

## **“Where Is This Great Myth, Man?” (Nicodice)** **Monologue from the play *No More Trojan Wennen* by Justy DeForest**

*NOTE: Trailblazing English (TE) is used in this monologue. Actors agree not to substitute Conventional English words for TE terms as a condition for using this monologue, as stated on the “Permission to Perform My Work” page of the author’s website (<https://stagepagan.com/permission-to-perform-my-work/>).*

**Character:** Nicodice, an idealistic young wenn of mixed Trojan and Greek heritage, who has become a practiced spear maiden in order to protect the remaining Trojan Wennen from the Greeks.

**Setting:** Before the ruined palace of Ancient Troy

**Background:** After NICODICE kills Bulamachos, a Greek soldier, with her spear while rescuing HAFIYE at the Scamander, the two wenns return to Troy where they find AGAMEMNON speaking with HECUBA. HAFIYE praises NICODICE’s prowess, but NICODICE takes no pride in her victory.

### **NICODICE**

Where is this great myth, Man, the poets sang of?  
I saw only a mortal like myself. — a yielding corpse, at that!  
They talk as if ichor fills their veins, as if boulders form their loins.  
Not so!  
But I assure you, Agamemnon, it was as *civilized* a death  
as any Greek could offer when bold bronze pierces tender flesh.

Excuse my lack of decorum. —  
I did not bring back his helmet.  
I would not rob the dead...except of life.  
I scored no victory in murder.  
Oh, I know that’s not what it’s called in war!  
I am the ‘Avenger’ of Danisma<sup>1</sup>!  
the ‘Protector’ of Hafiye! —  
I am a ‘Hero’!  
Don’t you see those accolades are meaningless!  
A humin being lies dead outside the walls of this city right now  
because of me! —  
Whatever he was...whatever he did...whatever he deserved!  
I thrust my spear to defend, not to destroy. —  
Yet in defending, I destroyed.  
So, Agamemnon, you can call me whatever you like!

*(NICODICE looks at her spear's head, then holds up the bloody weapon.)*

But I have brought back something!  
See how it adorns the blade. — That ruby glow!  
It flowed forth when I coaxed the spear from his gut.  
You recognize this, Commander — the “Rouge of War,”  
such as men take pride to smear upon their cheek!

*(NICODICE smears blood on her cheek.)*

How pale next to this is a lady's paint!

*(NICODICE looks to HECUBA.)*

It's alright. — The proper embellishment!  
The time of the sage has passed;  
This is the season of the soldier!

*(NICODICE throws the spear at AGAMEMNON'S feet and walks up the palace steps. Reaching the top, she turns back to AGAMEMNON.)*

You were right, Agamemnon, in one thing only...  
*(with self-loathing)* I am a Greek.

1. *A dear friend of Queen Hecuba who took her own life earlier that day after being violated by the Greek soldier, Bulamachos, while retrieving water at the Scamander for her sick granddaughter.*

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Contact the author at [StagePagan@gmail.com](mailto:StagePagan@gmail.com).

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