

Take Me There

CHARACTER NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
LOTTIE	A dying female	Ageless	Female
TOM	Lottie's friend	Ageless	Male

A cardboard box big enough for two people sits on its side. There's a naked Barbie doll lying in the corner with a roll of tape. On the inside of the box is an adult little girl. She holds the Barbie stroking it's hair. An adult little boy stands outside it peering in.

LOTTIE

I'll share mommy. She sings you are my sunshine every morning. Even when the bedroom light turning on makes your eyes have spots, she sings it and it hurts but means she loves you.

TOM

I like your baby. Can I get in your box?

LOTTIE

Girls club only! Warning! Warning!

She makes a siren noise.

TOM

You have a siren?

LOTTIE

It tells me when boys are near cause boys are dumb.

TOM

Can I come in?

LOTTIE

Okay.

He climbs into the box.

TOM

Cool. I like your spaceship.

LOTTIE

It's a box.

TOM

You're not playing?

LOTTIE

Well inside the box it's a spaceship.

TOM

I always wanted to go to mars. They have candy there and maybe ice but no one's for sure 'cause my dad says robots are unreliable pieces of shit and then my mom yells at him.

LOTTIE

If we go to mars you have to be captain. NOSE GOES!

She puts her finger to his nose messing up the game.

TOM

My mommy says I need to give girls "equal opportunity."

LOTTIE

But I have to be the romantic alien interest, not the captain. Cause I have to get love today. So you're the captain.

TOM

Is love a thing you get?

LOTTIE

Yes.

TOM

Then sure I'll be captain. So...mars?

LOTTIE

Take me there, captain.

TOM

To the red planet!

Lottie makes button pinging noises. Tom joins in.

LOTTIE

We have arrived on mars captain!

TOM

That was faster than a ride to my grandma's house.

LOTTIE

Where does she live?

TOM

She died in Arkansas. People talk funny there.

LOTTIE

You talk funny, are you an alien?

TOM

I can't be an alien, because you're an alien!

LOTTIE

But really I'm an undercover human posing as an alien and I've just discovered we've been infiltrated by real aliens and you're an undercover alien cause you have a zipper!

She reaches for his pants zipper.

TOM

What do you think you're doing!

The two run out of the box.

LOTTIE

Proving your alien identity. I see my sister play this with her boyfriend all the time. Trust me.

TOM

I do. Unconditionally.

LOTTIE

Great, that makes it less awkward when I kill you for being an alien traitor.

TOM

This makes me uncomfortable.

LOTTIE

Because you haven't discovered your "sexuality". My sister says that's why boys are icky. They're only icky right now. The older you get the less choosy you are. Maybe I should be choosy now since the older part is up in the air.

A pause.

TOM

Can we go somewhere else? I have attention issues. It's why my mother drinks.

LOTTIE

On Mondays my spaceship is just a house made out of string cheese. Would you like to see it?

TOM

So we can play house?

LOTTIE

Well...I was thinking eat the house. It is made of string cheese.

TOM

Cardboard is gross!

LOTTIE

Imagination police! You broke the game! Pay me a dollar. This house is cheese and only cheese. A dollar is only fair.

TOM

I don't have one of those.

LOTTIE

Then give me something.

Tom leans over and kisses Lottie.
Lottie makes a squeal and runs out of
the box hiding behind it, while Tom
remains inside.

LOTTIE

Gross.

TOM

I gave you something.

Lottie pokes her head up.

LOTTIE

Fine. Just don't break the game again! It's a house made of
cheese!

TOM

We live in a house made of cheese and occasionally we snack
on it?

LOTTIE

Compromise is good. My mom says it's why my dad's an asshole.
Because he lacks it.

TOM

My mom says "yes" a lot. I think it's going to make me a bad
person in the future.

LOTTIE

Don't let it.

TOM

But I'm selfish.

LOTTIE

That's why you get a wife. Wives make men, make sense.

TOM

Huh?

LOTTIE

They tell you you're wrong. A lot.

TOM

They seem like a lot of work.

LOTTIE

You're wrong. It's love. Love isn't work.

TOM

You wanted to fall in love today?

LOTTIE

It's part of growing up. I have 24 hours to do that.

TOM

Hey you could be my wife!

Tom moves turning the box so that the hole is on the ground and it becomes an alter between them.

TOM

It'll fix both our problems cause grown ups have everything solved.

LOTTIE

Can I take a bite of house first? As a pre-wedding snack?

TOM

I'll wait.

Lottie takes a big bite out of the side of the cardboard box.

LOTTIE

Cardboard is nasty.

TOM

Imagination police. You owe me a dollar.

LOTTIE

My dad has a whole wallet full of those on Saturdays.

TOM

Great!

LOTTIE

But I don't have any of those!

She leans over and kisses him.

TOM

Paid in full.

LOTTIE

Now that we've kissed we should probably get married so we don't have a baby out of wet-lock.

She holds her hand over the alter for him to take.

He makes it an arm wrestle and finally settles somewhere in a pinkie promise each kid kissing the tip of their thumb.

TOM+LOTTIE

I do.

TOM

What's wet-lock?

LOTTIE

When you lick your lips and spit on each other when you kiss. It makes you pregnant and then my daddy has to get his shot gun out and shoot you. And I like you. So I think it would be best for me if you didn't die. You know for the baby's sake.

Tom retreats into the box and picks up the Barbie fidgeting with it.

TOM

My dad is a postman. He leaves at four in the morning and when I get home from school he's already asleep. Sometimes I go inside his bedroom to watch him and I think maybe my nose is kind of like his except he has nose hairs. My mom says it's because he's a man...and sometimes I stare up my nose and wait for the hairs to grow in so I can be a man like my dad. But not a man like my dad who comes home at four and is asleep before I can say I love you. I wish he said I love you more. I'd like to see the baby before I go to work. And I'd rather not wear a tie.

LOTTIE

That can be negotiated.

TOM

Negotiated?

LOTTIE

Negotiation is like compromise. It happens when you get a divorce and we're getting a divorce now because we're married with a baby and you slept with Stacy.

TOM

Who's Stacy?

Lottie goes to the box trying to grab the Barbie from Tom. They have a tug of war over her and the head pops off in Tom's hands.

TOM

You cut her hair. You're a very good barber.

LOTTIE

Thank you. I'm suing you for five million thousand dollars.

TOM

Okay.

LOTTIE

Do you agree to pay these terms?

TOM

Money is hard to come by these days. The office gave me a demotion. Now they only pay me in marshmallows and pizza puffs.

Lottie holds up the decapitated doll and shrugs.

LOTTIE

We don't need a divorce anymore. Divorce cancelled.

TOM

What about Suzy?

LOTTIE

Stacy.

TOM

Stacy. Right.

LOTTIE

It's not a good habit to bring up an affair around your wife. But anyway she got hit by a truck and died. We're at her funeral now it's in a boat on the Amazon. It's a viking funeral. Stacy's a drama queen. SPEECH! SPEECH! SPEECH!

As she chants Lottie flips the box over so the open top is up. The two children climb into it. Lottie hands Tom a make believe oar and he begins to row. Lottie holds the Barbie by the hair over the "water".

TOM

We are gathered here today...

LOTTIE

That's a wedding.

TOM

Oh...um...*clears throat*
People die. When I was born I remember waking up and thinking wow being alive is a really bright experience. I had rings in my eyes and then my eyes were crossed and I thought blindness is awful.

And then they went straight again and I knew that it was going to be a really complicated kind of place where you don't always see what's coming at you. So I imagine death is the same kind of way. Sudden. Where you're lying there thinking that maybe in a week you'll buy an impromptu bajillion dollar ticket to the peak of Kilimanjaro to finally really live and then your eyes go crossed. You start to think you can hold them there and never blink. And then you blink but only your eyes stay shut. And death is a really dark sort of experience. Where you can't see anything at all except cross eyed comet spots and when you realize your eyelids don't work your life becomes a history and not a memory. It must be sad when you can't get your eyelids working. So goodbye Suzy.

LOTTIE

Stacy.

TOM

Goodbye Stacy. You were a really great affair. And I'm sad your eyelids just don't work anymore.

Lottie drops the Barbie overboard with a thud. A pause.

LOTTIE

Do you know what a bucket list is?

Lottie flips the box. Taped to the bottom is a bucket list.

LOTTIE

I made one last week. My doctor suggested it to my mom, and she's one of those people who reads a lot of self help books.

TOM

What's a bucket list?

LOTTIE

You make it before you die.

TOM

Oh. You're my friend now. I'll miss you.

There's a pause. He squeezes her hand tenderly.

LOTTIE

Kilimanjaro, I want to go, take me there. I'm afraid of heights. Beating them is on my bucket list.

TOM

You're my wife now, divorced and un-vorced. With a baby. I'll take you anywhere, forever. I promised with my pinky and that's serious.

Tom goes inside the box taking the tape and making an inverted V on the outside of it. Lottie stares straight ahead unseeing her eyelids starting to fail.

TOM

Do you see it--

She doesn't answer.

TOM

It's okay. I can show you.

He takes her hand and presses it against his heart.

TOM

That's what it feels like. That mountain is what it is to be really cold. That's how high it is. Like if you climbed up and up the stairs on the outside of the mountain your breath would be like a laugh. Like when you laugh and your breath just totally stops because why breathe when you can laugh? And it looks like a moose lives up there in a cabin with a lot of plaid. I really like mooses. We could live on top of this mountain in our box. It will be our coziest place where moms make hot chocolates on cold Monday mornings and dad's open the door with a smile and a bit of chill caught in the shadow behind him. And then from there I'll call out "Captain!".

LOTTIE

Yes alien spy?

TOM

This is our perfect launching point for our next trip!

LOTTIE

Where to?

TOM

To the moon. They have Sputnik.

LOTTIE

Your passage will cost you a dollar.

TOM

I don't have that.

LOTTIE

I know. I want what my daddy gives my mommy on Tuesday mornings when he has jury duty and she has a coffee stain.

TOM

I don't know what that is.

LOTTIE

It's on my bucket list.

TOM

I can give you a kiss?

LOTTIE

That's it. I feel like if I have a real one...one of those. I'll be like my mommy and I'll know that life can be hard.

He kisses her tenderly like an adult.

TOM

And now you've grown up. You did it. You lived.

LOTTIE

From Kilimanjaro to the moon! People could remember me for that. Mom says you're only worth as much as you're remembered. You'll remember our box?

TOM

I'll remember you for this. My dead friend. I don't think my mom's yes's will ruin me anymore. I think you will.

Lottie's eyes close. She struggles to open them and can't.

LOTTIE

My eyelids aren't working!

TOM

But we've just crested the moon! The moon is our blank slate. How can I pretend this is okay if this blank-slate is missing you?

LOTTIE

Take me there.

TOM

Do you trust me?

LOTTIE

Unconditionally.

END PLAY.