

# 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 - his least favorite goddess & mortal enemy (Emily Lewis '07)  
Nurse - Phaedra's devoted servant (Jill Barndt '10)  
Messenger Bearer of devices (heraldic & plot) (Prof. Edmonds)  
Ariadne - Phaedra's sister and Theseus' ex (Betsy Spear)  
The Chorus - exiled cosmopolitans of Athens  
    Philodemus (Sarah Stefanski '09)      Philocrates (Catherine Graham '10)  
    Nikias (Erika Carlson '08)            Nikophon (Alexandra Dowrey '09)  
    Stephanos (Emily Olsen '09)        Stephanides (Sarah Pfanz '10)  
    Timocrates (Denise Camporeale)    Timocliides (Becky Brendel '10)  
    Theocrines (Catharine Judson '10)    Theophilos (Elizabeth Deacon '07)  
Erotes (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 connoisseurs!  
It brings us joy to see you here  
on this, the best day of the year!  
We hope that joy we may repay  
and entertain you with our play.  
About which there's a mystery,  
to wit, the script's odd history.  
For early one September morning  
without omen, sign, or warning  
a package came into our hands  
clothed in stamps from distant lands  
Within, a crumbling manuscript  
antique, gnawed-upon and ripped.  
By working hard to great effect  
we Mawrters have restored the text.  
Hippolytus it is by name  
but not the one of general fame;  
Euripides, prolific boy,  
wrote two distinct *Hippolytoi*:  
The one of which you've heard is sad:  
Hippolytus, a frigid lad,  
by wounding Aphrodite's pride  
brings on his stepmom's suicide;  
This play- that one's fraternal twin-  
has something of a different spin:  
though it be pun-filled, glib, and dumber,  
it is, at least, less of a bummer;  
Less likely to induce depression  
than crack jokes about repression.  
So, fairly warned, we hope that you  
enjoy Hippolytus: Mark Two.

*(exit)*

ACT ONE SCENE I

CYPRIS enters and vamps her way to her pedestal, although she does not have to be on it.

CYPRIS: Well, *hello* everybody! I'm Cypris, the goddess of Love and Beauty. I like doves, dolphins, pomegranates, and sex. But as a goddess, what I like most of all is *respect*- and Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, really isn't giving it to me. He doesn't bring me flowers, he calls me nasty names- he's asking for trouble, and he's going to get it.

Although he claims to hate women, I've made his father's wife Phaedra fall madly in love with him. He won't be able to resist her! And if Theseus catches them- which he will- Hippolytus will be toast. Now, he does have the favor of that goody-goody Artemis, the Virgin Huntress, so I'm not allowed to go after him openly. However, for his insults to me, I want to see him suffer. In fact, I want to see him *die*.

And around Mount Olympus, we have a little saying:

Whatever Cypris wants...Cypris gets.

*(sings)*

*(TUNE: WHATEVER LOLA WANTS (DAMN YANKEES))*

Whatever Cypris wants

Cypris gets

And little prince, little Cypris wants you

I don't much care for your disrespect

And so I've made your stepmom crush on you

This lust should make The-

Seus see red

And when he finds out you're gonna be dead

Whatever Cypris wants

Cypris gets,

And even you'll

Admit my plan is good-

it's just a twist on an old plot

I gave his stepmother the hots

For him....for him...

*(exit, evilly laughing if possible)*

ACT ONE, SCENE II

The CHORUS enter and sit on and around the steps, lounging. They begin their lines as they come onstage.

C1: Wow, would you look at that sunset! I tell you what, guys, this Troezen isn't half-bad- I mean, for a place that's not Athens.

*(The CHORUS share a hearty laugh)*

C2: Too true, Phil. It's a lovely little city-

C3: And we're very grateful to King Pittheus for hosting us during Theseus' exile-

C2: But since Theseus left to consult the oracle at Delphi, it's started to seem a little- oh, I hate to say it.

C4: No, I know what you mean.

C5: Me, too.

C2: Really?

C1,3,4,5: *Really.*

SONG: BELLE (BEAUTY AND THE BEAST)

Little town

It's a quiet village

Ev'ry day

Like the one before

It's a town

By the name of Troezen

We're stuck here and now

C1: We're bored!

C2: We're bored!

C3: We're bored!

C4: We're bored!

C5: We're bored!

C1: Where is the prince?

C2: He's gone to hunt like always-

The same old deer and boars to kill.

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: (*sbrugs uncomfortably*) I guess...if you like that  
kind of thing.

*The CHORUS stare at him blankly.*

HIPPOLYTUS: What? What'd I say?

C2: Hippolytus, we've been meaning to ask you something...  
what is your *problem*?

C3: We've noticed that you don't really like to talk with us  
about...the things we Athenian men like to talk about.

C4: He means sex.

C3: Yes. And whenever we mention Cypris, who is the goddess  
of said subject, you get all twitchy.

HIPPOLYTUS: Do not!

C2: Cypris!

(*HIPPOLYTUS twitches violently*)

HIPPOLYTUS: That proves nothing. I don't know what  
you're talking about.

C3: My prince, it's all right to be uncomfortable about it! Sex, and  
love, can be very frightening. Just think of all the things that  
can go wrong.

C4: Like rejection!

C3: And even if you do succeed in gaining your beloved's  
affections, there're still lots of things to be afraid of.

C2: Angry fathers!

C1: Diseases!

C4: Angry fathers with swords!

C5: Emotional intimacy!

*(The rest of the CHORUS look at C5)*

C5: I mean, inexperience! The prince is young, and his experience of the world is slight- it's no wonder he's hesitant!

*(They look at him for a moment more, and then turn back to Hippolytus)*

C2: Well, sire? Is that the problem?

HIPPOLYTUS: No, no- you guys are all wrong, that's not it at all. You see,

*SONG : I CAIN'T SAY NO (OKLAHOMA))*

It ain't so much a question of not knowing what to do.  
*(The pictures on the vases are quite clear.)*  
I'm sure you've heard the stories, I'll admit that they are true:  
The very thought of women brings me fear  
For marriage or a casual affair My interest in women just ain't there.  
I'm just a boy who won't say yes- I'm really terribly pure  
I always say, 'No thanks, I guess' Just when I ought to say 'sure'.  
While I know this makes me rather rare  
I tend to think it makes me rather good  
And I'll have you know that Artemis  
Does more for me than Cypris ever could!  
I'm just a boy who can't stand girls  
What downside to that could there be?  
Who could be purer than me? I won't say yes.  
*END SONG*

HIPPOLYTUS: I'm just more interested in chastity, respect, and doing the right thing, than in having some totally icky relationship with a *girl*. And that's all there is to it. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go eat dinner.

*(he walks off in a huff.)*

ACT ONE, SCENE III

C1: Touchy, touchy.

C3: Looks like *somebody* got up on the wrong side of the lektron this morning.

C4: Maybe we *were* being a little intrusive.

*(They pause contemplatively)*

ALL: Nah.

C4: So- anybody got any good gossip?

C2: I do! I do!

ALL: Ooooh.

C3: Is it about Queen Phaedra's mysterious illness?

C4: I heard she was starving herself!

C5: I heard she was possessed!

C3: I heard she was stricken by a demon's curse and that she raves for meadows, horses, and the Thessalian spear!

C1: Gentlemen, please! Let us have nothing to do with the dangerous yet seductive evil of gossip!

C2: Phil, I absolutely agree with you. You know...

*SONG: OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING (OKLAHOMA))*

That there's nothing I hate more than gossip  
no, there's nothing I hate more than gossip  
So imagine how much it must pain me to say-  
That they say that poor Phaedra is wasting away!  
ALL: Oh what a terrible rumor,  
oh what a dreadful report  
it makes us feel sick just to hear it-  
won't you please tell us some more?

C3: Well, I read it last night in Anthropei  
Yes, I read it last night in Anthropei  
she tosses and turns and she cries in her dreams-  
could it be that her husband has found a new queen?

ALL: Oh what a terrible rumor, oh what a dreadful report it makes us feel sick just to hear it- won't you please tell us some more?

C4: Her distress isn't caused by betrayal no, the cause of her pain's not betrayal she won't eat or drink- no, she won't touch a crust 'cause she heard that her husband has bitten the dust!

ALL: Oh what a terrible rumor, oh what a dreadful report it makes us feel sick just to hear it- won't you please tell us some more?

END SONG

C3: Shh, shh! Do you hear that?

ACT ONE, SCENE IV

*(They listen intently. PHAEDRA's moaning and groaning becomes progressively louder as she is hauled onstage by the NURSE, who eventually drops her/ lays her down on the ground, not seeing the CHORUS)*

NURSE: A little fresh air for the patient!

PHAEDRA: Take me back inside.

NURSE: Sweetheart, we just got out here.

PHAEDRA: Take me back! No! Take me to the mountains, to the horses, to the springs! Let me run among the horses! Oh, the fever, the fever, it burns me soooooo! *(trails off into a moan of exaggerated pain)*

NURSE: Phaedra, what on earth is the matter with you?

CHORUS: *sidling over, very interested* Yes, what's the matter?

PHAEDRA: Who's there?

CHORUS: It is we, my lady, your loyal and concerned subjects.

PHAEDRA: Send them away, send them away! Let no one see me on my bed of shame! *(thrashes)*

NURSE: You see how she is, gentleman- sick as a dog and crazy as a loon- she's been like this for days.

C1: Have you asked her what's wrong?

NURSE: Of course I have, genius! And asked her, and asked her- but she won't say a word.

C2: Let us try!

*The NURSE looks DOUBTFUL*

C3: Come on- we're Athenians! If there's one thing we know how to do, it's talk to people.

ALL: Yeah, c'mon, we can talk people to *death*, etc.

NURSE: Do you promise by the immortal gods to keep your big mouths shut about whatever she might say?

ALL: Absolutely.

NURSE: Knock yourselves out.

SONG: OH DEAR WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE (TRAD.)

C1: Phaedra, what can the matter be

Phaedra, what can the matter be,

Phaedra, what can the matter be, You're giving us quite a scare.

C2: If you've got a sickness a doctor can cure then  
Please tell me and we'll get three just to be sure

C3: or if it's some embarrassing women's complaint then  
Don't be shy but speak up right now.

PHAEDRA: Go away!

C4: You're acting as if you're completely unsound and you're scaring your children who need you around and if you're cursed by some spell an enemy found then don't be shy but speak up right now

PHAEDRA: Leave me alone!

C5: Phaedra, I'm asking you to think of others, remember your kids who need you as their mother- if you die they'll be swept aside by their brother Hippolytus-

PHAEDRA: *(Screams)* Augh!

Hippolytus! Oh, the very name pierces me to the heart!

C2: What's Hippolytus got to do with your heart?

PHAEDRA: Stop saying that name!

C3: *(craftily)* We'll stop saying his name...*if* you tell us what the matter is.

C4: Nice one, Nick!

PHAEDRA: Do you really want to know?

CHORUS & NURSE: YES!

PHAEDRA: Fine!

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 bear*-  
*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.*

C2: Hold on- not that we approve of this-  
C3: Deliciously scandalous though it may be-  
C2: But you're just going to go tell him?  
C4: Go right up to him and tell him that the queen needs to see  
him in her bedchamber for some sexual healing?  
NURSE: That was the plan, yes.  
C5: Lady, you obviously don't know Hippolytus like we know  
Hippolytus.  
C1: That plan is never going to work.  
NURSE: Why?  
C2: He's too pure, too chaste- you'll never get him to come up  
here that way.  
C3: Also, he'd totally blow a gasket.  
C4: We're talking hissy fit of *Olympian* proportions.  
C5: And then he'd probably tell Theseus, and it would just end  
in tears.  
C1: And death.  
C5: Tears and death and blood.  
PHAEDRA: But if we can't get him up here, this isn't going to  
work! *fretfully* Oh, this was a bad idea... did anybody see  
where I put my rope?  
C5: Phaedra, Phaedra, calm down- it's going to be okay.  
C1: If we get Hippolytus up here, do you think you can do the  
rest?  
PHAEDRA: Well, yeah. I mean, I'm pretty hot.  
C2: Then go into your bedchamber, put on something nice, and  
leave the rest to us.  
PHAEDRA: Really?  
C3: Really.  
PHAEDRA: Oh, you guys are the best. Thank you!

*She and the Nurse exit.*

C4: All right. Who has a plan?  
C2: Pssht, not me.  
C1: Me either.

C4: It's a toughie.  
C5: Wait! What if we...  
*They whisper.*  
C1: And then we...  
*They whisper.*  
C2: But let's also...  
*They whisper.*  
ALL: Brilliant!  
C3: All right! Operation Horsebreaker is a GO! Huddle up,  
boys.  
ALL: Alpha, beta, gamma BREAK!  
*Exeunt omnes undique.*

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 means to me.

*sings SONG: SHADOW WALTZ from 42<sup>nd</sup> STREET)*

Here I find my peace,  
My sore heart's surcease  
My Tao te Ching's  
Killing things-  
Better yet I find  
The joy for which I pine-  
Artemis' voice divine-

In the mountains let her come and run with me-  
Shoot lots of deer and have fun in the sun with me-  
Bring down doves and rabbits by the ton with me-

*(Enter ARTEMIS behind him)*

Let her linger long,  
Let me sing her song-

ARTEMIS: That's enough, Hippolytus, I'm here.

HIPPOLYTUS *(begins to turn)* Artemis!

ARTEMIS: Ah ah ah, no looking!

HIPPOLYTUS: Right, sorry! It's just so good to see you, I mean hear you. *Hopefully* Did you get my flowers?

ARTEMIS: Yes, they were lovely. I can't stay for long, Hippolytus, I just wanted to drop by to tell you something.

HIPPOLYTUS: I'm all ears!

ARTEMIS: I know that your friends and family don't approve of your decision to remain ever virgin.

HIPPOLYTUS: They sure don't. They bother me about it all the time. Yesterday they even started saying that I was angering the goddess Cypris- as if I care about that old hag! After all, I have *you* on my side.

ARTEMIS: Right. Well, I just wanted to say that if, in the face of societal pressure or even divine interference, you had a momentary lapse of judgment and do something I wouldn't approve of

*Pause*

I would never forgive you.

HIPPOLYTUS: Do you really mean that?

ARTEMIS: Oh yes.

*Sings SONG: ALL OR NOTHIN' from OKLAHOMA)*

A girl I knew, Callisto, for example-  
She got seduced unwillingly by Zeus-  
I found out her virginity was trampled-  
Now she's a bearskin rug for private use.

HIPPOLYTUS: But what about a less severe transgression-  
This thing you have about not being seen-

ARTEMIS: My friend Actaeon looked for just a second-  
And met his end as canine haute cuisine.

HIPPOLYTUS: You wouldn't do that to me!

ARTEMIS: Hippolytus- I'm fond of you  
As far as mortals go-  
You're royal, cute, devoted, chaste,  
and know how to handle a bow-  
I appreciate the flowers and I've even told you so,  
But if you screw up even once, you're gonna have to go.

*sings*

With me, it's all or nothing-  
It had better be all with you.  
It can't be in between-  
It can't be now and then-  
No half-chaste acolyte will do.



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.*

HIPPOLYTUS: Has anybody seen a bull come through this door?  
CYPRIS *chuckles evilly and goes to sit somewhere inconspicuous, perhaps the stairs. She continues to watch the show. She should have popcorn.*

PHAEDRA: Hippolytus!

HIPPOLYTUS: Stepmother!

PHAEDRA: Call me Phaedra.

HIPPOLYTUS: Oh, okay, Phaedra. Um, I'm looking for a wild animal, I don't suppose you-

[SCENE]

*She advances on HIPPOLYTUS.*

SONG: EMBRACEABLE YOU *from CRAZY FOR YOU*)

Come kiss me, my irresistible you-  
Come kiss me, nonconsanguineous you-  
My love for you will ravage me eternally, dear-  
Rest assured I don't mean step-maternally, dear

That Cypris has cast her charms about you-  
Dear, I'll die, without my arms about you!

Don't be a naughty baby- come to Phaedra, come to Phaedra, do-  
My irresistible you.  
END SONG *They EMBRACE.*

HIPPOLYTUS: *(a la Bobby in CFY)* WOW!

*At that moment they hear from offstage-*

THESEUS: Honey, I'm home!

*(entering SR with CHORUS)*

What in the Hades is going on here?

PHAEDRA and HIPPOLYTUS *spring apart.*

THESEUS: Phaedra, you've taken a lover?

Hippolytus, you like women?!

HIPPOLYTUS: I. I think I *might!*

PHAEDRA: *(running over to Theseus and throwing her arms about him crying)* I can explain everything! Please don't be angry! I had to! I didn't mean to! I'm so sorry I'll never do it again! *etc.*

THESEUS: There, there- it's all right.

PHAEDRA: *(lifting her head)* It's all right?  
*beat*

How is it all right?

CYPRIS: Yeah, how is it all right?

THESEUS: Phaedra, the truth is that you're a young woman and I'm an old man. If you need to turn to partners of your own age to fulfil your needs- then as mature, responsible adults in this modern age, I feel sure we can-

*He is interrupted by ARIADNE with luggage entering SL.*

ARIADNE: Theseus, sweetie, where should I put my- oh.  
Phaedra.

PHAEDRA: Ariadne. I see Dionysus' wine-goggles finally wore off.

ARIADNE: At least *I* don't have to take my sister's sloppy seconds.

PHAEDRA: Then get away from *my* husband, harlot! Theseus, what is she doing here?

THESEUS: Well, you see, we just happened to be passing by Naxos-

PHAEDRA: Naxos isn't on the way to Delphi.

THESEUS: We got lost. Anyway, there she was on the beach, so I offered to give her a lift back to the mainland, and on the ship we got to talking about old times-

ARIADNE: Those Cretan nights-

THESEUS: And the upshot is-

ARIADNE & THESEUS: We're in love!

PHAEDRA: Well, that's great... 'cause *I'm* in love with Hippolytus!

HIPPOLYTUS: And I'm no longer entirely repulsed by the very idea of love!

THESEUS: Great!

HIPPOLYTUS: Fine!

ARIADNE: Good!

PHAEDRA: Fine!

CYPRIS *steps forward.*

CYPRIS: Oh for god's sake, people!  
 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 is pawning *you* off on his son  
 so he can make it with your sister, you can't tell me that's not  
 good for a murder or three.  
 PHAEDRA: Nope- Hippolytus is pretty cute.  
 CYPRIS: Ariadne? Brought face to face with your ex-lover's  
 new wife and son by yet another woman? Sure you don't  
 want to go Medea on their-  
 ARIADNE: Please! I don't know how they do things out in the  
 boondocks, but in Crete we have a *little* more class.  
 CYPRIS: Oh, tell it to someone who doesn't know your mother  
 drives a Taurus. Where are the Athenian citizens?  
 C1: Right here, ma'am.  
 CYPRIS: I just know you proto-democrats are dying to rise up  
 and smash the effete tyranny of the kingship, and kill  
 Hippolytus while you're at it.  
 C2: Us? No!  
 CYPRIS: But these deviants are making a spectacle of Greece  
 in front of the entire world! Adultery, quasi-incest, bigamy,  
 not one decent suicide- and they're not even gods! Aren't you  
 embarrassed?  
 C2: Are you kidding? We love it!  
 C3: And so does everybody else!

SONG : *THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS*)

C2: The Hyperboreans, Egyptians, and Medes  
 Are secretly quite jealous of us 'cause  
 The Hyperboreans, Egyptians, and Medes  
 Are lacking all our most intriguing flaws!  
 C4: They'd gladly boot their law-abiding kings  
 For royalty who do eccentric things!

ALL: There's no families like Greek families,  
 like no families we know-  
 Everything about them is enthralling!  
 Everything the will of Zeus allows!  
 Internecine war and flat-out brawling-  
 Lots of name-calling and sometimes cows!

There's no people like Greek people,  
 bizarre's our status quo-  
 Weirdness is our Panhellenic stock-in-trade,  
 Just ask Leda how eggs are laid-  
 Or ask Pelops how he got his shoulder blade-  
 We're just one big freak show.

There's no play like the Greek Play-  
 at least as far as we know-  
 Amateurs in bedsheets singing showtunes!  
 Song lyrics with questionable rhymes!  
 And though we all will have to let you go soon  
 We hope you had a pretty good time.

There's no play like the Greek Play ,  
 though you look high and low  
 We'd like to thank all of our friends who bravely came.  
 And if you want to know who to blame-  
 Elizabeth's the one you should feel free to flame-  
 And that's all for our show!

# THE END