

*Lady M emerges.  
A high table. A long tablecloth.  
She pours herself a glass of wine.  
She swills throughout.*

**LADY M**

What is so ugly about ambition?

Ambition...when you've got a womb?

*Unsex me*, I said to the doctor, *Unsex me here and take my milk for gall.*  
Whose hands were forearm deep inside my womb, pulling past the folds of blood to  
find...an open floorplan.  
To taint that sacred place I give my love each night with diagnosis and doubt.  
Which was a temple where he came to worship,  
a fortress built to sheathe his fears, impregnable. Perfect.  
Pristine and beyond reproach until *they* told him it was a wasteland.

God, is there anything more pedestrian than motherhood?

The Doctors put their hands on me like I belonged to them.  
And Macbeth just said,  
"Bring forth men children only; for thy undaunted mettle should  
compose nothing but males"

I forged a kingdom on the power of my cunt, and you ask for males??

Well I'm not so easily wrecked.

So sex me up, Macbeth.  
Come to bed, Glamis,  
Come fill me up Cawdor.  
Give that milk of kindness and  
I'll give you a *kingdom* as an heir.

I'll suck your cock till you think you're a king.  
I'm that good.

And I will take my hands and stick them deep inside another's flesh for you.  
I've got more blood to offer than my maidenhead now, baby, don't hold back.

What is so ugly about ambition? I ask you?

That it doesn't befit someone with hands so white? So small?  
I fake fainting spells and pant at breathlessness when really all I ever wanted was

for you to hear me come. To let you pull me down from this pedestal I'm so sick of  
balancing on and rut in the mud like pigs for once.

Take me with you into your filth. Take me with you into your sin, don't leave me  
chasing your ghosts away, I am NOT your mother, boy. NOT YOUR MOTHER.

What is so ugly about ambition?

Ambition.

When you are a woman.

*Shift*

*(Lady) Macduff appears.  
She will talk to the audience. They are her confidants.  
She is stiff at first. Nervous.  
She wears her family close to her.  
Their deaths are heavy.*

**L MACDUFF**

I just don't know what type of woman, goes after other women like that.  
I get it sure, you want to make it in a man's world, make it like a man, right?

That's what all of those women like to say. With their board meetings  
and pants suits and direct sentences finished with a period.  
They go for blood as if they don't have any of their own.  
As if they aren't leaking out their insides every month along with the rest of us and  
feeling the earth swimming around inside their veins.

There is nothing wrong with women being different, I say.

Why should we wage war the way that men do and call that equality?  
Whose justice have they ever known how to bring about?  
Me, I do battle for my children. Every day.  
To keep them soft and tender as they were the day that I first fed them with my own  
body.  
And I know it doesn't change the world.  
But it changes my world.  
And it helps.

So I'll be damned if I was ever going to pump my breast milk into frozen bottles and  
pack my babies off to some underprivileged nanny just so I could make my millions  
on Wall Street and feed young girls some line about how they could have it all.

I never wanted it all.

And I don't think much of her running through every man around her just to get it  
either, I don't mind telling you, but all of that wouldn't have mattered a bit if she had  
just let my babies be.  
Let us have our corner of happiness while she runs around trying to conquer the  
world.

You'd think she could at least respect the choices some of us had to make when we  
don't have husbands who get lucky with their ambitions. Get ahead in a man's world  
or lose yourself to it.

That's how she'd tell it. But I say that some things are, and always will be sacred.

And a mother would know that.

A *woman* would know that if she wasn't so caught up in trying to act like a man all the time.

And so you better treat her like I man, I say. Punish her like a man.

Don't let that soft mouth and wet tongue fool you, she's got no warmth inside her that one.

None at all as far as I can tell.

And there's a special place in hell for women who go after other women.