alexander! (He looks up to the night sky and pauses) As they shut the belly flap the darkness wrapped around me like a cloak. My eyes tried desperately to adjust but the impenetrable black was too thick and all the voices in my head screamed out in fear. A putrid smell of bodies and nerves crept up my nose making me almost wretch. We waited. Waited.

*Alexander wriggles closer to his father, a look of excitement mixed with fear fills his fragile face. Lights on stage darken*

Thyros: Suddenly my head slammed backwards as our dark prison lurched forward. The Trojans had fallen deep down into our sly trap and as I heard the gates of Troy groan open a miniscule trickle of happiness slithered through my body.

*Alexander's rapid breath eases and he lets go of his father's hand*

Thyros: When we shuddered to a halt, we heard the roar of the Trojans celebrating victory and foolishly thanking Aphrodite, Ares and Artemis for their help. Occasionally they thumped the sturdy side of the horse, perhaps to reassure themselves that the war was really over.

Continued...

As we sat in our tomb it felt as if the darkness had whipped away our identities. And the doubts inside all our heads grew.

Alexander: Did you think your Greeks might have left you? Did you think they might not come back and fight with you?

Thyros: We should always question things Alexander. But after ten years they were my family just like you! As the racket beneath us gradually settled, I felt in the darkness for my weapons and I pictured you Alexander (He holds Alexander's face in his hands). I knew I would fight to the death to return to you.

*Alexander stiffens and looks extremely anxious*

Thyros: Arius opened the hatch in the body of the beast and we plummeted down like a colony of black ants. Silence. 'Somebody light a torch' murmured Polydectes whilst Arius stuffed an extra knife into his overflowing pockets. As we raced to the city gates violence erupted. Heaving open the ornate gates I silently thanked Hera for keeping me alive this far. Shocked enemy faces rammed into us. The bells of the city shrieked and cried calling all Trojans to come out and kill.

Alexander: Tell me again about leaving Troy.

Thyros: Blood was streaming from every sword and cries of pain vibrated off every wall. War is not made better when you win Alexander. It is still raw and cruel and wrong no matter which side you are on. Yet after ten long years I would have killed a thousand men just to see your face and even to tell you this story over and over again! As I walked to my waiting ship I felt like an ancient prisoner being released and letting the sun fall on my face. And we sailed home to you Alexander. What a price we all paid for Helen.

*Lights fade*