

HIPPOLYTUS: MARK II

By Elizabeth Shaw '07

Dramatis Personae

Hippolytus - a chaste young prince (Lauren Zimmerman '07)
Phaedra - his lust-stricken stepmother (Katie Baratz HC '07)
Theseus - his aging father (Elizabeth Shaw '07)
Artemis - his favorite goddess (Elizabeth Deacon '07)
Cypris -

Theoclines (Catharine Judson '10) Theophilos (Elizabeth Deacon '07)
Eros (Betsy Spear & Diane Amoroso-O'Connor)

Musical Numbers

1. Cypris: Whatever Lola Wants (Damn Yankees)
2. Chorus: Belle (Beauty and the Beast)
3. Hippolytus: Belle (Reprise) (Beauty and the Beast)
4. Hippolytus: I Cain't Say No (Oklahoma)
5. Chorus: Oh What a Beautiful Morning (Oklahoma)
6. Chorus: Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be (Trad.)
7. Phaedra: Heat Wave (Martha and the Vandellas)
8. Hippolytus: Shadow Waltz (42nd Street)
9. Artemis: With Me It's All Or Nothing (Oklahoma)
10. Cypris, Phaedra, Hippolytus: 'Something There' (Beauty and the Beast)
11. Phaedra: Embraceable You (Crazy for You)
12. All: There's No Business Like Show Business (any version)

Set notes: those two pillars right and left of the stairs should have placards reading, respectively, 'Cypris' and 'Artemis'.

PROLOGUE: O noble crowd, mesdames and sirs,
friends of the Muse, ye c

C3: Ev'ry day it's just the same
Since the day that we all came
From Athenian lands exiled-

C4: (*spoken*) We like to hunt-

C5: But not that much.

CHORUS: (*sing*)

We really think that boy is strange, no question

All that he does is hunt and ride

He acts like he wants to hurl

Every time he sees a girl

But claims Artemis is always at his side.

C1: I've got

To say

The kid is crazy

HIPPOLYTUS enters STAGE RIGHT, approaching the Chorus slowly

C2: Shut up! You fool! He'll overhear!

C1: What do you mean?

C2: He's right behind you!

CHORUS: Oops, we didn't see you standing there!

END SONG

HIPPOLYTUS: (*speaking*) Hey, fellas.

CHORUS: Hi, Hippolytus.

C1: How was your pre-dinner hunt?

HIPPOLYTUS: Better than mid-morning, but worse than
post-lunch. But I *did* get to visit the inviolate meadows of the
Huntress, where only the chaste may tread!

C2: How lovely.

HIPPOLYTUS: Oh, it sure was. In fact, I've got some
garlands from there right here, so if you'll excuse me-

(he kneels at the pedestal of Artemis and places the garlands on it.)

SONG: *BELLE (REPRISE)*

Oh Artemis I think you're really awesome

My favorite of the gods, it's true

So I hope that it's okay

That I brought you this bouquet

To express my burning but pure love

CHORUS: Yes, his stomach-turningly pure love

HIPPOLYTUS: Yes my all consuming-ly pure love for you!

END SONG

C5: That was lovely, Hippolytus, but why don't you give some of
those flowers to Cypris?

C4: It's just good manners.

HIPPOLYTUS: (*awkwardly*) Oh, I don't know- she's not really
my type - of goddess, of course.

C4: Not your type? Buddy, Cypris is everybody's type.

(masculine laughter from CHORUS)

HIPPOLYTUS: (*shrugs uncomfortably*)

SONG: HEAT WAVE by MARTHA AND THE
VANDELLAS)

The first time I saw him
something inside
started burning
and my heart filled with fire

Could it be a daimon in me
Or is this a midlife catastrophe

It's like a heatwave burning in my heart
I can't keep from crying
Tearing me apart

Whenever I hear his name
(I) get this sharp, stabbing pain
And now I feel
I've gone totally insane
Has some love potion got the drop on me
Or just an Athenian tragedy-
It's like a heatwave burning in my heart
I can't keep from crying
Tearing me apart

Sometimes I stare in space, tears all over my face
I can't explain it, don't understand it
I ain't never felt like this before

This awful feeling's got me all crazed
I ought to be locked in a minotaur's maze
It's like a heatwave burning in my heart

I can't keep from crying
Tearing me apart
END SONG

She collapses. The NURSE attends her.

C3: Good gods! The Queen is in *Love!*

C1: But with whom?

C2: It must be someone forbidden-

C4: Someone shameful-

NURSE: Someone whose name she *can't stand to hear-*
Beat.

CHORUS: *(as one)* Oh, *ew!*

NURSE: *(to Phaedra)* Well, I'm not going to lie. That's pretty
bad.

PHAEDRA: Bad? I can't sleep, I can't think, I tried to control it
but I can't!

The only thing left for me to do is starve myself to death and hope
that my good name escapes total destruction!

C1: How noble!

C4: How brave!

C5: I'm still kind of grossed out.

NURSE: That seems a little *extreme*, don't you think, dear?

PHAEDRA: What else is there to do?

NURSE: Well, you could sleep with Hippolytus.

PHAEDRA: I can't do that! I love my husband and he loves
me!

NURSE: Exactly! Do you really think Theseus would
begrudge you the only thing that might cure this dreadful
fever and save your life?

Pause

Besides, it's not like he has to find out.

PHAEDRA: Nurse, that is ethically and morally appalling...
do you think I could get away with it?

NURSE: Of course you can. These gentlemen here are
sworn to secrecy.

CHORUS: That's true, we are, good point, etc.

PHAEDRA: Oh... I don't know...

NURSE: Do you really want to die and leave your
children motherless in a cold, harsh world?

PHAEDRA: No. You're right. I have to do it. For the children.

NURSE: Exactly. So, I'll just go and get Hippolytus then?

She makes to leave.

ACT II SCENE 1

HIPPOLYTUS enters SR, mit hunting gear

HIPPOLYTUS: I can't believe nobody could come hunting this morning! Nick and Steve said they ate bad boar last night- Phil and Tim *were* more hung over than usual...but I'm almost sure Theo doesn't actually have Stymphalian bird flu.

I just don't think they understand what it maan't believe nobody cou (v)9 (e)(m)1 (i)9 (e) **HIPPOLYTUS enters SR**

These are my fav'rites in all respects:
Animals, children, and those who shun sex-
If you're not one or two you'd best be three-

HIPPOLYTUS: Supposing one day I'm not the third one?
ARTEMIS: That day you'd hear the last of me-
HIPPOLYTUS: Don't even say that-
ARTEMIS: That'd be the last you'd hear from me!
End Song Exit SR

HIPPOLYTUS: But Artemis, I thought we had something special!
Artemis?

A MESSENGER runs on stage.

MESSENGER: Prince Hippolytus! I know we're not supposed to interrupt you when you're talking to yourself, but you are not going to *believe* this!

[Messenger narrates the rise of an enormous bull from the sea, galloping in a mad frenzy, kicking over some kid's chariot, resisting all attempts to capture or kill it, and wreaking general havoc until finally haring off for the palace. See actual Hippolytus]

HIPPOLYTUS: And where is it now?

MESSENGER: Um-

LOUD WHISPER from the CHORUS, which has assembled in the 'wings' of SL:

CHORUS: The Queen's Chambers!

MESSENGER: The Queen's chambers.

HIPPOLYTUS: Oh goodness, this is so exciting. Okay,
Hippolytus: focus. Spears! I'd better go get my spears! *He begins to jog off SL, then halts.*

HIPPOLYTUS: And, uh, tell the others that hunting is off for the rest of the day. *Exit SL*

The CHORUS discreetly cheer, high-five, pay off the MESSENGER. Exeunt omnes SL.

SCENE II

Enter CYPRIS from the center aisle.

SONG: SOMETHING THERE from BEAUTY AND THE BEAST)

CYPRIS: It's almost time-
I can't believe
My plan is going into action as we speak!
Yes my revenge
Is quite ensured
For Theseus has just returned from his grand tour.

PHAEDRA enters SR, brushing her hair. She obviously does not see Cypris.

PHAEDRA: It's almost time-
I'm having doubts-
My husband won't be very pleased if he finds out.
For though he's smart
I'm not quite sure
He'll comprehend the logic of the cheating cure.

BOTH: Still- it'll be amazing-

And I know my fav'rite part will be-

PHAEDRA: When we're at last embracing!

CYPRIS: When his outraged father executes him bloodily!

PHAEDRA: I think I hear him at the door-
One final check- my hair, perfume, my haute couture-

CYPRIS: Revenge is near

For I'm quite sure-

All hell will break loose when the king comes through that door.

PHAEDRA: Oh god I hear somebody knocking at the door!

HIPPOLYTUS bounds on stage.

CYPRIS: Oh for god's sake, people!

ALL: There's no families like Greek families,

ALL: Cypris!

CYPRIS: Theseus, your son was making out with your wife.

Aren't you feeling a *little* homicidally angry?

THESEUS: Not particularly, no.

CYPRIS: Phaedra- your husband (n)-10 (6 (n)-10 (6 (no040(s)5 (,)-11)9cs 0 0 0 scn/TT1 1 Tf3 Tr 12 0 0 12 450 183.1201 Tm[()-10 ()]TJETR3 (e)-3