

## **“No More Trojan Wennen” (Hecuba)**

### **Monologue from the play *No More Trojan Wennen* by Justy Fairfield**

*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:** Hecuba, Queen of Troy

**Setting:** On the steps of the ruined palace in Ancient Troy

**Background:** *After Troy is defeated in a decade-long war, the Trojan Wennen suffer greatly at the hands of the Greeks. Hecuba now addresses the remaining Trojan Wennen, rallying them to fight one last battle rather than to resign themselves to a future of bondage in Greece.*

### **HECUBA**

We had a language; we had a nation.  
Our laws were not as theirs, yet they governed us well.  
Our customs were not their customs,  
but to sing our songs and dance our dances made us feel at home.  
Now what is left?  
Our sons and spouses, they have slaughtered...our brothers.  
Our sisters, our daughters, they have dragged away.  
Mothers weep,  
and old men, with their frail hearts or minds or voices,  
cry out from their beds at night, ‘Oh, if only I had been young!’  
Old men love to believe they could have made a difference.  
And what is left?

Today I bade ‘good-bye’ to my great friend.  
Beside her, on the pyre, I placed the body of my grandchild.  
And as I touched the torch to the kindling,  
I thought I heard some say,  
‘There is the flame that consumes Troy’s future.’  
Well, to them, I answer, *(Indicating herself)*  
‘Here is the flame that sustains Troy’s present!’

Oh, let them not say Troy stands no more,  
for I am Troy! And you, my people, you are Troy!  
No more, Trojan Wennen, shall we think of crumbling walls;  
No more on lifeless buildings set to flame;  
No more on robes of silk or tiled halls;  
No more on gold or pearl, porcelain or ivory,  
on bowl, or vase, or scroll.  
Think no more on any *thing*, for it is no more than thing.  
Forget each sentimental gift you gave, or that there was  
once a time that had leisure for sentiment.  
And think no more on the cries of the deceased,  
for their cries have ceased everywhere except in our memory.  
No more, Trojan Wennen, shall we mourn.  
No more, Valiant Wennen, shall we beat our breasts  
in sad lament, and yet we shall be heard!

Oh, let them not say there is no Troy,  
for we shall shout until it resounds  
upon the very shores of Greece itself:  
Troy stands until there be No More Trojan Wennen!

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