

As in many of Aristophanes' other plays, *Lysistrata* is strongly based on the political and social themes of ancient Greek society. Written twenty-one years into the Peloponnesian War, the play presents an alternative view of war. Frustrated with the present state of affairs, mainly the absence of their husbands and the loss of their sons, the women of Greece decide to take action. An alliance of women has assembled in Athens. Led by Lysistrata, they pledge to deny their husbands sex until peace is made between the warring city-states.

Speaking Roles (with page numbers)

LYSISTRATA (LY), *an Athenian woman* (2-6, 8-13, 17)
 KALONIKE (KL), *another Athenian woman and Lysistrata's friend* (2-6, 11-12)
 MYRRHINE (MY), *an Athenian and wife of Kinesias* (3-6, 12-15)
 LAMPITO (LAM), *a Spartan woman* (3-6)
 ISMENIA (IS), *a Theban woman* (3, 5-6)
 Women's Chorus, *old Athenian women* (6-7, 10, 16)
 Leader of the Women's Chorus (Women'sChorusLead) (7-12, 16)
 Men's Chorus, *old Athenian men* (6-7, 15-16)
 Leader of the Men's Chorus (Men'sChorusLead) (6-7, 10, 15-16)
 Men'sChorus1 (7, 10)
 Men'sChorus2 (7, 10)
 Men'sChorus3 (7, 10)
 Woman1, *woman trying to escape from the Acropolis* (11)
 Woman2, *woman trying to escape from the Acropolis* (11)
 Woman3, *woman trying to escape from the Acropolis* (11)
 KINESIAS (KIN), *Athenian soldier gone AWOL and husband of Myrrhine* (12-16)
 BABY, *son of Kinesias and Myrrhine* (13)
 MAGISTRATES (MAG.1 and MAG.2), *Athenian political officials* (7-9)
 ATHENIAN AMBASSADOR (16-17)
 SPARTAN AMBASSADOR (16-17)

SCENE 1

LY: Women!! Announce some feminine fertility fest, or half off ladies' accessories with this money saving earlybird coupon, or tap a keg, and the streets are strewn with 'em. No urging for an orgy. But today, not one woman - scratch that --ONE!
Hello, my dear neighbor, Kalonike!

KL: Hey, Lysistrata! What's up? What's got you riled this morning?

LY: I could just bust! I'm ashamed to be member of a gender that can't even fight off male slanders! To hear our husbands talk, we're sly, deceitful, conniving monsters of intrigue...

KL: Yup, that'd be us!

LY: And now we plot something worthy of that reputation and WHERE are the women?

KL: Relax, honey! They'll be here! You know women can't get out of the house in a hurry: get your lazy ass husband outta bed, get the maid to doing something, hear the baby, get the baby, smell the baby, change the baby . . ."OOH!"

LY: That's nothing! We've got real business to get into!

KL: How big is this business?

LY: Enormous!

KL: A huge and pressing matter?

LY: A very hot topic.

KL: Then where IS everyone? We need to get it on.

LY: No, not that, we'd have been in session hours ago if that was on the agenda. No, the topic for today: Women of Athens unite, you have nothing to lose but a louse of a husband. Women's affairs of state will take precedence over the president's state of women's affairs!!

KL: You think we can run the war?

LY: We couldn't do any damn worse than the men, now could we? At least with the Spartan women on our side, we could get a peaceful settlement out of it!

KL: Us? Nobel peacemakers? More like ignoble teases and fakers! Now, we can only get dressed up and fussed up with the best of 'em: big baby blues batting away, tighty nighties, shocking stockings. Ooh, girl!

LY: **(LY turns away in disgust and then slowly turns back as she comes up with an idea)**
That's it, we'll look so lush and lusty that the husband's won't be able to resist us!

KL: Now you're talking! If that's your idea, those girls should have been here by now. Speak of the she-devils.

MY: Oh, Lysistrata, we're not late are we?

LY: For you, dear, no you're not late; but most people's sundials don't run as slow as yours.

MY: Sorry. I couldn't find my bra, the dog had to be walked, and the kids' breakfast . . .

KL: All right already.

MY: So tell us. What's the business?

KL: Hang on, not yet. The Spartans and Thebans are coming. They need to be in on this.

LY: Well spoken, Kalo. Hello, you all, Hello Lampito. What a fresh, outdoorsy look you Spartan women exude.

KL: You work out?

LAM: I go to gym, work out, make muscles hard.

KL: Look at that profile. Girls wouldn't you die for that contour? What an udderly splendid chest you got there.

LAM: You want feel? Like blue-ribbon ox, no?

LY: Who's your friend?

LAM: Ismenia, distinguished comrade from collective farm of Thebes.

IS. Comrade Lampito, you make me feel all hot and red in face.

LY: Ah, quite a cultivated stock you come from: the rolling plains, the fertile soil of Thebes.

LAM: Da, she is big woman back there in Thebes.

KL: She's pretty big back here too.

LAM: Enough talking, now meeting.

ALL: Here, here.

MY: I second that motion and move that we move onto new business...

LY: First a question. It's about the fathers of your children-your husbands out on active service. I know you all have men abroad, but wouldn't you like them home?

KL: Mine's been on duty 5 months.

MY: M...m...m ...Mine's been away at basic training.

LAM: And mine, no sooner he come home from war, he take his shield and mobilize again.

KL: And you can't get a squeeze in Athens for love or money, and with the blockade, the supply of dildoes is way down at the agora.

LY: Thank you Kalo for that ... report, but if I come up with a scheme, can I have all your support?

KL: You can count on me!

MY: Me too.

LAM: I stand in eternal friendship by your side.

LY: Ladies, we can win peace by exercising self-control, by total abstinence...
from . . . **(Everyone leans in closer)**

KL, MY, LAM, IS: From what?

LY: Promise you'll do it?

KL, MY, IS: YES. (LAM: Da!)

LY:OK, total abstinence from **(Everyone leans in closer)** . . . SEX.

KL: Later! **(LAM drops to her knees and shakes her head in distress)**

MY: I gotta get to the market.

LY: Wait a minute, you all promised.

MY: Just can't do that one, Lysistrata.

KL: God knows I can't do without ... THAT.

LY: Women, sluts all of you, no will power. The perfect stuff for heroic lays: Bed down with a god and you rise to the occasion. Lampito, you're with me aren't you?

LAM: Is definitely hard for woman to sleep without the penis. But nevertheless we must. We need the peace.

LY: The only woman with me!

KL: OK, let's say we did abstain from s... se.. sex! Will that end the war?

LY: Yes, dear, you proposed it yourself. We'll make ourselves bodaciously gorgeous and work our womanly wiles in our skivvies, then slink up to the men. They'll snap to attention and fall all over us, but we won't let them have even a nibble at our bait. I bet they'll quickly sign on to whatever treaty we draft.

LAM: For THAT, they will make the peace.

KL: Well, I suppose ... if both you two are in, then... I'm in too...

LY: What did you say?

KL: I said "I'm in too."

LY: Now that our ranks are secured, you should all know that our oldest women are already prepared to seize Athena's temple, and the massive federal treasury, up there on the Acropolis. Let's seal our part of the bargain with an oath. We'll swear a solemn oath on this shield.

KL: You can't swear a peace oath on a shield!

LY: Oh, I guess you're right. Let's fill this ... bowl, with the best wine . . .2003 – a good year for Manischevitz. We'll swear a great oath that ... we'll never dilute it with water.

LY: O cup of devotion, accept this oblation, Our hips all in motion, to save our great Nation.

KL: I'm ready to swear, let me at it.

MY: Wait your turn you lush. We need a real oath, Lysistrata.

LY: Here goes: Cross your hand over your breast: I, state your name...

KL, MY, LAM, IS: I, state your name . . .

LY: You idiots

KL, MY, LAM, IS: You idi . . .hey, wait a minute!!!

LY: If ever my husband should come with erection,

KL, MY, LAM, IS: If ever my husband should come with erection,

LY: I'll icily thwart him from every direction,

KL, MY, LAM, IS: I'll icily thwart him from every direction,

LY: No couching, no crouching,

KL, MY, LAM, IS: No couching, no crouching,

LY: No bedding, no spreading.

KL, MY, LAM, IS: No bedding, no spreading.

LY: If I my solemn oath do keep,

KL, MY, LAM, IS: If I my solemn oath do keep,

LY: I'll drink this wine until I sleep,

KL, MY, LAM, IS: I'll drink this wine until I sleep,

LY: If I forget and let him in,

KL, MY, LAM, IS: If I forget and let him in,

LY: Water's all I'll get from then.

KL, MY, LAM, IS: Water's all I'll get from then.

ALL: Amen!

KL: Hey, you know we really are anxious to seal this oath, Lysistrata, save enough for sanctity's sake.

AllWomen'sChorus: (make whooping, party noises)

LAM: Hey, what is noise?

LY: The Acropolis is taken, let's help them girls. Lampito, on your way to Sparta. Enact the peace as quick as you can.

LAM: It will be accomplished.

SCENE 2 (sung to tune of marching chant)

Men'sChorusLead: I don't know, but I been told,

AllMen'sChorus: (repeat)

Men'sChorusLead: That for a fight we are too old.

AllMen'sChorus: (repeat)

Men'sChorusLead: But if the women run our land,

AllMen'sChorus: (repeat)

Men'sChorusLead: the Spartans will get out of hand.

AllMen'sChorus: (repeat)

Men'sChorusLead: Athens will be in a rut,

AllMen'sChorus: (repeat)

Men'sChorusLead: if power rests with any (pause) WOMAN – What did you think we were gonna call 'em?

Men'sChorusLead: We'll try our best to mount this task.

AllMen'sChorus: (repeat)

Men'sChorusLead: But getting up's a lot to ask.

AllMen'sChorus: (repeat)

Men'sChorusLead: Hurry up we're losin' time,

AllMen'sChorus: (repeat)

Men'sChorusLead: Runnin outta things to rhyme.

AllMen'sChorus: (repeat)

Men'sChorusLead: Sound off

AllMen'sChorus: One, two

Men'sChorusLead: Do it Greek.

AllMen'sChorus: treis, tettares.

AllMen'sChorus: eis, duo, treis, tettares, one, two, three, four!!

Men'sChorusLead: Courage men! We haven't been out of the war scene so long we can't take on girls!

Men'sChorus1: Who do they think they are anyway?

Men'sChorus2: They've got a lot of... well, "balls" to take the Acropolis.

Men'sChorus3: And with all that sacred wine inside, they'll never leave willingly.

AllMen'sChorus: But we must save Athens from dame-nation.

AllWomen'sChorus (sung to tune of The Marine Anthem)

From Athena's glorious temple, to the winedark Aegean Sea,

We will take the war's mismanagement from the weakling powers that be.

We have martialled all our womanhood to destroy the threats of war.

Athens will reign proudly once again when her women take the fore.

Mag. 1: What the hell is going on here? Women! Can't live with 'em, can't shoot 'em.

Mag. 2: Give 'em a drink and an excuse for happy, holy holiday and Athens goes to hell in a handbag.

Men'sChorusLead: Look what they've done to Athens' tower of manhood.

MAG 1: Tower of Manhood? I can see what they did to your manhood. But don't complain to me. We taught them how to indulge in their little housewife hobbies:

For example: At the jeweler's shop you say "My baby's brooch busted last night and she was thrashing around in bed when the spring sprang and popped the prong right out of its bracket. I'm away for the day, but would you kindly pop a new prong into the bracket of my baby's brooch."

MAG. 2: OR to the cable guy: "The reception in our bedroom is just awful with our current cable, could you just slip by and install a better cable in our bedroom while I'm at the office?" But my real concern, is that they're holed up in there with the entire Athenian treasury, with more credit than any women should ever have for a lifetime of shopping. How can we maintain this city, the navy, the people, and our necks without hard cold cash?

MAG. 1: We must breach their doors. Bang away with all we've got. Batter the bitches into oblivion. Dash the doors, bash the boards, hash the whores.

LY: You might do better with brains instead of brawn.

MAG.1: Arrest her. **(Policemen 1 strides up forcefully.)**

LY: Touch me and you'll regret it. **(Policeman 1 cautiously retreats)**

MAG.1: Retreat from a woman, never. Get her. **(Policeman 2 comes up close to Lys)**

Women'sChorusLead: If you so much as touch her, I'll beat the holy shit out of you. **(Policeman 2 runs back)**

MAG.1: What a foul-mouthed female. Gag her. **(Policeman 1 approaches the Women's Chorus Lead)**

Women'sChorusLead: **(Grabs policeman 1 by the finger)** Grab her with even your little finger, and I'll give you pain that sure will linger.

MAG.1: Men, charge them! **(Men's chorus gives a half hearted cry as they rise to their feet and come to center stage, but they quickly run back when threatened by the women's chorus)** Worsted by women. Done in by dames.

Women'sChorusLead: We're no pushovers, and you can't makeover our takeover.

MAG.1: Why have you committed this outrage against Athena's honor, seizing her sacred funds? What do you hope to do with it all?

LY: We'll hold it in escrow, and withdraw the men from the war, then budget the expense accounts.

MAG.2: You? Budget?

LY: You never doubted our budgets for house and home.

MAG.1: But this is no household. This is Athens at war. What interest could you possibly have in running that?

LY: Well, when the war started, we dutifully played the Athenian wife, letting you make the decisions. We overlooked the boneheads in the military, the government, and the courts. Then when I'd ask my husband how Assembly went, he'd say: "Shut up, none of your damn business." And I shut up!

Women'sChorusLead: I never did.

MAG 1: We'll work on that!

LY: Anyway, I did for a while. Then you'd screw everything up again, and I'd ask my husband again and he'd quote Homer: "Ye men of valor must needs husbands as the arms of war."

MAG.2: Good for him.

LY: Damn him! We had to sit by while you idiots botched every campaign looking for a REAL MAN to take charge. When what you needed was a real WOMAN.

MAG.1: I can't believe you'd....

LY: Shut up.

MAG.1: I'll not be shushed by a woman

LY: Now you run the house, card the wool, stay at home and we'll rewrite Homer: "Ye women of pallor must needs wives as the arms of war."

MAG.2: But how can you run the war?

LY: We'll be brash and beautiful, tempting and tasty, but you'll get none. Meanwhile our policies will work like getting tangles out of yarn: you work out the snarls with winding on spindles, here and there, back and forth, to unravel international kinks.

MAG.1: Now the city's dyed in the wool, pressed and preened, hung out to dry by women who had nothing to do with the war.

LY: NOTHING to do with the WAR? How dare you, our sons lost on the front lines, our men out in the field and out of our beds: no love, no joys, no hope, no boys.

MAG 1: **(to men and audience)** To every real man, to the challenge ARISE!!!, if you can.

LY: We'll do better! We'll initiate you with sacred enshrouding – Get him girls. **(All Women's Chorus run up and dress him in a skirt, bad makeup, etc.)**

Women'sChorusLead: Here's a lovely laurel wreath (**Women's Chorus 1 finishes him off with a woman's hat**).

LY: And an initiation pounding for a pitiful pledge.

SCENES 3, 4

Men'sChorus Lead: These women are a pain.

Men'sChorus1: They'll drive us all insane.

Men'sChorus2: But worse than that.

Men'sChorus3: They knocked us flat.

AllMen'sChorus: And might kick us again

Men'sChorusLead: How can they run a war?

Men'sChorus1: They haven't fought before.

Men'sChorus2: You can't run a city.

Men'sChorus3: By just lookin' pretty.

AllMen'sChorus: It takes a whole lot more.

Men'sChorusLead: Athens cannot function with a ruler in a dress.

Women'sChorusLead: You fool, it's always been that way. Athena's a goddess.

Men'sChorusLead: You really think that you can use your women's wiles to win?

Women'sChorusLead: At least our members are on the rise. That's better than you men!!!
Athena heed, fill our need.

AllWomen'sChorus: Let war's end be guaranteed.

Women'sChorusLead: Women all, hear the call.

AllWomen'sChorus: Refrain from sex, they're bound to fall.

Women'sChorusLead: Beat it geezer, Don't you seize her! That's it girls, break out the tweezers. (**All brandish big kitchen tongs and snap at Men's Chorus; chase them off stage left.**)

Lys groans from the Acropolis.

Women'sChorusLead: Milady what besets you that you look so sore distraught.

LY: Miladies do abandon me and give me no small thought.

Women'sChorusLead: Whence have they drawn this ardent yen to leave their tasks delayed.

LY: They yen for men and I speak firm: they're dying to get laid.

Women'sChorusLead: By Zeus,

LY: Oh God, please not by that adulterous lech! Yes, I caught one last night slyly slipping the guard by claiming she was sick and needed bed rest. Another said she had to get on top of things right now, and the things she wasn't on top of were all at home.

Here comes one now, you'll see what I mean. Hey, where are you off to?

Woman1: I have some dough that really needs some kneading. If I don't get at it soon, it'll never rise.

LY: You better leave your bread unleavened. Stay put right here
Hey, you, stop right there. And why are you out so late?

Woman 2: I have a woolly fleece that really needs some plucking, and if it doesn't get laid out on the couch tonight, it'll get all tight and...

LY: Please stop! Stay here. Kneading, plucking, what next?

Woman3: Holy Hera let me make it to a midwife before I deliver my baby in this sacred shrine.

LY: You weren't pregnant yesterday.

Woman 3: I am today – it's a miracle.

LY: **(LY bangs on tummy)** A little too much iron in the diet there? Kinda hard.

Woman3: It's gonna be a boy.

LY: **(LY picks up gown and removes helmet)** Athena's helmet? Now that would be some kind of labor. Sit down. What is up with you all?

KL: Those owls inside, they keep you up all night with their Whoo Whoooo, Whoo Whoooo.

LY: Stop!Stop!Stop! You want your men, right? Just wait it out, we can win this thing. The fates foretold it, hear the oracle **(READ from scroll)**:

When the hens withdraw from the cock's perch,
The roosters will be left in the lurch,

The hens will take the upper spot,
And get as good as ever they got.

AllWomen: Yeah! Hurray! Whoo hoo! I can handle that!

LY: So, courage, women. We've got them right where we want them.

KL: Well I wouldn't go that far.
(Kinesias enters slowly groaning over his erection)

Women'sChorusLead: Lysistrata, over here!! **(Women's Chorus 1 points at Kinesias and then exits up the stairs to the Acropolis)**

LY: Battle stations! Batten down your hatches.

MY: What is it Lysistrata?

LY: A man. **(Said with disgust)**

All Women: A man. **(Said with pleasure)**

LY: Yes, a man, and he's broken out with a serious case of Aphroditis.

KL: I don't care who he is - lemme see. Oh yeah, definitely every inch a man.

LY: Any identifying characteristics.

MY: He does look familiar, especially... Oh my God, it's Kinesias, my husband.

LY: Myrrhine, dear, your duty's clear.
Pamper him with promises,
cuddle and caress him,
have him eating from your hand,
just don't dare undress him.
I'll stay around a bit to give you encouragement. Everyone else inside.

All Women: Aww! Come on!

LY: Let's go.

KIN: Ouch, omigod, ooh ooh ooh, how much longer?

LY: Who penetrates our positions?

KIN: Me.

LY: Me who?

KIN: Myrrhine's husband. I need to see her bad (**KIN takes off poncho to reveal ...**)

LY: I see your need.

KIN: Good just get her.

LY: You know she talks about you all the time: Kinesias this, Kinesias that, oh but Kinesias...

KIN: For god's sake, will you get her...

LY: You know us wives, sit around comparing our husbands, get down to the long and short of it, and Myrrhine she just won't hear anybody compared to Kinesias, and now I see what she means...

KIN: Bring her out NOWWW!

LY: Why didn't you just say so?

KIN: (**Turning to audience**) Since Myrrhine left the house, life has been hard. I mean real hard.

MY: No, Lysistrata, I can't. How can I face him, he won't want me.

KIN: Oh baby, I assure you, I need you in the worst kinda way.

MY: No you don't, I'm going back inside.

KIN: (**KIN turns to stage left and motions for slave and baby to come to center stage – in a sweet voice to MY**) If not for me, for the baby -- (**in a rough voice to baby**) call your mommy— (**sweetly to MY**) for your very own poor child – (**roughly to baby**) call mommy, brat.

Baby: MOMMYMOMMYMOMMY

KIN: Pity the child, not fed or changed for a week.

MY: I do pity him, with the sorry-ass excuse of a dad he's got. I'll come down for the baby, you jerk.

KIN: This rough wife stuff could take some gettin' used to.

MY: (**to baby**) Oh is it so sweet, does it love its mommy-wommy. Give her smoochy-oochums.

KIN: Why do you let those women push you around?

MY: Keep your hands off me.

KIN: But the house has gone to hell!

MY: And your point is?

KIN: Baby, I need you in my bed!! (or some line to this effect from a popular song).

MY: Oh please, (fill in singer's name) you ain't.

KIN: What's this all about?

MY: Stop the war, and you'll get more.

KIN: Done.

MY: OK, I'll be back when the war's over, but for now--no go.

KIN: Just lie down for a minute, let's talk.

MY: Disgusting. In front of the baby?

KIN: Oh god forbid that. **(KIN hustles baby offstage with slave)** Take it home. **(Baby and slave exit)** Kid's gone, let's get it on. **(KIN lies down again)**

MY: Where? Here, in a sacred shrine?

KIN: We're not in a shrine, we're outside, so how about it, in the sack under the stars.

MY: Sack? I can't let you on that filthy poncho – who knows where that's been. **(MY runs over to the stairs and someone throws down a sleeping bag)**

KIN: Well at least I know she's thinking of me. Good to know I'm still being taken care of.

MY: Here **(MY throws sleeping bag on him)**.

KIN: Let's get to it under the sheets.

MY: Sheets? Of course, be right back **(MY runs over to the stairs and someone throws down a sheet)**

KIN: Sheet, sheet, sheet. What the hell do we need with sheets?

MY: There **(MY throws the sheet on him)**

KIN: Now peel out of those clothes.

MY: Pillow. Oh yeah, I forgot.

KIN: Pillow? I don't need a pillow.

MY: **(MY runs over to the stairs and gets a pillow)** Sure you do.

KIN: I tell you I don't ...

MY: **(MY returns with the pillow)** OK, I'm ready. I'll just start getting undressed, and you don't forget your promise about the war.

KIN: I gave a blanket promise.

MY: You need a blanket, OK, just a sec **(MY runs over to the stairs and gets a blanket)**.

KIN: No, no, no, nothing else. What was there, a white sale?

MY: There you go **(MY returns and throws blanket on him)**.

KIN: This whole damn thing makes no sense.

MY: Scents. You need some cologne?

KIN: Noooooooo...

MY: Yes, yes, yes, this'll just take a minute and you want to smell good **(MY runs over to the stairs and gets cologne)**

KIN: I don't care.

MY: **(MY returns with the cologne)** Oh, I brought the nasty Old Spice.

KIN: Leave it, COME TO BED. Myrrhine, darling, if you leave me again, where will I go, what will I do?

MY: Frankly my dear I don't give a damn. **(MY exits up the stairs to the Acropolis)**

KIN: What the hell is going on? I can't get laid by anyone.

That woman will be the death of me, leaving me exposed for all to see.

I've been had – at least I wish I'd been had.

(Men's Chorus Lead brings chorus on)

Men'sChorusLead:What's up Kinesias. Oh, I see what's up. You want us to curse that wife of yours? Looks like she sure put the whammy on you.

KIN: No I'll just go and see what I can come up with.

All Men's Chorus: Mighty Zeus don't be so cruel / Give some relief to Kinesias' tool.

SCENE 5

AllMen'sChorus: (sung to tune of Yankee Doodle)

Of all the creatures in the world there's nothing like a woman
They take your money, run your life, and still they keep on comin.
Women ought to stay at home--that is where we need them--
Mind the family, do the chores, leave fighting to the real men.

AllWomen'sChorus: (sung to tune of Yankee Doodle)

Haven't you guys had enough? We're tired of the fighting.
We've beaten you up all day long, and now it's not exciting.
Women got the best of you and you just can't admit it.
We are ready to make peace if you'll shut up a minute.

Men'sChorusLead: I guess you're right, we lost the fight, what a damned disaster.

AllWomen'sChorus: It's all right, don't be uptight, now peace will come much faster.

Men'sChorusLead: Life with females may be hell, but we confess it's hell without you too.

Women'sChorusLead: You're not so great yourself, but we really should make up. Let's be friends again.

Women'sChorusLead: Look, here come the ambassadors from Sparta and Athens. Perhaps they are ready to discuss peace.

(Athenian ambassador and Spartan Ambassador come on stage and circle each slowly and cautiously – then sit down on bench and reveal their huge erections)

AthenianAmbassador: What's up, distinguished envoy of Sparta?

SpartanAmbassador: Situation is very hard, no?

AthenianAmbassador: Looks like Athens and Sparta are having the same mounting problems, an outbreak of epic proportions, a huge bone of contention, a massive swelling...

SpartanAmbassador: Da, Spartan women have made for us big problem.

AthenianAmbassador: So that's what's brought on this, this..uhh...uprising.

SpartanAmbassador: We need to be talking about the peace.

AthenianAmbassador: I should hope so, we're gonna need peace to end this insurrection.

KIN: Excuse me. Can we please stop with the bad boner puns and finish the play? The audience can't leave till we sign this peace treaty. Now let's get Lysistrata out to set the terms.

AthenianAmbassador: Lady Lysistrata, Sparta and Athens have come to the table and submit to your arbitration.

LY: With a Nobel Prize and a Tony nomination riding on this one, I call for Peace and Reconciliation. **(Peace and Reconciliation walk out sexily to the booming sounds of *Right Said Fred's "I'm Too Sexy for My Love" – all the men are agog*)**

Take the hands of Athens and Sparta and bring them together. Age old enemies will come together at last. Now, I call these Peace talks to order. Tongues in gentlemen. In the past, you both, as one Hell of a Hellenic force, defended Greece against her prissy Persian foe. Now, after years at each others' throats, you need a little Peace and Reconciliation.

AthenianAmbassador: I could use a little piece right now.

SpartanAmbassador: For me, reconciliation would be good.

LY: Hold it! Peace terms will mean dividing up the pieces among yourselves evenly.

SpartanAmbassador: We take this aBUTment at Pylos – back door of Sparta. This is pleasing to me.

AthenianAmbassador: Ok, but if you get that, we get the fabulous mountains of Thessaly, farther north.

LY: And the middleground, from the navel forces at Piraeus to the Great Gulf of Corinth will be NO MAN'S LAND, neutral territory.

BothAmbassadors: Aww, come on. No fair.

LY: Those are the terms, Peace or continuous Upheaval? Well?

SpartAmbass: Enough of Upheaval. Tensions need to go down, you know what I say?

LY: Can you give the man an Amen?

All: Amen.

ALL (to tune of Beethoven's Ode to Joy)

The war has finally gone away and blessed peace is here to stay.
 No rolling in the hay made all the men hard up and then give way.
 The women won, the men have lost, but at least the husbands will get laid.
 This gender war has now ended in Aristophanes' Greek play.

Peace is here, never fear, Athens at last has been spared.
 Men and women, young and old, a treaty has been declared.
 Spartans too, got good news, they'll suffer no more troop delays.
 All us Greeks now wish for you a happy couple of Reading Days.