

# 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 (42<sup>nd</sup> 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