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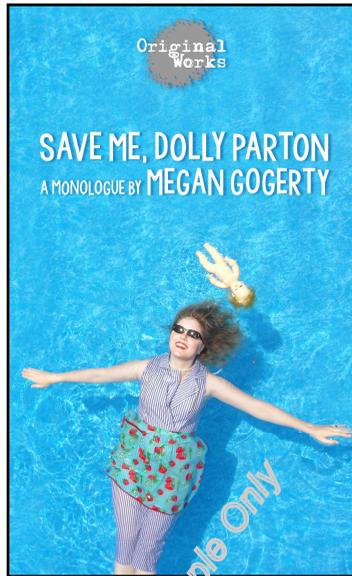
Lady Macbeth and Her Pal, Megan

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*Also Available By
Megan Gogerty*



SAVE ME, DOLLY PARTON

Synopsis: She's read all the books. Bookmarked all the blogs. She should totally have this parenting thing down. So why has she locked herself in her bathroom, the sounds of Dora The Explorer muffled only by her tears? In the follow-up to her smash hit HILLARY CLINTON GOT ME PREGNANT (Named in "Top Ten Plays of 2009" by Atlanta Journal-Constitution), SAVE ME, DOLLY PARTON features Gogerty's quick wit and sharp-eyed takes on politics, pop culture, and parenting. Along the way, chickens are beheaded, people take pies to the face, and various public humiliations are endured. Whether you're a parent or not, a feminist or not, a Dolly Parton fan or not (who's not?), Gogerty will leave you laughing in this comic, freewheeling memoir.

Lady Macbeth and Her Pal, Megan

A solo show

by Megan Gogerty

Sample Only

CHARACTERS

1 W.

MEGAN (W) Forty. A comedian and the author of this show. What a delightful person! Cornfed. Blonde.

SETTING

A mostly bare stage. An actor cube and a ghost light.

Lady Macbeth and Her Pal, Megan was first presented at the Riverside Theatre in Iowa City, IA in February 2017. It was directed by Saffron Henke and starred the author.

Sample Only

Lady Macbeth and Her Pal, Megan

(A bare stage; a spare acting cube, nondescript, is carelessly strewn. There's a ghost light. It doesn't look magical at all.)

(MEGAN, 40, enters with the energy of an enthusiastic golden retriever.)

MEGAN

My name is Megan. When people find out I'm a comedian, like in conversation: "Ohmigod, that sounds so scary! I could never do that!" and I'm like, "Aww! I *am* superior!"

I'm *supposed* to feel powerful from it. You get on stage, you dominate, you kill 'em!

(Shuffles feet in a non-killing fashion.)

Lately, I've been a little at sea with it. I feel restless. I can't sleep. Kinda like I swallowed a whole walnut.

Oh, let me be clear: I don't actually have any problems. I'm a middle-class white lady with a masters degree. My biggest problem is, "Why don't people love me *even more*?"

But, well - Okay. I had an "incident." One night before a show. It wasn't stage fright, I don't get stage fright. Sometimes I get Stage Concern. But this was different. I got really short of breath, my hands started shaking. Somebody called it a "panic attack," but that seems way overblown. If I could just sleep, I would be fine. It's not like I'm having a midlife crisis. Turning forty was just a coincidence.

The point is, I'm in a slump when find myself having a conversation with my friend Alexis.

Alexis is an actor, and we end up talking about dream roles, parts we'd love to play. And I happen to mention - casually, just throwing it out there - that I think I would make a wonderful Lady Macbeth. And Alexis says:

(Here, and in other parts of the play where there are multiple characters, Megan plays all the parts.)

ALEXIS: *(Derisive snort.)* You can't play Lady Macbeth.

MEGAN: What do you mean, I can't play Lady Macbeth? She's a badass, I'm a badass. I could totally play Lady Macbeth.

ALEXIS: Lady Macbeth is this sexy seductress.

MEGAN: And?

ALEXIS: No, she's this evil... She's carnal.

MEGAN: You don't think I'm carnal? I can be carnal. I was at a party once in 1998? Carnality happened.

ALEXIS: It's not personal. Lady Macbeth is not your type.

MEGAN: I can't believe I'm hearing this. Of course she's my type! It's so obvious. What do we know about Lady Macbeth? She's evil. She's sexy. She's crazy. That's me!

ALEXIS: Megan, Lady Macbeth is a tragic figure of powerful darkness, and you are the human equivalent of a golden retriever.

MEGAN: You don't think I could play Lady Macbeth.

ALEXIS: NOBODY thinks you can play Lady Macbeth!

MEGAN: Well. I am shocked. You of all people, who's supposed to know me so well, can't see...?

(Back to us.) This is what happens to women, we get misconstrued. I blame the movies. Don't even get me started on Cruella DeVil.

Too late! Cruella DeVil is the hero of *101 Dalmatians*! She has a clearly defined life goal. She wants a fur coat. She doesn't kind of want a fur coat, she doesn't want world peace and a fur coat. She wants a fur coat made from puppies. As is her right. She's a bold, competent woman with a poorly conceived business strategy.

(Back to Alexis.)

MEGAN: Just like Lady Macbeth! Alexis! See? I see it! Clear as day! Oh, I could play Lady Macbeth. She is, like, my twin.

Alexis, who has been eating ice cream during all this, dabs the corners of her mouth with a napkin.

ALEXIS: Megan, have you ever read the play *Macbeth*?

MEGAN: (*Scoffing and stalling.*) Look, just because I haven't read something, doesn't mean I can't have opinions on it.

Alexis flicks the napkin in the trash, which is her way of telling me I've lost the argument.

I go home, and - this is the insane part. I can't seem to let it go. Nobody thinks I'm Lady Macbeth? Is it because I'm blonde? Is it because my default resting face is Chipper? (*Demonstrates.*) I acknowledge that my personality may not overtly scream 'Evil Queen.' But I have darkness in me. I'm a woman living in a society that hates women.

That's not fair. We don't hate women. We just don't like them very much? We don't believe them when they tell us things. I wonder if you're going to believe me, telling you this now?

There's a whole stack of studies that proves this.

But see - this is what makes Lady Macbeth so great! She makes sexism work for her! She's a femme fatale, she's Angelina Jolie in every movie she's ever made except the depressing ones about war crimes.

And yeah, she's a murderer. Maybe the guy deserved to get murdered! Maybe he was a bad king. If the system's corrupt, is breaking the law really a crime?

She's so cool: Lady Macbeth in thigh-high boots and a trench coat, smoking a cigarette. She's powerful.

Me, too! I mean: I don't wear thigh-high boots, because they're not practical. But I know a little something about ambition. I mean: look at me. Do you see anybody else on this stage? Clearly, I want to be in charge.

So one day I happen to walk past a bookstore,
so I take it home, check it out.

*(She reaches into the acting cube -
surprise! It's got a lid! - and pulls
out a dog-eared paperback copy of
Macbeth.)*

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

(Opens the book.) Y'all, this play is crazy. If
you've never read *Macbeth!* - which, by the way, I
can't believe you've never read *Macbeth!* - the
play is about a lord and his wife who together mur-
der the king of Scotland so he can ascend the
throne.

And Lady Macbeth is one of the iconic roles
for women in Shakespeare because she actually
does stuff. She doesn't just sit around like Ophelia:
"Why is Hamlet mad at me?" She's understood to
be this total boss.

So it staggers me to discover that she's barely in it. Her husband, Macbeth, has 690 speaking lines, Lady M has 252.

The play opens with the witches, a.k.a. the weird sisters, which savvy audience members will note is also the name of the rock band from *Harry Potter*. Which came first?!

And the sisters are all like, "Hey, Macbeth! We're old and scary! You're gonna be king of Scotland!" So he decides to invite the current king, Duncan, over to his castle.

And that's when we finally meet her: she's reading a letter from Macbeth, and he's telling her about the prophesy and the witches and how the king is coming over, and he calls her "my dearest partner of greatness." Macbeth's a total feminist! So she reads this letter then says to herself:

LADY MACBETH: The raven himself is
hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me
here...”

Unsex me here?

The first time I realized I was a woman, I was
eleven years old, studying tap at Charlene’s Dance
Studio.

Growing up, I love all the old movie musicals.
I spend most of my childhood running around in a
jauntily-angled fedora.

But now it’s time to pick costumes for the re-
cital. Charlene calls a special meeting, students

and parents. We have to vote which costume we want, the blue one or the black one. She's taped up pictures of them on the mirror.

They're underwear. Fishnets. Cut to display curves it never occurred to me to worry about not having yet.

And the parents are furious! They can't decide, they love them both! A debate breaks out: Is it better to look like a prostitute from Vegas, or do we want our daughters to be classier, Moulin Rouge-type prostitutes?

I don't know why I'm so surprised - I've seen all those musicals, this is what the chorus girls wear. But somehow I always cast myself in the fedora. You know: the speaking part.

At fourteen, I begin pouring through the teen magazines. I understand now that knowing whether I'm a pear or an apple and how to dress for my

shape: these are survival skills. Women should wear high heels because it's more important that a woman's legs appear longer than for her to have the ability to run. It makes sense if you don't think about it.

I'll make it work for me. I'll be the most adorable. I mean, I'm doomed to fail: I have this (gestures to body) to work with. I'll never be really... but I'll try. I'll try, and I'll try, and I'll try.

So King Duncan comes to the castle, and it's the night of the murder. They make a big mess, but Lady M says, "a little water clears us of this deed." (Mimes washing hands.)

Long story short, they get away with it. Macbeth becomes king, which makes Lady M queen. Mischief managed.

Except that's not the end of the play.

END OF SAMPLE