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*Dramatic Publishing*

# IF THE SHOE FITS

By

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and

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**Dramatic Publishing**

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## PRODUCTION HISTORY

IF THE SHOE FITS was first presented as a condensed one-act at the Starlite Theatre, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., on April 2, 2004. The production was directed by Matt Thompson with set design by Grady McCafferty, costume design by Kristy Gomes, and lights and sound by Debbie Chang.

## CAST

MARVIN . . . . . Richard S. Daniels  
DELORES . . . . . Heather Corallo  
GEORGE . . . . . Matt Thompson

# IF THE SHOE FITS

A Play in Two Acts  
For 2 Women and 2 Men\*

## CHARACTERS:

MARVIN . . . . . the husband  
DELORES . . . . . the wife  
GEORGE . . . . . a shoe salesman, friend of Delores'  
ESPERANZA . . . . . an older, Spanish-speaking maid

\* no flexibility or double casting

## SET REQUIREMENTS:

The set is a living room with two doors—one is a front door and the other a kitchen door—a table and three chairs, a couch.

## REQUIRED PROPS:

Three wine glasses, bottle of wine, vial of poison, brownie pan, shoe box, diamond ring, brandy bottle, three brandy glasses, Monopoly game, feather duster, boom box, car keys, sunglasses, baseball jersey with chicken emblem #13, butter knife, maracas, laundry basket with laundry, broom, headphones/Walkman, Tahiti brochure, party favors, tube of lipstick, bowl of chips, purse, dice, music CD, tablecloth, checkbook, ink pen, black dress.

# ACT I

SCENE: *MARVIN and DELORES' home. A table and chairs sits DL and a couch R. There are two doors up-stage. One serves as the entrance to the kitchen and the other for the front door.*

AT RISE: *MARVIN and DELORES are sitting at the dinner table, after a meal, with their guest, GEORGE, a shoe salesman friend of DELORES'. Lights up on the tail-end of a joke.*

MARVIN. And so the guy says, "If that's a tuba, then I'm in the wrong bar!" *(All laugh.)* The wrong bar! *(Less of a laugh from GEORGE and DELORES.)* The wrong bar! *(Even less of a laugh.)* Tuba! *(No laugh.)* Do you get it, the tuba was...

DELORES. Yes, yes, we get it. You are so funny, Snooky. Isn't my Snooky hilarious?

GEORGE. Hilarious.

DELORES. That's what I always say.

MARVIN. And you say the best things. *(MARVIN and DELORES kiss.)*

GEORGE. What a great evening this has been!

DELORES. Yeah.

GEORGE. No, I mean it. A wonderful meal with some wonderful new friends, who have invited me into their home. I feel very honored to be here with you two and to have finally met you, Marvin.

MARVIN. And you too, George. Delores makes a lot of friends at shoe stores, but you're the first one she's ever brought home. I know she's a good customer, but to make house calls.

DELORES. Oh, Pookie, you're so funny!

MARVIN. I know, I know. Delores is my biggest fan.

DELORES. That I am.

MARVIN. You know, George, I served in the army years ago.

GEORGE. You don't say.

MARVIN. Yes, but I wasn't much of a fighter.

DELORES. Oh, Pookie.

MARVIN. But that didn't bother me much, you know why?

GEORGE. Why?

MARVIN. Because I used to make the troops laugh so hard they pulled me off of combat duty and put me up on stage.

DELORES. He was an entertainer.

MARVIN. Just like Bob Hope! But even funnier!

DELORES. That's for sure!

GEORGE. I don't believe it.

MARVIN. No, it's true!

DELORES. He's great, isn't he?

GEORGE. Oh...yeah. Great.

MARVIN. He's just saying that, Delores. He hasn't really seen me in action yet.

GEORGE. In action?

MARVIN (*serious*). Mr. Muppet.

DELORES. Oh, Mr. Muppet!

GEORGE (*staring blankly at MARVIN*). Mr. Muppet?

DELORES. Go ahead, honey, show him.

MARVIN. Oh, all right! I haven't done this since you brought that guy back from the bakery.

GEORGE. What guy? What bakery?

MARVIN. We were down in Florida on vacation and we stopped in near the boardwalk for a snack. What was the name of that place again?

DELORES. The place was called The Best Buns in the Sun.

MARVIN. That's right! This hotshot young fellow comes out and says right to Delores: "You wanna feel the best buns in town?" What a prankster. He was a funny kind of fellow.

DELORES. But not as funny as my Snookie-wookie-butter-baby-face.

MARVIN. Oh, Pookie. I love you.

DELORES. I love you.

MARVIN. Anyhow. He sure was a nice guy. Then he complimented my Snookie-wookie on her own buns. "Best buns I've seen all summer," he said.

DELORES. Oh, Marvin, don't be silly.

MARVIN. Well, he was right. You do have the best buns in the world!

DELORES. Almost as nice as yours. (*They laugh.*  
*GEORGE interrupts.*)

GEORGE. Hmm. Hmm.

MARVIN. Oh, yes, sorry, George. Okay here I go! Ready for Mr. Muppet?

DELORES. I'm ready for Mr. Muppet!



MARVIN. George...are you ready for Mr. Muppet?

GEORGE. Uh...sure. I'm, uh...I'm ready.

MARVIN. Okay then! *(To GEORGE.)* Get a load of this.

*(MARVIN turns around to prepare himself. He then turns back to face GEORGE. His face looks like a frog as he produces a Kermit the Frog impersonation.)*

Kermit the frog here. Hey, Miss Piggy, how are you?

*(Now does Miss Piggy.)* Oh, Kermie. Listen, buster, you better get outta my way or...karate chop! *(As Fozzie Bear.)* Wakka Wakka Wakka! *(MARVIN and DELORES laugh hysterically. GEORGE is dumbstruck.)*

DELORES. Oh, Marvin, honey. That one gets me every time.

MARVIN. Even more than the Elmer Fudd? *(Does an Elmer Fudd impersonation.)* "Huh, huh, huh. I'm hunting wabbits." *(MARVIN and DELORES cannot stop laughing as MARVIN continues his impersonations.)*

DELORES. Oh, that gets me too. It's a close second.

MARVIN. But not as much as my Donald Duck! *(Donald Duck impersonation.)* "Oh boy!" Or Foghorn Leghorn! *(Foghorn Leghorn impersonation.)* "I say...I say...I say, get away from me, son, you bother me!" *(MARVIN and DELORES are in complete hysterics by now. GEORGE is shell-shocked.)*

MARVIN *(impersonating Goofy)*. "Hey, George, do you want to see me be Goofy too? Aw-huh!

GEORGE. No, I think you're goofy enough already.

MARVIN. Oh, we're just getting started here.

DELORES. Let's not overwhelm our guest, Marvin.

MARVIN. I guess you're right, Delores. Sometimes my little Pookie and I just get carried away. I hope you don't mind.

GEORGE. Oh, no. It's fine.

DELORES. We hope we haven't scared you away or anything.

GEORGE. Oh, no. Not at all.

MARVIN. We don't want to frighten our new friend. That's for sure.

DELORES. We'd love to have you over again. Anytime.

MARVIN. Excellent idea, Delores! Our house is your house. Pookie and I move around so much we don't always get to meet folks like you.

GEORGE. Why, thanks, Marvin. And you never expect working in a shoe store that you'll meet a woman like your wife.

MARVIN. She is a spectacular woman, that's for sure.

DELORES. Oh, Marvin!

MARVIN. Well, it's true, Snookie. You're the apple of my eye.

DELORES. Oh, stop, Marvin!

MARVIN. Never! *(They laugh again.)*

GEORGE *(changing the subject)*. So, Marvin, what do you do?

MARVIN. What do I do?

GEORGE. For a living, what's your line of work?

MARVIN. Oh that!

GEORGE. Yes, that.

MARVIN. You want to know what I do for a living?

GEORGE. Exactly. What do you do to win the bread?

DELORES. Go ahead, dear, tell George what you do.

GEORGE. Yes, please, I'm very interested.

MARVIN. Oh, it's nothing special really.

DELORES. Now, Marvin, don't be so modest. *(To GEORGE.)* He's really very good at what he does.

GEORGE. I'm sure he is.

MARVIN. Oh, Pookie, don't exaggerate, you'll make me blush.

DELORES. But it's true! You're wonderful at work.

GEORGE. Come on, Marvin, out with it. What are you, an airline pilot? Biogenetic engineer? Brain surgeon?

MARVIN. Nothing like that! I'm...an ice cream taster.

GEORGE. Really...you don't say.

MARVIN. I do. Ever heard of a little company called Fred & Betty's?

GEORGE. Oh yes, that's the ice cream couple, isn't it?

MARVIN. The very same. Most successful independent ice cream company ever. I won the Taster-of-the-Year award five years in a row.

DELORES. That's right, and there's no one better at it than my Marvin.

MARVIN. Would you like to see my plaque?

GEORGE. No, thanks. I'll pass.

MARVIN. You know, there's a whole science that goes into it. It's actually quite complex.

GEORGE. I'm sure it is.

MARVIN. I taste for consistency, flavor, texture, you know. It's my job to decide whether an ice cream is soft, or sweet, or nutty enough.

GEORGE. Nutty, huh?

MARVIN. Yes, I do love a good ice cream.

DELORES. It gives Marvin an almost...child-like quality that I love about him so much. Right, Marvin?

MARVIN *(like a baby)*. Goo-goo! Gaa-gaa! Baa-baa! Laa-laa! *(MARVIN and DELORES share a laugh.)*

GEORGE. Right.

MARVIN. But seriously, George, as you can see, Delores and I are very happy. Two lovebirds in a tree. We go together so well. Like peanut butter and jelly. Ham and cheese. Socks and shoes. And being a shoe man, George, I'm sure you can appreciate that.

GEORGE. You got me there. I couldn't agree with you more.

MARVIN. Well, then...now that that's settled. Enough about me, let's talk about you. So, how's business at the shoe...uh...factory?

GEORGE. Actually, Marvin, it's called "Shoe *Fantasy*."

MARVIN. Oh well, Tomato, *tomahto*. A shoe store's a shoe store.

GEORGE. That's actually a common mistake husbands make. It's not just a shoe store, Marvin, it's a dream come true for the ladies. Women come to me in need and I bring them shoes for any occasion in any size and any color. Shoes they never even knew they needed or wanted. You know what they say about shoes, don't you?

MARVIN. What?

GEORGE. They're lingerie for the feet.

MARVIN. Well, if by that you mean that Delores has a ton, but they mostly stay in the closet, then I'll agree with you.

DELORES. Marvin!

GEORGE (*starting to get defensive with the butter knife in his hand. MARVIN is unaware*). Most husbands have a hard time understanding a woman's shoe needs. Wives come to me and I am able to satisfy them like nobody can. How many men can say the same?

DELORES (*clearing the table and grabbing the butter knife from GEORGE*). What a sweetheart. Isn't he a charmer?

MARVIN. That he is. I'll bet you're a killer with the ladies, huh, George?

GEORGE (*laughing sheepishly*). Well, I don't know about that.

MARVIN. Don't be shy, George. I bet you knock 'em dead!

DELORES. Oh, Marvin, leave him alone.

MARVIN. Well, all right.

*(DELORES exits into the kitchen with the dishes.)*

MARVIN. A little piece of advice for you.

GEORGE. Yeah?

MARVIN. Ladies love the comedy. Make them laugh and they're yours forever. Just a tip.

GEORGE. I can see that.

MARVIN. I've got little Pookie wrapped around my finger. She's a peach, isn't she?

GEORGE. Yes, she is.

*(DELORES returns.)*

DELORES. And what are you two conspiring about?

MARVIN. Oh, nothing, right, George?

GEORGE. Not conspiring anything at all.

DELORES. Oh, you guys!

MARVIN. Just giving our friend George a nickel's free advice.

DELORES. Oh, Marvin. Darling, I just forgot, would you be a dear and go check on the brownies for me?

MARVIN. Of course, Snookums. (*Raising his wine glass.*)

But first, a toast.

DELORES. A toast!

GEORGE. A toast!

MARVIN. To a wonderful new friend and a wonderful wife. May this be the first of many nights together, the three of us. Life is so full of wonderful gifts, and you, my Snooky-wooky, are the granddaddy greatest gift of them all. I love you, Snookums!

DELORES. I love you too, Pookie. (*He exits into the kitchen, and immediately, GEORGE and DELORES run into each others' arms and kiss passionately.*)

GEORGE. At last he's gone! I couldn't stand to be away from you any longer.

DELORES. I know. That Snookums stuff makes me itch.

GEORGE. He is just as uncouth as you described. I don't know how a woman of your delicate sensibilities and arches could have lived in these conditions for so long.

DELORES. It hasn't always been this bad. But now you're here and every day is like being with Tom Selleck.

GEORGE. Yes, Tom Selleck.

DELORES. To think, soon you and I will be together forever.

GEORGE. I can't believe he doesn't suspect anything. What woman visits a shoe store five times a week and stays until midnight?

DELORES. A very lucky one. And I am such a lucky woman, George!

GEORGE. It is true. And I am a shoe salesman, and I have met thousands of women of every shape and size—nar-

row, wide, extra wide—foot. And I always thought I would fall in love with a woman with a size five and a half shoe, but here you came along into my life, a size eight. A size eight! And who would have thought it could work. But you are different! You are special! You are unique! I meet married women every day, but I have only fallen in love with four of them.

DELORES. Oh, George! Tonight we'll begin our life together. Romance! Excitement! Shoe fittings!

GEORGE. You are so right, darling. Wait just a minute. I have something for you.

DELORES. What is it?

GEORGE. Just a little something. I can't wait any longer.  
*(GEORGE gets down on his hands and knees and reaches underneath the couch to find a shoe box. He takes the shoe box and pulls out a diamond ring.)*

DELORES. Oh, Georgie, it's gorgeous!

GEORGE. Just for the down payment, I had to sell forty pairs of Manolo Blanics to the U.S. Women's Weightlifting Team. Believe me, that was not an easy sell.

DELORES. I still can't believe we're doing this.

GEORGE. Believe it, darling. Tonight's the night.

DELORES. But poison? It's so...Shakespeare. Won't he know something's up?

GEORGE. I'm told that this stuff is tasteless, odorless and dissolves instantly in liquid.

DELORES. Then it's perfect for Marvin.

GEORGE. You did get the mixture I asked for, right?

DELORES. Yes, but how can you be sure it will work?

GEORGE. My cousin's a pharmacist.