

IF THE SHOE FITS

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By **Tim Bohn**

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SYNOPSIS: Keith has come to buy a pair of shoes. JeJune will not only solve his shoe problems, but everything else in his life will make sense to him before she is through.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(ONE MAN, ONE WOMAN)

KEITHA young businessman. Slightly out of style, a bit disheveled, but promising.

JEJUNE.....Perfect. Statuesque, elegant, well-dressed, perfect make-up, composed in every way. She sells shoes.

SETTING

An upscale shoe store. No shoes are visible. A single chair occupies the stage.

AT RISE:

KEITH enters the store. He looks around a bit, sees there are no shoes and starts to leave. JEJUNE appears and stops him.

JEJUNE: Good afternoon, sir. My name is Jejune, I am here to serve you.

KEITH: Yeah, sorry, I was looking for a shoe store. The sign outside said...well, my French ain't so good—

JEJUNE: *Ajustement parfait – Shoes to fit your life. Ajustement parfait* means "perfect fit" and that's exactly what we do. We fit the shoe to you.

KEITH: But, you haven't got any, ya know, shoes in here.

JEJUNE: I assure you, sir, we have a wide selection. Please sit down and we can get started.

KEITH: I just wanted to browse, you know?

JEJUNE: Please, sir. What is your name? Mister...?

KEITH: Oh, call me Keith I guess. June? Is that what you said your name was?

JEJUNE: Jejune.

KEITH: Jejune? I suppose that's French too?

JEJUNE: Please, sit. (*He does.*) Yes, it is French. An ill-fitting name my parents stuck me with, but it has driven me to be who I am today.

KEITH: Who is that?

JEJUNE: Why, I am the proprietor of the finest shoe store in all the world. Shall we get started?

KEITH: Uh, sure, yeah. I was looking for some loafers, probably brown—

JEJUNE: Please, let's not get ahead of ourselves. Tell me about who you are.

KEITH: What? I just want shoes.

JEJUNE: Shoes are the foundation of your life, the bedrock on which you stand all day. Please do not minimize the importance of shoes.

KEITH: I didn't mean to...you know...minimize my bedrock. It's just, well...it's just shoes.

JEJUNE: Maybe you have come to the wrong store.

KEITH: Excuse me?

JEJUNE: Perhaps it's best you left, Keith. If you are simply looking for a pair of brown loafers in which to plod your way through life, I'm certain you can get a bargain at the Shoe Corral at the mall.

KEITH: That's where I got these shoes.

JEJUNE: I know.

KEITH: How did you—

JEJUNE: I'm disappointed in you, Keith. Please leave.

KEITH: Okay...sorry. (*KEITH rises and heads for the exit.*)

JEJUNE: If you decide you want more, you know where to find us.
Au Revoir. (JEJUNE exits into the bowels of the store. KEITH can't bring himself to leave. After a moment he calls to her.)

KEITH: Jejune! Wait!

JEJUNE appears, perfectly composed.

JEJUNE: Good afternoon, Keith. I am here to serve you. Won't you please have a seat and we will begin.

KEITH: Will do. (*KEITH anxiously sits and waits while JEJUNE circles, appraising him.*)

JEJUNE: Tell me, Keith. What do you do?

KEITH: Well, I'm an actuary for Fidelity Life down the street. What that means is that I—

JEJUNE: No, Keith, not your job. You. What do you DO? What is your passion?

KEITH: I, uh, well, I go to movies.

JEJUNE: Is that the engine that drives you? Your reason for life?

KEITH: Reason...is this really necessary for a pair of—

JEJUNE: Please, don't go down that road again.

KEITH: Sorry. Let's see. I guess music is kinda important to me.

JEJUNE: Go on.

KEITH: Yeah, you know, I spend a lot of time alone and I always have music going at my desk, in my car, on my iPod...

JEJUNE: Not just background music? Do you listen to anything in particular?

KEITH: I've always been interested in the blues, and its derivatives, you know like rock and roll, especially like Led Zeppelin and Janis Joplin.

JEJUNE: More so than the original blues musicians?

KEITH: I wouldn't say that—

JEJUNE: Delta blues? Lead Belly? Or Chicago blues...?

KEITH: I prefer the Delta blues. But as I said, the derivatives are also...That reminds me, I do like to travel. I go to as many concerts as I can, especially blues festivals. New Orleans, Chicago, Memphis...

JEJUNE: Excellent. You drive, I assume?

KEITH: How did you...?

JEJUNE: By the ring I assume you are married, children?

KEITH: Married? Yep. No children yet, someday maybe...

JEJUNE: Did you vote Democrat or Green in the last election?

KEITH: Hold on, what makes you think I didn't vote Republican?

JEJUNE: Brown loafers? Please.

KEITH: Democrat.

JEJUNE: Fascinating. Any food allergies?

KEITH: What? No.

JEJUNE: None?

KEITH: No, I said no.

JEJUNE: What about lactose?

KEITH: Well, I suppose I am a bit lactose intolerant, but nothing serious...how did—?

JEJUNE: Cream in your coffee. I can smell it on you.

KEITH: Sorry.

JEJUNE: Not all, I'm just observing. Your hand please?

KEITH: What?

JEJUNE: Allow me to examine your hand. *(He gives her his hand.)*
Interesting. I never would have guessed.

KEITH: What?

JEJUNE: You dance.

KEITH: Uh, yeah...at shows, festivals. Everybody does.

JEJUNE: Very important information while selecting shoes. Your feet tend to over-supinate, that will cause undue wear on the sole of the shoe and will cause back pain.

KEITH: Over-supi...what?

JEJUNE: The outside edge of the sole of your shoes wears more quickly than the inside edge, correct? As the sole wears, that issue is exacerbated and can cause injury.

KEITH: How can you tell that from my hand?

JEJUNE: Allow me. *(She runs her hand down his spine and makes a tiny adjustment. His posture improves and he smiles.)* There.

KEITH: Wow, that felt...I didn't even know my back was sore!

JEJUNE: Does dancing make you happy?

KEITH: Happy? I mean, I like to dance—

JEJUNE: You feel free, the music moves through you and your partner, your wife?

KEITH: Of course!

JEJUNE: Moves with you. You are never closer to her than in that wordless communion.

KEITH: I guess, yeah. You're right.

JEJUNE: But you tire before her.

KEITH: No, not really. We both like to sit out a few dances.

JEJUNE: Please, Keith, don't lie to yourself. She is unsatisfied, but tells you it's okay. She's tired too. But all she really wants is to continue the dance, to be with you, moving and sweating and pulsing to the music.

KEITH: Unsatisfied?

JEJUNE: You also like jazz music, zydeco, and...even pop music.

KEITH: Well, sure.

JEJUNE: But the fast beats are too exhausting to dance to. So you forbid yourself to be drawn in, afraid of even more failure.

KEITH: Failure? No, I just—

JEJUNE: Your wife. What's her name?

KEITH: Wendy.

JEJUNE: Wendy wants you to dance like a dervish. Swirling and swinging her to the throbbing beat all night.

KEITH: Dervish?

JEJUNE: You've come to the right place, Keith.

KEITH: I have.

JEJUNE: Wait here.

KEITH: Okay.

JEJUNE exits into the store. She returns with a trash can and a pair of shoes in a box.

JEJUNE: Put these on, Keith.

KEITH: All right. *(KEITH starts to change his shoes, when he removes a shoe he looks about for somewhere to put it, JEJUNE takes both shoes and throws them away.)* Hey!

JEJUNE: Trust me, Keith. Leave those shoes of impotence behind you. Embrace your new shoes.

KEITH: These aren't my size. I wear an 11, these are 10 1/2.

JEJUNE: You wear a 10 1/2.

KEITH: I think I know what size shoes I wear.

JEJUNE: No, you don't. Put them on.

KEITH: These fit great.

JEJUNE: Of course.

KEITH: Oh. My. God. These feel amazing!

JEJUNE: Indeed. Now, dance with me. *(Sultry jazz music begins.)*

KEITH: I shouldn't.

JEJUNE: Let me show you what those shoes can do... *(She takes him up and swirls him across the floor.)*

KEITH: Oh, my!

JEJUNE: Feel the music moving through you, through us!

KEITH: Yeah, I do.

JEJUNE: Feel the Earth through your shoes, energizing us, feeding us!

KEITH: I do!

JEJUNE: You are alive! Virile! Strong!

KEITH: I am virile!

JEJUNE: Dip me!

KEITH: I will! *(KEITH dips JEJUNE. The music stops, they are both panting heavily. After a moment, they compose themselves.)*

JEJUNE: You were incredible.

KEITH: I kinda was, wasn't I? But, you, you've got moves I've never seen.

JEJUNE: I was merely following you. You must buy those shoes.

KEITH: I thought I might look around—

JEJUNE: No. Those shoes are for you. Cash or credit?

KEITH: Well, how much are they?

JEJUNE: Price does not matter.

KEITH: That's ridiculous. How much?

JEJUNE: Keith, remember our dance? Imagine yourself in Wendy's arms, dancing like that all night. Every night!

KEITH: That would be cool...

JEJUNE: Trust me.

KEITH: Okay, I trust you.

JEJUNE: Wait here, I will get a pair of shoes for Wendy as well.

KEITH: She's got plenty of shoes, believe me.

JEJUNE: Trust me.

KEITH: Okay, okay. She wears a 7.

JEJUNE: No, she doesn't, wait here. (*JEJUNE exits into the store, returning quickly with a shoe box.*) Credit card?

KEITH: How much can it be, right? Okay, here goes. (*He gives her a credit card. She goes back into store. Music starts again. KEITH begins dancing with the box of shoes. At the finale of the dance he dips the box and kisses it deeply. JEJUNE enters.*)

JEJUNE: Here you are, Keith. Enjoy your shoes. (*She hands him his card.*)

KEITH: Can I get a receipt?

JEJUNE: No.

KEITH: What if I need to return...?

JEJUNE: You won't. Enjoy the shoes, Keith. Enjoy your dance. *Au revoir.*

KEITH: Yeah, okay, bye. And thanks!

KEITH exits. JEJUNE picks up the garbage can with obvious distaste and exits into the store.

THE END