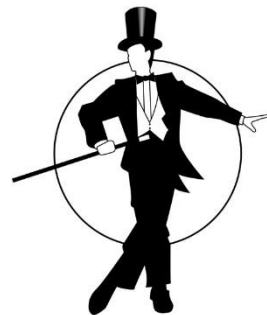


Metaphorical Shoes

Judith Pratt



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ArtAge Publications

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METAPHORICAL SHOES

by Judith Pratt

CAST

DORIS: 70 to 90. She lusts after shoes.

DON: Doris' husband, about the same age. Patient.

CLERK: Female, younger than Don and Doris. Loves old-time words like 'copacetic.'

Place

A shoe store.

Time

A weekday afternoon.

NOTE:

This play has an alternate ending for those who find the original ending too risqué.

ABOUT THE SHOES:

The actress playing DORIS needs to feel safe. But the audience needs to believe that something in her trendy shoe is badly broken.

Suggestion: Go to your local thrift store (Goodwill, Salvation Army). Find a pair of shoes or kinky boots that fit, with the highest heels that you can manage. (For me, that's about 2 inches!) Decide what will be 'broken:' the heel, a strap, or a zipper. Then paint the shoes bright red (or pink, purple, or chartreuse.) It would be nice if you can find a similar shoe to use as a stand-in for the broken one. The stand-in shoe doesn't have to fit you.

Setting: *In a shoe store. A bench, a chair, some shoeboxes.*

At Rise: *DORIS is sitting on the bench, trying on a pair of extremely fashionable shoes. DON comes in from somewhere else in the store.*

DON: Nothing in my size. Never anything I like in my size. Makes no sense. It's not like I wear such an oddball size. My feet are normal. I have perfectly normal—

(DORIS stops him by holding out a foot that is wearing an insanely trendy shoe or boot)

DON: What the Sam Hill is that?

DORIS: Aren't they gorgeous?

DON: As long as you don't stand up.

DORIS: I feel like a new woman in these.

DON: You're gonna fall on your womanly keister.

(DORIS shows DON an open shoebox)

DORIS: Do you like these better?

DON: They'll break your hip.

DORIS: *(waving her foot)* I've never owned anything as sexy as these, never in my whole life.

DON: Except me. *(He enjoys this joke. DORIS ignores it.)*

DORIS: Even when I was young and foolish.

DON: I'm staying out of this.

DORIS: It's time.

DON: You ready to go? Good.

DORIS: Time to follow my bliss.

DON: Bliss? What is that, 'bliss?'

DORIS: Wearing the shoes my inner goddess was meant to wear.

DON: What about your outer arthritis?

(DORIS totters to her feet, grabbing at DON for support)

DORIS: How do I look?

DON: Leggo! Doris! We'll both break our hips!

DORIS: (*ecstatic*) These are the ones. These are my shoes!

DON: You are not buying those dang things.

DORIS: I beg your pardon?

DON: I only said--

DORIS: You're always ordering me around

DON: (*avoiding a public fight*) I'm just worried, Doris, honey. You'll hurt yourself if you wear those shoes.

DORIS: I did not burn my bra so you can tell me what to wear.

DON: When did you burn your bra?

DORIS: All those earth shoes.

DON: You never told me you burned your bra.

DORIS: All those Birkenstocks.

DON: You were too old when they burned bras!

DORIS: Years of sensible shoes.

DON: We already had the twins when women burned bras!

DORIS: I was wearing old lady shoes before I was ever an old lady.

DON: You didn't have time to burn your bra!

DORIS: It's a metaphor, Don. I meant it metaphorically.

DON: Then buy some metaphorical shoes.

DORIS: You're just being negative.

DON: Don't give me that malarkey.

DORIS: I am following my bliss.

DON: You are going to follow your bliss straight to an orthopedic surgeon.

DORIS: Maybe you are too old for bliss, but I am no such thing.

DON: What's that supposed to mean?

DORIS: This is my money from my annuity and I am going to buy these shoes.

DON: Don't ask me to drive you to the hospital when your knees give out.

DORIS: Just because you've been wearing the same styles since 1958 doesn't mean I can't keep up with the times.

DON: You gonna get one of those painted-on tee shirts that show off your belly button?

DORIS: That is disgusting. Insulting. I'm not talking to you.

(DORIS starts to exit past DON. She is still wearing The Shoes)

DON: Doris--

DORIS: I'm going to find that nice clerk, and I'm going to--

(DORIS wobbles and grabs DON. They both wobble and struggle, waving their arms, grabbing or leaning on a chair or bench on the way. DORIS shrieks.)

DON: *(as they struggle, yelling)* Dammit, Doris, now look what you've done! You never listen to me! Just rush into things—

DORIS: *(plonking down on the chair or bench)* Oh my god.

DON: *(continuing)* Taking chances, never thinking...What? Are you okay? Doris?

DORIS: *(in tears)* I broke--

(DON panics, yells)

DON: Hey! Call 911!

DORIS: I broke the--

DON: Hey! Emergency! Call 911!

(DORIS holds up a broken shoe. Put a broken shoe under the bench she's sitting on, so she can substitute it for the real shoe. Or just pretend that it's broken!)

DON: Christ, doesn't anybody work here! It's okay, sweetheart, don't worry, it'll be all right.

(DON looks at DORIS and realizes what has happened)

DON: You broke the danged shoe!

DORIS: They were my bliss!

DON: Jiminy H. Christmas on a bicycle.

DORIS: *(tears)* I hate it when you curse!

DON: Honey, I told you those were dangerous. We're lucky nothing worse happened.

DORIS: *(smacks DON with the shoe)* I hate you! You are so...sanctimonious! You smug, self-righteous--I've never had any decent shoes for my whole life--

DON: You've had great shoes!

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!