

LOCKOUT

by

Peter Wynne-Willson

A play with music, for thirty or more characters, originally commissioned by the Triangle Youth Theatre, Birmingham, and first performed in the autumn of 1985.

Anyone interested in performing LOCKOUT should contact:

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[LOCKOUT is an adaptation of Aristophanes' LYSISTRATA, and was specially written to cater for a large, young cast. Music for most of the songs is still available, and was written by Jan Steele]

Cast of Characters

In 412BC:

The Women

Lysistrata Kalonice Myrrhine Melina Medusa Christia and others	Women of Athens
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Lampito and others	Women of Sparta
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Iris and others	Women of Corinth
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Hera and others	Women of Boeotia
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The Men

Commissioner of Athens Hypnos Kinesias Mogadon Precipites Mykonos	Men of Athens
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Spartan Herald 1 Spartan Herald 2 Ambassador of Sparta	Men of Sparta
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In 1985:

The Announcer	People of Birmingham
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The Choruses

Duncan and Grenja
Valerie and Mark
Jay and Enn
Trevor and Helen
Joan and Michael
Theresa and John

[These couples arrive as part of the audience, and are drawn into the action, taking the place of the male and female choruses in the original play]

"LOCKOUT"

(The choruses - except for Val and Mark - have come in with the audience, and are sitting in the front in their pairs. Scene is set, nothing recognisable as anything other than some kind of entertainment hall, tiny stage and glittering curtain).

(Music)

(After music fades down, before the play begins, Duncan and Grenja are squabbling a little too loud, under their breaths.)

SCENE ONE

(Enter announcer in spot - tastelessly dressed and very bad at announcing)

Announcer: Good evening ladies and gentlemen. May I take this opportunity of thanking you all for coming on behalf of the Triangle Entertainments Complex, and welcome you all to the ... Triangle Entertainments Complex. Good to see you all here, it reminds me of the brush that said to the brush 'I'm going to have a little bristle' and then the other brush said 'that's impossible we haven't swept together'... (He laughs) I'm pleased to announce that we have just one act for you tonight ... a group of youngster's who

(Mark and Valerie are heard just outside the door shouting)

Valerie: You were drunk Mark.

Mark: 'You were drunk Mark', Jesus, I'm not talking about that. It was your sodding earrings remember we had to ...

Val: Shh... it's started.

Mark: How convenient, yes let's just talk about it later shall we.

Val: Shut your mouth.

(They try to make their way 'unobtrusively' to their seats, still angry)

Announcer: A couple of late comers eh, well never mind, we all have our problems. Come on Sir, Madam, it's never too late, as I always say to my old lady.

Anyway, please would you welcome a very, er, talented group of youngsters.

I think I can honestly say they have a unique act for you, so I'm sure you'll be well entertained here tonight. Without further ado, I'd like to ask you all to cast your minds back to the year 412 B.C. and to the city of Athens which is of course involved in a bloody war with Sparta and to put your hands together to welcome the -

(The Announcer is stormed, attacked and killed by three Greek soldiers. Very little light. Other soldiers are heard throughout the theatre, pockets of violence are evident. One of the soldiers drags the announcer's body away, and the two remaining ones are themselves jumped by one 'enemy'. There is a vicious fight. As much activity as feasible, in which this soldier is presented heroically, defeating several attackers before being wounded and carried off. At the back of the stage, wounded men are attended by women, bandaging and mopping up blood etc... In front there is mounting carnage. Men are lying in heaps. The lighting picks out individual incidents, then gradually rises on the whole battle scene and then fades to black.)

(The style of the fight should be a pastiche of Hollywood battles - with perhaps plastic swords and armour and overdone heroics)

(During the fight the choruses have been watching noticeably, from their different standpoints. Jay and Enn fairly blankly (they are busy people!) Joan, Michael, Mark with fairly loud enjoyment, Duncan with interest, Grenja with mounting disgust. Teresa and John, Trevor and Helen, are watching quietly, slightly bewildered but happy. Val is still furious.)

(After the fight, the lighting picks out their individual tables one by one)

Helen: I thought it was going to be some kind of dance, Trevor.

Trevor: Aye well, we knew that it wasn't going to be any kind of dance like they used to be. You never know what to expect these days, do you?

Helen: Yes, but it's not a dance at all, is it?

Trevor: I don't know, maybe it's a new kind of ... something.

Helen: It was a fight, not a dance, Trevor.

Aye. But I still say it's good to get out of the house.

Helen: Oh yes, I know that. Maybe we'll be able to dance later on.

Grenja: I'm going.

Duncan: Grenja, it's only just started.

Grenja: You may be happy to sit watching glorified macho shit, Duncan, I have better things to do.

Duncan: Look, I'm just saying, let it fit into context. Maybe it's deliberate myth-explosion. You know you nearly walked out of that play by Stage Left until the second half fleshed out the issues, remember?

- Grenja: Duncan, it's all very well from your standpoint. I know men like this, I was brought up with this pathetic action-man mentality, you know. God, you're a two-faced bastard. It was obvious when you took the line you did in that Rambo argument at Heather's.
- Duncan: That was civil liberties, Gren, I never said anything about enjoying the frigging film - I was just opposing censorship. Forget it will you? Go on, go home if you want to.
- Grenja: I'm not saying that. I just didn't expect to see this kind of thing tonight. You wouldn't understand.
- Duncan: Don't start that again. Is it my fault if you had two brothers?
- Joan: Ace, man, this is smart.
- Michael: Yeah.
- Joan: I'm going to go back to karate, Michael, then you'll have to watch yourself.
(She squares up to him)
- Michael: Yeah, I already do Joan.
(They have a pretend little karate fight, still sitting, with her slapping his cheeks, and him fending her off.)
- Joan: Take that, you little son-of-a-bitch.
(Michael parries - Joan grabs his face and kisses him)
- Michael: (Slightly embarrassed) Get off, Joan.
- Jay: Oh, I managed to give Dickon an earbashing about the tele- sales concept, Enn. He's doing a rationalisation of it for P.P.Z(ee) in the States.
- Enn: Yep.
- Jay: If Central are interested, it might have some bearing on my future there.
- Enn: Great.
- Jay: It would mean a London base though.
- Enn: Commute, Jay.
- Jay: Not feasible, not with the mobility needed.
- Enn: We can't stretch to it Jay, we've talked about this.
- Jay: I could cover it out of the extra.

Enn: That's cute.

Jay: State of the art, Enn, don't get huffy with me.

Enn: I said that's cute, O.K.? If it's an upward step, take it Jay.

Mark: (Obviously having enjoyed the fight) Oh, come on Val.

Val: So you can remember my name, then.

Mark: What's that supposed to mean?

Val: Makes a change not to be called Brenda, that's all.

Mark: Jesus, I'm never going to be allowed to forget that, am I? Didn't anyone teach you about forgiveness, Val?

Val: Mark, it was two hours ago!

Teresa: (Squeezing his arm) It's good, isn't it?

John: Yeah.

Teresa: Oh, it's starting again.

John: Yeah, good.

SCENE TWO

(Wounded soldiers - crutches etc.- are walking back to their houses. Lysistrata enters and watches the sorry procession. She is waiting for people to meet her. She is clearly frustrated.)

Lysistrata: Aaagh! Damn. What have you got to do to get them to bother? If this was some kind of new shop opening I wouldn't be seen for the crowds, but something of real importance and not one to be found.

(Enter Kalonice)

Oh well, one.

(She nods greeting) Kalonice.

Kalonice: Hello Lysistrata. Hades Teeth, if looks could kill. What's up with you? Give us a smile will you.

- Lysistrata: I will not. I don't feel like smiling. How long have I spent reminding people about this morning Kalonice? Did I or did I not tell every woman in Greece that we had something important to discuss? Perhaps I imagined trekking from Pylos to Paros with leaflets, did I?
- Kalonice: No, of course you didn't, love. But there is a war on. Besides, it's not easy getting out of the house at this time in the morning. They all have to finish everything - breakfast, sorting out the babies - think of all the mopping and feeding, you can't just leave it all to go to pot, can you.
- Lysistrata: What I have in mind is rather more essential than all that.
- Kalonice: Of course it is love. (Pause) What is it anyway, that's so pressing?
- Lysistrata: I'll say that when they all arrive.
- Kalonice: Well at least give us a clue. It must be something big.
- Lysistrata: Bigger than you can ever imagine Kal.
- Kalonice: (Coarse) Ooh. Sounds interesting, you should have put that in the leaflet.
- Lysistrata: Kalonice! You're impossible. Listen, I'll explain. It's a scheme I've worked out, and I tell you, it could change the world. That's how big it is. I've been planning for months, perfecting every detail, and if everyone agrees to do their bit, it's foolproof, I know it. Imagine Kalonice.
- (She stares out purposefully)
- Kalonice: Imagine what?
- Lysistrata: Imagine it, the women. Only the women can come together and save the entire country, the future of everything depends on us.
- Kalonice: On us. Flipping Hecate!
- Lysistrata: Everything is in the hands of the women. First we must launch a pre-emptive strike at the heartland of Sparta.
- Kalonice: Yes - Kill the lot of them!
- Lysistrata: Then, a swift pincer movement through Boeotia.
- Kalonice: Great.
- Lysistrata: And finally an assault on Athens itself.
- Kalonice: Wonderful that will That's us isn't it?

- Lysistrata: You don't understand - I'm not talking about fighting - This is peace. A peaceful alliance with the women in all these places, a fight from within. Kalonice, we can create a sisterhood of women, and united together we can take up the struggle and between us save the entire world from destruction!
- Kalonice: Really ? (Pause) Come off it bab, how can we do all that? You don't really understand those do you those ... er... pre-striking things? Well, I mean if it were a question of something we know about - clothes or babies or make-up....
- (Lysistrata glares at her)
- Kalonice: No, you know what I mean, there are some things we are good at. I mean clothes, can you imagine a man dressing up for us, he'd look stupid in a suspender belt and silk stockings and all that, a pink kimono, or....
- (Lysistrata is still glaring reproachfully)
- Kalonice: But we are clever at that sort of thing.
- Lysistrata: You're not completely wrong, Kalonice. And that is exactly what we're going to use as weapons.
- Kalonice: Seriously; we can wear all that? How come?
- Lysistrata: If we do, never again shall a man raise a weapon against an enemy...
- Kalonice: Well if it's dressing up...
- Lysistrata: Nor brandish his shield...
- Kalonice: I must take in that halter-neck...
- Lysistrata: Nor unsheathe his shield...
- Kalonice: Where did I put that kimono?
- Lysistrata: Well, Kalonice, don't you think they should all be here now?
- Kalonice: Now? They should've been here hours ago. But we are in Athens, bab, you can't expect them to be on time.
- Lysistrata: But what about the women from abroad? Where are the Acharnians, the Spartans, the girls from Salamis?
- Kalonice: They've got a long way to come, Lysistrata. I think I heard good old Margarina, the grocer's daughter, practising her public speaking into the mirror.
- Lysistrata: Well she can't come, it's women only!

Kalonice: So what if she does come?

Lysistrata: Tell her to do a U-turn!

Kalonice: Look here comes someone.

Lysistrata: At last, and more, good.
(Enter Myrrhine)

Myrrhine: Am I late Lysistrata.... Am I? Speak to me sugar.

Lysistrata: Humphh. You are twenty minutes late and with a great deal at stake.

Myrrhine: I'm terribly sorry darling. I couldn't quite decide what to wear. What's the rush anyway, what's so important?

Kalonice: No, hold on, we're missing the Spartan lot?

Lysistrata: So we are, oh no, here comes Lampito.
(Enter Lampito, with Boeotian girl, and an athletic-looking Corinthian)

Lysistrata: How's my favourite enemy. You're looking well.

Lampito: Aye, it's the jiggling and the jogging, d'ye no ken? And the oats.

Kalonice: (prodding her muscles) What a figure!

Lampito: Do ye have to prod me like a sacrifice, hen?

Kalonice: A sacrifice hen?

Lampito: No, a sacrifice... hen.

Kalonice: Do you sacrifice hens in Sparta, then?

Lampito: No, ...

Lysistrata: (Interrupting the explanation) Where does this young lady come from then?

Lampito: Boeotia - we met her on the way. Nice girl.

Lysistrata: Good to meet you. (They shake hands)

Kalonice: (Speaking very clearly) We are pleased that you were able to come to our humble meeting.

Hera: (Perfect English) Thank you, we've been looking forward to it.

Lysistrata: (Looking at Corinthian) And this would be?

Lampito: Her name is Iris, her family are very big in Corinth.

Kalonice: She's not exactly small in Athens!

Lampito: Well, who called this clan-gathering together?

Lysistrata: I did.

Lampito: Did ye noo? So what's the cause?

Myrrhine: Yes, you big tease, whatever is it that we've had to miss our coffee for? Tell us about it

Lysistrata: Yes, yes. But first a question, right? Yes or no?

(Pause)

Myrrhine: Well, what's the question?

Lysistrata: Isn't it right, that all of you, on both sides, spend far too much time alone at home with your children? I know almost every one of you has had a man away, fighting this futile war.

Kalonice: Oh yes, mine's been in Thrace for five months.

Myrrhine: And mine's Seven months in Pylos.

Lampito: Mine only pops in for his shield.

Kalonice: It's not as if there's even any chance of a bit on the side, with them all away.

Lampito: True enough.

Lysistrata: So, if I could work out some way of ending the war, I could count on your support, right?

Myrrhine: I should say so - even if I had to ... sell my best dress.

Kalonice: I'd be ready to be split down the middle and gutted like a turbot for peace.

Lampito: I'd climb up Olympus on all fours, backwards and without breathing just for a day of peace.

Lysistrata: O.K. - here it is then. We can force our husbands to negotiate for peace just by a tiny bit of self-control, over a very limited period, the smallest of sacrifices, just by, for a little while, not ... er ... not making....you know.

- Lampito: Well?
- Lysistrata: Well, will you.
- Kalonice: Of course, by what? Not what?
- Lysistrata: What?
- Myrrhine: Yes, what, by not making what?
- Lysistrata: BY NOT MAKING LOVE.... NO SEX.... NONE AT ALL.... NOT A SAUSAGE.
(She looks around, one by one they turn away. Pause)
- Kalonice: It's not a bad war.
- Myrrhine: No, it's not as wars go.
- Lysistrata: What about my little turbot, where's your guts now?
- Kalonice: Well yes, no, I mean, anything else. I'd walk through fires, but...
(She shakes her head)
- Lysistrata: And you Myrrhine?
- Myrrhine: I'd love to walk through fire.
- Lysistrata: Tch, women! What a mess of a sex. All right, don't anyone ever complain to me again about what the tragedies say about us, it's all true - Gods, men, and babies and that's the lot. What about you, Lampito, you're a Spartan, my so called 'enemy', will you help me?
- Lampito: Well it's a hard thing for a lassie to bear, sleeping all alone - but I'm game, for peace.
- Lysistrata: The only woman worthy of the title!
- Kalonice: But look, Bab, if we did er ... which we won't - how could that stop the war?
- Lysistrata: Simple. We get into our sexiest clothes, the most see- through and tantalising silks, and we mince up and down playing their games for a while. Gradually we lead our men on and on, up and up and then STOP. Slam the door, "that's your lot dear, until you come back with that peace treaty". How long do you think they could last that treatment?
- Lampito: Aye, didnae Menelaus, with one wee glimpse of the "face" that launched a thousand ships hurl away his sword?
- Kalonice: But what if they just go away?

Lysistrata: They won't.

Kalonice: If they try to take us by force?

Lysistrata: Shout for help.

Kalonice: But if they get rough?

Lysistrata: We've no choice, we must just NOT GIVE IN. Together we can do it!

(Pause)

Kalonice: Well ... alright then.

(Myrrhine and the others concede)

Lampito: Our men will be easy, but I cannae believe that ye'll get any sense from the Athenian rabble.

Lysistrata: We'll manage, don't worry.

Lampito: Wi all that brass behind them?

Lysistrata: Now that has already been dealt with. While we've been gossiping, an advance party of women has captured the entire money supply, under the pretence of holding a sacrifice. By now the whole Acropolis should be ours.

Myrrhine: Impressive!

Lampito: Well, long live the revolution! Ye've a canny wee head on ye lassie; I'll say that.

Kalonice: (to Lampito) Yes, but what does it mean?

Lysistrata: Right, all we need do now is swear the oath (She calls) Bring the animals for slaughter. (She

Kalonice: What kind of oath are we doing?

Lysistrata: Well, I thought over a couple of sheep on a shield, perhaps?

Kalonice: We can't swear for peace on a shield?

Lysistrata: Well, what thenA white horse?

Myrrhine: No, the symbolism is all wrong.

Lampito: Sae what shall we sacrifice, dear?

Kalonice: Oh no, not a deer.... How about a big bowl of wine?

Lysistrata: Yes, that's my kind of oath. Fetch the necessary. Right, complete silence while I shed the blood of the victim.

(The wine is poured into a drinking bowl)

Lysistrata: Kalonice, will you do the honours.

Kalonice: The colour of the blood is most healthy, oh most highest priestess, and the omens in consequence are most good.

Lampito: Disnae smell bad either!

Kalonice: It is necessary just to have a preliminary sip in honour of...

Myrrhine: Oh no you don't!

Lysistrata: Girls, girls.... O.K. Everyone touch the bowl and repeat after me:

If my husband or any man approach me

All: If my husband or any man approach me

Lysistrata: Being in condition of excitement

All: Being in condition of excitement

Lysistrata: I swear to refuse every inch of him

All: I swear to refuse every inch of him

Lysistrata: I shall wear my most seductive clothes and make-up

All: I shall wear my most seductive clothes and make-up

Lysistrata: So as particularly turn him on

All: So as particularly turn him on

Lysistrata: But then at the last moment forbid him to touch me

All: Then at the last moment forbid him to touch me

Lysistrata: I will not once yield to his advances.

All: I will not once yield to his advances.

Lysistrata: Nor will I adopt the `rampant-lioness-on-a-cheese-grater' position

All: Nor will I adopt the `rampant-lioness-on-a-cheese-grater' position

Lysistrata: And may this wine be water if I break this oath before we have won our Peace.

All: And may this wine be water if I break this oath before we have won our peace.
(They all drink)

Kalonice: Aah - better than sacrificing your bloody deer and hens!

Lampito: I told you, pea-brain...

Lysistrata: Right, to arms, women. Lampito, the Spartan operation is up to you. Good luck girls, and we'll meet in peace- time. I know it.

Lampito: Of course. Good luck to ye.
(Exit with Boethian and Corinthian)

Lysistrata: To the Acropolis, everyone, to the Acropolis!

SONG. Greek Women

"LOCKOUT"

Lysistrata: We are the women
Who have sat still through the war
Friend and enemy together
Will we sit still any more?

All: Women of the world unite
Polish up your olive branches
Your men, our men want to fight
Despite our pleas they're still advancing
We'll show them what a war's about
Lock ourselves in and all men out

LOCKOUT - without a peace we'll give up never
LOCKOUT - we'll stay firm if it takes forever

LOCKOUT - we'll tease them with our only weapon
LOCKOUT - together we can surely get 'em (where it hurts)

LOCKOUT - here's the baby see how you feel
LOCKOUT - iron wash and cook your own meal

LOCKOUT - you boys can stare and pant and lust
LOCKOUT - (spoken) yes you can feel but cannot touch

LOCKOUT - just a matter of time 'till we succeed
They'll wave the white flag and start to plead
When they have no money and mouths to feed.

SCENE THREE

(Joan, Jay and Teresa are at their tables. Their men are elsewhere)

Joan: (To Teresa) All right, isn't it?

Teresa: (Rather timid) Yes, it's funny.

Joan: (To Jay) All right, yes?

Jay: It's good.

Joan: What do you do, then?

Jay: (Slightly uninterested) Well, P.R. at the moment. Computer software (pause)
But I'm moving into media next year.

Joan: Oh yeah? I saw you come - BMW yes?

Jay: Yep.

Joan: Smart. (She picks up her motorbike helmet) Not as quick as mine, though.

Jay: I had one for a while.

Joan: Never? I can't see you on a bike, somehow.

Jay: It was a while ago. 1978.

Joan: Jesus, I was 12 then. What was it?

Jay: Honda 90.

(Joan laughs)

Joan: Fartbox.

Jay: Good way of getting around town. Cheap, too.

Joan: You don't need to worry about that now, though.

Teresa: Don't you get scared? I couldn't go on the back of a motorbike, I don't think.

Joan: No, nor could I. I drive it.

Teresa: Oh, I see, I thought it was your boyfriend's.

Joan: Jesus no, Michael? I decide who goes on the back. It's not always him.

Teresa: Sorry. We've just got married, three weeks ago.

Joan: I see.

Gent's Toilets

(Michael and Mark are using the only two urinals. Trevor is waiting patiently)

Mark: You play for er ... Trinity, yes?

Michael: That's right.

Mark: I knew I recognised you. Dartmouth Rovers. We drew, remember?

Michael: Oh yeah.

Mark: I wouldn't forget a bunch of thugs like your lot (laughs)
Listen, I shouldn't tell you this, giving away trade secrets and everything, but the only reason you got a draw was you beat our secret weapon. Yeah, remember Keith, our centre back - built like a brick shithouse, you know. Normally he'll bite their legs to stop them, always does, but you two, you know, you and the other one.

Michael: Cecil?

Mark: Yeah, probably, Cecil, eh? (laughs) Well two big bastards, no offence, the two of you up front, two big bastards bearing down on him, and the bugger runs away. I couldn't frigging believe it. Just sodding runs away. He got a bit of stick for that, I can tell you.

Michael: Bet he did.

Mark: No, well we'd won five on the trot before that. 6-2 at Billesley

Trevor: Is this a toilet or a talkshop?

Mark: Sorry mate.

Trevor: Don't let me interrupt you.

Mark: Listen mate, if you were married to the cowbag that I've got, you'd take half an hour every piss, I can tell you. More rabbit than Prince Andrew, that woman out there.

Trevor: Must be a bloody noisy house then.

Mark: Funny man eh? (He gets a bit threatening)

Michael: (Very firm) Hold it man. Why don't you get back to the show, eh?

Mark: Yeah, good idea.

(Pause. He sorts himself out. Trevor is peeing, Michael is leaving)

I hope they bring back that blonde one. I could watch her all night, yeah?

Michael: Maybe.

(They leave)

SCENE FOUR

(Reprise of Song from Scene 2. Lysistrata and her entourage enter Acropolis, greeted by other women. They establish control, put up barricades etc...)

(5 men arrive; Kinesias, Precepites, Mogadon, Mykonos and Hypnos)

Kinesias: It's true, would you believe it, it's true.

Precepites: Castor and Pollox!

Mogadon: Hermes wept!

Mykonos: Pan!

(Pause)

Hypnos: What's true?

Kinesias: These women. They've taken over the Acropolis, bean-head.

Hypnos: Oh, I see. Never mind.

Kinesias: Never mind?! They have broken into the very heart of our city, stolen the entire money supply, and now they are holding us all to ransom, and you say "Never mind!"

Iris: (From inside) I think it's beginning to sink in, Lysistrata.

(She hangs out a banner with slogan "No Men Allowed")

Mogadon: Kinesias, shhh. Don't let them think we mind.

Kinesias: No, good thinking. Come back round.

(They back off slightly and whisper)

Kalonice: (Hanging out another slogan "Peace or Nothing")

(Sarcastically) Oh dear, I think it must be the S.A.S., come to blow us away. (She laughs) No surrender boys!

Kinesias: (Casual approach) O.K. ladies; hi! Look, me and the lads have had a bit of a chat, and we're quite prepared to let all this pass, right? So lets all just come quietly out shall we, and we'll say no more about this whole silly little episode. Now, can't say fairer than that can we, all right?

(Pause)

Iris: (Leaning slowly out) Piss off.

Kinesias: That's it!... How dare you... you....

(He is restrained by the others)

(Trying a different approach) Just what exactly are you hoping to achieve, eh? It makes no difference to us you know. It's not as if we can't cope perfectly well without you. In fact things will be more peaceful with- out you now. You'll come crawling out in the end, that's quite obvious.

Myrrhine: Oh yes? (She hangs out another banner "Nookie Free Zone.")
We'll see. How long do you think you can stand this?

(The men are a bit taken aback)

Kinesias: Bloody Bacchus, that's not a woman. I mean... that's my wife. I spend months, years. fighting to defend her and little Aristotle and this is my reward. Euripides was right. "Nothing is so shameless as a woman".

Women: (Beginning to chant) No nookie, no nookie. Nookie, nookie, nookie. No, No, No. Nookie. nookie. nookie, No. No. No. etc...

Kinesias: BE QUIET! You've had your chance, we've dealt with enemies before you know.

Kalonice: Not like us you haven't (She spits)

Kinesias: Don't push me.... Don't push me.

(He is restrained again)

Lysistrata: (As they hang out a final big banner slogan "LOCKOUT") Men of Athens. Listen carefully so you all know the full terms. Come back to us when you have a peace treaty signed by all the countries of the world, or come back to us with all the so-called

'enemy' leaders to talk about peace here. Until that time - stay out - you'll get no joy from us.

(Cheers)

(Kinesias runs angrily up to the gates)

Kinesias: Don't think for one moment you'll be able...

(They empty a bucket of water on him)

Right, all of you. Fetch the police, fetch the Commissioner. If they want a fight they can have one!

(All the men leave)

SCENE FIVE

(Duncan, Enn and John are at the bar)

Duncan: Dry white wine and a tomato juice ... Oh sorry.

(Enn was first)

Enn: It's O.K. - Two vodka and slimline, please.

(They wait for drink)

Duncan: Quite an unusual piece isn't it?

Enn: What?

Duncan: The play, so far.

Enn: I suppose it is - I don't take in much theatre.

Duncan: Oh, do you not? I try to come to everything here, more or less. It tends to be so much more challenging than other media. I mean really than the technical media, I suppose.

Enn: Yep.

Duncan: I think actually this seems to be a little oversimplistic in terms of the men, really. You can understand the stereotyping up to a point but it's a little, well, unfair, basically.

Enn: I don't go much for messages. If I'm out, it's to relax.

Duncan: Yes, quite.

(Enn's drinks arrive)

Duncan: Oh yes.

John: Pint of Spring and half a lager and lime. And a packet of salt and vinegar crisps.

(Duncan says nothing about being next, but looks a bit peeved)

John: No, make that two pints of Spring. (To Duncan) Don't want to come all the way back up here.

Duncan: No, good idea. (Helpfully) Don't you want two halves of Lager as well then?

John: Lager and lime. No, I don't think so.

Duncan: Oh.

John: We just got married, three weeks ago.

Duncan: I see.

In Ladies Toilet

(Val is angry/upset. Muttering into mirror. She has been crying. Helen enters)

Helen: Ooh I'm sorry love, am I in the way?

Valerie: No, no, it's O.K.

Helen: Is there anything I can do?

Valerie: No. Thank you.

(Pause)

Valerie: It's just I don't go out much: I've got a baby, see, so you might think he'd just take a bit of notice when I do, you know what I mean.

Helen: Your husband? (Grenja enters)

Valerie: That's right. Bastard. He doesn't give a shit, never has.

Helen: (Slightly shocked) Oh, I'm sure that's not true.

Valerie: No, I know it is, and it's not as if it bothers me really. Do you know what I realised today? Oh look I'm sorry to...

Helen: No, no, it's fine. What?

- Valerie: I realised that he blames me for having Charmaine, that's the baby. Do you know what I mean?
- Helen: Doesn't he like her?
- Valerie: Well, in a way, I suppose. When I had her, you know when I was in hospital and that, he was quite sweet really, but only for a day or so. I'll never forget the way he looked at me though, afterwards, it was just kind of desperate. But he jokes all the time, when he's in a good mood at least; so you don't ever see what he's really thinking, even when we're on our own, you know? Just moments, that's all I have to go on, just moments.
- Helen: I'm sure it's not as bad as you think you know.
- Grenja: (Muscling in slightly) Listen, don't you dare apologise. You shouldn't even be talking about him. If it's like you say you must just think sod it, honestly. He sounds just like Duncan, Duncan was just the same, after the birth he never acknowledged that it was me that did the carrying. As far as he was concerned it was his baby.
- He spent all his time hovering over the baby, didn't take the slightest notice of me.
- Helen: I hope you feel better soon love.
- Valerie: (Smiling) Thanks, yes. (Helen goes out)
- Grenja: You don't owe him anything, you realise. Watch the show.

SCENE SIX

(Commissioner of Athens enters. He is largish, pompous local politician: With him are Hypnos, Mogadon and two policemen)

- Commissioner: Alright, alright, what in the name of goodness is going on here then? Some problem with women, I hear. Degenerate strumpets drunk and wailing for Adonis again, eh? I don't know, the wantonness of women I tell you ... er...
- Hypnos: Hypnos, Sir.
- Commissioner: Of course. I tell you, Hipster, the need for strict control over them has never been more evident. It can no longer be tolerated. No more can we allow a criminal minority to go on the rampage and treat the law of the land as some kind of joke.
- Hypnos: Hear, hear Sir. I quite agree, except I suppose in a way they are bit of a majority, really.
- Commissioner: Quite so, Hitman, quite so. No longer can a criminal majority be allowed to ride roughshod over the rules of our community. The time has come for action. I'm not a man that likes to sit by and watch this desecration. I'm a married man myself, Hiccough, and believe me, I am the last man that my wife would dare to disobey.

Others should follow my lead. Discipline is the key. The birch if need be. Short sharp education without any frills, no namby-pamby do-gooders interfering with the teaching of the three Rs and of blind obedience. I can recall, Hip-flask, a time when...

Hypnos: Yes, yes, but the thing is Mr Commissioner....

Commissioner: I'm sorry?

Hypnos: The thing is we're locked out.

Commissioner: I understand perfectly, of course, some kind of domestic, marital argy bargy has spilt over into Locked out of where Hippo?

Hypnos: The Acropolis.

Commissioner: The Acropolis! And just who exactly has perpetrated this outrage?

Hypnos: Well, all of them sir.

Commissioner: All of them, then why on earth was I not informed?

Hypnos: Well...

Commissioner: (He sees banners) What's all this then, "No men allow..." "Peace.. What free zone?

Hypnos: Well ... (He looks at Mogadon, who goes over and whispers in the Commissioners ear)

Commissioner: Infamy! For fifteen years I have been chief commissioner of this pearl of the Aegean. For my whole life I have striven selflessly for the betterment of the lives of my men and it has come to his. I despair for the future Henpeck, I despair.

Hypnos: Absolutely Mr Tibbetes.

Commissioner: Locked out by loose women. No time to lose, we must act now.

Hypnos: Yes.

Commissioner: All right men (Calls) Back to headquarters, get reinforce- ments, fetch the water catapults and Constable bring the C.S. Quickly! jump to it!

Hypnos: C.S. Sir?

Commissioner: Chicken shit, Hitchcock, it's a new idea for dealing with these riot situations. Throw it into the mob and they disperse immediately. This way we will flush out the ring leaders.

Hypnos: Wonderful idea sir.

(Lysistrata appears)

- Lysistrata: Not so fast Tibbetes. No need for violence. I am not afraid to come out to talk. You don't need any unnecessary force, just a little more sense.
- Commissioner: Me, in need of more sense? Arrest her officer!
- Lysistrata: I wouldn't if I were you.
(Policeman backs off)
- Commissioner: Constable! You're not afraid of a woman, you miserable coward.
(Kalonice enters with a chamber pot)
- Kalonice: (Gangster voice) O.K. buddy, one step and the commissioner gets a mouthful of this.
(He backs off)
(Pause)
- Commissioner: Right, get her first, lad!
(Myrrhine enters)
- Myrrhine: A finger on her and you'll be floating down the Styx, dear.
(He backs off)
- Commissioner: What are you playing at, men. Bind them!
- Lysistrata: Commissioner, I have a whole Army inside. Twenty thousand... almost.
(The police have all retreated)
- Commissioner: Worsted by women! I swear I'll teach you a lesson for this, young lady. Men, COME BACK HERE.
(Pause) A-hum, Officers, REGROUP!
(He goes to fetch them)
- Lysistrata: Reserve Force come out! (All the women come out) Right girls, this is it. Now we have the first test of our strength. The game's afoot. Replenish the buckets, summon up the pies, disguise fair nature with hard favoured rage. Now imitate the action of the tigress, hold hard the breast, and bend up every limb to it's full height. On, on you noblest women, you see them run like poodles from the vet, follow my leading and upon this charge, cry victory for freedom and for
- Lysistrata: PEEE.....ACE.

Commissioner: CHAAA..RGE.

(There is a comical battle in which the police and men attack and are repelled.)

Commissioner: Retreat! Retreat!

Oh my sainted aunt, what a mess. What a day, what a bloody day.

Don't think you've won this, you in there. We'll be back with reinforcements, and then you'll know what a war is like, I warn you.

SCENE SEVEN

(All the women are at their tables)

Helen: (To Val) Are you feeling any better?

Valerie: Yeah, I am thanks, this has cheered me up a bit.

Helen: Oh good.

Valerie: Tempting isn't it?

Helen: Oh, I don't know.

Valerie: I'd just love to see Mark's face if I went on strike, wouldn't you?

Helen: I'm a bit old for rebelling, I think.

Grenja: She's right, we must join them. (Getting up)

Valerie: Well, I'm not sure....

Grenja: You heard what those men said, they will be back with reinforcements. We're needed.

Joan: (Getting up) Yes, great.

Teresa: Can we do that?

Grenja: What do you mean?

Teresa: Is it allowed?

Grenja: Anything's allowed.

(They sing - In the course of the song, every one of them decides to join in with the Greek women)

Women's Chorus Song

Nothing has changed
Over two thousand years
Same old injustices
Same old fears

Why can't we ever
Learn from the past
When will these little boys
Grow up at last

Picture a time of a world without men
Without all the stupid, the vain and the rough
Without all the careless uncaring and tough
Picture a time of a world without men

Picture a time of a world without pain
No pointless arguments, no injured pride
No weeping mothers, no broken-heart brides
Picture a time of a world without pain

Picture a time of a world without war
No counted killings in human points scored
No macho maniacs with gun or with sword
Picture a time of a world without war

SCENE EIGHT

Joan: Open up. We want to help

(They open the gates of the Acropolis)

Lysistrata: Wonderful, more, I thought everyone was here already. Where do you come from?

Grenja: It's a little difficult to explain. We're right behind you though..

Lysistrata: Come on in. Right. Listen everyone. Progress reports.

Medusa: Food supplies good. We've enough grain and honey to last three years if we need it. Then we can start eating each other.

Lysistrata: I don't expect they'll last that long, Medusa. Money?

Medusa: We've got it all, Lysistrata.

Lysistrata: Simple as that? Fantastic, health?

Christia: No problems. I think everyone is too excited to be ill.

Lysistrata: Brilliant. Now, does everyone know the plan from now on?

Teresa: Well.... we've only just arrived.

Lysistrata: Of course. Iris?

Iris: (With blackboard and pointer)

Christia, medicine. Melina, money. Medusa, food. Kalonice is based here with accommodation details. Myrrhine is organising tonight's entertainment, around the central fire. Night watch patrols have been posted here, here, and here. Those are under the control of Margarina.

Kalonice: Why her?

Myrrhine: Oh well, she doesn't need any sleep apparently. Also, first results seem to show a remarkable talent for scaring off attackers with just a particular kind of glare. We have her lined up for use as torture if we take any prisoners.

Iris: Good, any questions?

Positions, everyone.

(They all disperse to their posts)

SCENE NINE

(Trevor walks up onto announcer's stage)

Trevor: Look, I think if they're all up in there, we ought to do our bit, don't you?

Mark: (Rushing up) Yes definitely.

Trevor: (Mark is not his favourite person) Oh.

Mark: Come on lads, let's see you.

(The men troop onto the stage)

(They sing)

Mens Chorus

There's a bandwagon rolling and it's got to be halted
 It's time for every man now to stand and be counted
 If they think they can deal with the war and the money
 There's a game going on and it isn't very funny

If you're ready to join, raise your hand
 Gotta make the little ladies understand
 We've got to put the world to rights
 We've got to stand firm and we've got to fight

Fight fight fight fight
 Fight fight fight fight

(Chanted) If you're a man - stand up
 If you're a man - be strong
 If you're a man - join now
 If you're a man - fight on

Fight fight fight fight
 Fight fight fight fight

There's a bandwagon rolling and it's got to be halted
 It's time for every man now to stand and be counted
 Who has the muscle now, who has the aggression ?
 If they want a war, they've got a war, we'll teach them a lesson.

(Just as with the women, they all decide to join in)

Mark: Find the commissioner, quick.

(All of the men leave in different directions, reappearing gradually at the beginning of the next scene, after the commissioner has re-entered.)

* INTERVAL *

SCENE TEN

(Commissioner re-enters)

Lysistrata: Never underestimate us, Commissioner. When we are scorned and insulted, we fight. Women are not slaves. Perhaps now you will admit that?

Commissioner: Slaves only to the bottle!

- Kinesias: Don't waste your breath on them, sir. Look at the state we are in. The vicious harlots have drenched us - and with dubious water too! There's no point trying to argue with wild animals.
- Melina: "Wild animals"? We were defending ourselves.
- Precipites: What's happening? How can they be doing this to us, sir?
- Mykonos: It's a bad dream. Why. Why. Why?
- Hypnos: Find out what it is, sir. The honour of mankind depends on stopping this Un-Athenian Activity.
- Commissioner: Very well then. Right, young lady. To begin with, could you please enlighten me as to your motive for blockading Our Treasury?
- Lysistrata: To control the city's money, and thus prevent you lot from making wars for it.
- Commissioner: (Smilingly) So you are of the simple opinion that the money is the cause of the war?
- Lysistrata: Yes, I am; and it is also the cause of most of the internal political disorders - all the pathetic graft and ludicrous bickering. No money, no fighting!
- (Cheers from the women)
- Commissioner: And what may I ask do you intend to do now?
- Lysistrata: What a ridiculous question. Now we budget for the country.
- Commissioner: You, budget?
- Lysistrata: There isn't a politician, soldier or accountant who has as much sense about money as we do. Haven't we always at least been allowed to deal with the housekeeping?
- Commissioner: That my dear madam, is a completely different matter.
- Lysistrata: Different?
- Commissioner: How can you possibly hope to cope on that basis with for example the immense complexities of the defence budget?
- Lysistrata: Simple, we have no defence budget. Quite apart from anything else we'll save a good deal of money by abolishing wars.
- (More cheers)
- Commissioner: And how, pray, do we defend ourselves?

Lysistrata: By not wanting to attack anyone.

(More cheers)

Commissioner: (Despairing) What hope is there for mankind!

Lysistrata: Commissioner, womankind is going to save you.

Commissioner: I don't want to be saved.

Lysistrata: All, the more reason for us to do it then.

Commissioner: This is thoroughly ludicrous!

Lysistrata: It is simply our duty to the world we live in.

Commissioner: Completely against the law, and against all common sense!

Lysistrata: Sparta is not your enemy, you are, and we will save you.

Commissioner: I DON'T BLOODY WELL WANT YOU TO SAVE ME!

Lysistrata: WELL UP YOURS MATE!

(Pause)

Commissioner: Where did you cook up this ridiculous notion, anyway?

Lysistrata: I shall explain.

Commissioner: Very well, but keep it quick.

(Clenches fist)

Lysistrata: Keep your hands off me and listen.

Commissioner: I can't stand any more.

Iris: Can't you? Doesn't surprise me!

(Laughs)

Commissioner: Very well then, explain if you must.

Lysistrata: O.K. In the past, throughout this war and wars of the past, each one of us, like the dutiful, modest wife, has suffered her husband in silence - not surprising considering the way we were treated if we didn't. We have watched you, agreed with your ideas and kept to ourselves our real feelings. While you played your little games about spies and soldiers, and dealt with every tiny state problem with staggering incompetence, we

laughed and smiled to show how much we loved you. I would politely ask, "did you come to any decision in assembly today, about the peace initiative, dear?" And my husband would pat my hand and say "now you keep your pretty nose out of things you don't understand, love", and he'd go back to the afternoon's session of stupidity.

Grenja: I would have argued with him.

Commissioner: Then you I hope would have been belted.

Lysistrata: Nevertheless, I didn't argue, and when he came back to report some fresh lunacy, I would tentatively say, "Dear me, darling, that sounds a bit silly" and he would snap at me, "get back to your knitting or I will do something silly; as Homer said, "War shall be the care of men".

Commissioner: Absolutely right!

Lysistrata: Right? That we should sit and knit as we're told while Greece is allowed to slide faster down the greasy pole of warmongery, nearer and nearer to complete destruction? Everywhere we went people were saying "What Athens needs now is a real man, a fighting, born-again Cowboy of a leader to win this war and save us" Well we had a meeting and agreed that what Athens really needed was for us to fight together to stop this great war. So now it is your turn to keep quiet as we have all this time. Sit in your corner and gossip with your- selves while we set about our task.

Commissioner: You cannot possibly -

Lysistrata: I SAID QUIET!

Commissioner: I will NOT be quiet for some loud-mouthed hussy who refuses to acknowledge that the skirt she wears signifies that she is my inferior!

Lysistrata: Oh well, if it's the skirt that bothers you, perhaps you had better wear it.

(She puts it on him)

Kalonice: And here's a lovely little bonnet.

Myrrhine: Your knitting needles, and some rather pretty coloured wool, madam.

Lysistrata: Now get on with your knitting.... IN SILENCE, while we rewrite Homer - "Stopping war shall be the care of women".

(Cheers)

Kalonice: Come on girls, put down your things and take the floor.

(All the women, both the Greeks and the Chorus, sing and dance, while the men watch. At the end of the dance they sit down and listen to Lysistrata's song)

Lysistrata: If I sing of the beauty of a flower
 It's a song that the world will understand
 Of her glisten in the early morning sunlight
 Her smooth tender feeling in my hand.

But if I sing of the strength of the flower
 It's a song that the world will scorn to know
 Of her fight against the savage boot that treads her
 Her survival in the thunder and the snow.

If I sing of the beauty of a woman
 It's a song that the whole world will approve
 Of her soft pretty eyes and coy attraction
 The warmth of her smooth caressing love.

But if I sing of the strength of a woman
 The world will think me just a little mad
 Of her struggle to condemn the life that holds her
 To know she's good when she is told she's bad.

Now I dream of the fields of the battle
 Where the seeds of a million flowers lie
 Of the strength that will lift them all to daylight
 Where so many strong men have gone to die.

Now I dream of the force that drives their beauty
 Of the knowledge that steels them to the breeze.
 At our victory together I am standing
 Looking out across the flower fields of peace.

All: Now we dream of the fields of the battle
 Where the seeds of a million flowers lie
 Of the strength that will lift us all to daylight
 Where so many strong men have gone to die.

Now we dream of the force that drives our beauty
 Of the knowledge that steels us to the breeze
 At our victory together we are standing
 Looking out across the flower fields of peace.

SCENE ELEVEN

Kalonice: Three cheers for the peace mongers. Hip hip.

All: Hooray.

Myrrhine: Hip hip.

All: Hooray.

Helen: Hip hip.

All: Hooray.

Commissioner: That's all very wonderful I'm sure, but you're in cloud cuckoo land, all of you. Peace mongers! Just how will you earn that title?

Lysistrata: However long it takes, Commissioner, we will wait, and when you finally come to your senses, as you will, we shall have peace. Not one more soldier-boy shall walk the streets of our city.

Commissioner: (Turning to his men) Would one of you please enlighten these imbeciles as to where exactly they are so wrong. Hymnbook!

Hypnos: Yes, well, I think what the Commissioner means is that it's all very well talking in terms of what you would like to do, but in reality, the situation is somewhat different.

Commissioner: There is no magic solution.

Hypnos: Yes, quite, of course, and I think it's also worth pointing out that there are no instant remedies.

Commissioner: Whenever there's a war, this always happens, we have some moaning minnies, who say they don't like it. They come running to us and say can we stop the fighting please, as if we have a choice. Honestly, anyone would think we enjoy fighting!

Mark: Yes!

Commissioner: (Glares at him) But we don't! Believe me, if there was any alternative, I'd be the first person to want the war finished.

Kalonice: Well, why not finish it then?

Commissioner: Hypnos, explain.

Hypnos: Who? Oh, me. Well, yes but you see, the thing is that, we will of course take careful note of everything you've said and.....er....

Michael: Listen it's like this...

Joan: Sit down, Michael.

(He sits down)

John: (He is slightly drunk by now) What you don't understand is...

Teresa: Shut up, John.

(He hesitates. Looks shocked)

Teresa: Sit down John, you're drunk)

(He sits. The women cheer)

Lysistrata: We have said clearly everything that we're going to say, Commissioner. If you had listened, you would have heard it all. The women and common sense are in charge of the city now, and we will all go back inside and wait until it seeps through into your pompous little brain.

Commissioner: You will do no such thing, Madam. You will stay here and listen to the Commissioner of your city - or have you no respect for the law?

Lysistrata: Respect, you know nothing about respect, and you know nothing about women. Women! Arrest this man.

(Kalonice, Myrrhine, Joan and Jay grab the Commissioner and pin him flat on the ground. Iris keeps the rest of the men at bay)

Commissioner: Arrest me - I'm the Commissioner. This is an unforgivable assault on a public body. An assault on me....

(One of the women gags him. They gather round, as if at a funeral)

Lysistrata: We are gathered here today to witness the sad funeral of our great and famous Commissioner Tibbetes, a man admired, respected and loved by no-one. A man who listened to and understood nothing. A man once described as a big bloated toadstool with the brain of a lugworm. As we stand around the body it is my solemn duty to invite further tributes and wreaths from his mournful admirers.

(They throw things onto him)

Bear hence the body of the deposed, so that he may be lain to rest in some horrible dingy little place until he comes crawling back.

(Nods to Myrrhine)

Myrrhine: Ashes to ashes....

Kalonice: Dust to dust....

Iris: And nuts to the lot of you.

(They process back in, carrying the Commissioner, and humming the funeral march and laughing, leaving the men in some confusion)

SCENE TWELVE

(The men are left outside)

Hypnos: Well, I'd like to thank all you men for your help. We do seem still to have a few problems to iron out here, but I feel sure that we have made progress.

Mark: Look, I'll take a group to spring him.

Hypnos: Spring him?

Mark: Yeah, we'll go the back way, scale the walls, blow the main gates if you give us cover. Teach the bitches a thing or two about the man's world.

Hypnos: Yes, that sounds pretty good - what do you need?

Mark: Just a magnum each, a few sticks of gelly and maybe a flare to give a signal.

Hypnos: I think we've got some jelly. Does it matter what flavour?

(Kinesias enters, running)

Kinesias: Help. Help, somebody help. It's a disaster. Oh my Zeus. Help somebody quick. I can't do it.

Enn: Pull yourself together, man. What is it?

Kinesias: It's terrible, what the underworld am I supposed to do? I don't think I can cope any longer.

Trevor: Calm down. Speak slowly and clearly.

Kinesias: Right. (He calms down enough to say) Can any of you here change a nappy?

(Pause)

Duncan: Well, yes, I can.

Kinesias: Oh, fantastic, thank Zeus for that. What do I do?

Duncan: Have you got everything?

Kinesias: What do you mean, I've got the bloody nappy. What else do I need?

Duncan: Oh it's not a disposable. We tried for a while with these, for environmental reasons, but...(Kinesias looks blank) Safety pins?

Oh no, of course not. Tell you what. Have you got one of those lovely fifth century B.C. brooches they have in the museums?

Kinesias: What kind of a man do you think I am?

Duncan: No I mean. Hasn't your wife got one?

Kinesias: I expect so.

Duncan: I should think we can manage then.

Kinesias: Come with me quick, then. We can't afford to leave it too long.
(They leave)

Hypnos: (He has been sorting out things, he gives Mark a plastic sword) Here we are then.

Mark: Jesus. Who's coming with me then?
(No volunteers)

Mark: (To Michael) You?

Michael: Piss off.

Mark: Perhaps we'd better try something else.
(Mogadon enters with a pan - utensil, not the God!)

Mogadon: Anyone here know anything about cooking?
(Pause)

Michael: I think you've probably just missed our expert.

Trevor: What's the problem?

Mogadon: I haven't eaten for three days so I thought I'd make an omelette, but it hasn't worked.

Trevor: No, well, you want a frying pan for that, still it ought to taste alright, just won't be the right shape. Helen sometimes makes omelettes in a casserole, I think. Let's have a look, son.
(Mogadon shows him)
(Trevor opens pan. looks in)
No, I think your problem there, if I'm not much mistaken, mate, is that you're supposed to break the egg first.
(He extracts a whole egg, rather burned looking)

Yes, look, tell you what, I expect we can do something with it. Why don't I come with you, eh?

(They leave)

John: Is there anywhere round here where you can get a drink?

Hypnos: Well, I expect someone will have some nectar if you ask around.

John: No beer or anything?

Hypnos: All the wine locked in the temple with the women.

John: Bugger.

(Enn's bleeper, goes off)

Enn: Excuse me, I must check in. Catch you later.

(He leaves. Hypnos is bewildered)

Hypnos: Well, perhaps we'd better regroup, sort of thing.

(The begin to leave)

Michael: I wish Joan were here.

Mark: What?

Michael: Nothing.

John: I want a drink.

(They exit)

SCENE THIRTEEN

(Women walk past with banners, 'January', 'February', 'March', 'April')

Hera: Several months have passed, what's this?

(Enter Lysistrata)

Lysistrata: (Mock tragic) O, O, O, O, O, O!

Hera: What fortune knits the brows of our queen?
Lysistrata, hold not thy tight-clamped lips.

- Lysistrata: O treachery of women, woe, woe woe!
My soul is filled with lack of happiness.
- Hera: What is the cause? What drains thy face of blood?
What unaccustomed water drowns thy eyes?
- Lysistrata: To speak the wretched truth would be to sin.
Too shameful is the fact for women's breath.
- Hera: Oh, go on.
- Lysistrata: THEY CAN'T TAKE IT!
- Hera: Oh!
- Lysistrata: Is that all you can say? "Oh". It's disastrous! Almost every one of them is in such a state they're trying to escape. Every possible route. One had made a rope out of sacred wall hangings and was trying to make a breeches- buoy down to the nearest bar. Then I saw someone attempting to persuade a sparrow to give her a lift, while another was digging a tunnel from underneath a wooden donkey! Or else they give me incredible excuses about why they must leave. Look, here goes another one. Hey, you, where are you off to?
- Melina: Um - I just must get home Lysistrata, you see I've left my wool out, and the moths will chew it to bits.
- Lysistrata: Moths indeed, get back in.
- Melina: Couldn't I just lay it out on the table?
- Lysistrata: You will lay nothing - inside!
- Melina: Shall I just let it be ruined then?
- Lysistrata: If need be, yes.
- (Melina goes back in. Medusa enters)
- Medusa: Oh dear, oh dear, my poor flax. I completely forgot to peel it.
- Lysistrata: (Incredulous) What?
- Medusa: I forgot to peel my flax.
- Lysistrata: I'm very sorry to hear it, now get back in, please.
- Medusa: But I must pluck its fibres.

- Lysistrata: Absolutely not. (She points at the door)
- Medusa: Just a quick pluck?
- (Lysistrata shakes her head) Sorry.
- (She goes)
- (Melina re-enters, pregnant)
- Melina: Oh thou great Goddess of Childbirth, grant that my child be not born in this unholy place.
- Lysistrata: What's this?
- Melina: What do you think it is. I'm in labour, aah, aah.
- Lysistrata: You weren't pregnant a moment ago.
- Melina: No I wasn't was I, praise be to Aphrodite, a MIRACLE, hurry, hurry. I may not make it to a midwife.
- (Lysistrata grabs her as she goes past, and tapping her stomach - metallic noise. She looks quizzical)
- Melina: It's going to be a boy!
- Lysistrata: Come on. (Removes a helmet from her dress) Good Zeus... you've got a nerve. The sacred helmet of Athene! Get inside, you're not pregnant.
- Melina: Yes I am., the helmet was just in case. If I had him... before I got home (Losing faith in her story) I could put the baby.... inside.... for safe keeping?
(Lysistrata points, she goes. Kalonice rushes in)
- Kalonice: Lysistrata, Lysistrata. I've got to go. I'm terrified. I just saw the legendary snake of the Parthenon.
- Lysistrata: That snake is an utter fabrication.
- Kalonice: I don't care what kind it is, it scared me shitless.
- Medusa: (Re-entering) And the owls, too. I must get away from their racket.
- Myrrhine: I've been bitten by a rat!
- (General noise of complaint)
- Lysistrata: Quiet, quiet, all of you! Listen. Look, I understand why you all want to go, believe me, I'm a bit.... lonely.... myself, but let's have no more lying, eh. You're believing what the

men have taught you! We don't need them, we're stronger than that. Just stick with it - a little self... er control and victory will be ours. (She has a brainwave) In fact, I have just received an oracle that says as much, do you want to hear it?

(She gets out a piece of paper, concealing the fact that it is blank)

A message from the Gods....

When the swallows shalt at length decline
From servicing their men's desire
The Gods shalt grant them endless peace.
By making what wast lower, higher.

Kalonice: Ooh.

Lysistrata: But if a swallow shalt give up
And to her husbands wish succumbs
(Struggling a little)The Gods will punish them a lot
By sticking spearheads up their bums

(Pause. They look aghast at each other)

Kalonice: Well, that's a clear enough oracle.

Lysistrata: It is, so let's not fail it, girls, or we'll be worse off than we were before.

(They go back in. Lysistrata sighs in relief, shows blank paper to audience)

(Enter Mogadon and Kinesias, who is dressed `to kill')

Mogadon: Are you sure you ought to, Kinesias?

Kinesias: Of course I'm sure, she's my wife isn't she?

Mogadon: Yes, but you know what they're all saying.

Kinesias: Mogadon, after all this time, do you think she'll be able to resist this.

(He demonstrates his outfit)

Mogadon: Er....no.

Kinesias: What do you mean `er no'?

Mogadon: Well... I am your best friend, aren't I?

Kinesias: Mogadon. This isn't the time to start all that again?

Mogadon: No but I am, aren't I?

Kinesias: Oh all right. Yes you are. I told you I crossed Hypnos off the list when he wouldn't lend me his red boots.

Mogadon: What about Anthrax?

Kinesias: Joint best friend? Mogadon I've got to go!

Mogadon. It's just that only your best friend would tell you about... well...

(He sniffs a bit. Kinesias looks puzzled. Eventually he manages to convey what he means.)

Kinesias: I don't? damn! Well, what am I supposed to do? How am I supposed to know how to use all her washing things. It's complicated... Is it bad?

(Mogadon investigates)

Mogadon: Yes.

Kinesias: Well, get me something then.

(Mogadon produces a bottle of after shave)

Kinesias: Brilliant.

(They splash it on all over)

All right now?

(He sets off)

Mogadon: Kinesias. Try and walk more... you know.

Kinesias: Like what?

Mogadon: Like this.

(He demonstrates)

Kinesias: Like this?

Mogadon: Yes. Better. Hunch your shoulders. That's it. Keep the top half of your legs together. Much better, yes. Now, look `smouldery'.

Kinesias: What?

Mogadon: You know.

(He demonstrates again)

Kinesias: Like this?

Mogadon: Perfect, and try talking deep. Sultry.

Kinesias: Yes. I love you. I love you darling. Darling I love you.

Mogadon: That's it! There's no way she won't give in now.

Kinesias: Thanks, Mogadon.

(He sets off - stops)

I'll...er... put you at the top of the list on your own

Mogadon: (Blushing) Thanks. Good luck then.

(Kinesias `smoulders' off, practising)

SCENE FOURTEEN

(Enter Lysistrata)

Lysistrata: Quick, quick everybody. Action stations. Ready for battle.

Christia: What is it?

Lysistrata: It's a man, and he's coming this way. he seems a bit... excited. Hurry up, get in.

Christia: Who is he?

Kalonice: Never mind that, where is he?

Lysistrata: IN Kalonice! Anyone know him?

Myrrhine: Oh, Hades, yes, it's Kinesias, my husband.

Lysistrata: Good, then you know what to do. Taunt him, tease him, kiss him, but before you love him, leave him. Remember the oath.

Myrrhine: Don't you trust me?

Lysistrata: Of course I do, dear; but I'll just stay and give you a hand to begin with.

(Kinesias enters with Mogadon carrying a baby (doll). He is trying to stay `cool', checks that no-one can see him)

Kinesias: Ooooh! Aaaag! How much longer? I can't stand it. I wish I were a eunuch.

Lysistrata: (loud) That can be arranged

Kinesias: No, no, no. Just a figure of speech.

Lysistrata: What's this then, a man...?

Kinesias: I'll give you three guesses.

Lysistrata: Well there's no men allowed here. Go away, and take your little one with you.

Kinesias: Who are you?

Lysistrata: A well-wisher, now sod off?

Kinesias: Send Myrrhine out, for pity's sake.

Lysistrata: Myrrhine, why, do you know her?

Kinesias: If she remembers me; I'm her husband, Kinesias.

Lysistrata: Not the husband that she's married to?

Kinesias: Send her out.

Lysistrata: Not the one she goes on and on about; groaning for night and day?

Kinesias: Please!

Lysistrata: She never stops, you know; about how she longs once again to feel with her tender hands the unique contours of your heavenly body. Is it true what she says, that there isn't a man in Athens to match you? My word, you must be quite something.

Kinesias: Oh my Apollo. GIVE HER TO ME!

Lysistrata: Well, what will I get for it?

Kinesias: I'll see what I can raise.

Lysistrata: I'll go and fetch her then.

Kinesias: Hurry, hurry. It's not easy you know, looking after the whole house and the baby all on my own. I need her, it's getting harder all the time.

Myrrhine: (Still inside, loud) Well, I would you see, Lysistrata; I love him very much, but the thing is that he doesn't love me at all. I can't go and see him, it would be awful, because I would want so much to hug him and hold him, and he wouldn't be interested.

- Kinesias: Oh Myrrhine, Myrrhine, what're you talking about, come down here quick. Of course I love you. Quick!
- Myrrhine: I can't darling. You're just saying that. It's very sweet of you, but you needn't pretend, I know you don't mean it.
- Kinesias: What! I'm throbbing for you.
- Myrrhine: I think I'd better go back in.
- Kinesias: Oh Pan no, Myrrhine, you can't, what about little Aristotle? Listen to your child, he needs you. Go on, call your mummy dear. (Silence) Come on call, your mummy. (Silence) (Shaking the baby) Call your mummy you little pillock!
- (Pretending to be baby) MUMMY, MUMMY, MUMMY, I NEED YOU, MUMMY. You see he needs you, come down for his sake, MUMMY, MUMMY, MUMMY.
- Myrrhine: Well I suppose I'll have to now. Why can't you look after him properly?
- (Myrrhine appears)
- Kinesias: Oh, all the Gods, she looks even more fantastic than I remember. That body! (As practised) I love you darling.
- (Myrrhine comes and takes the baby)
- Myrrhine: Oh my poor little Arry Warry, have you got a horrid Daddy waddy, have you, have you, my little angel, have you?
- Kinesias: You stupid woman - why have you got yourself mixed up with these trouble-makers?
- Myrrhine: Take your hands off me. I'm not stupid!
- Kinesias: But the house is going to rack and ruin, don't you care about that?
- Myrrhine: No.
- Kinesias: All your clothes are rotting away.
- Myrrhine: (Gritting her teeth) I don't care.
- Kinesias: And we haven't been to bed for weeks; don't you care about that either?
- Myrrhine: You know the terms, peace or nothing.
- (Pause)
- Kinesias: Oh all right then. You can have your peace, now come on.

Myrrhine: When you've got the treaty.

Kinesias: Don't you trust me? I'll get the treaty I promise. No problem, I promise.

Myrrhine: What about my oath?

Kinesias: Don't worry, I'll explain to them.

Myrrhine: Oh well, I should think that'll be O.K. then. Where shall we go?

Kinesias: Nowhere; here...NOW!

Myrrhine: Kinesias, in front of the boy?

(Kinesias hurls baby to Mogadon)

Kinesias: Take him home! (they go) Right, now.

Myrrhine: Hmm. I'll go and get a bed.

Kinesias: Never mind about a bed. The ground's fine.

Myrrhine: No, no. For all your faults, you still deserve a bed.

(She fetches one)

Kinesias: Oh Zeus, she must love me.

Myrrhine: There we are, make yourself comfy, and I'll get undressed.

Oh dear me no, I'd better get a mattress.

Kinesias: What? Don't be silly.

Myrrhine: I must.

Kinesias: Well give me a kiss first. (A little kiss and she goes) Don't be long.

(She returns with a mattress)

Myrrhine: There we are, now - I'll get undressed. Oh gosh no, silly me, no pillow.

(She goes, Kinesias shouts after her)

Kinesias: I don't need a pillow! Myrrhine!

Myrrhine: But I do! There.

Kinesias: That's the lot now.

Myrrhine: Sure?

Kinesias: Yes. Now, my darling, let me hold you properly.

Myrrhine: I'll unbutton myself then. You won't go back on your word?

Kinesias: Of course not.

Myrrhine: I'll just get a blanket.

Kinesias: What?

Myrrhine: Relax, lover boy.

(Fetches a blanket. They get settled)

Now shall I rub oil into your back?

Kinesias: No!

Myrrhine: (Hurt) But honey, you like it when I rub oil into your back.

Kinesias: Oh, all right then.

(She goes to get oil)

Myrrhine: Right, try some of that. Oh, it smells a bit cheap doesn't it? I'll go and get some nicer stuff.

Kinesias: It's lovely. My favourite.

Myrrhine: Are you sure?

Kinesias: Yes!

Myrrhine: O.K. Well, here we are then. (She begins to undress) You look wonderful, Kinesias, you really do. I've missed you, my darling, you will remember your promise about peace, won't you?

Kinesias: I'll do my best, love. Oh, oh, oh, you are beautiful.

Myrrhine: Your best?

Kinesias: Well, obviously I'll have to sort a few things out, but....

Myrrhine: What kind of things?

- Kinesias: Just details.
- Myrrhine: Well...on second thoughts...I don't really think that's good enough, sorry. Bye.
(She grabs her clothes and runs off)
- Kinesias: Aaaaaagh!
(Cheers from the Acropolis)
- Kinesias: (Desperate, Sings - a version of Heartbreak Hotel)
Now my baby's left me
What'm I going to do?
I'm standing here with my pounding flesh
And I've got to have something to screw
I'm feelin' so horny, baby I'm feelin' so horny I could die.
- Chorus (M): So now your baby's left you
- Kinesias: That's right
- Chorus (M): What're you goin' to do?
- Kinesias: I dunno!
- Chorus (M): She must be a rotten no-good bitch
To be so cruel to you.
To make you so horny, horny
To make you so horny you could die.
- Kinesias: But no, I love my baby,
The truth is plain to see
I'm goin' to get her the peace she wants
To get a piece for me.
I'm feelin' so horny, baby,
I'm feelin' so horny I could die.
- Trevor: No, no no, he's wrong. No backbone. Good god, it's not as bad as all that is it?
- Mark: Not when you get to your age, maybe.
- Trevor: Hey, a bit less of that, please. I just mean I did my National Service in the Navy, you know, I was young enough then, and we didn't see land sometimes for months, on end, but it didn't drive us all barmy or anything.
- Mark: Well we all know about the Navy, though, don't we?
- Trevor: You get right up my nose, do you know that?

Duncan: I think we should be working out some kind of compromise.

John: Sod that, we should burn the place down.

Mark: Yes, at last. Like I said all along, we should blow the gates...

(Michael goes up to him and hits him, he falls to the ground, dazed. Michael walks away again)

Michael: Sorry about that.

Mark: What the hell did you do that for?

Trevor: Why don't you shut up, eh.

(The gates of the Acropolis open, and the Commissioner emerges)

Hypnos: Oh my word, are you alright, sir?

(He walks slowly forward)

Enn: What have they done to you?

John: Did they torture you?

Hypnos: What happened, sir?

Commissioner: I would rather not discuss the matter. (To Hypnos) What's the situation.

Hypnos: Not good I'm afraid. Morale is a little low just now. The men seem to be a bit...

Enn: Wait. Someone's coming.

SCENE FIFTEEN

(Two Spartan Heralds enter. They have swellings under their cloaks)

Herald 1: My good man, can you tell me where I can find the Council of Athenian Elders, I have a message for them.

Commissioner: Stay where you are, Spartan!

(Nasty moment, then he sees cloak and laughs)

What can we do for you?

(Hypnos gets the giggles)

Herald 1: (Embarrassed) I am a Spartan Herald and I have come to talk about the Peace.

Commissioner: Then why have you got a spear concealed under your cloak?

Herald 1: (Twisting) I haven't!

Commissioner: What is it then, a hernia?

Herald 1: You out of your mind or something?

Commissioner: Well something's up and I don't like it.

Herald 1: Er.... it's a Spartan er.... we all have them er....it's a sort of tube thing for putting things in....a message- carrying rod!

Commissioner: Oh aye, we have them too. (He demonstrates) Look, you can be straight with me, young man, I know the situation. How're your lot taking it?

Herald 1: Pretty hard. The whole alliance is about to explode.

Commissioner: Why is that?

Herald 1: Lampito, and her band of merry women. Turning us on and then booting us out.

Commissioner: So what's happening?

Herald 2: All the men in Sparta are hobblin' about bent double like they were minding oil-lamps in a hurricane and the bitches won't let us so much as tickle their hedgehogs until we've made peace.

Commissioner: I get the picture. A world-wide conspiracy of blasted women. Well lad, there seems to me to be only one answer to this. Go back to Sparta and tell them to send a deputation at once to talk about Peace. They've got us where it hurts, son.

Herald 1: That's the best message I've ever had to carry, sir.

(They run off in opposite directions)

SCENE SIXTEEN

(The men's chorus is alone)

Duncan: I don't think you'll need to burn the place down now.

John: No - I don't want to anyway. My wife's in there.

Duncan: Oh, I...

Mark: Sounds like a good reason to me.

John: My wife's in there.
(He is drunk and emotional)

Duncan: Yes I know. Well it looks as if the battle's over now, anyway.

John: Teresa!

Trevor: D'you reckon?

Duncan: You heard what he said. They're going to negotiate.

Trevor: Yeah but that could take years, couldn't it, you know what I mean?

John: Teresa!

Duncan: I don't know, I get the impression with her in charge it'll probably be quite rapid.

Trevor: Doesn't stand for much nonsense does she?

John: Look there's someone at that window. It's her, my wife. Look, isn't she beautiful? Look at her, Teresa, look.
(Romeo and Juliet type music underneath this balcony section)

Teresa: (At "window") John, John, where are you, John?

John: I'm here, Tess.
(He runs towards her)

Teresa: Please don't call me Tess, I've never really liked that, you know. John, are you still drunk?

John: Not really. Are you coming down?

Teresa: Not yet.

John: Oh come on.

Teresa: Soon, I think.

John: Please, Tess.

Teresa: John!

John: Sorry. Look, what does it matter what name I call you. I love you. Come down here.

Teresa: You don't understand, do you? We're on opposite sides still, you see.

John: Yes, but we don't have to worry with that do we? Teresa, are we going to be torn apart by the bitter quarrels of these people?

Teresa: No. Haven't you been watching, John? We're going to win in a minute. Then I'll come back to you. But, you'd better be sober then.

John: I am...I will be.

Teresa: Tara then.

John: Bye bye.

Teresa: Bye.

John: Tara...it's nice to talk to you, anyway. I could go on saying bye bye all night.

Teresa: Sober, remember.

John: Yes, Tes.... Teresa.

(She goes)

Sober. Coffee. Yes, must have some coffee. Oh God, listen has anyone got some coffee, quick.

Enn: Yep, I've got a machine in the car.

John: Brilliant. Can I have some please.

Enn: Sure. This way.

(They go out)

Michael: I can't stay here all night.

Duncan: Aren't you enjoying it?

Michael: Well, I am, but I can't stay too long, that's all.

Duncan: You won't have to, look, here they come.

SCENE SEVENTEEN

(The Commissioner's entourage and the Spartan delegation arrive from opposite sides in two rather jaded processions. They are trying to remain dignified and ceremonial, despite their problems)

Spartan Amb: Alright, where is she? Where is this wonder woman?

Mogadon: (With spear) Keep your distance, Spartan pig!

Ambassador: We are here to discuss peace. The Commissioner of Athens has invited us.

Commissioner: Aye, of course I have. You are very welc.... (the word sticks in his throat) you are very....punctual.

Ambassador: Of course.

Herald: They were waiting just round the corner.

(The Ambassador glares at him)

Ambassador: Our boats are swift as the wind.

Commissioner: Of course.

(Pause)

Ambassador: Where is Lysistrata?

Commissioner: Yes, where is she?

Hynos: Oh well, I think she's in the Acropolis. Isn't that rather the whole point?

Commissioner: I know that. I mean call her forth?

Hynos: Yes sir. Lysistrata! Hello!

(He goes up and knocks rather timidly)

Could you come out please, we're ready! All the Spartans are here and everything. Hello?

(Pause)

Perhaps if we all shouted?

Commissioner: What, man? Oh very well. Ambassador?

(They all turn towards the Acropolis)

- Hypnos: Right now, I will count to three, and then if we can all go Ly-sis-trata, O.K.? Shall we have a practice? No, alright. One, two, three...
- All: Ly-sis-trata!
- (Fanfare - The gates immediately open, and the women emerge in a much more impressive and effective procession, led by Lysistrata and Lampito, with Kalonice at their flanks, gesturing the men to kneel. Reluctantly, they do. Lysistrata is enthroned. Then she stands)
- Lysistrata: Arise all of you!
- (They all get up)
- Commissioner: Now this is thoroughly ridiculous; there is surely no need to go to these lengths.
- Kalonice: Silence until spoken to, you!
- Lysistrata: When the peace is secure there will be no need for any of us to play silly games, Mr Commissioner, but until then you will abide by our rules for a while longer, understood?
- Commissioner: Yes.
- Kalonice: Yes, what?
- Commissioner: Yes Ma'am.
- Lysistrata: Now, why are you here, all of you?
- (Pause)
- Ambassador: To make peace...Ma'am.
- Lysistrata: That's better. Oh any terms?
- (Commissioner and Ambassador look at each other)
- Both: On any terms. Ma'am.
- Lysistrata: We have prepared a document for you. This will help to secure the future of our world. Melina, read the terms of peace.
- Melina: Oyez, oyez, oyez. Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye....
- We, the people of all Greece,
Enter into a time of peace,
And in so doing undertake,
The following promises to make.

Alpha: To refrain altogether from shooting each other, or anyone else, from punching, kicking, or in any other way killing or injuring them, Beta: To conduct the city's and the country's affairs with justice, compassion, and with trust. Gamma: To stop behaving like pompous little pillocks. Delta: To give to the women of Greece the respect and equal share in government to which they are manifestly entitled. Epsilon: Never to forget the lessons learned over the last few months. Zeta: Not to make stupid noises and rude signs at women in the street.

I put in that one, Lysistrata.

Lysistrata: Very good, Melina, carry on.

Melina: On behalf of all the peoples of Athens and of Sparta.
We promise to do all these things and live happily ever after.

Lysistrata: Thank you. Well?

Commissioner: Bloody communism.

Lysistrata: Common sense, Commissioner.

Hynos: Yes, well I think it's jolly good actually.

(All the men glare at him)

Lysistrata: This is a mere framework, Commissioner. I feel sure that you will see the merits of sticking to the spirit of this agreement always, now that you know the consequences of a breach.

Kalonice: Sign the treaty.

Commissioner: You're a bloody clever woman, you know.

Lysistrata: I know.

(They sign)

Lysistrata: Now. What has happened?

Commissioner: I beg your pardon?

Lysistrata: What has happened to your war?

Commissioner: The war is over.

Lysistrata: Louder!

Commissioner: The war is over.

Lysistrata: Both of you.

Both: The war is over.

Lysistrata: Sound cheerful about it.

Both: The war is over.

(Cheers)

Lysistrata: That is it! Victory at last, for everyone. Don't worry, Commissioner. I'm not going to bully you any more. You can have your city back, now that you have come to your senses, so that we can all work, all of us together, to keep the peace. Music, please. All of you, into the Acropolis, let's dance, let's celebrate, let's dance for the brightness of our future.

(They all dance, and process back into the Acropolis, leaving only the two choruses on stage. Over the course of the rest of the scene, they each rejoin their "other halves".)

Teresa: A happy ending, eh?

John: Hello, Teresa. (They hug)

Teresa: Are you sober now?

John: Almost.

(Enn's bleeper goes off again)

Jay: Your radio-page Enn.

Enn: Hi.

Jay: Your bleeper.

Enn: Yep, I'll let them wait, I reckon.

(He switches it off)

Jay: Hey, what's up?

Enn: I don't know, just chewing something over. You O.K. Jay?

Jay: Ya, I've had a good night. You're thinking about the play, aren't you?

Enn: Sure.

Jay: You know I wouldn't have thought it would have got through to you much.

- Enn: Say what?
- Jay: Well, all the inter-personal relationships stuff - not really your kind of thing is it?
- Enn: No. I was just thinking of a campaign, maybe for the Pot-a-Sausage ads - TV and everything. The sex strike idea, I guess there's mileage in it.
- Jay: Enn!
- Enn: No. listen, Jay, the battle of the sexes issue, it's in vogue just now. I think it might just catch the market we're aiming at.
- Jay: Ya, you could be right.
- (Pause)
- What about London, Enn?
- Enn: Oh yes, your flat? I'm sure it'll be O.K. No problem.
- Jay: That's great.
- (Trevor moves over to Helen and takes her hand)
- Trevor: This dance, Madam?
- Helen: Don't mind if I do, young man.
- (They dance)
- Had a good time.
- Trevor: D'you know, I've had a great time, Helen. Reckon I'd have enjoyed it better in there with you, though.
- Grenja: I'm never going to forget the atmosphere in that place, Duncan. Incredible, the empathy with the women, right through two thousand years.
- Duncan: Yes, I can imagine. You'd have been surprised, I think, at some of the things I picked up, too. Some attitudes were remarkably advanced, you know. I mean obviously some utterly unacceptable aspects as well, but insight, too.
- Grenja: If I could just take some of that strength and solidarity and put it into some of today's struggles, Duncan. It's not everyone who gets the chance to experience another age like that.
- Duncan: That's what is so powerful and exciting about theatre though, isn't it?
- Grenja: Don't be pompous Duncan.

Duncan: It's true. I was just saying..

Grenja: I was just saying don't be pompous.
(Mark moves over to Val and pecks her on the cheek)

Mark: (Laughing) Don't you go getting ideas now, will you?

Val: What's that supposed to mean?

Mark: (To Michael) Hey, you. Me and my dearest are going up to the Dome, do you fancy it? I'll forgive you for your little loss of temper if you come along, eh?

Michael: No, no way. You go along, O.K.?

Mark: Ah, come on. Have you been there?

Michael: No.

Mark: You've got to come then. It's an experience. Good class of customer they get there and all, if you get my drift. No arguments alright?

Michael: No, I'm going home.

Joan: Michael!
(She leads him off and talks to him)

Mark: O.K. Only being friendly - forgiving your trespasses.

Val: Who said I was going to the Dome?

Mark: What?

Val: What about Lynn, we said eleven at the latest.

Mark: Oh don't start, Val, you've been a pain in the arse all frigging night. You're supposed to enjoy yourself tonight, remember?

Val: I have enjoyed myself - no thanks to you.

Mark: Jesus, I brought you to this hole, didn't I?

Val: Yes, but don't think you're taking me back.

Mark: What do you mean by that exactly?

Val: Just go to the sodding Dome, or wherever you want to go, will you. I'll get a taxi, and I won't expect to see you back, understand?

Mark: Hey, my lucky night, you setting me free Valerie?

Val: Yes I am, Mark. I've had it up to.... just get away from me will you. You are the most stupid thick-skinned bastard...

Mark: Shut-up will you.

Val: No. Out - get out now will you. Do you speak english, Mark? I want you to leave me.

Mark: I'm going, O.K. I'm going. You think that's a punishment? I'm going. I shall go and have a good time. You're an ugly stupid cow, do you know that?

(He goes)

Val: You're a shit, Mark.

(Pause)

Helen: Oh, I'm glad you did that. He deserved it.

Val: Do you think so?

Helen: You know he did, love. I'm sure it'll work out. He's probably not as thick-skinned as...

Val: As he seems to be? He is, you know.

Trevor: Do you want a lift home?

Helen: You can pick up the baby and come and stay with us, if you like.

Val: No, it's alright, I'll take the lift though, if I could.

Trevor: Of course.

(They go back to their tables)

Teresa: We're not going to end up like any of this lot, are we?

John: No, of course we're not.

Teresa: You're going to have to...

John: I'm going to have to stop drinking? I know that. I will Teresa. I've decided.

(They go back to their table)

Joan: Now Michael, they're all going.

Michael: I think you'd better introduce yourself.

Joan: Michael!

Michael: Listen, everyone, Joan wants to say something.

Joan: Aren't you all forgetting something? You people, have you forgotten, we are supposed to be celebrating, yes? Listen, tonight, we joined in with this old story from the time of war right, and it ended up with the war finished.' I reckon we should see things off with a celebration of the peace we were all waiting for, yes? I'm going to sing a song, and I want all of you to join me. Alright?

(She sings. They all join in. The Greek characters return onto the stage, and the song becomes the curtain call)

Let's boogie Let's boogie Let's boogie

- So many things have happened -
It's hard to understand
But Girl the war is over
And Boy does that feel grand

Let's Boogie Let's Boogie
Let's boogie woogie for the Peace.

The fighting is all over
The victory is won
So Girl lets hit the timber
So Boy we'll have some fun

Lets boogie Lets boogie Lets boogie woogie for the Peace.

So get the juices flowing
Open up the town
And come on girl get funky
And Boy come on get down

Lets boogie Lets boogie
Lets boogie woogie for the Peace.

(Music link to - Lockout)

LOCKOUT - We'll have a Peace to last forever
LOCKOUT - To keep it we will work together
LOCKOUT - The men will follow on the women
LOCKOUT - Our ending is our new beginning

LOCKOUT: - The final war is at an end
We've lessons to learn and wounds to mend
So lover make love and friend make friend

THE END