

Going Places

By

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Cleveland, OH

Cast of Characters

ETHEL: 82 years old; just bought a  
brand new kart

DOLORES: 82 years old; loves Maury  
Povich

Scene

A Wal-Mart Shopping Center Lobby

Time

Present

GOING PLACES

*A Wal-Mart lobby.*

*Dolores, 82, is parked outside FRANK'S BEANS AND THINGS in a kart watching THE MAURY POVICH SHOW on a television we cannot see because it is inside the store and the store is the audience.*

*Ethel, 82, drives up in her kart, identical to the one Dolores is sitting in, only newer.*

ETHEL

I feel young again.

DOLORES

I fuckin' hate you.

ETHEL

I loved yours so much, I went and got one. Makes me feel 50, maybe 45. Young enough for sex.

DOLORES

Always taking ideas from other people, ain't you Ethel?

*Beat.*

ETHEL

Let's race.

DOLORES

Fuck you.

ETHEL

C'mon, I want to race.

DOLORES

I'm watching Maury.

ETHEL

These karts go up to 11.

DOLORES

Ethel: you are killing me.

ETHEL

Dolores: it'll be fun. Coupla' old birds ripping around the Wallyworld, knockin' shit over.

DOLORES

I told you: I'm watchin' Maury.

ETHEL

You're always watching Maury, sittin' at the Wally-World, right in front of Frank's Beans and Things.  
You gotta be more spontaneous.

DOLORES

I'd like to rub that Maury Povich down with some bacon grease and show him a thing or two about the horizontal mambo.

ETHEL

You gotta get out more Dolores.  
You sit here everyday, staring at the TV, drooling over Maury Povich.  
Dontcha wanna live a little before you go?

DOLORES

Before I go where?

ETHEL

Dolores.

*Beat.*

DOLORES

I ain't going no where.

ETHEL

I know: that's what I'm saying.

DOLORES

Go?  
Like for a race down aisle 12, in a kart?

ETHEL

Yeah!

DOLORES

No.  
I got all the excitement I want right here thinking about Maury and bacon grease.

ETHEL

You're gonna spend the rest of your life in that kart but not going no place?

DOLORES

I used to bake pies.

ETHEL

But now you just sit here!

DOLORES

Now I go to Wally-World.

ETHEL

To watch Maury cuz you got no TV.

DOLORES

I ain't going to race.

*Beat.*

ETHEL

Dolores, if you beat me at a kart race, I'll tell people you made them pie crusts.

*Beat.*

DOLORES

Don't play with me Ethel.

ETHEL

I'm not playing.

DOLORES

I did make them pie crusts.

ETHEL

I know: and I'll tell everybody so.

DOLORES

You took my title, you took the title of Putnam County Pie Princess from me.

ETHEL

I know.

DOLORES

I was practicing to be pie princess since I was two.

ETHEL

"Dolores Fernbaum made those pie crusts, it's her recipe. I just took it from her."

DOLORES

They ain't gonna give me that title though. That was years ago. It's too late.

ETHEL

But everybody'd know those pie crusts were yours.

DOLORES

Just to get me to race through Wally-World like a damn fool on our karts?

ETHEL

Vroom. Vroom.

*Beat.*

DOLORES

I'm wearing a skirt.

ETHEL

So?

DOLORES

I'm wearin' a damn skirt.  
Might expose myself.  
Racin'.  
Goin' fast.

ETHEL

Jesus Dolores. You are 82 years old. Even if they did see that leathery hoo-hoo, ain't nobody gonna want to admit they did. Sides, these things only go up to 11.

DOLORES

How fast is 11?

ETHEL

Let's find out.

*Beat.*

DOLORES

You really gonna tell everybody if I win?

ETHEL

Cross my heart, hope to die.

*Beat.*

DOLORES

Let me get this skirt tucked under my ass--

ETHEL

Woo-hoo!

DOLORES

This has got to be the stupidest damned thing--

ETHEL

Down aisle 12 and back--

DOLORES

You're gonna eat my dust, Ethel Clarke--

ETHEL

In your dreams sister.  
On the count of three.  
Ready?

DOLORES

You took something from me--

ETHEL

One...

DOLORES

Now I'm gonna take it back--

ETHEL

Two...

DOLORES

Putnam County pie princess--

ETHEL

Three!

*The race begins.*

*A shift.*

*Neither the women nor the karts move.*

*These speeches should be delivered  
simultaneously.*

*DOLORES should lose consciousness somewhere before  
the end of her speech. ETHEL keeps right on going  
until the end.*

DOLORES

Ethel has always been better than me at everything: acting like a "lady", and being girly and keeping both that career stuff and her kids together at the same time. But she couldn't bake for shit. I never let it bother me that she was better at everything, until she cheated at that pie baking competition. I figured, she must have stolen my recipe for some good reason. Maybe she needed the money. But I know that's not true. I kept it to myself because, well, nobody'd believe me. Dolores Fernbaum is shit. Ethel Clarke is brilliant. At everything. But I always wanted to know what it was like to be a somebody, to be the best at something. Now if I can beat her, people will know: I did something better than Ethel Clarke and I own that, that is mine that nobody can take away, it'll be like... it'll be like... my heart, my heart, busted, my chest, oh, I'm, chest, some... trouble, some trouble... breathe, I'm...

ETHEL

Dolores and I never really talked about it, the competition or why I took those pie crusts. To be honest, I don't really remember why I did it. Had you asked me at the time, I probably would have had a some kind of excuse. I've always been full of them: excuses. Anything that sounded plausible to keep me out of trouble. Dolores probably thought it was because of money. But we both know that's not true. I guess we both kept it a mutual secret because we're best friends. Since kindergarten. Dolores Fernbaum is the best. Ethel Clarke is shit: at everything. I owe it to Dolores. I should have told the truth. Dolores was there when I couldn't tie my shoes, she was there when I lost my first tooth, we built rockets together in seventh grade science and she is the only person to walk with me, sophomore year, the morning after Daniel Belcham did what he did. Ask me now why I took those pie crusts, I don't have a fucking clue. Dolores and I have been places together, done things. I take things, that's what I do and I'm not sure why.

*The race ends.*  
*A shift.*

ETHEL

Well, shit Dolores. You pooped out at the end, letting me beat you, you leathery old coot! Ain't nobody gonna know nothing because you don't know how to race....

*Beat.*  
I'm just teasing. I'm still gonna tell everybody because you...

*Noticing DOLORES:*  
Dolores? Dolores? You really asleep girl? Hey.  
Wakey-wakey! Hey! Dolores!! Hey, Dolores, Wake-up!!!

*Beat.*  
Dolores?

*Beat.*  
Damn, Dolores.

*A silence.*

*END OF PLAY.*