1) Hyena in Petticoats

Lily Dwoskin

(Bare stage. Lights up on ENSEMBLE.
They move as one.)

Frothy \( \frac{1}{4} = 100 \)

Piano

molto rit

Grand

her book is im-mo-ral, cha

Undoubtedly un-pa-tri-o-tic,

Blas - phe mous in deed - d

She is cor-rupt and de-

Blas - phe mous in deed - d

Blas - phe mous in deed - d

Austin Nuckols

11/26/17 17:01
She's not how she ought have been - ved. Disguised as a rose is a weed!

She's out for blood, the blood, of our men! Her weapon regret-tably

She's out for blood, the blood, of our men! Her weapon regret-tably

She's out for blood, the blood, of our men! Her weapon regret-tably
is the tip of her pen. She'd force a smile while slit-ting all our throats.
Our hy-e-na in pet-ti-

is the tip of her pen. She'd force a smile while slit-ting all our throats. Our hy-e-na in pet-ti-

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ANDERSEN: Ironic, isn't it? She has forsaken God. With her writing,
BARBAULD: In childbirth?

(TALLYRAND takes them.)

TALLYRAND: Ironic, isn't it? She has forsaken God. With her writing, and her... (Mocking) "Vindication of the Rights of Women".

BURKE: And God has forsaken her.
TALLYRAND: The lies!
BARBAULD: The lust!
TALLYRAND: Will someone think of the children?!
BARBAULD: Oh, the children!!
BURKE: Let the whole world hear. Mary Wollstonecraft is dead!
ALL FOUR: The hyena has been slain!
She was out for blood, the blood, of our men! Her weapon regrettably

She was out for blood, the blood, of our men! Her weapon regrettably

She was out for blood, the blood, of our men! Her weapon regrettably

She was out for blood, the blood, of our men! Her weapon regrettably

was the tip of her pen. Just think! A world where women all have

was the tip of her pen. Just think! A world where women all have

was the tip of her pen. Just think! A world where women all have

was the tip of her pen. Just think! A world where women all have

11/26/17 17:01
(From behind the crowd, bursts MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT. She sings in isolation.)

MARY

FF

Oh, I've

votes! Our hy-e-na in pet-ti-

cesses!

votes! Our hy-e-na in pet-ti-

votes! Our hy-e-na in pet-ti-

votes! Our hy-e-na in pet-ti-

to, that I ought to have vir-tue. Vir-tue is the one true

Faster, Quiet Anger

trait of a la-dy. La-dies ought to be good, that much I've al-ways un-der-stood. But

Pno.
HYENA IN PETTICOATS // 1. Hyena in Petticoats

MARY

11/26/17 17:01

Pno.

how can I be virtuous when virtue is the power to choose.

Pno.

I don't even have the power to refuse? You have the power, you wield the guns.

Pno.

You drown your daughters to lift up your sons! But now I stand up, I am poised to fight!

Pno.

Mark my words. I will make things right!

Vil-lan-ness wasp!

Ser-pen-tine fiend!

11/26/17 17:01
I've

Leave! Burn her book! E-erase it from our minds!

Burn her book! E-erase it from our minds!

Burn her book! E-erase it from our minds!

Pois'ning the minds of the young and naive!

Burn her book! E-erase it from our minds!

always been told that I ought to have patience. Patience is a virtue

Ooh

ooh

ooh

Dmaj7/A D/A E/G# Gmaj7(#4) E/G# F7

Dmaj7/A D/A E/G# Gmaj7(#4) E/G# F7

Dmaj7/A D/A E/G# Gmaj7(#4) E/G# F7

Dmaj7/A D/A E/G# Gmaj7(#4) E/G# F7

Dmaj7/A D/A E/G# Gmaj7(#4) E/G# F7

Dmaj7/A D/A E/G# Gmaj7(#4) E/G# F7

11/26/17 17:01
HYENA IN PETTICOATS // 1. Hyena in Petticoats

MARY
fit for a la- dy. Pa rents should be o beyed, des-pite mis-takes that they have made. But

S
fit for a la- dy Ooh

A
fit for a la- dy ooh

T
fit for a la- dy ooh

B
fit for a la- dy ooh

C#(59) F7 Bm F7/C D G#7/D# Pno.

MARY
how can I be pa- tient when pa-tience is the po- wer to wait. But we're wait-ing for you to de

S
ah

A
ah

T
ah

B
ah

D7(#4) D7(#4)/C D7(#4)/B D7(#4)/G Bm/F7 Pno.

11/26/17 17:01
HYENA IN PETTICOATS // 1. Hyena in Petticoats

MARY

cide our fate! You have the power, you wield the guns.

S

We'll de-cide your fate!

T

We'll de-cide your fate!

B

F7 F7 Bn G9 Em9 F7(b9)

Pno.

120

MARY

You drown your daughters to lift up your sons. But now I stand up, I am poised to fight!

Bn G9 Em9 F7(b9) B7 Em Em/D Gm

Pno.

125

MARY

Mark my words: I will make things right.

B

Think of a lioness hissing her roar.

C#(b9) F(b13) F(b13) F(b13) Bn B7

Pno.
Hyena in Petticoats

HYENA IN PETTICOATS // 1. Hyena in Petticoats

His-sing and scree-ching she

Think of a viper with na-ti-est bite.

Think of a dove with the heart of a boar.

In pet -

Hy -

Mary

Vil-la-nize me, de-mo-nize me, cru-ci-fy me, I will stand it.

knows she is right.

Think of a li-on-ness roar.

Think of a heart of a

Think of a li-on-ness hi-ding her roar.

Think of a dove with the heart of a boar.

Think of a li-on-ness hi-ding her roar.

Think of a heart of a

11/26/17 17:01
HYENA IN PETTICOATS // 1. Hyena in Petticoats

MARY

You can beat me. You can strike me. You can kill me, I won’t die.

Think of a viper with nastiest bite. His-sing and scree-ching.

Think of a viper with nastiest bite. His-sing and scree-ching.

Hit me. Hurt me. Hope that I fade.

Traitor! Villain! Whore! There’s nothing so wrong as a woman who howls. And

Traitor! Villain! Whore! There’s nothing so wrong as a woman who howls. And

Traitor! Villain! Whore! There’s nothing so wrong as a woman who howls. And

Hit me. Hurt me. Hope that I fade.
HYENA IN PETTICOATS // 1. Hyena in Petticoats

MARY

You can't hide the footprints that I've made!

writes like a man with her mas-cu-line vowels!

writes like a man with her mas-cu-line vowels!

writes like a man with her mas-cu-line vowels!

writes like a man with her mas-cu-line vowels!

You have the power, you wield the guns.

You drown your daugh-ters

out for blood the blood of our men!

Her wea pon re-gret-ta-bly is the

Her wea pon re-gret-ta-bly is the

Her wea pon re-gret-ta-bly is the

Her wea pon re-gret-ta-bly is the

11/26/17 17:01
HYENA IN PETTICOATS // 1. Hyena in Petticoats

MARY

to lift up your sons. But now I stand up, I am poised to fight!

S

tip of her pen! She'd force a smile while slitting all our throats.

A

tip of her pen! She'd force a smile while slitting all our throats.

T

tip of her pen! She'd force a smile while slitting all our throats.

B

tip of her pen! She'd force a smile while slitting all our throats.

Pno.

Mark my words: I will make things right.

MARY

Hy-e-e-na In pet-ti-coats!

Hy-e-e-na In pet-ti-coats!

Hy-e-e-na In pet-ti-coats!

Hy-e-e-na In pet-ti-coats!

Pno.

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