

**LYSISTRATA**

a new musical adaptation by  
**David Jacklin**  
of the original Greek comedy by  
**Aristophanes**

**Final**

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### Characters

LYSISTRATA, *an Athenian woman (LISS-iss-TRA-ta)*

CALONICE, *an Athenian woman (cal-un-EESS)*

MYRRHINE, *an Athenian woman (murr-EEN)*

LAMPITO, *a Spartan woman (lamb-PEET-oh)*

THE MAGISTRATE, *one of the ten probouloi\*\* of Athens*

CINESIAS, *husband to Myrrhine (sin-EESS-ee-us)*

A SPARTAN HERALD \*

A SOLDIER \*

A CHORUS OF OLD MEN (*including their leader, PHILOSTRATUS*) (*fill-AW-stra-tus*)

A CHORUS OF OLD WOMEN (*including their leader, STRATYLLIS*) (*STRAT-ill-us*)

### Silent Characters

RECONCILIATION, *a woman representing the spirit of Peace \**

ISMENIA, *a Theban woman \**

A CORINTHIAN WOMAN \*

ATHENIAN WOMEN, *young and old \**

SPARTAN WOMEN \*

SPARTAN DELEGATES

ATHENIAN DELEGATES

FOUR SOLDIERS \*

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*\*These may be doubled from among the CHORUS*

*\*\*The probouloi were essentially the Supreme Court justices of Athens.  
The system was only two years old in 411 B.C., so the mere entrance of a proboulos  
would have elicited howls of laughter. Now, not so much.*

## MUSICAL NUMBERS

### Act One

- No. 1 - A Greek Overture
- No. 2 - Athens, *The Company*
- No. 2a - A Greek Scene Change
- No. 3 - Lysistrata's Plan, *Lysistrata, the Young Women*
- No. 3a - A Greek Fanfare
- No. 4 - Another Greek Scene Change
- No. 5 - The Entrance of the Chorus, *The Choruses of Old Men and Old Women*
- No. 6 - Shut Your Mouth, *Lysistrata and the Women*
- No. 7 - All You Men, *The Chorus of Old Men*
- No. 8 - All You Men, reprise, *The Choruses of Old Men and Old Women*
- No. 9 - Lycon, My Husband, *Lysistrata*

### Act Two

- No. 10- Entr'Acte
- No. 11 - O, Melanion, *The Choruses of Old Men and Old Women*
- No. 12 - Baby, I'm Not Sayin' I Don't Love You, *Myrrhine, Cinesias*
- No. 13 - Baby, I'm Not Sayin', reprise, *The Choruses of Old Men and Old Women*
- No. 14 - The Entrance of Reconciliation
- No. 15 - My Mama Never, *Lysistrata, The Athenian and The Spartan*
- No. 16 - Io Paean, *The Chorus and the Young Men and Women*
- No. 17 - When Sparta's Army Ruled The Hills, *1<sup>st</sup> Spartan, Magistrate, The Spartans*
- No. 18 - Io Paean, reprise, *Lysistrata, the Company*
- No. 19 - A Greek Curtain Call

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## THE ELEMENTS OF GREEK DRAMA

The Greek theatre is the source from whence almost all of our theatrical words come – including “theatrical”. The words “comedy” and “tragedy” are Greek, from **ode** (a poem), **komos** (a band of revellers), and **tragos** (goat), as a goat was sacrificed before the play began; a comedy therefore is a **komosode**; a tragedy, a **tragosode**. “Drama” is from the Greek **dran**, the verb for “to do”. In other words, drama is action. The elements of a Greek play include:

**Agon** (AG ohn): a scene between characters without the chorus being present.

**Didaskalos** (die DASK uh luss): the playwright, from the Greek word for “teacher” because the playwright usually directed the production.

**Episode(s)**: scene(s) in which the dialogue involves one or more characters and the chorus.

**Exodos** (EX uh doss): Exit scene; the final part of the play.

**Parabasis** (puh RAB uh sis): an ode in which the chorus addresses the audience to express opinions of the author, including his views on politics, social trends, and other topics.

**Parodos** (PAIR uh doss): (1) Song sung by the chorus when it enters; (2) the moment when the chorus enters.

**Prologos** (pro LOW goss): Prologue that begins the play with dialogue indicating the focus or theme of the play.

**Stasimon(s)** (STASS uh mon(z)): Scenes in which the chorus sings a song, uninterrupted by dialogue. Usually, other characters are not present.

**Stychomithia** (stick oh MITH ee uh): a fast exchange of dialogue between two characters.

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### THE PHYSICAL PARTS OF THE GREEK THEATRE

The theatre structure itself consisted of a flat circular playing area, the **orchestra** or “dancing place”, where the chorus played. In the middle of this was a plinth with an altar to Dionysus upon it called the **thymele** (“altar”). Surrounding it to about 300° were tiered rows of seating, the **theatron** or “seeing place”. Behind the orchestra was a raised building with a decorative front, the **skene** or “tent”, on which variable scene pieces could (perhaps) be placed, in which at least one door opened and on which the characters (as opposed to the chorus) played their scenes (perhaps). On either side were two permanent decorative wings called the **paraskenoi** (“beside the tent”). Between the paraskenoi and the theatron were entrance ways for the chorus and (perhaps) the actors, the **parados** (as in the parados element of the drama itself).

There is strong evidence that multiple scenic elements were used, especially in comedy. **Pinakes** were similar to a painted flat in modern theatre; **periaktoi** were groups of flats in triangles which could be rotated to show different scenes. **Eccyclema** (ec SEEK leh muh) were wheeled platforms on which scenery and props were brought in. Additionally, of course, the famous **mechane** or **machina** (MACK in uh) was used for lowering and raising scenery and even actors, as in the “Deus ex machina” or “god in a machine” by which plot device lazy playwrights sometimes brought their plays to a conclusion, especially in the later period. Music was also a strong element in all Greek theatre, with the didaskalos also being the composer of the music.

Basically, if we have it today, the Greeks did it then.

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## LYSISTRATA

A musical adapted from the farce by Aristophanes  
Act One

*(THE SCENE: Upstage, there is a set of steps leading to a platform with two large doors. A plinth with an altar (thymele) on the platform.)*

*(MUSIC: No. 1 - Overture, then No. 2 - Athens, as the COMPANY come onto the stage.)*

**COMPANY:** ATHENS, IN THE FINE OLD, WARM OLD, CLASSICAL DAYS.  
ATHENS, THE ACROPOLIS IS UP AND THE AGORA IS DOWN.  
ATHENS, IN THE GOOD OLD, BAD OLD, MYTHICAL DAYS.  
ATHENS, EVEN EGYPT WILL ADMIT THAT IT'S A WONDERFUL TOWN.

**THE MEN:** IT'S GOOD BE GREEK –  
WE'VE DEMOCRACY FOR ALL!  
YES, IT'S GOOD TO BE GREEK –

**THE WOMEN:** BEHIND A THIRTY FOOT WALL.

**THE MEN:** IT'S GOOD BE GREEK –  
WE'RE FREE AND WE'RE BRAVE!  
YES, IT'S GOOD TO BE GREEK –

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**THE WOMEN:** (UNLESS YOU'RE A SLAVE).

WE'LL MEANDER TO THE SYNAGOGUE  
IN BOREALIS LIGHT;

**THE MEN:** HEROICALLY PHILANDER WITH A  
DEXTROUS NEOPHYTE.

**COMPANY:** WE'RE A POLYGLOT OF CULTURE;  
WE'VE ENCYCLOPAEDIC TASTE.  
OUR POLITICAL STRUCTURE  
GALVANIZED THE HUMAN RACE.

**PHILOSTRATUS:** *(Speaking.)* You get it? All those big words are Greek!

**COMPANY:** ATHENS, IN THE WEIRD OLD, STRANGE OLD, MYSTICAL DAYS:  
ATHENS, FOR TWENTY YEARS, NOW, WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING A WAR.  
ATHENS, IN THE CRUEL OLD, HARSH OLD, VIOLENT DAYS.

*(A banner drops down: "Aristophanes, 446-386 B.C.)*

ATHENS, ARISTOPHANES IS ASKING WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING IT FOR.

**THE WOMEN:** IT'S GOOD TO BE GREEK –  
IN OUR OLD HELLENIC HOME.  
IT'S GOOD TO BE GREEK –

**THE MEN:** AT LEAST, IT'S NOT ROME.

*(Music stops.)*

**STRATYLLIS:** *(Speaking.)* You see, that's an anachronistic joke, because Rome won't be a world power for another three hundred years – but in three hundred years *(Music resumes.)* ... you'll laugh!

*(Music starts again.)*

**THE WOMEN:** IT'S A DYNAMITE PHENOMENON,  
FANTASTIC IN ITS SCOPE,

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**COMPANY:** OUR PEDAGOGIC DYNAST TO THE WORLD:  
WE GAVE IT SOAP!

**SEVERALLY:** ULTIMATELY, THEN, IT'S EXCELLENT TO BE AN  
ANCIENT, METROPOLITAN, CHRONIC, DICHROMATIC  
EUPHEMISTIC, EULOGISTIC, GENTLE, HYPERCRITICAL  
PARAPHRASING, BARITONE BIBLIOPHILE

**ONE PERSON:** *(Shouting.)* From Philadelphia!

**COMPANY:** IT'S GOOD BE GREEK –  
IT'S OUR CLASSICAL AGE.  
YES, IT'S GOOD TO BE GREEK –  
WE INVENTED THE STAGE!

**STRATYLLIS & PHILOSTRATUS:** *(Speaking.)* Invocation!

*(ALL face the altar at the back and raise their arms.  
STRATYLLIS and PHILOSTRATUS ceremoniously*



*light the thyme.)*

**COMPANY:** SO, ALL YOU GODS, LOOK DOWN THIS WAY.  
SMILE ON US AND ON OUR PLAY.  
THESPIS, DIONYSUS, TOO,  
DON'T SMITE US WHILE WE OFFER YOU ...

*(They face the audience. The banner drops again to add  
"LYSISTRATA".)*

LYSISTRATA! BY ARISTOPHANES!

ATHENS, IN THE FINE OLD, WARM OLD, CLASSICAL DAYS:  
ATHENS — AND THE PROLOGUE'S THROUGH!

*(The COMPANY exit as the music ends followed  
immediately by MUSIC: No. 2a: A Greek Scene Change)*

*(THE SCENE: In front of the houses of LYSISTRATA and  
CALONICE, somewhere in Athens, circa 410 B.C. It is  
early morning. The houses are set up in front of the main  
set.)*

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*(As the music ends, LYSISTRATA comes out of her house.  
She looks around, with increasing impatience.)*

**LYSISTRATA** *(Annoyed):* If it had been a Bacchanalia I sent out invitations to – or a love feast to honour Pan or Aphrodite, you wouldn't have been able to move for the tambourine-playing women in the street! But look! No one – not even my neighbours! *(CALONICE'S door opens and she comes out to join LYSISTRATA.)* No, here's one neighbour. Good morning, Calonice!

**CALONICE:** Morning, Lysistrata. What's the matter, hon? Not bad news from the war? Is your husband hurt?

**LYSISTRATA:** No, nothing like that. I've not seen Lycon for three months, but there's been no bad news, at least.

**CALONICE:** Then why the long face?

**LYSTRATA:** I am furious with the women of Athens. Our husbands think we do nothing but dream up tricks and schemes all day long –

**CALONICE:** And, don't we?

**LYSISTRATA:** But here we are. I put up notices for all the women in Athens to meet and discuss a very weighty matter – and they're sound asleep!

**CALONICE:** Honey, it's not easy for a wife to leave the house. They have to rouse the servants, change the baby, feed the husband –

**LYSISTRATA:** There are more important things than that!

**CALONICE:** Lysistrata, sweetheart, what is this meeting all about? You say it's weighty?

**LYSISTRATA:** Very weighty.

**CALONICE:** And big?

**LYSISTRATA:** Tremendous!

**CALONICE:** And long?

**LYSISTRATA:** It could be very long.

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**CALONICE:** Big and long and weighty, you say.

**LYSISTRATA:** Very big, very long and very weighty.

**CALONICE:** You've got *my* attention! Where is everybody?

**LYSISTRATA:** Oh, they'd all be here soon enough for *that*! No, this has been keeping me up, night after night.

**CALONICE:** That comes of having no husband at home to keep you up, night after night.

**LYSISTRATA:** Exactly! Calonice, it is up to the women of Greece to save all of Greece!

**CALONICE:** Up to us? I feel sorry for Greece!

**LYSISTRATA:** We've been at war for twenty years! All of Greece is torn apart. Either *we* kill all the Laconians –

**CALONICE:** Hear, hear!

**LYSISTRATA:** – and the Boeotians along with them – (*Ed. Bee-OH-shuns.*)

**CALONICE:** Not the eels! I love the taste of Boeotian eels.

**LYSISTRATA:** – or Athens itself may be ...! Well, I'm not going to say it, you never know who's listening, but you know what I'm not saying. But if we women band together – from Athens to Laconia to Boeotia – then we women can save Greece.

**CALONICE:** What, the women? Unlikely. All we ever do is lounge around, wearing shimmery gowns and come-hither perfumes and silky shifts and delicate little slippers.

**LYSISTRATA:** But that's how we're going to do it – with those shimmery gowns and sexy perfumes and tiny slippers and transparent silks.

**CALONICE:** Uh-huh ... keep talking.

**LYSISTRATA:** We'll make it so that no Greek, for a hundred years, will dare make war on another –

**CALONICE:** Well, if we're going to do that, I'll need a new gown!

**LYSISTRATA:** or hold a shield – **Perusal copy only -- contact author for rights**

**CALONICE:** It'll have to be see-through!

**LYSISTRATA:** – or even take his little sword in his hand.

**CALONICE:** And I know where there's the most exquisite pair of tiny little slippers!

**LYSISTRATA:** Now, tell me where the women are.

**CALONICE:** With new gowns in the offing? They should have flown here like birds!

**LYSISTRATA:** No, they're Athenian; they're always late. We haven't even had anyone from the seashore towns, yet.

**CALONICE:** I'm sure they woke at dawn and got their husbands up ... and once they've taken care of *that*, they'll be here. *(She laughs at her own joke.)*

**LYSISTRATA:** I was at least expecting our neighbours to be here first, but they haven't come either.

**CALONICE:** Oh, now that their husbands are up, they will. They always manage to

come first. (*Pointing offstage*) See? Here are some of them now.

**LYSISTRATA:** (*Looking in the opposite direction*): Yes, and there are some more.

(*MYRRHINE and other women arrive, some from the left, others from the right.*)

**MYRRHINE** We're not late, are we, Lysistrata?

**LYSISTRATA:** Myrrhine, this is so important – and everyone's late.

**MYRRHINE:** I'm sorry. Cinesias is home for the night and I had trouble finding my *chlamys* in the dark, then I started fumbling around in the bed and something came up. But listen, don't wait for everyone to arrive. Tell us what this is all about.

**LYSISTRATA:** No, let's wait a while. I asked my Boeotian and Peloponnesian friends to come as well. Let's give them a chance to get here.

**MYRRHINE:** Well, here comes Lampito, at least!

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(*Enter LAMPITO, seconded by ISMENIA, a Theban, and a CORINTHIAN WOMAN, and other SPARTAN WOMEN.*)

**LYSISTRATA:** Lampito, darling! All the way from Sparta. You look wonderful, dear! What a complexion – and what muscles! You look like you could wrestle a bull, not just vault one.

**LAMPITO:** Aye, by the Goads, I cuid. (*Ed.: Yes, Spartans have Scottish accents.*) We train in Sparrta – no' jist they men, but they wimmin, too. High kicks an' gymnastics. It pares ye doon.

**CALONICE:** A very nice pair you've got there, too.

**LAMPITO:** (*Indignantly.*) Dinna be lookin' me o'er as if ye were jist about tae sacrifice me. It mak's me nervous.

**LYSISTRATA:** (*Pointing to Ismenia.*) And who is this?

**LAMPITO:** This is Ismenia, frae Boeotia, tae represent they wimmin there.

**MYRRHINE:** She's certainly Boeotian. Look at that lush bottom land!

**CALONICE:** And the proud highlands, too!

**LYSISTRATA:** And this other one?

**LAMPITO:** A Corinthian lass of a very welcoming nature.

**CALONICE:** Yes, I've heard that about Corinthian girls.

**LAMPITO:** Noo, was it ye who called us here, Lissy?

**LYSISTRATA:** I did.

**LAMPITO:** Then, wha's it a' about, girrl?

**MYRRHINE:** Yes, Lysistrata, I'm dying to know what's so important.

**LYSISTRATA:** I'll tell you, but first, answer a question.

**MYRRHINE:** Let fly.

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**LYSISTRATA:** YOUR HUSBANDS – YOUR CHILDREN'S FATHERS –  
DON'T YOU MISS THEM WHEN THEY'RE OFF TO THE WAR?  
MY LYCON'S NOW BEEN GONE FOR  
THREE MONTHS AND TWO DAYS.  
I'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT THE DARN THING IS FOR.

**WOMEN:** We hear you!

**CALONICE:** MINE'S BEEN IN THRACE FIVE MONTHS, SIX DAYS.

**MYRRHINE:** MINE IN PYLOS SINCE THE FALL!  
CAME HOME FOR A DAY – NOW HE'S ON HIS WAY.  
WE'RE MARRIED JUST TWO *HENEKAINREAL!*  
*(Ed.: HEN-ek-CANE-ee-all; the last day of the Greek month.)*

**WOMEN:** Two months! Oh! Poor dear! Aw! *(Etc.)*

**LAMPITO:** MY MON, IF HE EVER DOES CAIM HAM,  
IT'S WHAM, BAM, THANK YE, MA'AM,  
THEN ON WI' HIS ARMOUR AND BACK TAE THE FICHT!  
HE'S A SPARRTAN, IS MY MON!

**CALONICE:** NOT EVEN ONE POOR LOVER  
TO PASS A NIGHT OR TWO –  
WHO’S OLD ENOUGH TO DO IT,  
OR STILL KNOWS WHAT TO DO!

**LYSISTRATA:** WELL, JUST SUPPOSE I TOLD YOU  
I KNOW HOW TO STOP THIS WAR,  
A THING SO VERY SIMPLE  
YET NO ONE’S TRIED BEFORE.  
WOULD YOU JOIN ME IF I DID?

*(Music sting.)*

**CALONICE:** *(Spoken.)* By the Holy Twain, I would – even if I had to sell my best gown  
and drink up the money before the end of the day!

*(Music sting.)*

**MYRRHINE:** *(Spoken.)* And so would I – even if they had to split me like a turbot and  
sell half of me for peace!

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**LAMPITO:** *(Spoken.)* And I would too. Why, just for a peep at peace, I’d climb tae the  
top o’ Mount Taygetus! *(Ed.: tay-GAY-tus; the mountain at Sparta)*

*(Music sting.)*

**LYSISTRATA:** *(Spoken.)* That’s just what I wanted to hear!

I HAVE A PLAN  
TO BRING PEACE TO GREECE –  
AND IT’S SO SIMPLE, TOO!  
IF YOU LOVE YOUR MAN  
AND THINK GREECE SHOULD HAVE PEACE,  
ALL WE HAVE TO DO –  
ALL WE HAVE TO DO –

*(She hesitates.)*

– BUT, MAYBE IT’S TOO SIMPLE, AFTER ALL.

**MYRRHINE:** What is it? Give, girl!

**LYSISTRATA:** HERE IS MY PLAN  
TO BRING PEACE TO GREECE –  
BUT, YOU’LL HEAR ME OUT?

**LAMPITO:** Cerrtainly!

**LYSISTRATA:** WE WOMEN CAN  
ENFORCE, POLICE THE PEACE –  
AND YOU’LL FOLLOW THROUGH?

**CALONICE:** By my marriage bed!

*(A chorus of agreement.)*

**LYSISTRATA:** FIRST WE MUST RENOUNCE –  
FIRST WE MUST RENOUNCE –

*(She hesitates again.)*

**THE WOMEN:** WHAT?

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*(A stunned silence, then THE WOMEN all turn toward the exits.)*

WELL, WHERE IS EVERYBODY GOING TO?

*(THE WOMEN stop but don’t return right away.)*

Won’t you join me in this?

**CALONICE:** No chance. Let the fighting continue.

**MYRRHINE:** Like she said. The war goes on.

**LYSISTRATA:** Excuse me, Mrs. Turbot! Who offered to be split in two?

**MYRRHINE:** Oh, Lysistrata, set me on fire, but not that! I’m only young once!

**LYSISTRATA:** *(to CALONICE)* And you? Sex or fire?

**CALONICE:** *(She thinks.)* I’ll get some kindling.

**LYSISTRATA:** WANTON TO THE CORE, ALL OF YOU!  
THE POETS HAD IT RIGHT:  
NOTHING AT THE CORE OF THE LOT OF YOU –  
OF THE LOT OF YOU!

**CALONICE:** Oh, Lysistrata, that's not fair!

**LYSISTRATA:** – AND ESPECIALLY YOU! –  
BUT WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU — *MAN!*

SPARTANS, THOUGH, ARE MADE OF STRONGER STUFF!  
LAMPITO, WON'T YOU JOIN ME IN MY QUEST?  
EVEN IF IT'S JUST THE TWO OF US,  
WE'LL SHOW THEM OUR INTENT IS FOR THE BEST!

**LAMPITO:** By the Twa Goads, it's nae guid for a woman tae sleep wi'oot a man-pole  
beside her, but ... aye! Peace comes first.

**LYSISTRATA:** (*Embracing her.*) Oh, Lampito, you're my only true friend among this  
pack of nymphos!

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**MYRRHINE:** BUT JUST SUPPOSING THAT WE DID RENOUNCE –

**THE WOMEN:** HEAVEN FORBID!

**MYRRHINE:** BUT IF WE DID RENOUNCE –

**THE WOMEN:** OH, NO! NOT THAT!

**MYRRHINE:–** BUT IF WE DID RENOUNCE ... (*whispers*) sex ...  
JUST HOW WOULD THAT HELP TO END THE WAR?

**LYSISTRATA:** Can't you see? It's so simple.  
(*She vamps and sing.*)  
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS  
LOUNGE AROUND THE HOUSE  
WITH ROUGE UPON OUR CHEEKS,  
IN SLINKY SILKEN SHIFTS,  
ALL PLUCKED NEAT AND TRIM,  
THE WAY THAT PLEASES HIM,  
AND WAIT FOR OUR HUSBANDS TO COME HOME.



**CALONICE:** I can do that!

**WOMEN:** You already do.

**LYSISTRATA:** JUST ONE LOOK AT US  
AND ATLANTIS WILL RISE.  
THEY'LL SOON BE BEGGING US  
TO OPEN OUR ... ARMS.  
THAT'S THE TIME WE'VE GOT THEM!  
THAT'S THE TIME THAT'S OURS –  
THEY CANNOT STAND FOR LONG,  
IF THEY HAVE TO STAND FOR LONG.

**THE WOMEN:** Oh ho!

IT'S A THING TO REMEMBER, GIRLS,  
IT'S TOLD IN EVERY SONG,  
THE MEN CAN NEVER BEAT US  
IF THEY HAVE TO STAND FOR LONG.  
THEY'RE SO SMART AND HANDSOME;  
*THEY'RE SO BIG AND STRONG,*  
BUT THEY CANNOT STAND FOR LONG,  
IF THEY HAVE TO STAND FOR LONG.

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**LAMPITO:** Didnae Menelaus fling doon his sword when Helen trotted oot her  
bubbies?

**LYSISTRATA:** IN JUST A LITTLE TIME – AND A VERY LITTLE TIME –  
IF I KNOW MY MAN, THEY'LL BE PANTING FOR A PIECE.  
WHICH THEY'LL NEVER GET FROM US  
'TIL WE GET A PEACE.  
A PIECE – AND A PEACE?  
IT'S A PUN.

**WOMEN:** Greek word!  
IT'S A THING TO REMEMBER, GIRLS,  
IT'S TOLD IN EVERY SONG,  
THE MEN WILL NEVER BEAT US  
IF THEY HAVE TO STAND FOR LONG.  
THEY'RE SO SMART AND HANDSOME;  
*THEY'RE SO BIG AND STRONG,*  
BUT THEY CANNOT STAND FOR LONG,  
IF THEY HAVE TO STAND FOR LONG.

IT'S A THING TO REMEMBER, GIRLS,  
IT'S TOLD IN EVERY SONG,  
THE MEN WILL NEVER BEAT US  
IF THEY HAVE TO STAND FOR LONG.  
THEY'RE SO SMART AND HANDSOME;  
*THEY'RE SO BIG AND STRONG,*  
THEY CANNOT STAND FOR LONG,  
IF THEY HAVE TO STAND FOR LONG!

*(Music ends.)*

**LAMPITO:** Guid! Oor men o' Sparrra'll mak' a guid peace, but these Athenian poofs  
*(the audience)* – as long as their navy floats and Athena's temple still  
holds all that gold, ye'll ne'er get *them* tae doon swords!

**LYSISTRATA:** Oh, we've thought about that! This morning, all the older women have  
gone to the Acropolis to make a sacrifice. They'll seize the building and  
bar the men from entering it.

**LAMPITO:** It might jist work.  
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**LYSISTRATA:** We need an oath to seal the pact.

**LAMPITO:** No' jist an aith, Lissy. We need a sacrifice, too.

**LYSISTRATA:** Atta girl! What should we sacrifice? A bull? A goat!

**MYRRHINE:** An oath to renounce sex, sworn on a goat!

**LYSISTRATA:** That new play by Aeschylus – what was it called?

**THE WOMEN:** *(calling out, variously.)* The Eumenides! The Suppliants! The Persians!  
Agamemnon!

**CALONICE:** Seven Against Thebes!

**LYSTISTRATA:** That's the one! It –

**CALONICE:** I don't like his new stuff, it's all just special effects: gods in machines and  
scenery on wheels. Whatever happened to story and character?

**LYSISTRATA:** – had something in it – pouring sheep's blood into a shield.

**MYRRHINE:** Peace sworn on a shield! That will never do!

**LYSISTRATA:** What do you suggest, then?

**CALONICE:** Let's get a large cup and sacrifice a jar of wine into it and swear – to drink every drop.

**LAMPITO:** That's an aith I'll drink tae!

**LYSISTRATA:** I've just the cup and just the wine inside. *(She goes inside and returns with a cup and jar, both of enormous size. The women crowd around.)*

**LYSISTRATA:** Put the cup down and all take hold of the sacrifice. *(She holds up the jar; all the women lay a hand on it.)* O Queen of the Sky, accept our holy sacrifice and help us to achieve our goal. *(They pour wine into the cup.)*

**MYRRHINE:** That's a nicer sacrifice than any old goat!

**CALONICE:** And it smells a lot better, too! *(Trying to push Myrrhine and Lampito aside.)* I'll take the oath first!

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**MYRRHINE:** *(Pushing her back.)* Just wait your turn!

**LYSISTRATA:** Everybody, lay a hand on the cup. *(All do so.)* Calonice, repeat the oath after me, and then at the end everyone swear to it. Ready? To husband or lover I'll not open my arms –

**CALONICE:** To husband or lover I'll not open my arms –

**LYSISTRATA:** Though long denial may enlarge his charms.

**CALONICE:** Though long denial may enlarge his charms. Oh, my knees are failing me!

**LYSISTRATA:** But lie at home, clad in seductive array –

**CALONICE:** But lie at home, clad in seductive array – oh, I don't think I can do this!

**LYSISTRATA:** And in perfumes and silks, ignore him all day –

**CALONICE:** And in perfumes and silks, ignore him all day – what, *all* day?

**LAMPITO:** Aye, an' a' the nicht, too!

**LYSISTRATA:** If he tries to take me by persuasion or force –

**CALONICE:** If he tries to take me by persuasion or force – she’s thought of everything!

**LYSISTRATA:** I’ll give him reason for long remorse –

**CALONICE:** I’ll give him reason for long remorse. Oh, the poor darling.

**LYSISTRATA:** If I keep faith, this cup be mine –

**CALONICE:** If I keep faith, this cup be mine.

**LYSISTRATA:** If not, to water change this wine –

**CALONICE:** If not, to water change this – oh, that’s too much, Lysistrata!

**LYSISTRATA:** – change this wine.

**CALONICE:** – change this wine.

**LYSISTRATA:** *(to the others)* Do you all join in this oath?

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**ALL:** We swear!

**LYSISTRATA:** Now we shall consume the sacrifice. *(She starts to drink.)*

**CALONICE:** *(interposing)* Here now! We all took the oath! Everybody gets a bit of the sacrifice. Me, first!

*(Before she can drink from the cup and pass it round, a trumpet and a shout are heard backstage. MUSIC: No. 3a - A Greek Fanfare.)*

**WOMEN’S VOICES:** *(OFF.)* EVOÉ! EVOÉ! EVOÉ!

**LAMPITO:** Wha’s that commotion about?

**LYSISTRATA:** The whole Acropolis is now in the old women’s hands. Lampito, back to Sparta, and raise your rebellious women. The rest of us: to the Acropolis, to bar the gates against the men.

**MYRRHINE:** Won’t the men just march up the hill and take it back?

**LYSISTRATA:** Let them try! We've sworn an oath – no threats can force our hinges wide;  
no heavy spear shaft make us quiver. We open our gates only for Peace!

**WOMEN:** For Peace!

**MYRRHINE:** By Aphrodite, it will be hard for us –

**LAMPITO:** Aye, but no' near as harrrd as it'll be for they men!

*(All the WOMEN exit. MUSIC: No. 4 - A Greek Scene  
Change, while the scene changes.)*

*(The scene changes to the Propylea, the gates in the west  
front of the Acropolis. The gates are closed.)*

*(MUSIC: No. 5 - Entrance of the Old Men's Chorus. The  
CHORUS OF OLD MEN, led by PHILOSTRATUS, enter.  
Each carries a log.)*

**PHILOSTRATUS:** FORWARD, YOU ATHENIAN MEN

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I KNOW YOUR BACK IS SORE  
FROM CARRYING THE HEAVY WOOD.  
THAT'S WHAT A WOMAN'S FOR!

**MEN:** OH, HOW COULD IT HAVE COME TO THIS?  
OUR OWN BELOVED WIVES,  
WHOM WE HAVE CARED FOR, LOVED AND FED,  
BRING SHAME INTO OUR LIVES!

COME ON, ATHENIAN MEN, AND LET US  
HURRY TO THE HEIGHT.  
AND BUILD A SOARING WOODEN TOWER,  
AND SET THE THING ALIGHT!

**MEN & PHILO:** SHAMELESS WOMEN, 'GAINST THE GODS  
AND US THEY DO CONSPIRE.  
WE'LL BURN THEM ALL TOGETHER IN ONE  
VAST AND RIGHTEOUS FIRE.

HERE AND NOW WE SAY THAT EACH MUST  
ANSWER WITH HER LIFE,  
AND FIRST INTO THE BURNING PYRE  
GOES LYCON'S WAYWARD WIFE!

**PHILOSTRATUS:** BY DEMETER, THEY WILL NOT BRAG  
FROM PALLAS' SACRED EASE,  
THE VERY SPOT WHERE WE ALL FOUGHT  
THE SPARTAN CLEOMENES!

**MEN & LEADER:** OH, THAT WAS A FIGHT!  
THAT WAS A SEIGE!  
WE HELD OUR RANKS FOR DAYS ON END

THAT WAS A FIGHT!  
THAT WAS A SEIGE!  
FOR WE WERE YOUNG AND WE WERE MEN!

I DIDN'T HAVE THIS BACK PAIN THEN!

**PHILOSTRATUS:** OUR WIVES UP IN THE CITADEL  
IGNORE OUR KINDLY PLEAS,  
AND BRASHLY THEY DEFY THE GODS  
AND MOCK EURIPIDES.

**MEN:** THEY'VE STOLEN THE ACROPOLIS,  
DOCKED RIGHT WITH THE AUDACIOUS  
AND NOW WE MUST CONFRONT THEM THERE,  
ATHENIAN SONS OF MARS!

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*(The music stops)*

We know, Mars is a Roman god, but Aries is too hard to rhyme.

*(The music continues)*

THEY NEVER WILL SUCCEED,  
FOR WE WILL STAND AND TAKE THEM ON,  
OR ELSE OUR LOFTY MONUMENT  
WON'T STAND AT MARATHON.

**MEN & LEADER:** OH, THAT WAS A FIGHT!  
THAT WAS A SEIGE!  
A STORY TOLD ON VASE AND FREIZE.

THAT WAS A FIGHT!  
THAT WAS A SEIGE!  
THE DAY WE BEAT THAT PUNK XERXES!

OH, STANDING HERE'S HARD ON MY KNEES!

BUT, HERE IS A FIGHT!  
HERE IS A SEIGE!  
THEY'LL SING AND DANCE OUR VICTORY.

HERE IS A FIGHT!  
HERE IS A SEIGE!  
OUR WAYWARD WIVES WE'LL PILLORY!

I'LL CATCH COLD IN THIS FREEZING BREEZE!

*(The OLD MEN struggle to carry their burdens to the gates. They try to light a fire from their logs. Meanwhile the CHORUS OF OLD WOMEN, led by STRATYLLIS, approach from the opposite direction. The WOMEN are carrying pitchers of water.)*

STRATYLLIS: I SEE SOMETHING RISING IN THE AIR.  
A PILLAR TO THE SKY  
OUR HUSBANDS GATHERED THERE,

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THEY'VE A FIRE BURNING OUT OUR FRIENDS;  
WE MUST HURRY NOW!  
RUN SWIFTLY ON BEFORE  
THEY PERISH FOR THEIR VOW!

WOMEN: THEY TOLD US MIGHTY WARRIOR MEN  
WERE MARCHING ON OUR PRIZE,  
WITH LOGS ERECT BEFORE THEM  
OF QUITE ENORMOUS SIZE,

BUT WHO IS IT? OUR HUSBANDS THERE,  
WITH KNOBBLY KNEES AND THIGHS  
AND PROMISES OF GIANT WOOD  
ARE SIMPLY MORE MEN'S LIES!

A DRIBBLING BAND OF GREY-BEARDS,  
COME HOBBLING TO THE FRAY!  
HOW DID OUR HUSBANDS ROUSE THEMSELVES,  
SO EARLY IN THE DAY?

*(The WOMEN raise their arms in prayer toward the*

*Acropolis)*

<b>WOMEN:</b> O GODDESS OF THE HIGH PLACE, AID US TO OUR GOAL! SAVE OUR SACRED GRECIAN STATE FROM WAR AND KEEP IT – KEEP IT WHOLE!	<b>MEN:</b> OH, HERE IS A FIGHT! HERE IS A SEIGE! THEY’LL SING AND DANCE OUR VICTORY. HERE IS A FIGHT! HERE IS A SEIGE! OUR WAYWARD WIVES WE’LL PILLORY!
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*(The two CHORUSES face each other across the orchestra.)*

**STRATYLLIS:** Women, halt! Look what we have here! A band of dangling husbands, thumbing their noses at the gods!

**PHILOSTRATUS:** And, what’s this? A phalanx of faded females setting an ambush for their men!

**STRATYLLIS:** Look at the mighty warriors, frightened by women! And we are just the vanguard of the army of women to come!

**PHILOSTRATUS:** Enough idle women’s gossip! Men! Out sticks and give them what for!

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**STRATYLLIS:** Women! Down pitchers! Free your hands for the fight!

**PHILOSTRATUS:** *(Raising his fist.)* When Bupalus the artist got too big for his chiton, I bupalus’ed him one right in the eye. Don’t think I won’t do it for you!

**STRATYLLIS:** Come on, then, I dare you! I double dare you! I’ll take the best you’ve got. But before you try, you’d better pad your dangly bits!

**PHILOSTRATUS:** Quiet down, or I’ll knock any years you’ve got left out of you.

**WOMEN:** If you lay one finger on Stratyllis, you old fart – !

**MEN:** If you raise a fist to Philostratus, you old crone – !

**WOMEN:** | I’ll rip out your yellow guts!

**MEN:** | I’ll knock you down and sit on you!

*(The MEN back away from the WOMEN.)*

**PHILOSTRATUS:** *(To his comrades)* Oh, wise Euripides! The poet was right! ‘No beast can



be so shameless as the woman beast can be!' Men! Torches – ready!

**STRATYLLIS:** Women! Raise your – urns!

*(The WOMEN, with military precision, pick up their jars.)*

**MEN:** What's the water for, you toothless old hag? To bring back some bloom?

**WOMEN:** What are the torches for, you musty old corpse? Your funeral pyre?

**MEN:** A funeral pyre, indeed – for your friends in there!

**WOMEN:** Any spark you light, we'll put out!

**MEN:** You've been doing that for years.

**WOMEN:** Your sparks have gotten awfully tiny.

**MEN:** I'll give you a roasting!

**WOMEN:** I'll give you a bath!

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**MEN:** Back home, woman!

**WOMEN:** You think I'm your slave?

**PHILOSTRATUS:** Come on, men, set them on fire!

**STRATYLLIS:** Ready with pitchers! And – fling!

*(The WOMEN throw water over the MEN.)*

**MEN:** I'm soaking wet, you bitch!

**WOMEN:** Too hot? *(They prepare to throw more.)*

**MEN:** No! Stop! Enough!

**WOMEN:** I thought a little water might make your tiny sprout grow.

**MEN:** That water's cold enough to shrivel an oak tree.

**WOMEN:** So, go use your fire to dry yourself out!

*(The MAGISTRATE, in a long chiton and very full of himself, enters, with four SOLDIERS carrying pry-bars.)*

**MAGISTRATE:** Here we go again – the female sex getting above itself. I remember Demostratus, damn him, in the Assembly, saying “We must send our troops to Sicily!”, and this drunken bitch on a nearby roof crying out, ‘Woe for Adonis!’ Then Demostratus, the idiot, cries out “We must take Sicily from the Spartans!”, and this rooftop woman – barely able to stand for the wine – wails “Weep for Adonis!” Imagine! The impudence! Trying to stop us sending soldiers to Sicily. Mind you, all the soldiers we sent to Sicily were killed, but that’s not the point!

**PHILOSTRATUS:** Oh, if you knew the half of it! They insulted us and belittled us and threw pots of cold water on us, so that we’re standing here like infants who’ve piddled their diapers!

**MAGISTRATE:** By Poseidon, it’s what happens when you give in to women! Give them a *dactylos* and they’ll take a *dolichos*! And what comes of it? We say to the goldsmith: “Here, you made a necklace for my wife and the pin slipped out of the hole already. Go over to my place and stick a new pin in her hole.” Or we go to the shoemaker, shoulders like a hero and a hero of a package, and we say, “Shoemaker, my wife’s sandals are falling off her little toes – go over this afternoon and widen the hole for her.” And here’s the result! A magistrate like me comes to the Acropolis to get money for our ships and finds the doors barred in his face! Well, enough is enough! *(To the SOLDIERS)* Get the pry-bars going, and we’ll soon put a stop to this. *(The SOLDIERS stand idly.)* What are you doing, knuckleheads? Looking for a wineshop? Get that bar under the gates!

*(The doors open and LYSISTRATA enters, with semi-military accoutrements over her hymation.)*

**LYSISTRATA:** No need to force the gate. We need something you don’t have: plain old common sense.

**MAGISTRATE:** How dare you! Do you know who I am?

**LYSISTRATA:** I know *what* you are. That’s plain enough to see.

**MAGISTRATE:** Soldier! *(One of the SOLDIERS snaps to attention.)* Arrest that woman!

**LYSISTRATA:** *(As the SOLDIER approaches.)* By Artemis, if he lays a finger on me, I’ll send him hobbling back where he came from!

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*(The SOLDIER runs behind the others.)*

**MAGISTRATE:** Scared of a woman? You! *(The SECOND SOLDIER snaps to attention.)* Grab her and tie her up. Snap to it!

*(CALONICE comes out of the doors.)*

**CALONICE:** *(As the SECOND SOLDIER approaches.)* Lay hands on her and, by Pandrosus, I'll have your guts for garters!

*(The SECOND SOLDIER runs behind the others.)*

**MAGISTRATE:** Shocking! Soldier! *(The THIRD SOLDIER snaps to attention.)* Hold her down and gag her! That'll shut them both up.

*(MYRRHINE comes out of the doors.)*

**MYRRHINE:** *(As the THIRD SOLDIER approaches.)* By Phosphor himself, reach out that hand and you'll pull back a bloody stump!

**Perusal copy only -- contact author for rights** *(The THIRD SOLDIER runs behind the others.)*

**MAGISTRATE:** Another one? Soldier! *(The FOURTH SOLDIER snaps to attention.)* Tie her hands behind her back! We'll put a stop to this nonsense.

**STRATYLLIS:** *(As the FOURTH SOLDIER approaches.)* By Diana, another step and I'll tear out your hair – and I don't mean from your head!

*(The SOLDIERS all cower and retreat.)*

**MAGISTRATE:** Cowards! Dress your line, soldiers of Greece, and forward!

*(The MAGISTRATE and the SOLDIERS regroup and prepare to attack.)*

**LYSISTRATA:** By all the goddesses, we've four phalanxes of fearsome fighting females just inside the gates!

**MAGISTRATE:** I don't think so. Forward, soldiers, defeaters of Persians, defenders of Greece!

**LYSISTRATA:** Stand to, you women, bakers of bread, changers of diapers!

*(WOMEN in military harness come out and form a line.)*

Now, scratch their eyes out! Box their ears! Put the knee where it counts!  
Shriek at the top of your lungs!

*(The WOMEN attack the SOLDIERS, who run off.)*

Halt! Enough! Regroup – and no looting the dead!

*(The WOMEN return, with the SOLDIERS' helmets as trophies and go back into the Acropolis.)*

**MAGISTRATE:** Oh, the shame! Defeated by weakling women!

**LYSISTRATA:** Weakling? We birth you, feed you, clean your noses, wipe your bums, marry you and sleep with you! Did you think we'd back away from a little fight?

**MAGISTRATE:** Oh, I know you women can fight – my wife proves it every night.

**PHILOSTRATUS:** Your honour, don't waste your time  
On this unbecoming rabble.  
We tried soft reason with them, too,  
And got soaked through for our trouble.

**STRATYLLIS:** Let he who starts the trouble  
Expect more trouble back!  
We women only want a quiet home –  
But he who shakes the wasps' nest  
Will certainly get stung!

**MEN:** Oh, who can stand a woman's tongue?  
It's too much to bear.  
*(To the Magistrate)* Sir! Order them to tell us now  
The reason that they dare  
This raid upon our Citadel!

**PHILOSTRATUS:** Put the question to her, sir,  
But watch she doesn't lie,  
For we all know the subtle tricks  
A woman's mind will try.

**MAGISTRATE:** Very well. *(to LYSISTRATA; trying charm.)* My dear. Tell me now, without

any tricks, what in Apollo's name you mean by barring up these gates.

**LYSISTRATA:** Simple. We've seized the treasury and we intend to put a stop to the war.

**MAGISTRATE:** *(Sweetly.)* Oh, is that all? *(Yelling.)* You can't just stop a war!

**LYSISTRATA:** Why not? You and all the other money-grubbers "just" started it! We'll simply keep the public funds out of your grubby hands. Not a drachma for a ship – not an obol for a sword. Why, you'll have to pay for it yourselves. That'll stop it.

**MAGISTRATE:** And how do you think you'll accomplish that?

**LYSISTRATA:** We'll simply administer the Treasury.

**MAGISTRATE:** What? *Women* running the Treasury?

**LYSISTRATA:** What's your problem? We handle our household accounts quite nicely.

**MAGISTRATE:** It's hardly the same.

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**LYSISTRATA:** Two and two still make four, don't they – at home or on this hill!

**MAGISTRATE:** But ... but ... we need that money for the war!

**LYSISTRATA:** But ... but ... we're stopping the war!

**MAGISTRATE:** We must support our troops!

**LYSISTRATA:** Who supports them more than their wives? We support them so much, we want them home – in our beds.

**MAGISTRATE:** If you knew what we know ...

**LYSISTRATA:** We'd know just a tiny bit more than we already do. We'll handle it!

**MAGISTRATE:** You!

**LYSISTRATA:** Us!

**MAGISTRATE:** We're all dead!

**LYSISTRATA:** Not to worry. We'll save you – even if you don't want to be saved.

**MAGISTRATE:** *(Raging.)* Aaaaah! Unbelievable!

**LYSISTRATA:** Like changing your diapers, it's got to be done – and a woman's just the man to do it.

**MAGISTRATE:** Demetrios! I've ... I've ... I've ... never ...!

**LYSISTRATA:** *(Sweetly.)* Oh, I'm sure you have ... *(To the WOMEN.)* ... once or twice.

**MAGISTRATE:** What if we don't want you to save us?

**LYSISTRATA:** All the more reason we should.

**MAGISTRATE:** And what gives you the right to interfere when it comes to war and peace?

**LYSISTRATA:** You really want to know?

**MAGISTRATE:** *(About to have a conniption.)* YES!

**LYSISTRATA:** Then, listen – and try and keep your mouth shut while we explain.

**Perusal copy only -- contact author for rights** *(MUSIC: No. 6 - Shut Your Mouth.)*

**WOMEN:** OOH, OOH, OOH, OOH.

**LYSISTRATA:** UNTIL NOW WE HAVE MASTERED OUR FEELINGS  
AND ENDURED WHATEVER YOU MEN DID.

**WOMEN:** OOH, OOH, OOH, OOH.

**LYSISTRATA:** WE KEPT MUM THROUGH YOUR UNDERHAND DEALINGS,  
KEPT OUR OPINIONS TIGHT BENEATH A LID!

**WOMEN:** OH! OH, OH!

**LYSISTRATA:** WE KNEW EVERYTHING YOU WERE UP TO.  
STUCK AT HOME, THE WORD STILL CAME OUR WAY  
OF YOUR EVERY POLITICAL BLUNDER,  
AND WHAT DID OUR DEAR HUSBANDS SAY?

**CALONICE:** Yeah, what did they say?

**WOMEN & LYS.:** JUST SHUT YOUR MOUTH AND MIND YOUR WOMAN'S BUSINESS!

LOOK TO YOUR KITCHEN AND TEND THE LITTLE BRAT!  
DUMB AND PRETTY – SILENT! – IS MOST PLEASIN’ –  
A WOMAN’S BUSINESS ISN’T MORE THAN THAT!

SHUT YOUR MOUTH – GO MIND YOUR BUSINESS;  
KEEP THE HOME – DON’T START A SILLY FIGHT.  
SHUT YOUR MOUTH – GO MIND YOUR BUSINESS;  
AND LEAVE THE MEN TO SET OLD ATHENS RIGHT.

AND WE DID.

**STRATYLLIS:** *I wouldn’t have done!*

**LYSISTRATA:** I’m sure you wouldn’t have. Second verse!

SO THROUGH ALL THE YEARS WE KEPT QUIET.

**WOMEN:** *(As the MEN open their mouths to speak.)* QUIET!

**LYSISTRATA:** BUT SURE ENOUGH, THE NEXT THING WE KNEW,

**WOMEN:** WE KNEW

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**LYSISTRATA:** YOU’D MAKE AN EVEN SILLIER DECISION,

**WOMEN:** MM-MM.

**WOMEN & LYS:** AND THE LIST OF LOST BATTLES GREW.

WE SAID, ‘LOVER, WHY ARE YOU STILL PERSISTING  
WITH THIS STUPID ENDLESS WAR POLICY?’  
AND GOT ‘WOMAN, BETTER GET BACK TO YOUR SPINNING;  
AND LEAVE THE WAR TO BIG STRONG MEN LIKE ME!’

**MAGISTRATE:** Sensible fellow!

**WOMEN & LYS.:** WHAT’S THE POINT OF WAITING ANY LONGER?  
LISTEN TO US – AND WE’LL MAKE A DEAL.

**CALONICE & MYRRHINE:** *(as Donald Trump)* We make the best deals!

**WOMEN & LYS.:** WITH OUR ADVICE, THE COUNTRY WILL BE STRONGER –  
WE’LL MAKE THE LAWS; YOU CAN MAKE THE MEAL.

**MAGISTRATE:** What!

**WOMEN & LYS.:** SHUT YOUR MOUTH – *WE'LL* MIND YOUR BUSINESS;  
PUT AN END TO ALL THESE USELESS FIGHTS.  
SHUT YOUR MOUTH – *WE'LL* MIND YOUR BUSINESS;  
AND WE'LL SET OLD ATHENS RIGHT.

**LYSISTRATA:** AND WE WILL!

**MAGISTRATE:** I think we've heard all we need to hear.

**WOMEN:** Shut up! Third verse!

**WOMEN & LYS.:** DON'T YOU THINK IT'S REALLY KIND OF FUNNY  
(THAT IS, PECULIAR, AND THAT'S A GREEK WORD, TOO)

**WOMEN:** SO GREEK!

**WOMEN & LYS:** NO MATTER WHAT THE LOSS IN MEN OR MONEY,  
"IT'S FOR ATHENS!" IS THE ONLY TUNE YOU KNEW?

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WE'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH AND WE'VE KEPT QUIET  
WHILE ATHENS HAS BEEN RUN INTO THE GROUND  
AND NOW WE'VE GOT A PLAN, WE'RE GONNA TRY IT,  
SAVE WHAT'S LEFT OF THE ATHENS THAT WE'VE FOUND.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH – *WE'LL* MIND YOUR BUSINESS;  
PUT AN END TO ALL THESE USELESS FIGHTS.  
SHUT YOUR MOUTH – *WE'LL* MIND YOUR BUSINESS;  
AND WE'LL SET OLD ATHENS RIGHT.  
(YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT!)  
AND WE'LL SET OLD ATHENS RIGHT.  
(WHILE WE CAN STILL RETRIEVE IT!)  
WE'LL SET YOU RIGHT!

**MAGISTRATE:** *You'll set us right?* Unbelievable! I've never heard such –

**LYSISTRATA:** Silence! The Invocation!

OH, EROS AND APHRODITE, BREATHE YOUR GLOW  
UPON OUR LUSCIOUS BOSOMS AND OUR THIGHS

**WOMEN:** SIGH . . .



**LYSISTRATA:** KEEP US FAITHFUL TO OUR CAUSE AND TO OUR VOW  
AND RAISE THE PILLARS OF OUR MEN-FOLK HIGH –

**WOMEN:** And keep them that way!

**WOMEN & LYS.:** UNTIL THE HORIZON IS PILLARED,  
POINTING IN VAIN TO THE HEAVENS,  
AND FOR THE SAKE OF A PIECE,  
ALL THE MEN WILL MAKE PEACE  
AND WE WILL BE HAILED AS  
THE “SAVIOURS OF GREECE.”

*(Music ends.)*

**LYSISTRATA:** Okay, song’s over. Talk.

**MAGISTRATE:** How, may I ask, will your rule bring about the salvation of Greece?

*(LYSISTRATA takes a work-basket from one of the WOMEN  
and illustrates her argument with its contents.)*

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**LYSISTRATA:** It’s as simple as untangling a skein of wool. We pass the spindle like this and like that and again and again until – eureka! –

**WOMEN:** Greek word!

**LYSISTRATA:** – we’ve untangled the knot! That’s how to untangle a war: pass an ambassador here, an ambassador there, backwards and forwards, this way and that until – eureka! *(She points at the women.)* Ah, ah, ah! – the war’s at an end.

**MAGISTRATE:** Oh, my word. Do you think with your threads and your skeins and your spools, with these little household tricks, you can solve a problem of such bitter complexity, such political stress? Fools!

**LYSISTRATA:** I’m pretty sure we can. Think of Athens as a fleece fresh off the sheep. First you wash out the crap; then beat out the parasites and the ne’er-do-wells ...

**MAGISTRATE:** ... with a stick?

**LYSTRATA:** If necessary. Then pull out the burrs – the ones who cling on for what they can get for free. Then you deal with the lice, the ones who get themselves elected to office every year – those you scrape out with a knife and snip their heads off. Then you card it until it’s smooth and straight – all of it, citizens, foreigners – yes, and immigrants, too – even those who are too poor to vote!

Then do the same with all our colonies everywhere. Then bring them all together in one great big ball of Athenian wool – and from that the People can weave a nice warm cloak of democracy.

**MAGISTRATE:** And while you're all carding and skeining our fate, we'll lose the war! What have you ever done to tell us men what to do?

**LYSISTRATA:** We've given you our husbands and our sons to perish for your schemes on distant shores.

**MAGISTRATE:** How dare you bring that up! Their memory is sacred!

**LYSISTRATA:** To no one more than us! Here's another thing, then. Look at us! We're young! We're vital! We're fertile!

**THE YOUNGER WOMEN:** Yeah!

**LYSISTRATA:** While our husbands are away playing soldier, we sit at home and knit socks! Not to mention the poor young girls who may never wed – never know one night in a marriage bed.

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**MAGISTRATE:** Well, your husbands are getting old, too.

**LYSISTRATA:** You don't think we know it? When they do come home, they're tired or wounded or just plain *can't* –

**THE OLDER WOMEN:** Yeah!

**LYSISTRATA:** – and that leaves *us* knitting more socks.

**MAGISTRATE:** (*Fuming*) Shameless! Brazen! Forward things! I've heard enough! I'll tell the Assembly all the nonsense that you spout – and then we'll see how this turns out! (*Exit.*)

**LYSISTRATA:** (*Calling after him*) Hurry back, dear. We'll give you more of the same.

(*MUSIC: No. 7 - All You Men. LYSISTRATA and the other WOMEN exit, leaving the MEN'S CHORUS on stage.*)

**PHILOSTRATUS:** ALL YOU MEN WHO ARE STILL MEN,  
ARISE AT LAST AND READY STAND.  
FOR I SEEM TO SMELL IN THIS  
SOME DEVICE MOST PERILOUS.

**MEN'S CHORUS:** THEY WOULD PLACE US UNDER THEM,  
AND NOT THE WAY YOU SEEM TO THINK.  
TREASON'S WHERE THEIR SCHEME MUST STEM.  
I'D REALLY, REALLY LIKE A DRINK.

**PHILOSTRATUS:** OH GODS! WOMEN VENTURING TO PRATTLE  
OF ARMS AND THE MAN AND BATTLE,  
MAKING TREATIES WITH A SPARTAN,  
PEOPLE I WOULD SOONER FART ON!

**MEN'S CHORUS:** TYRANNY IS WHAT THEY'VE PLANNED,  
SO, ON OUR GUARD, WE ALL MUST STAND.  
WEAR YOUR SWORD AND ARMOUR, TOO,  
STANDING IN THE MARKET QUEUE.

**CHORUS & PHILO:** ALL YOU MEN WHO ARE STILL MEN,  
ARISE AT LAST AND READY STAND.  
AS WE SEE ON VASE AND FRIEZE,  
READY, READY, THUS –

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– AND KEEP OLD ATHENS FREE!  
*(Shouted.)* We're Greek!

*(The CHORUS OF OLD WOMEN come from the gates.)*

**STRATYLLIS:** *(To the audience.)* Citizens, listen, while we tell you what we think!

**PHILOSTRATUS:** Enough of that! Now, off you go  
Or we'll knock some sense into you!

*(Shaking his fist at STRATYLLIS.)*

**STRATYLLIS:** Just try it, grandad,  
And your mother will have to  
Teach you to walk again!  
Women of Athens, mantles off!

*(The WOMEN remove their hymations.)*

**WOMEN:** *(Addressing the audience)* I speak my words to all of Athens:  
By long service, I have the right.  
At seven, I was a novice here

In the high Acropolis.  
At ten, I followed Artemis,  
Sharing the rites of the Foundress.  
At seventeen, grown tall and straight,  
Zeus' basket did I bear,  
With a necklace of figs  
And a pretty face ringed with curling hair.

**STRATYLLIS:** So what if I am not a man?  
I offer the best advice I can.  
I pay the same taxes that you do,  
On top of which I paid a surtax, too:

**WOMEN:** We gave you our sons!

**STRATYLLIS:** But you, you greybeards!  
You've run through every *drachma* of the  
Hard-won Persian gold that *your* fathers won  
At Salamanca and down at Marathon.  
What's your answer? Make it good –  
Or I'll knock some sense in *your* jaw.

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*(She raises her leg as if to kick PHILOSTRATUS.  
MUSIC: No. 8: All You Men, reprise.)*

**PHILOSTRATUS:** Villainy! Men of Athens, tunics off! Prepare for a fight!

*(The MEN strip off their tunics, standing in underclothes with  
bandy legs and sunken chests showing.)*

**MEN:** | ALL YOU MEN WHO ARE STILL MEN,  
| ARISE AT LAST AND READY STAND.  
| FOR I SEEM TO SMELL IN THIS  
| SOME DEVICE MOST PERILOUS.

**WOMEN:** | COME THEN, COURAGEOUS HEARTS,  
| DOWN PITCHERS, ALL, AND ON!  
| EACH TAKE HER PART.

**MEN:** | EVERY MAN HERE KNOWS WHAT TALENT  
| THEY HAVE IN THE SADDLE:  
| EVERY ONE, FROM GIRLISH YOUTH,  
| LONG PRACTISED HOW TO STRADDLE.

**WOMEN:** |  
| SPRUNG FROM MOST VALIANT WOMBS  
| GRAND-MOTHERS WHOM  
| WE KNOW HID VALIANT HEARTS.

**PHILOSTRATUS:** NO MATTER HOW THEY'RE JOGGED THERE  
UP AND DOWN, THEY'RE NEVER, EVER, EVER THROWN.

**MEN & PHILO:** LET'S STICK QUICK WITHIN THE STOCKS  
THE NECKS OF EVERY ONE OF THEM!

**STRATYLLIS:** DON'T ROUSE ME OR I SHALL LOOSE  
THE DRAGON THAT IS CHAINED UP HERE.  
YOU'LL BE HOWLING FOR A TRUCE,  
HOWLING OUT WITH ABJECT FEAR.

**MEN'S CHORUS & PHILO:**

ALL YOU MEN WHO ARE STILL MEN,  
ARISE AT LAST AND READY STAND.

AS WE SEE ON VASE AND FRIEZE,  
SANDS OF GREECE, WE'VE  
– AND KEEP OLD ATHENS FREE!

*(Shouted.)* We're Greek!

**STRATYLLIS:**

*(The WOMEN sing "Come then, etc.")*

DON'T ROUSE ME OR I SHALL LOOSE  
THE DRAGON THAT IS CHAINED UP HERE

YOU'LL BE HOWLING FOR A TRUCE,  
HOWLING OUT WITH ABJECT FEAR!

WE'LL MAKE YOU HOWL WITH FEAR!

**ALL WOMEN:** *(Shouted.)* We're Greek!

**STRATYLLIS:** Come on, girls! Grab hold and break it off!

*(The WOMEN attack the MEN who exit, defeated.)*

Victory! *(The WOMEN gather up the MEN's tunics.)* To the victors go the spoils!

**WOMEN:** *(Holding up the tunics as an offering.)* Thanks be to Athena!

*(LYSISTRATA comes out of the gates, in some agitation, and paces anxiously about until STRATYLLIS addresses her in tragic tones.)*

**STRATYLLIS:** Hail, our valiant leader!  
Why dost thou with visage grim  
From out the shuttered fortress reel?

**LYSISTRATA:** *(Beat.)* What?

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**STRATYLLIS:** Sorry, I've been reading Homer. What's with the sour puss, toots?

**LYSISTRATA:** I'm fed up with femininity –

**WOMEN:** What are you saying? What's up?

**LYSISTRATA:** The younger women – oh, so weak.

**STRATYLLIS:** What calamity is looming now?

**LYSISTRATA:** It's silly, of course, and no cause to brag.

**WOMEN:** Oh, tell us what they suffer from.

**LYSISTRATA:** The younger women need a shag!

**WOMEN:** Ah, Zeus!

**LYSISTRATA:** Why call on Zeus?  
I don't see any swans about.

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I can't make them keep  
their vow of abstinence,  
They're sneaking out all over.

I caught one sneaking through the gate near Pan's temple; another lowering herself in a basket with a pulley. Yesterday, I stopped one launching herself into the air with a catapult. And they'll use any excuse to try to sneak home. There goes one, now! (*To a WOMAN who is trying to sneak by them*) Hold on, sister! Where's the fire?

**FIRST WOMAN:** I need to go home. I've got some wool – all the way from Miletus – and I forgot to put camphor on it. The moths will be having a feast!

**LYSISTRATA:** You wouldn't believe how often I've heard that one. Get back in there!

**FIRST WOMAN:** By all the goddesses, I won't be more than an hour – two at tops. I only want to get my wool spread on the bed.

**LYSISTRATA:** Is that what they're calling it, now? Get back in there.

**FIRST WOMAN:** But my wool needs to be spread!

**LYSISTRATA:** Nothing's getting spread today, woman!

*(A SECOND WOMAN out of the doors.)*

Hold on, there! Going to spread your wool, are you?

**SECOND WOMAN:** No ... it's my flax, my poor flax! It's sitting at home and needs stripping!

**LYSISTRATA:** Another one! *(To SECOND WOMAN)* Back inside!

**SECOND WOMAN:** But I've got to go home and strip it bare!

**LYSISTRATA:** There'll be no stripping bare today – let one get stripped and they'll all turn into strippers.

*(A THIRD WOMAN runs on, feigning pregnancy.)*

**THIRD WOMAN:** Oh, holy Eileithya, hold off this baby till I'm gone from this sacred place!  
*(Ed. Eye-LITHE-ee-a. The protectress of child-birth.)*

**LYSISTRATA:** What, a baby, now?

**THIRD WOMAN:** Oh, the pains are just forty breaths apart!

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**LYSISTRATA:** I saw you yesterday. Your belly was flat as a drinking pool.

**THIRD WOMAN:** *(A beat.)* Thanks be to Athena! A miracle! Pregnant and birth in one short day! Oh, Lysistrata, let me go. I've got to find a midwife.

*(Most of the OLD WOMEN put up their hands.)*

**LYSISTRATA:** *(Pokes her stomach)* What's this lump? A little hard for a baby, isn't it?

**THIRD WOMAN:** Must be a boy!

**LYSISTRATA:** *(Raps on the lump and gets a hollow sound.)* Your belly's hollow – and made of metal! Let's have a little look-see. *(She pulls a bronze helmet from under the THIRD WOMAN's chiton.)* You hussy! A child, eh? This is Athena's sacred helmet!

**THIRD WOMAN:** Well, I am a *little* bit pregnant.

**LYSISTRATA:** And the helmet?

**THIRD WOMAN:** To put the baby in, if it came before I got home?

**LYSISTRATA:** A deserter! I sentence you – to stay here until your baby’s naming day – ten days after it’s born.

**THIRD WOMAN:** But that Guardian Snake statue gives me the creeps!

**SECOND WOMAN:** And Athena’s sacred owls: hoot, hoot, hoot, day and night!

**LYSISTRATA:** (*firmly*) Girls! You want your husbands; I want mine – but our plan is working! Think of the cold lonely nights they’re passing. Think of the hard time they’re having. Stick it out a little longer. (*The THIRD WOMAN starts to put the helmet under her chiton.*) Not you! The oracle has spoken and favours our endeavour, if only we are strong. (*Unrolls a scroll*) Want to hear it?

(*The WOMEN all gather round her.*)

**FIRST WOMAN:** What does it say?

**LYSISTRATA:** (*Reads*) “When the swallows flock together and shun the cock-birds day and night, then all sorrows shall be ended and great Zeus shall raise high those who were low — “

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**SECOND WOMAN:** Ooh, I love being on top!

**LYSISTRATA:** “But if the swallows stoop to squabble, and from the temple fly, then all the world will call them trollops, and do so ever more.”

**THIRD WOMAN:** That’s kind of harsh!

**LYSISTRATA:** Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more! (*To audience.*) No, he stole it from us! I know it’s hard, girls, but think of the disgrace if we betrayed the oracle. We must stay together! Inside, all!

(*All but LYSISTRATA exit through the doors. MUSIC: No. 9 - Lycon, My Husband.*)

Yet, Lycon, my husband, if only you would come.

YOU WILD GODDESSES, WHO DART ACROSS THE SKY,  
HEAR ME, I PRAY. HEAR WHAT I SAY, AND  
SEE HIM SAFELY HOME.

BACK TO OUR HOME, BACK TO OUR BED.  
YOU HOLD THAT GIFT, THOUGH



FATES MAY HOLD THE THREAD.

WHILE WE LIVE, LET US SHINE.  
LET THERE BE NO THOUGHT OF GRIEF.  
LIFE CAN LAST BUT A MOMENT, FLEETING,  
AND TIME DEMANDS ITS TOLL  
AND AN END.

WHILE WE LIVE, LET US SHINE.  
LET THERE BE NO GRIEVING.  
LIFE'S BUT A MOMENT  
AND TIME DEMANDS ITS TOLL  
AND AN END.

*(LYSISTRATA exits into the Acropolis.)*

*(Lights down.)*

**END OF ACT ONE**

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**LYSISTRATA**

A musical adapted from the farce by Aristophanes

Act Two

*(The scene as before, except a banner reading “No piece without a peace.” has been hung from the ramparts.)*

*(MUSIC: No. 10 - Entr’Acte, then No. 11- Oh, Melanion. The two CHORUSES enter separately, the MEN still in their underclothes, erect phalluses under their breechclouts.)*

**MEN:** LONG, LONG AGO –  
MY GRAN’MA TOLD ME SO –  
THERE WAS A BOY, MELANION,  
WHO FEARED HE’D OLDER GROW.

AWAY FROM WOMEN AND FROM LOVE  
THIS WILLFUL YOUNG BOY RAN,  
TO SPEND HIS LIFE ALONE AND WILD,  
A HAPPY, UNWED MAN.

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OH, MELANION!  
OH, MELANION!

ALL ON HIS OWN –  
WITH NO ONE BUT HIS DOG –  
HE SET HIS SNARES FOR RABBITS,  
AND HE HUNTED FEN AND BOG.

HE LIVED ALONE UP IN THE HILLS,  
AS ONLY BACH’LORS CAN.  
NEVER FOUND BY WOMAN KIND,  
A WISE AND SINGLE MAN!  
OH, MELANION!  
OH, MELANION!

**PHILOSTRATUS:** *(Approaches STRATYLLIS)* COME ON, LET’S HAVE A KISS, NOW.

**STRATYLLIS:** *(Backing off.)* LAY OFF ONIONS, FIRST!

**PHILOSTRATUS:** RIGHT, LET’S HAVE A KICK NOW! *(He kicks at her.)*

**STRATYLLIS:** *(pointing and laughing)* YOUR HEDGES NEED SOME PRUNING!

**MEN:** AN UNDER-GROWTH LIKE THAT JUST SHOWS  
THE FOREST STILL CAN GROW!  
JUST THINK OF BLACK MYRONIDES,  
WHOSE HAIRS HIS HEIRS DID SOW.  
OH, MELANION!  
OH, MELANION!

**WOMEN:** YOU HAD YOUR SAY.  
NOW, IT'S OUR TURN TOO.  
WE'LL TELL YOU OF A NOBLE MAN,  
CALLED TIMON, TALL AND TRUE.

LIKE YOUR MYRONIDES, OUR TIMON'S  
BEARD WAS THICKLY THATCHED;  
A MAN NOT OF A WOMAN BORN  
BUT FROM A FURY HATCHED.  
OH, TIMON!  
OH, TIMON!

HE NEVER TRUSTED MEN  
WHOSE EVIL HE DEPLORED,  
SO TIMON TOOK HIMSELF AWAY  
AND LIVED SO FAR ABROAD.

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HE SPENT HIS LIFE AS FAR FROM MEN  
AS HE COULD SAFELY GO,  
SURROUNDED BY HIS ONLY FRIENDS,  
THE WOMEN HE LOVED SO.

OH, TIMON!  
OH, TIMON!

**STRATYLLIS:** (to *PHILOSTRATUS*) HOW 'BOUT A LITTLE KISS, DEAR?

**PHILOSTRATUS:** I WON'T LET YOU NEAR!

**STRATYLLIS:** HOW 'BOUT A GREAT BIG KICK, DEAR?

**PHILOSTRATUS:** AND SHOW WHAT'S DANGLING THERE?

**STRATYLLIS:** DESPITE OUR AGE, AND UNLIKE YOU,  
IT'S ALL IN WORKING TRIM:  
WE KEEP THE HEDGEROWS SCULPTED BACK,  
TO LET THE SUNLIGHT IN.

**MEN:** OH, MELANION!

**WOMEN:** OH, WE SING FOR TIMON!

**MEN:** OH, MELANION!

**WOMEN:** OH, WE SING FOR TIMON!

**BOTH GROUPS:** HE'S THE MAN FOR ME!

*(Both CHORUSES now withdraw to the edges of the orchestra. The MAGISTRATE approaches.)*

**MAGISTRATE:** You within the gates! Do you hear me?

**A WOMAN WITHIN:** We hear you! We see you, too. Have you come to surrender?

**MAGISTRATE:** I've come to talk sense. Send your leader out, if you women have a leader.

**A WOMAN WITHIN:** We have a leader and she's coming out – and you're gonna be

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*(The gates open and LYSISTRATA comes out onto the platform accompanied by an escort of military women.)*

**LYSISTRATA:** Yo, again! We told you, no politician will move us from our demand.

**THE WOMEN:** Yeah!

**LYSISTRATA:** *(Pointing to the banner.)* No piece without a peace!

**THE WOMEN:** What *she* said!

**MAGISTRATE:** I've come to talk common sense on behalf of the businessmen of Athens.

**LYSISTRATA:** Common sense and business? Words that rarely go together.

**MAGISTRATE:** My dear, business is at the core of Athens's society. Business creates the wealth of Athens. Business gives us our future. And your little protest here is threatening the very existence of our businesses.

**LYSISTRATA:** *My* dear, family is at the core of Athens's society. Family creates the wealth of Athens. Family gives us our future. And our great big protest here is fighting for the very existence of our families!

**THE WOMEN:** Right!

**MAGISTRATE:** It is business that sends our ships to sea...

**LYSISTRATA:** That same business forced the war our husbands and sons are fighting!

**THE WOMEN:** Right!

**MAGISTRATE:** Sparta that forced this war by interfering with our treaties.

**LYSISTRATA:** Because Athens squeezed them out of trade with their own allies. Business putting its own profit ahead of everything - including their own future!

**THE WOMEN:** What *she* said!

**MAGISTRATE:** You're putting your own will ahead of everything!

**LYSISTRATA:** What do we want? The lives of our husbands and sons!

**THE WOMEN:** Life!

**LYSISTRATA:** The return of liberty to our city - and to our homes!

**THE WOMEN:** Liberty!

**LYSISTRATA:** The chance to share a bed with our husbands once more!

**THE WOMEN:** The pursuit of a penis!

**MAGISTRATE:** And to gain it, you threaten violence upon the state!

**LYSISTRATA:** Oh, sweetie, we're not threatening *violence*.

**MAGISTRATE:** And, these warrior women here?

**LYSISTRATA:** That's just to stop *you* getting violent with *us*. No, to get what we want, we have a much better weapon than any icky old sword or nasty old spear.

**MAGISTRATE:** And what is that?

**LYSISTRATA:** Girls?

**THE WOMEN:** No piece without a peace! No piece without a peace!

**MAGISTRATE:** What does that mean?

**LYSISTRATA:** Well, I don't want to sound didactic –

**THE WOMEN:** Greek word!

**LYSISTRATA:** – but, honey, when was the last time you got laid?

**MAGISTRATE:** I – I – I – well, two months ago.

**LYSISTRATA:** The law says you have to do the deed with your wife at least three times a month!

**MAGISTRATE:** How can I when she's up here on the hill with you?

**LYSISTRATA:** Yup.

**THE WOMEN:** Oh, snap!

**LYSISTRATA:** We women have stood by while the rule of common sense has been corrupted by the rule of greedy businessmen.

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**THE WOMEN:** Uh-huh!

**LYSISTRATA:** Go back and tell your business friends that their wives demand they start putting home above profit, children above wealth – and the future above getting a little bit richer.

**THE WOMEN:** Schooled!

**MAGISTRATE:** Will the rule of women be better than the rule of proven men?

**CHORUS OF OLD MEN:** Yeah!

**LYSISTRATA:** Honey, it can't be any worse! Go back and tell them – girls!

**WOMEN:** No piece without a peace! No piece without a peace! *(They continue chanting and drive the MEN out.)*

**MAGISTRATE:** I'll tell them – but they aren't going to like it!

*(The MAGISTRATE and OLD MEN exit; LYSISTRATA, still on the ramparts, sees something in the distance.)*

**LYSISTRATA:** Alarm! Alarm! Close ranks and stand to!

*(CALONICE and MYRRHINE come out onto the platform.  
The WOMEN draw up ranks.)*

**CALONICE:** What's wrong, general? What's the fuss about?

**LYSISTRATA:** *(pointing off)* There's a man coming –

**ALL THE WOMEN:** *(Not having seen one in a while.)* A man!

**LYSTISTRATA:** A soldier. The power of Aphrodite's touch has struck him stiff! O Lady of Cyprus, Paphos and Cythera, it looks like it's been a long, hard journey!

**CALONICE:** Where is he?

**LYSISTRATA:** Just passing the statue of Chloe. Everybody have a look. Recognize him?

**MYRRHINE:** By the holy twain! It's my husband, Cinesias!

**LYSISTRATA:** Right! Action stations, girls! Myrrie, you know what to do. Bring him to a boil and keep him that way – prime him past the breaking point. Keep the lid on tight until he's ready to boil over.

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**MYRRHINE:** Oh, Lysistrata, I can't do that to him!

**LYSISTRATA:** All's fair in love and war – and this is both. Do anything to send him back in worse shape than when he came – except, of course, don't let him. Remember what you swore not to do.

**MYRRHINE:** Oh, Lyssy, it'll be hard – I can see that from here. But, I'll do it.

**LYSISTRATA:** Off you go, then. To your posts, girls. I'll put some kindling on the fire.

*(All go within except LYSISTRATA. Enter CINESIAS, with  
an erect phallus under his chiton.)*

**CINESIAS:** *(to himself)* Zeus, hear me! The cramps; the pains – it's torture!

**LYSISTRATA:** Halt! Who *stands* within this sacred ground?

**CINESIAS:** Cinesias.

**LYSISTRATA:** Are you a man or a satyr?

**CINESIAS:** Oh, I'm a man, sure enough! Too much so.

**LYSISTRATA:** Well, turn around and limp back where you came from, man!

**CINESIAS:** Sentry, tell Myrrhine I'm here, would you?

**LYSISTRATA:** Myrrhine? And, what's she to you?

**CINESIAS:** I'm her husband – Cinesias.

**LYSISTRATA:** (*Welcoming.*) Cinesias! How lovely to meet you! I feel like we know each other already. Your wife never stops talking about you. Why, she can't even nibble a carrot without sighing, "Oh, how I wish Cinesias was here".

**CINESIAS:** Oh, you gods! Well, then, send her out!

**LYSISTRATA:** And, what do I get out of it?

**CINESIAS:** (*Showing his bulge.*) I'll give you what I've got under here. (*LYSISTRATA frowns.*) I mean this! (*He takes a purse from his belt and throws it to her.*)

**LYSISTRATA:** That'll do. Be right back! (*She goes into the Acropolis.*)

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**CINESIAS:** Hurry. I suffer heart pains all day – and other pains all night.

(*MYRRHINE speaks to LYSISTRATA within.*)

**MYRRHINE:** (*Off.*) But I love him, I love him! I can't bear to see him like this, Lysistrata. Don't ask me to do this to him!

**CINESIAS:** (*Calling up to her.*) Myrrhine baby, come down here!

**MYRRHINE:** No!

**CINESIAS:** Sweetie pie, it's your Cinesias calling!

**MYRRHINE:** (*Putting her head out.*) You don't want me!

**CINESIAS:** What? Can't you see how much I want you? Don't you want to see me?

**MYRRHINE:** Of course I do! All right, I'll come down, but hands off!

(*She enters, in a very short and revealing chiton.*)

**CINESIAS:** She looks prettier than the day we got married! Right now, I swear she's the most beautiful girl in Athens! And, that makes it even harder!



*(MYRRHINE comes out through the door.)*

**MYRRHINE:** Where's my big strong Cinesi-ass?

**CINESIAS:** Oh, Myrrhine, why let those other women lure you away from me? Why let them cause you such pain – and me, too? *(He attempts to caress her.)*

**MYRRHINE:** Hands off, bub!

**CINESIAS:** Our home is falling to pieces!

**MYRRHINE:** Don't care!

**CINESIAS:** The moths are eating all your wool!

**MYRRHINE:** No skin off my back.

**CINESIAS:** And our secret little fun times? Baby, it's been forever! Come home!

**MYRRHINE:** *(Wriggling free.)* Nothing doing. Not until you men stop the war.

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**CINESIAS:** Is that all? Nothing easier. First thing tomorrow.

**MYRRHINE:** Well, then – *(She cuddles close. MUSIC: No. 12 - Baby, I'm Not Sayin' I Don't Love You.)* – second thing tomorrow, I'll be home. *(She pulls away.)*

**CINESIAS:** Myrrhine! Don't you love me, anymore?

**MYRRHINE:** BABY, I'M NOT SAYING I DON'T LOVE YOU.

**CINESIAS:** LET'S GO HOME, THEN, BABY.

**MYRRHINE:** OR THAT I DON'T MISS YOU LATE AT NIGHT.

**CINESIAS:** LET'S GO HOME, THEN, DOLL.

**MYRRHINE:** WE COULD GO DO ALL THE THINGS THAT LOVE DO.

**CINESIAS:** LET'S GO HOME, THEN, BABY.

**MYRRHINE:** BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT WOULD BE RIGHT?

**CINESIAS:** Yes, I do!

**MYRRHINE:** MAYBE WE COULD SNEAK DOWN TO PAN'S GROTTA ...

**CINESIAS:** LET'S GETTING SNEAKING, BABY.

**MYRRHINE:** THERE'S A COSY SPOT THERE, MADE FOR TWO.

**CINESIAS:** LET'S GET SNEAKING, DOLL.

**MYRRHINE:** BUT PAN'S REVELLERS ARE THERE, ALL BLOTTO ...

**CINESIAS:** WHO'LL BE PEEKING, BABY?

**MYRRHINE:** AND I MUST REALLY HAVE A WASH BEFORE WE DO!

**CINESIAS:** Take a dip in the Holy Spring on the way!

**MYRRHINE:** YOU'RE ASKING ME TO BREAK A SACRED OATH!

**CINESIAS:** OUR WEDDING VOWS!

**MYRRHINE:** BEFORE THE HOLY TWO, I TOOK THEM BOTH!

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**CINESIAS:** OUR WEDDING VOWS!

**MYRRHINE:** BUT I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU SUFFER  
ANY MORE LIKE THIS.

**CINESIAS:** Thank you!

**MYRRHINE:** I'LL SHOW MY INTENTION WITH  
A SOFT AND LOVING KISS,

**CINESIAS:** All right!

**MYRRHINE:** BUT, BEFORE I DO, I SEE THAT  
SOMETHING IS AMISS.

**CINESIAS:** What?

**MYRRHINE:** JUST HOLD THAT THOUGHT –  
WE'LL SOON BE WRAPPED IN BLISS.

**CINESIAS:** Where are you going?

**MYRRHINE:** To fetch a sleeping pad.

**CINESIAS:** Why not do it on the ground?

**MYRRHINE:** It's crab-grass down there. Too scratchy!

*(She goes off to get a pad.)*

**CINESIAS:** WELL, AT LEAST I KNOW THAT SHE LOVES ME!  
I'M A PRETTY LUCKY GUY, AT THAT.  
BUT I THINK SHE'S MAKING FUN OF ME.  
SAYING THAT WE NEED A SLEEPING MAT!

*(MYRRHINE returns with a pad.)*

BABY, LET'S FORGET ABOUT THE GROTTO.

**MYRRHINE:** *(With a finger against her lips.)* DON'T YOU WANT TO, BABY?

**CINESIAS:** THERE'S A COMFY SPOT JUST OVER THERE.

**MYRRHINE:** LOOKS REAL CUZY, DON'T YOU THINK?  
*(She shows the pad off behind her.)*

**CINESIAS:** "DO IT WHEN WE CAN" HAS BEEN OUR MOTTO.

**MYRRHINE:** IT'S BEEN FUN, TOO, BABY.

**CINESIAS:** AND RIGHT NOW, I COULD DO IT ANYWHERE!

**MYRRHINE:** So could I!

BUT, FIRST I THINK I'D BETTER GET  
A PILLOW FOR YOUR HEAD.

**CINESIAS:** NO PILLOW, PLEASE!

**MYRRHINE:** THEN, PERHAPS, SOME PERFUMES TO  
ENCHANT OUR LOVING BED!

**CINESIAS:** DO DAMN PERFUME!

**MYRRHINE:** BUT I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU SUFFER –  
SUCH A TENDER NERVE.

**CINESIAS:** Thank you!

**MYRRHINE:** I'LL JUST SLIP OFF THIS SILKY GOWN THAT  
CLINGS TO EVERY CURVE.

**CINESIAS:** Oh, gods!

**MYRRHINE:** BUT IT'S CHILLY SO A BLANKET'S  
JUST THE THING TO SERVE.

**CINESIAS:** What!

**MYRRHINE:** JUST HOLD THAT THOUGHT –  
YOU'LL GET WHAT YOU DESERVE.

*(She goes off to get a blanket.)*

**CINESIAS:** THERE SHE GOES AGAIN, GONE AND LEFT ME!  
LEFT ME STANDING HERE, HIGH AND DRY!  
ZEUS, STRIKE DOWN THE ONE WHO FIRST MADE PERFUME!  
HERCULES HIMSELF WOULD SIT AND CRY!

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*(He lies on the platform, his phallus sticking  
straight up. She returns, clad "only" in a blanket.)*

**MYRRHINE:** DARLING, NOW YOU SEE, I'M BACK.

**CINESIAS:** *(Sitting up.)* I CAN SEE THAT, BABY.

**MYRRHINE:** *(Crossing to him.)* I'VE GOT JUST THE THING YOU LACK.

**CINESIAS:** I CAN SEE THAT, BABY.

**MYRRHINE:** *(Leaning close over him.)* BUT BEFORE WE JUMP INTO THE SACK,

**CINESIAS:** COME ON OVER, BABY.

**MYRRHINE:** *(Very close.)* DO JUST ONE THING FOR ME.

**CINESIAS:** What's that?

**MYRRHINE:** JUST ONE LITTLE THING FOR ME.

**CINESIAS:** Oh, gods!

**MYRRHINE:** WILL YOU DO ONE LITTLE THING FOR ME?

**CINESIAS:** Anything!

*(She faces him, upstage, and opens the blanket.)*

**MYRRHINE:** GO BACK AND MAKE A PEACE!

**CINESIAS:** Do what!

**MYRRHINE:** *(Heading for the temple.)* AND THEN YOU'LL GET A PIECE!

**CINESIAS:** I can't!

**MYRRHINE:** *(She closes the blanket.)* NO PIECE WITHOUT A PEACE!

**CINESIAS:** By Zeus, all I need is a screw!!

**MYRRHINE:** *(At the temple door.)* Oh, baby, you've been screwed. But, darling, I promise that ONCE WE GET A PEACE,

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*(Stepping inside the gates, she looks one bare leg at Cinesias. He stretches out his arm toward the leg.)*

YOU'LL GET A PIECE OF ME!  
Remember, sweetheart, vote for peace!

*(She throws the blanket over him and exits. He leaps to his feet.)*

**CINESIAS:** She's gone! Just when I was raring to go! Oh, the cramps are killing me!

*(CINESIAS limps away, as LYSISTRATA, CALONICE and others come out of the Acropolis and the WOMEN'S CHORUS enters.)*

**WOMEN:** Lysistrata, how much longer must we wait?  
Your plan is working, we can see, but  
Still we bar the gate against our men.  
We miss them, too, you know,  
As much as they miss us.

**LYSISTRATA:** Oh, you women, why make such a fuss?  
I thought a woman must be made of sterner stuff.

**WOMEN:** Oh, sterner stuff, as you say, but  
A little less with each passing day.

**LYSISTRATA:** You've held out now these months and more.  
A little longer's still in store before the men  
Must come to us with bended knee –  
If even their knees will bend.  
And then you'll sing "To paean" for  
Joy and peace and home.

**WOMEN:** We're with you, Lysistrata, but  
Wish that we were home.

*(CINESIAS approaches again.)*

**LYSISTRATA:** Cinesias! My dear, you're back!

**CINESIAS:** I'm sent to tell you the Athenian council will come to you today,  
To end this strife, if we can find a way.

**LYSISTRATA:** And, look, approaching from below,  
What men are those – not Athenians, I know.

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**CINESIAS:** Spartans! Inside, quick! I'll face them here, alone.

*(LYSISTRATA goes in; CINESIAS prepares to fight. Enter a SPARTAN. He has a curious bulge under his cloak.)*

**HERALD:** *(In a Spartan accent.)* Where can I find they Athenian Council or they  
king or whate'er ye hae here? I'm sent tae speak wi' 'em.

**CINESIAS:** And what are you? A man or a randy goat?

**HERALD:** Smar'-ass puppy! I'm a herald frae Sparta, tae talk about a peace!

**CINESIAS:** *(Pointing to the bulge)* Peace! – with a sword hidden in your tunic?

**HERALD:** *(Turning his back on him)* It's no' a sword, laddie.

**CINESIAS:** Then why are you holding your cloak out like that? Nursing a swollen  
groin from riding all this way?

**HERALD:** *(Indignantly turning back to face him)* It's swollen, but no' frae the  
journey!

**CINESIAS:** Oh, I see! Well, welcome to the club.

**HERALD:** A club? Nay, dinna blather. That's a Sparrtan walkin'-stick.

**CINESIAS:** A Spartan walking-stick? Well, then *this (indicating his own phallus)* is an Athenian running stick! But here comes the Magistrate. He's the man to deal with a herald.

*(Enter the MAGISTRATE, as badly tumescent as the others, although his hangs somewhat lower.)*

**MAGISTRATE:** Who is this? A Spartan! What do you want here?

**HERALD:** I've been delegated to negotiate wi' ye.

**MAGISTRATE:** Negotiate what?

**HERALD:** A peace!

**MAGISTRATE:** There hasn't been a piece to be found in Athens for months. How are things in Sparta?

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**HERALD:** A total cock-up. Every man in Laconia has risen, and they're taking it hard.

**CINESIAS:** What do you think has brought this evil on us?

**HERALD:** 'Twas my ain wife, Lampito, began it, and then a' the ither women toddled awa' the ilka, and blocked their wames unskaited anent oor every fleech.

**MAGISTRATE:** *(To CINESIAS.)* Did you understand that?

**CINESIAS:** Of course. It's *all* Greek to me. How are you getting on up there in Sparta?

**HERALD:** Och, we limp around the toon bent o'er as though we were shieldin' a lantern frae the wind – but it's no' a lantern, if ye get wha' I mean.

**MAGISTRATE:** Ah, yes, indeed.

**HERALD:** It's oor ain manhood, standing prewd like that ...

**MAGISTRATE:** Yes, we understood that part. Moving on.

**HERALD:** Hussies willna gie us e'en a wee grope, 'til we mak' a peace wi' ye.

**CINESIAS:** Ah, now I get it!

**HERALD:** Och, I kin see ye're no' gettin' it, laddie.

**CINESIAS:** I mean, they're all in it together – all the women of Greece.

**MAGISTRATE:** Women organizing? This is serious. Go back and have them send a full delegation. I'll persuade the Senate to appoint delegates for the Athens.

**HERALD:** I will. I fly on the wings o' Hermes! Och, Zeus, I kin bar'ly hobble.

*(The men limp off in opposite directions. MUSIC: No. 13 - Baby, I'm Not Saying, Reprise. The CHORUSES return, the WOMEN are carrying the MEN's tunics.)*

**PHILOSTRATUS:** THERE'S NO BEAST MORE FEARSOME THAN A WOMAN.

**STRATYLLIS:** WHY FIGHT US, THEN?

**PHILOSTRATUS:** THE HATE I BEAR THEM'S AN UNDYING FLAME.

**STRATYLLIS:** WE SHOULD BE FRIENDS.

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**PHILOSTRATUS:** HEAD HELD HIGH, SHE DARES TO BE OUR FOEMAN.

**STRATYLLIS:** DO WE FRIGHT YOU MEN?

**PHILOSTRATUS:** AND FOOLISHLY SAYS MEN ARE ALL TO BLAME!

**WOMEN:** Well, you are!

STANDING THERE, YOU'RE LOST WITHOUT YOUR TUNIC.

**MEN:** I REALLY FEEL THE CHILL.

**WOMEN:** LET ME PUT IT ON YOU ONCE AGAIN.

*(The WOMEN put the MEN's tunics on them.)*

**MEN:** I THINK I NEED MY PILL.

**WOMEN:** NOW YOU LOOK JUST LIKE THE DAY WE MARRIED.

**MEN:** MY WALKER, IF YOU WILL.



**WOMEN:** STANDING THERE, LIKE THAT, I'LL KISS YOU STILL.

**MEN:** No, you won't.

**WOMEN:** Yes, we will!

*(As each of them kisses their man, the two choruses become a single CHORUS.)*

**CHORUS:** IT'S TRUE WE CAN'T LIVE WITH YOU,  
BUT WE SURE CAN'T LIVE ALONE!  
AND BOTH OF US HAVE HAD ENOUGH  
OF GNAWING AT THIS BONE!  
LET BYGONES ALL BE BYGONES  
AND THE PAST BE DEAD AND GONE!  
FOR NOW IT'S OUR INTENTION  
TO GO HOME AND SPOON TILL DAWN.  
ALL POLITICAL DISSENSION WE WILL  
LOVINGLY DISMISS.  
WHEN WE GET HOME –  
WE'LL SOON BE WRAPPED IN BLISS!

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*(Enter the MAGISTRATE and CINESIAS and, separately, a party of SPARTAN DELEGATES, all concealing bulges.)*

**CHORUS:** Here come the Athenians!  
Like wrestlers eager for the fight,  
They lean forward for the fray  
And hold their cloaks before their bodies  
– or did they just have too much souvlaki?

Here come the Spartans!,  
Looking, oh, so wise and sage,  
With their long and flowing beards.  
But what's that hidden under those beards?  
– a cage to hold the sacrifice for the peace?

**MAGISTRATE:** Welcome, Laconians. Has anything new come up?

**FIRST SPARTAN:** Be done wi' yer fleerin'! Ye can see what's come up!

*(The SPARTAN DELEGATES drop their cloaks, revealing, under their chitons, their erect phalli.)*

**CHORUS:** AAAH!

**MAGISTRATE:** Zeus! The tension grows by the minute! All it will take is one little prick for it to explode.

**SPARTAN:** It's tense beyond bearin'. But let's get tae worrk! Call yer delegation, and let's knock oot a peace as quickly as we can.

**MAGISTRATE:** We Athenians can endure it no longer. Just look at how we are! (*The ATHENIANS throw away their cloaks and show their phalli.*)

**CHORUS:** AAAH!  
By Zeus, the same disease  
Runs rampant through all Greece!  
(*MEN of the Chorus to the Athenian Delegates:*)  
Gives you cramp at all hours of the day, doesn't it?

**MAGISTRATE:** That's just part of it! We're dying, here! I tell you, the statues on the temples are starting to look good! Let us make peace, quickly!

**CHORUS:** For the sake of the public's gaze,  
Put your cloaks on again  
– Athenian and Laconian.

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**MAGISTRATE:** When you're right, you're right. (*The ATHENIANS put their cloaks on.*)

**SPARTAN:** By Zeus and the Twa Goads, that's a gude idee. (*The SPARTANS put their cloaks on.*)

**MAGISTRATE:** Hail, Spartans, fellow-sufferers. Who'd have thought our war would come to this?

**SPARTAN:** Hail, Athenians, uprigh' fellas. It's been a gude war tae noo, but noo, we canna stan' it longer.

**MAGISTRATE:** Let's speak plainly, Spartans. Why have you come?

**SPARTAN:** We're ready tae mak' peace wi' ye.

**MAGISTRATE:** To tell you the truth, we're ready, too. How should we begin?

(*The MAGISTRATE and SPARTAN can't think how to begin. At last, the CHORUS make a suggestion.*)

**CHORUS:** You must have an intermediary,  
To guide the parley true.  
Call Lysistrata out to us,  
And see what she can do.

**SPARTAN:** We've heard of her and how she started all of this!

**MAGISTRATE:** We never will accept a judgement for that woman's mouth!

**SPARTAN:** What *he* said.

**CHORUS:** You must! No one else can loose this knot.

**MAGISTRATE:** Veru well, let her come. This impasse must be solved.

**SPARTAN:** Aye, bring her oot!

*(LYSISTRATA comes through the doors of the Acropolis.)*

**CHORUS:** No need to call her forth. She comes.

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Hail, boldest and bravest of women!  
The time is come to show yourself in truth  
Hard and soft, forceful and yielding, demanding and forgiving.  
See! the proudest men in all Hellas surrender to your scheme,  
And ask you now to end this tension and  
Put down all contention.

**LYSISTRATA:** Easiest thing in the world, if the time is right for it – and the men are ripe  
for it – and they're past the point where they're trying to outdo each other.  
Let's find out! Reconciliation!

*(MUSIC: No. 14 - The Entrance of Reconciliation, as a  
beautiful, diaphanously-clad young woman,  
RECONCILIATION, comes out of the Acropolis. Her robe  
is cut and painted as a map of ancient Greece. She dances  
provocatively. At the end of the music:)*

Reconciliation, the spirit of the goddess of Peace, stands before you men.  
See how beautiful Peace can be – so full of promised delight.

**ALL THE MEN:** Oh, you gods!

**LYSISTRATA:** Reconciliation, bring the Spartans to me first. Gently, now! They're in a  
tender state. If he refuses your hand, lead him by whatever comes to hand.

*(The FIRST SPARTAN quickly gives his hand to RECONCILIATION and she leads the SPARTANS to LYSISTRATA.)* The Athenians, now. You can take hold of any part they offer you. *(The MAGISTRATE offers his elbow and the ATHENIANS are led to LYSISTRATA.)* With Spartans on one hand and Athenians on the other, listen! I'll only say this once.

*(MUSIC: No. 15 - My Mama Never.)*

MY MAMA NEVER RAISED HER UP NO FOOLS,  
AND NATURE GAVE ME QUITE A SET OF TOOLS,  
I'M A WOMAN; BUT I'VE GOT SOME COMMON SENSE;  
I INTEND TO USE IN EVERYONE'S DEFENCE.

I SAY THAT BOTH SIDES HERE ARE  
EQUALLY TO BLAME.  
YOU'D THINK THAT YOU WERE PLAYING  
CHILDREN'S GAMES.  
YOU SAY "WE'RE JUST ASKING FOR THE THINGS THAT  
SHOULD BE OURS BY RIGHTS",  
BUT STILL YOU SPILL HELLENIC BLOOD  
ON HELLES' SACRED SITES.

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WE WORSHIP AT THE  
ALTARS SIDE BY SIDE.  
OUR SHIPS FLOAT ON THE  
SAME AEGEAN TIDES.  
AT THERMOPYLAE AND OTHER SPOTS TOO  
NUMEROUS TO NAME,  
OUR SOLDIERS STOOD THERE, SIDE BY SIDE,  
AND PUT THEIR FOES TO SHAME.

AND YET, HERE YOU GO AGAIN –  
CUTTING THROATS AGAIN.  
DOING ALL YOU CAN TO  
DO EACH OTHER IN  
AND WHILE YOU BURN THE CITIES,  
AND TEMPT THE WRATH OF FATE,  
LOOK UP! THE BARBARIAN  
IS STANDING AT THE GATE!

**MAGISTRATE:** How dare you ... !

**LYSISTRATA:** *(Pointing to RECONCILIATION.)* Keep looking over here, boys!

**SPARTAN:** Ah, the cramps are killin' me!

**LYSISTRATA:** NOW, YOU LACONIANS.  
HAVE YOU FORGOT PERICLIDES,  
WHO KNELT HERE, BEGGING HELP,  
ON RAW AND BLEEDING KNEES!  
YOU WERE BEATEN DOWN BY MESSANI,  
POSEIDON SHOOK THE EARTH  
WE SENT AN ARMY TO YOUR AID  
TO SHOW WHAT FRIENDSHIP'S WORTH.

GENERAL CIMON LED HIS MEN,  
FOUR THOUSAND STRONG.  
THEY BEAT THE MESSANIANS  
AND SAVED LACEDAEMON.

HE HELPED REBUILD YOUR BROKEN WALLS  
AND MADE YOU SAFE ONCE MORE.  
AND, AFTER FRIENDSHIP SUCH AS THAT,  
YOU'RE BREAKING DOWN OUR DOOR!

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IN YOUR EYES YOU WERE  
CUTTING THROATS AGAIN.  
DOING ALL YOU CAN TO  
DO EACH OTHER IN  
AND WHILE YOU BURN THE CITIES,  
AND TEMPT THE WRATH OF FATE,  
LOOK UP! THE BARBARIAN  
IS STANDING AT THE GATE!

**ATHENIANS:** THEY DID WRONG, VERY WRONG,  
LYSISTRATA, VERY WRONG.

**LACONIANS:** WE DID WRONG, VERY WRONG IN YOUR EYES.

**BOTH GROUPS:** WE'LL ENDEAVOUR TO RECOVER OUR BEHAVIOUR,  
LYSISTRATA.  
AH! GREAT GODS! WHAT A LOVELY PAIR OF THIGHS!

**LYSISTRATA:** ATHENIANS! HAVE YOU FORGOT,  
BACK WHEN YOU WERE SLAVES,  
HOW LACONIANS CAME, SPEAR IN HAND,  
AND BROKE THE BARBARIAN WAVES?

THEY ALONE FOUGHT BY YOUR SIDE  
ON THAT BLOODY STRAND  
TO TRADE THE TUNIC OF A SLAVE  
FOR THE CLOAK OF A FREE MAN.

AND YET, HERE YOU GO AGAIN –  
CUTTING THROATS AGAIN.  
DOING ALL YOU CAN TO  
DO EACH OTHER IN  
AND WHILE YOU BURN THE CITIES,  
AND TEMPT THE WRATH OF FATE,  
LOOK UP! THE BARBARIAN  
IS STANDING AT THE GATE!

**WOMEN:** LOOK UP!

**LYSISTRATA:** THERE ARE BETTER THINGS THAN  
LIVING WITH THIS HATE.

**WOMEN:** LOOK UP!

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**WOMEN/LYSISTRATA:** LOOK UP!

*(Music ends. During the ensuing dialogue both negotiators  
map out their respective demands upon  
RECONCILIATION's person.)*

**LYSTISTRATA:** Now, what's stopping you from reaching an agreement?

**MAGISTRATE:** Nothing. We're ready for a bit of Reconciliation.

**SPARTAN:** Aye, we'd love a bit. Jist cede us these twa wee roond hills here.  
*(RECONCILIATION's bottom).*

**LYSISTRATA:** Which hills are those, dearie?

**SPARTAN:** Pylos. Noo that I see it, we've got tae hae it!

**MAGISTRATE:** By Poseidon, *we* want those ... hills!

- LYSISTRATA:** Give them the hills. What's two mounds, more or less?
- MAGISTRATE:** Well, then, let's see. We'll take the Forest of Echinus, the Maliac Gulf adjoining, and the two legs of Megara. I mean Walls of Megara.
- SPARTAN:** By Dionysus, ye're no gettin' everythin'!
- LYSISTRATA:** Let them have it. What's a pair of legs more or less – I mean walls?
- MAGISTRATE:** It looks like fertile land and I'm anxious to get ploughing.
- SPARTAN:** I could do some fertilizin', mysel'.
- LYSISTRATA:** Once Peace is declared. Make your decision.
- MAGISTRATE:** We've made our decision and risen as one man to drive the point home.
- SPARTAN:** Ditto!
- LYSISTRATA:** *(Beat. All look at him.)* Speak Greek, please.

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- SPARTAN:** *What he said.*
- LYSISTRATA:** It's settled, then! All that remains is for you men to clasp hands and swear to the peace. We women will feast you and the peace. And then home we all go – each man with his wife.
- MAGISTRATE:** Let's do *that* first!
- LYSISTRATA:** After the treaty is sealed!
- SPARTAN:** Let's start the sealin'!
- MAGISTRATE:** What *he* said! Lead on, Lysistrata – and hurry!

*(MUSIC: No. 16 - Io Paeon. LYSISTRATA and RECONCILIATION lead both delegations into the Acropolis. The CHORUS remain outside. As the music continues, they begin to dance more and more wildly.)*

- CHORUS:** DANCERS, FORWARD. LEAD FORTH THE GRACES,  
CALL FORTH APOLLO, DANCER OF THE SKIES.

ARTEMIS, HUNTRESS, ENTREAT WITH YOUR VOICES.  
DIONYSUS, CALL WITH YOUR NOISES.

ZEUS WITH LIGHTNING, HERA, QUEEN,  
ALL THE GODS, CALL TO BE WITNESSES  
OF THE PEACE WE'VE MADE.  
THANKS BE TO ATHENA, OUR AID.

IO PAEAN! IO PAEAN!

*(Ed.: "Joy to the world" "Ee-oh pay-AN")*

DANCE AND LEAP  
FOR THE PEACE THAT WE'VE WON.  
EVOÉ! EVOÉ! EVOÉ! EVOÉ!

*(Ed.: general exclamation of joy; "Evv-owe-HAY")*

DANCE AND LEAP  
FOR THE PEACE ON THIS DAY.

IO PAEAN! IO PAEAN!

DANCE AND LEAP  
FOR THE PEACE THAT WE'VE WON.  
EVOÉ! EVOÉ! EVOÉ! EVOÉ!  
DANCE AND LEAP  
FOR THE PEACE ON THIS DAY.

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*(The CHORUS dance with increasing frenzy. At last, the MAGISTRATE and CINESIAS come out of the Acropolis, drunk.)*

**MAGISTRATE:** Here, you rabble, piss off! (*MUSIC ENDS.*) Our friends, the Spartans, are coming from the feast, and the last thing we want is the *hoi polloi* getting under foot!

**SECOND ATHENIAN:** What a party! Those Spartans are such great fellows! What a pity we had to kill them all these years. And I have to say, the more wine we drank, the wiser we got.

**MAGISTRATE:** That's good, 'cause we're fools when we're sober. There they were, singing one of their awful war songs, and there we were, singing a love song, and they fit together just like that! (*He tries to interlace his fingers but fails.*) Bastard Spartans ...

**SECOND ATHENIAN:** Look out! Here they come!

*(The SPARTANS come out of the Acropolis, at least as*



*drunk as the ATHENIANS.)*

**1<sup>ST</sup> SPARTAN:** Och, it was a great feast, laddies! I think I'll dance a wee and sing a noo song I just mad' oop tae honour oor noo friends, the Athenian bastards! Sorry, I didnae mean tha' – ol' habits!

**MAGISTRATE:** Well, dance, then. An Athenian loves to make a Spartan dance.

*(MUSIC: No. 17 - When Sparta's Army Ruled The Hills.  
The SPARTAN dances and sings.)*

**1<sup>ST</sup> SPARTAN:** WHEN SPARTA'S ARMY RULED THE HILLS,  
AS ATHENS RULED AT SEA,  
THE PERSIANS DARED NOT CROSS OUR WILLS,  
WE BEAT THEM BACK, YE SEE.

AND ONCE WE FOUGHT IN DAYS GONE BY  
AS BROTHERS, ARM IN ARM,  
AN', AYE, WE NE'ER BOWED LOW'RED EYE  
TAE THOSE WHO THREATENED HARM.

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FOR 'TWAS SPARTA ON THE HELLES  
FROM WANDERING HORDES OF MEDES,  
YES, 'T WAS SPARTA TURNED THE FIENDS AWAY  
WHILE ATHENS PLANTED SEEDS.

**MAGISTRATE:** What!

**1<sup>ST</sup> SPARTAN:** Jus' ribbin' ye, laddie. Hae a drink! *(He offers a bottle and dances.)*

**MAGISTRATE:** *(Takes a big drink.)* It's my turn to take a verse!

WHEN DARIUS SENT HIS DEVIL'S SPAWN,  
YOU SPARTANS FEASTED PEACE.  
'T WAS ATHENS FOUGHT AT MARATHON  
WHILE SPARTANS SCRATCHED THEIR FLEAS.

AND THEN WE SENT PHEIDIPPIDES  
TO RUN BACK WITH THE NEWS.  
"NIKE!" WAS THE WORD HE SPOKE,  
AND TRIPPED ON HIS RUNNING SHOES.

FOR 'T WAS ATHENS KEPT ALL HELLES SAFE

WHILE SPARTANS SANG IN CHOIRS.  
YES, 'T WAS ATHENS RAN THE MARATHON,  
WHILE SPARTANS PLUCKED THEIR LYRES.

**1<sup>ST</sup> SPARTAN:** No' bad. Oor turn! Sparrtans – in harmony, they noo!

**THE SPARTANS:** WHEN LEONIDES WAS OOR KING  
AN' XERXES LEFT HIS HALLS,  
WE MET HIM AT THERMOPYLAE AND  
KICKED HIM IN THE BALLS.

THE PERSIANS, THEY OOT-NOOMBERED US  
TEN THOUSAND TO ONE OR MORE,  
BUT SPARTANS BRAVELY BLOCKED THE PASS.  
'T WAS SPARTA SHUT THE DOOR.

FOR 'T WAS SPARTA KEPT ALL HELLES SAFE  
WHILE ATHENS QUAKED WITH FEARS.  
YES, 'T WAS SPARTA'S SOLDIERS FOUGHT LIKE MEN,  
WHILE ATHENS' FOUGHT LIKE —

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**1<sup>ST</sup> SPARTAN:** Oh, bring it, laddie! Treaty's off! Yer airse is oot the windy!

*(The two sides get ready to rumble when the portals open again and LYSISTRATA appears, wearing the helmet and symbols of Athena, and flanked by all the WOMEN.)*

**LYSISTRATA:** Greeks! Stop now! The war is settled!  
Don't let your drunken spleen start it anew!  
You shouldn't argue; you should be euphoric –

**THE WOMEN:** Greek word!

**LYSISTRATA:** – that hatred is over and peace has returned.  
Laconians, look! Here are your wives!  
Athenians, there are yours.  
May each live happily with the other,  
As our nations live happily, brother and brother.  
And as we part, we must each endeavour  
To make this peace last – forever and ever!

*(MUSIC: No. 18 - Io Paeon, Reprise. During the following, the WOMEN join their men atop the platform, while the CHORUS are in the orchestra.)*

DANCERS, FORWARD. LEAD FORTH THE GRACES,  
CALL FORTH APOLLO, DANCER OF THE SKIES.  
ARTEMIS, HUNTRESS, ENTREAT WITH YOUR VOICES.  
DIONYSUS, CALL WITH YOUR NOISES.

ZEUS WITH LIGHTNING, HERA, QUEEN,  
ALL THE GODS, CALL TO BE WITNESSES  
OF THE PEACE WE'VE MADE,  
THANKS BE TO ATHENA, OUR AID.

**THE CHORUS:** *(dancing)* IO PAEAN! IO PAEAN!  
DANCE AND LEAP  
FOR THE PEACE THAT WE'VE WON.  
EVOÉ! EVOÉ! EVOÉ! EVOÉ!  
DANCE AND LEAP  
FOR THE PEACE ON THIS DAY.

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IO PAEAN! IO PAEAN!  
DANCE AND LEAP  
FOR THE PEACE THAT WE'VE WON.  
EVOÉ! EVOÉ! EVOÉ! EVOÉ!  
DANCE AND LEAP  
FOR THE PEACE ON THIS DAY.

*(The dance stutters to a halt as a SOLDIER, dusty and tired, runs on, carrying a scroll.)*

**LYSISTRATA:** *(Watching the soldier approach.)* That man bears no good news.

**SOLDIER:** I seek the wife of Lycon. I was told she would be here.

**LYSISTRATA:** I am Lycon's wife.

**SOLDIER:** *(He approaches her and holds out the scroll.)* Lady ...

**LYSISTRATA:** *(Knowing what is in it.)* No! I won't see it. *(She turns away.)*

**LAMPITO:** *(Holds out her hand.)* Gie it me. *(The SOLDIER gives her the scroll and she unrolls it.)* It says ... *(She looks toward LYSISTRATA.)* Och, Lissy ...

*(CALONICE and MYRRHINE move toward LYSISTRATA.  
MUSIC resumes, slow tempo.)*

**ALL BUT THE 4 WOMEN:** *(Very softly, underneath.)* IO PAEAN. IO PAEAN.  
DANCE AND LEAP  
FOR THE PEACE THAT WE'VE WON.  
EVOÉ! EVOÉ! EVOÉ! EVOÉ!  
DANCE AND LEAP  
FOR THE PEACE ON THIS DAY.

*(The CHORUS continue to sing very softly as  
PHILOSTRATUS and STRATYLLIS step forward.)*

**BOTH:** There is no happy ending to this play.  
No joyful dance to end the song.  
Our Lysistrata is not real –  
She's but the sum of countless tears.  
She was not there to stop the fray.  
The war dragged on in useless rage  
For thirteen useless years.

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*Then Athens fell –*  
And so, too, fell Athens' Golden Age.  
Where once democracy held sway,  
Now oligarches would rule the day  
With iron fist!  
*Akoúste kalá! (Ed: "Listen well" "Ah-coo-STICK-ah-lah")*  
*Thymámai kalá! (Ed.: "Remember well" "Theme-ah-MAKE-ah-lah")*

**ALL:** *(Full voice.)* AND SING IN PRAISE OF THE GODDESS  
OF WISDOM AND OUR HOME,  
IN PRAISE OF ATHENA, THE FAIR!

*(Lights down.)*

*(MUSIC: No. 19 - Bows.)*

**END OF MUSICAL**