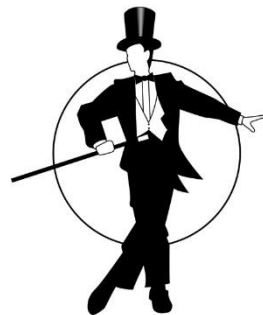


# Metaphorical Shoes

Judith Pratt



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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 may choose a pair of shoes that is glittery, a bright color, or some outlandish style like platform shoes or cowboy boots. It is not necessary to wear high heels to do this role! But the audience needs to believe that something on 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. Decide what will be 'broken:' the heel, a strap, or a zipper. You may want to paint the shoes a bright color. Also, it would be nice to 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. There is 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, pulls out a broken shoe from 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!***