



A SHOE STORY

A Musical

Music and Lyrics by Allen Robertson

Book by Allen Robertson and Damon Brown

CHARACTERS

SYDNEY SCHUMACHER (Megan) - She is a thirteenth generation shoemaker. She is often dismissed, patronized. She is both a dreamer, a talented crafts person, and an optimistic go getter without much faith in herself - she just hasn't found the way to put all her pieces together so she can be more self assured.

BENJAMIN SCHUMACHER (Brian) - Financially successful young business man who is making money off of the war on the other side of the border. Jealous of his sister's integrity. Bill Murray meets Justin Timberlake.

BO (David) - An Elf, a baker, a lover of fine cheeses. Someone who refuses to see anything but the positive - even when clearly wrong. He's the lovable but easily scared one. He is also a professional dancer in Elf culture.

MEL (Mariela)- 217 years old. Mel Brooks in a 11 year old girl's body. Behaves like an old Borscht Belt comedian - grunting when she stands or sits. No filter. But spry when she gets energized about something. Chip on her shoulder - but beneath it all is a warm core. Uncontrollably drawn to shiny objects.

Q - (Lilah) a poor shoeless girl that becomes Sydney's assistant. Streetwise, street smart. She thinks she's tougher than she really is.

HAROLD MANN/KERRY (Stone) - Young and charming. A politically powerful and wealthy investor boss of Ben's that takes interest in investing in Sydney's business. Must not be played as a villain - he believes 100% that he is a great guy. John Hamm is contracted to play him in the film. Kerry is the local mechanic - with a hidden crush on Jessica.

JESSICA/DELIA (Ruby) - A lonely Pet Rock owner - with a hidden crush on Kerry and a hidden talent for ballet / Delia is the Elf with a lot of cats.

BERNADETTE/ELF (Abigail) - A Delivery person who becomes a fantastic skater.

TERRANCE/GERALD (Ben)- A Barista and basketball player with a secret colorful sock collection and brilliant engineering mind - GERALD is An impressive gymnastic elf.

GRACE/ELF/IMAGINARY BACKUP SINGER (Mariel) - Sister of Qs. She is pregnant - just beginning to show.

BOB/ ELF (Tosh) - Bob is a wannabe hipster-guitarist-internet sensation-basketball star. It's not going well so far.

ALLISON/CARSON/IMAGINARY BACKUP SINGER (Kahli) - Basketball captain of a horrible team/ Tuba playing elf.

OPENING

Brog, a fictional village in the 'Greatest Country in the World' -it shares a border with a country engaged in a civil war. While there is a hidden Olde World charm about Brog, it is always cold and raining - meaning there is a need for shoes. There has been extensive flooding do to a burst dam - leading to an economic downturn.

As the audience arrives they see a wide variety of shoes lined up on a long table/ counter. Fireman boots, Sensible work shoes, sneakers, bath slippers, etc.

Music begins. One by one the actors enter in socked feet and grab a pair of shoes that symbolize their role in the community.

MUSIC 01 - Another Rainy Day in Brog

BEN SCHUMACHER

This is the unremarkable village of Brog. It's where my sister Sydney and I grew up. Where my father, grandfather, great grandfather, when they were living, were the local cobblers, shoemakers. Producing hand-made high-quality footwear for the locals - luring customers with the unimaginative slogan "people need shoes" Nobody makes any money here these days, they just grow up and move on. Or not. I left town years ago - before the floods.

Thunder.

Ah. Looks like rain.

The COMPANY sets about their day black umbrellas in hand.

ALL

IT'S JUST ANOTHER RAINY DAY IN BROG
 WHERE YOU HAVE TO TAKE A RAINCOAT
 ANY TIME YOU TAKE A JOG
 ALWAYS CRASHING INTO THINGS
 BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SEE THROUGH THE FOG
 WE'RE NOT IN ANY TRAVELOGUE
 JUST ANOTHER RAINY DAY IN BROG

JESSICA
 IT'S JUST ANOTHER RAINY DAY IN BROG
 WHERE I'VE GOT A PET ROCK
 BECAUSE I CAN'T AFFORD A DOG

BOB
 AND THERE'S NO INTERNET
 SO NO ONE'S EVER READ MY BLOG

ALL
 BUT THEY WOULDN'T ANY WAY
 BECAUSE YOU'RE FROM
 A SOGGY CHUNK OF GROUND

TERRANCE
 MY ALMA MATER

ALL
 THAT RECENTLY WAS CROWNED

TERRANCE
 IS UNDER WATER

ALL
 THE WORST LITTLE BORDER TOWN

SYD enters with her yellow umbrella.

SYDNEY
 IN THE GREATEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD

SYD picks up some comically large men's shoes off the table and starts putting them on.

BEN
 My father left the shoe business to my sister, Syd.

SYDNEY

Making fun of her big shoes.

Some pretty big shoes to fill.

BEN
 First girl to own the shop - and the shop is failing - coincidence?

SYD

Why does everyone speak so condescendingly to women?

BEN

(condescendingly) Really? Everyone?

SYD

I'm doing my best.

BEN

If the shoe fits . . .

SYD

(Referring to her comically large shoes) But the shoe doesn't fit!

Q and ALLISON run up to get the last pair of shoes. ALLISON wins leaving a needy barefoot Q behind. In a moment of silent eye contact, Q catches Sydney looking at her and her bare feet. Q runs off.

SYDNEY

IT'S JUST ANOTHER RAINY DAY IN BROG
I WAKE UP AND PUT MY SHOES ON
SHARE MY COFFEE WITH MY FROG
I CHEERILY RECITE
MY AFFIRMATION MONOLOGUE
WHILE THEY LOOK AT ME AGOG

ALL

IT'S JUST ANOTHER RAINY DAY IN BROG

SYDNEY

PERHAPS I DON'T FIT IN HERE
LIKE A COBBLER CINDERELLA
I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO SEEMS TO SPORT A YELLA UMBRELLA
AND WELL I LIKE TO BREAK IT DOWN BUT WHEN I DO IT'S A CAPPELLA
BUT NOBODY SINGS ALONG
BUT I WON'T LET THE CRYING START

ALL

DON'T LET THE CRYING START

SYDNEY

BECAUSE IT ONLY BREAKS YOUR HEART

ALL
 IT ONLY BREAKS YOUR HEART
 TO WATCH YOUR TOWN JUST FALL APART

SYDNEY
 IN THE GREATEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD

Suddenly everyone is on the phone to a government agency that is represented by Ben. They try to get a word in . . . But . . . Hey . . . but . . . - No Luck.

BEN
 WHOA, WHOA WHOA EVERYBODY'S COMPLAININ'
 IT'S FLOODING AND THE SKY JUST WON'T STOP RAININ'
 SAD THAT YOU FACED SOME NATURAL DISASTER
 BUT IT'S FOOLISH IF YOU THINK IT MEANS THINGS WORK FASTER
 IT'S NOT MY DAM OR BRIDGE THAT'S FALLIN'
 SO I MIGHT NOT PICK UP WHEN YOU ALL COME CALLIN'
 YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS; YOU TO NEED TO SOLVE THEM
 BUT LET'S GET REAL THEY'RE NOT MY PROBLEMS
 AGE OLD ECONOMIC TALE
 NO ONE CARES IF YOUR CITY FAILS
 NO ONE JUMPS AT YOUR COMMAND
 FOR THERE'S NOTHING YOU HAVE THAT THERE IS ANY DEMAND FOR
 THIS CONVERSATION'S OVER
 OVER
 OVER

ALL
 NO ONE'S COMING TO ASSIST
 (THE RAIN WILL NEVER STOP)
 OUR LIVES HAVE BEEN DISMISSED
 (NEVER STOP)
 HOW CAN A TOWN LIKE THIS EXIST?
 IN THE GREATEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD
 THE GREATEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD
 THE GREATEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD

DAY ONE

We are in the Schumacher shoe shop. A picturesque shop with touches of Olde World charm where the Schumacher family has made shoes for generations. There is a long display table that doubles as a workspace and counter. SR There is an old attractive shop sign at the front door (with a quaint shop bell) that says "Schumacher" below it is a small sign that was attached at a much later time that says "& Daughter" SL There is a curtained doorway that leads to Sydney's residence and storage. Sydney stands in the doorway waving to the umbrellas that pass.

SYDNEY

Hey, Scott. Is it... Scott? Gladys, right? Ann? Allison. I knew that. Assuming that speeding up your walking pace means you still don't need any shoes. Or maybe you're just keeping fit - looking good.

I've only got one pair of sorry shoes to sell anyway. Size 6 Ugg knockoffs. And rent's due tomorrow. But don't feel sorry for me. I've been saving. Yep, I'm a girl with a savings and a dream. And I was smart because I have 2 savings buckets - one decoy bucket for the vandals to steal from (Holds up a clear jug with a few pennies in it) and the secret saving bucket . . . (She holds up a second clear jug that is completely empty) . . that the vandals stole from! GRRRR!! Maybe It's a sign. I should just pack it up. Not a clear sign like the shop sign (the 'and Daughter' sign falls askew) Though now that sign is a sign.

ALLISON

(Offstage) Hey, your sign fell down - not my problem.

SYDNEY

Time to face facts - I'm the 13th generation Schumacher that ruined the family business. My father left me with huge shoes to fill. (Literally and figuratively) I just wish they were different shoes. And by shoes I mean a life, somewhere else, where I'm probably just a little more successful than my older brother Benjamin. Mostly so he'll stop saying 'I told you so'

(talking to herself) Come on, Syd. - Don't be a Sydiot. You can't leave. You're a shoe person - take it one step at a time.

STEP ONE: Sell my final pair of shoes.

STEP TWO: Use that money to buy supplies and a little food like always and just make more shoes. . . .or buy a bus ticket. (Music)

MUSIC 02 - What Am I Staying For?

STEP THREE: Pack your bags.

(She starts to pack. Takes out a bag and putting apples on the counter) Well now I'm starting with step three. Got my steps out of order. I need those little cut-outs of feet like they had in dance class. (Suddenly emotional - looking up to heaven) I'm sorry! OK, I'm sorry!! (Deep breath)

TIME TO CLOSE UP SHOP
 YOU CAN'T IGNORE THE SIGNS AROUND
 OTHER SHOE'S ABOUT TO DROP
 YOUR FATHER HAD A DREAM AND YOU LET HIM DOWN
 BUT IT WASN'T YOUR DREAM THAT FLOPPED
 YOU WERE NEVER FOUND OF THIS CRUMMY TOWN
 SO WHAT ARE YOU STAYING FOR?
 WHY AREN'T YOU LEAVING?
 WHAT ARE YOU STAYING FOR?

PACK A BAG
 BUY A TICKET
 SAY GOODBYE
 AND PUT IT ALL BEHIND YOU
 GO THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR
 OR STAY IN THIS PLACE
 WHERE EVERY SHOE REMINDS YOU
 YOU'VE ALWAYS FAILED BEFORE
 BUT YOU COULD GO WHERE EVERYONE
 THAT KNOWS THAT CAN'T FIND YOU
 SO WHAT ARE YOU STAYING FOR?
 YOU SHOULD BE LEAVING
 WHAT ARE YOU STAYING FOR?

SURE, I HAVE A DREAM
 IF NOT, I'D JUST BE RUNNING AWAY

The backup singers of her imagination appear.

BACKUPS
 RUNNING AWAY

SYDNEY
 I KNOW THAT I'M MEANT FOR GREAT THINGS

BACKUPS
SHE'S MEANT FOR GREAT THINGS
PROBABLY GREAT THINGS

SYDNEY
I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE

BACKUPS
NO IDEA WHAT THEY ARE

SYDNEY
BUT I THINK IT HAS TO DO WITH BEING RICH AND FAMOUS
IN A REALLY BIG CITY THAT CAN

SYDNEY AND BACKUPS
'NEVER TAME US'

SYDNEY
ROLLIN' IN MY ROLLS THE CASH IS FLOWIN'
ALL MY GIRLS IN TOW, WE'RE DOIN' WHAT WE WANT
AND NO ONE EVER BLAMES US

SYDNEY AND BACKUPS
MONEY IS THE THING I MAKE
YEAH MONEY IS THE THING I MAKE

SYDNEY
AND THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER ASKS

BACKUPS
'WHAT DID YOU COME HERE FOR?'

SYDNEY
I'M NOT THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER
THAT'S WHAT I CAME HERE FOR

Suddenly all the citizens of Brog - in their own spaces - sing of a shared desire.

ALL
THERE'S MORE

SYDNEY
MORE FOR ME TO DO IN LIFE

ALL
THERE'S MORE

SYDNEY
MORE THAN WHAT THEY THINK I MIGHT

ALL
THERE'S MORE

SYDNEY
THAN WAITING WHILE YOU WATCH THINGS SLOWLY DIE
SO WHAT AM I STAYING FOR?
WHY DO I STAY?

SYDNEY notices the sign that says "Shumacher" with the added sign hanging below that say "and daughter"

I SHOULD BE LEAVING
WHAT AM I STAYING FOR?
WHY WOULD I STAY?
WHAT AM I STAYING FOR?
WHAT AM I STAYING FOR?

SYDNEY takes the "and daughter" sign down. A hand behind the counter comes up and takes an apple that she had left on the counter. The hand and apple disappear behind the counter.

Sydney puts out another apple. Same result. Another apple. Sydney grabs apple at the same time as Q - they meet face to face - She sees that Q is missing shoes. Sydney exchanges the apple for the shoes - Q starts to leave and Sydney tosses her the apple. Q takes a bite.

SYDNEY
What's your name?

Q, mouth full, gives a barely intelligible response . . . Q . . . and exits.

SYDNEY
Now what? No shoes, no leather. I guess this is lights out for the shop.

She goes to turns the lights out.

Great, now just turning the lights off is a sign.

SYD turns on security system with a clicker and goes to sleep in the other room.

NIGHT ONE

SECURITY SYSTEM VOICE OVER

Security System armed.

There is a moment as the SECURITY SYSTEM comes online. A green laser light appears. Then another, and another. The room is spider webbed with a half-dozen lasers.

SECURITY

Fully operational. No intruders detected.

The music begins building. We see the shadow of a MAGICAL ELF-TYPE-CREATURE approaching - wee and whimsical at first, but slowly growing. Then MEL emerges on the edge of the security system. And, seeing her, we're back to wee, again - but more wizened than whimsical. Mel looks at the lasers using her fingers as a measuring guide. It's Indiana Jones checking the weight of the golden idol. She finally selects a laser and sticks one hand onto it, breaking the beam.

SECURITY

YOU...

Mel moves her hand away fast. She considers again and slowly contorts her way through certain beams. They speak as she breaks the light.

SECURITY

YOU ARE... (Mel backs up and tries again.) YOU ARE NOT... WELCOME HERE. (She stops and tests the beams with her hands again.) YOU ARE... NOT WELCOME HERE. YOU ARE... NOT WELCOME HERE. YOU ARE...

Suddenly BO appears at the security entrance. He's a big elf - especially compared to MEL. He wears a stealthy stocking cap like she does.

MEL

(Hissing at Bo.) Wait!

BO

What?

Bo comes walking in straight through the lasers!

SECURITY

YOU ARE NOT...

Bo freezes! Mel looks at him disapprovingly. Bo shrugs his shoulders in apology. They're stuck. He's halfway in and she's halfway through. Mel gestures at Bo with the precision of a Special Forces Pro and Bo immediately acts like he "gets it." He reaches into his pack or the pockets of his greatcoat and pulls out... a fuzzy hat! Mel waves it off, exasperated and gestures again, trying to clarify. Bo nods in all-new acknowledgement and pulls out a fistful of jingle bells.

MEL

No. No, I'm obviously making the sign for "Little Bat." See...

BO

(Speaking simultaneously as soon as he hears "Little Bat.") Oh! I thought "hat" at first and then when you shook your hands I thought you wanted the bells but that makes MORE sense...

MEL

(Continuing.) ...it's LITTLE and it flaps around like a BAT! How can that not be obvious. Just get... get... get... (Hissing loudly!) GET THE BAT! The LITTLE ONE!

He does. Mel gestures again, a long complex plan. Bo stares at her. She points at one particular laser. He nods, but not confident.

MEL

You don't look like you get it.

BO

No. I got it.

MEL

Absolutely?

BO

Def-i-NOOTly!

MEL

(Sighing.) You're going to use the little bat on that light THERE...

BO

OH! That's an even better plan! You're so good at this, Mel!

MEL

Ready?

BO

Steady.

MEL
Count of three?

BO
Good by me.

MEL
I need to know if you're actually ready and not just rhyming because you're nervous.

BO
Bo's bat is at your service!

MEL
Uh... so that's an... (Trying to stump him) affirmative?

BO
Yes sir... (Almost under his breath) ...mative.

MEL
(Explaining her hand gesture "plan.") I'm going to block these two, you flip up that ONE with your bat and whhht! (She makes the gesture of Bo running quickly.)

BO
Whhht, is "run," right?

MEL
Yeah.

BO
I'm SO glad you explained it. I was thinking something totally different.

MEL
Ready?

BO
Oh, yeah.

They count together silently. "One, Two, THREE!" This happens in one fell swoop. Mel sticks her hands out to block two lasers.

SECURITY
YOU ARE...

Bo flips the next laser toward the sky negating its effect and runs through the next two beams with Mel.

SECURITY

WELCOME HERE!

MEL

(Satisfied.) We fixed it.

The lights suddenly all converge on the elves.

BO

Well, that's not good.

ALARMS EVERYWHERE!

MEL

Pockets!

BO

(Panicked.) Cinnamon rolls! Marzipan!

MEL

Skip the breakfast section!

BO

Marbles? Oop...

There is a sound of marbles falling everywhere and both elves react by looking at the floor. At that moment SYD runs in from the back!

SYD

(Brandishing a larger bat and yelling, confusedly.) WHAT SMELLS LIKE FRENCH TOAST IN HERE?!
ARRGHHhhhhppphhh!

Of course, she runs right through the marbles, slips, slides...

BO

Where did she go?

Syd raises up, dazed... just as Bo is gesturing with his bat, klonking herself on the head.

SYD

Delicious... smelling... mar...bles.

She's down again. The alarm winds down with her.

MEL

Well, that's one way to make a good first impression.

BO

I'm really sorry, Mel.

MEL

Lower your voice

BO

(Speaks in a lower pitch) I'm really sorry, Mel. (He looks over the bench at Syd.) She's sleeping.

MEL

This is bad. We're already here illegally.

BO

We just needed a place to hide.

MEL

Now marbles on the floor, extra-curricular head-klonking? We won't EVER be welcome.

BO

Why don't they want us here?

They take off their hats to reveal elf ears.

MEL

Because they only see our differences. (Looking out the window) Not safe out there. You remember what happened to Verne? The shiny pocket watch?

They both shutter. They are seriously unnerved.

BO

This is all my fault, Mel. I don't feel well. Maybe we should just go back home.

MEL

Home? Home is on fire. We're nomads, wanderers, elves without a home cast adrift in a vast, wild land of unfriendly faces.

BO

I'm a pretty friendly elf, myself. See? (He smiles, but still looks worried.)

MEL

I'm expounding. And you're rhyming, again. But that IS a friendly face. Wait, no, it looks more like you're eating something tangy. Go more like this. (She tries to smile widely.)

BO

That looks scary. I don't want to do that.

MEL

This? This is nothing from scary. This is friendly and approachable.

BO

Uh...

MEL

No? Okay, do yours. (He tries but he's still nervous. Mel coaches.) Relax. More with the teeth. I take it back, too toothy! Eyes wide, chin up, down a little. Tilt your head.

Bo makes a much more lovable face.

I still like mine but yours is passable. Where was I?

BO

Cast adrift?

MEL

(Picking up where she left off.) Searching for a home. Immigrants.

BO

House guests?

MEL

Refugees.

BO

I'm sure it'll be OK - What country isn't open hearted and welcoming to a refugee in need?

MEL

I'm going to the book.

BO

Oo, the book? Does it have anything in there about accidental head klonking for which I am extremely sorry?

MEL

It may not be that comprehensive. It says here "Human beings can be awful cruel to one another,"

BO

I don't like the sound of that.

MEL

But some of the humans in this book - like Huck - actually help folks like us who are on the run.

BO

Maybe this one won't mind about the marbles and the klonk if I make her breakfast!

MEL

(Getting an idea) Breakfast . . . or something else. (Bo is yawning) Right now we need rest.

They go into the back room and take out their quilt to make a palette.

BO

That's probably best.

MEL

You're nervous, Bo.

BO

How did you know?

MEL

Let's go over the plan. STEP 1. Get across the river, away from the war and into Brog.

BO

We did that! But I'm still S-C-A-R-E-D

MEL

Don't be scared. STEP 2. Find a safe dry place to hide.

BO

Check. Now I'm more H-O-P-E-F-U-L

MEL

Hopeful is better. STEP 3. Find a Huck. We just need to find some Hucks.

BO

(Feeling guilty) And I klonked one. Shucks!

MEL

Don't be nervous. We can do this! (They touch pointer fingers) First sleep.

MUSIC 04 - Elf Lullaby

Sing the song? BO

I'm not singing. MEL

I can't sleep without the song. I'll start . . . BO

IF I WAS A DIME
I'D SPEND MYSELF ON YOU
AND IF I WAS A CLOCK
I'D SPEND ALL MY TIME UP TOO
BECAUSE THERE'S

MEL joins begrudgingly. Half heartedly doing the hand gestures.

BOTH
NOTHING I WOULDN'T DO
NOTHING I WOULDN'T DO
'CAUSE I L-O-V-E Y-O-U

There. Satisfied? Now can we...? MEL

Bo is sound asleep and hogging the blanket. MEL softens and sings.

IF WE HAD TO SAY GOODBYE
BECAUSE OUR TIME WAS THROUGH
I'D TELL YOU I WOULDN'T CRY
AND I'D BE LYING TOO
BECAUSE THERE'S
NOTHING I WOULDN'T DO
NOTHING I WOULDN'T DO
'CAUSE I L-O-V-E Y-O-U
I L-O-V-E Y-O-U

DAY TWO

Thunder. The next morning. BEN is outside the shop.

BEN

Another dreary morning in Brog.

BEN unlocks the door and enters. Sees Sydney is "asleep" and smiles. Picks up coat with shoe holes cut out. Notices the chaos and surprisingly a pair of fine looking shoes displayed in a whimsical yet enticing presentation. He's impressed and curious. He goes to Sydney.

BEN

Syd.

SYD.

(Groggy. Not awake yet.) Meh.

BEN

Syd.

SYD

Buh?

BEN

(Holding the "ring for service" bell close to Syd and slamming down on the button.) DING!

SYD

(Jolting awake and yelling almost incoherently.) I'M UP! WHO YOU? WHY HIT FACE?

BEN

Was that a question or - ?

Syd's s still groggy but coming to. She stumbles around and is still speaking overly fast like a person caught sleeping on the job and awakened too quickly from REM.

SYD

Brother Ben. You are my brother. Why brother Ben here?

BEN

(Playing along.) Brother Ben bounce by on business.

SYD

Bah. No business in Brog.

Syd has spotted the shoes. Okay, THAT'S super weird.

BEN

Border business. Not Brog business.

SYD

Big brother be about big bad Brog border business?

BEN

Bleh. Blow off Brog. Brog's a... bummer? Breakdown? What's a good "B" word for "disaster?"

SYD

Blight. But Brog's not bad. (Referring to the shoes.) These shoes?

BEN

Yes, you made some shoes. You are a shoemaker.

SYD

What? Oh, yeah? -

BEN

(Interrupting her.) I have to say, it's fine work. You have a talent. Dad would be proud of these.

SYD

You think -

BEN

(Continuing.) Just too bad you can't run a business. I mean, except "into the ground," amIrite? Just a joke, don't take it personal. (Looking at the shoes.) This maker's mark, though. Looks familiar. You trying something new?

SYD

(Confused.) What?

BEN

You know, if you really wanted business advice -

SYD

Which I do not.

BEN

(Ignoring her protest.) - you'd make boats. Or boots! If that dam doesn't get fixed, and this rain keeps coming, this whole place will just be a river. Which come to think of it is not such a bad thing. It'd keep those inbred war obsessed freaks on their side of the border.

SYD

(Not fully buying Ben's hyperbole.) How many "inbred war obsessed freaks" would you say are over there, Ben?

The shoes start "toe tapping" on their own. Syd's eyes go big. Ben doesn't see it, yet.

BEN

You want advanced demographic math this early in the morning?

Ben turns to her. Syd pounces on the shoes to stop them.

SYD

Nope!

BEN

There's no real winner in war . . .except the guy who's invested in supplying both sides . . . oh that's my boss. So as long as they keep fighting - I keep winning.

Ben turns back to look at Syd as she scoops up the shoes to stop them from moving.

You're really proud of those.

SYD

Am I?

BEN

(A little confused.) Aren't you? (Something occurs to him.) I got it!

SYD

(Guarded.) You do?

BEN

Remember what grandfather used to say before he kicked the bucket . . .

SYDNEY

Hey, Look how far I can kick this bucket!

BEN

No.

SYDNEY

"Pumpernickel" is a funny name for bread?

BEN

So is "Baguette."

SYDNEY

Have you seen my teeth?

BEN

Stop guessing. (referring to the sign)"People need Shoes." You just need to convince "people" they need YOUR shoes. That without them, they're unhappy. Scared. Alone.

SYD

Cold-and-uncomfortable-footed?

BEN

Eh, that kind of works. But mostly FOMO!

SYD

Fomo?

BEN

"Fear Of -"

SYD

(Recognizing the acronym and speaking simultaneously.) "- Missing Out." Got it, I know that one.

BEN

Everyone who has YOUR shoes is happier, smarter, taller, more pleasant smelling... they're living a better life. NO MO FOMO.

Q shows up again as Ben is expounding. She's shoeless. Again.

SYD

(Spotting Q) Are they, though?

BEN

Who cares? TELL them they ARE! (Seeing shoeless Q.) I mean, look at her.

SYD

That's Q.

BEN

(Mishearing.) Not really. Puppies in top hats are cute.

Q

No, "Q" like the letter, gum ball. I need those shoes.

BEN

As in, "Quick, get on out of here?"

SYD

No, as in, "Quiet, I want to ask her a Question."

Q

(Answering the question before it's asked.) I gave the shoes away.

SYD

To...?

Q

Someone who needed them. I need those shoes.

BEN

Nice. Maybe it's "Q" as in, "Quit lying and go back to... wherever it is you go during the day."

Q

I'm not lying, cheek face!(*Anticipating each question just as Syd and Ben open their mouths simultaneously to ask it.*) Mom named us all after letters of the alphabet. Yes, In order. No, she didn't skip any.

SYD

How many kids is that?

Q looks confused for a moment. They all start counting on their fingers while silently singing their ABCs. The shoes remaining on the table start tapping but only Syd sees it. Syd scoops them up and gives them to Q who puts them on.

BEN

What? She's lying - taking advantage of you. She gets shoes - what do you get? (Talking to Q.) Girl With Obviously Fake Name, you should learn the value of pulling yourself up by your own bootstraps.

SYD

(Pulling Ben aside.) That's fine to say to someone who has boots. Otherwise it's just cruel.

Q offers her shoeless doll as payment.

She is paying with this doll. It's called Bartering. Look it up.

BEN

And you needed a doll? With no shoes?

SYDNEY

It's a feature.

BEN

(Ushering Q out) Fine. Don't you have loitering to do? (As if saying a friendly goodbye.) Have a nice day being a drain on our social systems!

Syd looks at Ben with obvious disapproval. Ben looks back at Syd with a look of, "What? It's true," and as this interchange takes place Q escapes Ben pushing her out and runs back around the entrance to come back into the shop.

Q

I know things, turf nickel!

BEN

And... she's back.

SYD

She can be here, she's a person.

BEN

And thanks to you, she now conforms to the "no shoes, no service" policy.

Q

I know things!

BEN

(Wheeling back to intimidate Q) Ok, Miss Know Things, What's 2+2?

There's a moment of confusion. SYD, unseen by BEN, holds up four fingers or draws four hashtags on a pad to help Q.

Q

1111.

Ben laughs, Syd cocks her head and squints in confusion. Q slowly looks down at her new shoes and taps her toes 4 times.

MUSIC 05 - Do the Math and Dance

Q

(Smiling with a renewed confidence.) No... 4. Give me another.

BEN

Okay, sure.

Q

Wait! A hard one this time.

BEN

What's 18 divided by 5?

Q looks down and taps out a rhythm.

Q

3. (Tap, tap. The shoes help, but she's in control.) Point 6.

BEN

(Taking out his phone and punching numbers in a calculator.) 42 times 6.

Q

(Tapping out the answers.) 252.

BEN

That's right.

SYDNEY

Wow.

Q

WHEN LIFE' IS CONFUSING

BEN

936 ...

Q

THE NUMBERS AREN'T ADDING UP

BEN

Divided by 13?

Q

AND THEY WON'T GIVE YOU A CHANCE

72.

FEEL LIKE YOU'RE LOSING

28 X 7 . . .

BEN

Q
YOU THINK ABOUT PACKING UP

. . . Minus 61 divided by 5

BEN

YOU'RE IN A DESPERATE CIRCUMSTANCE

27

Q

BUT SUDDENLY RHYTHM
BEGINS AN INVASION
YOU FIND THE SOLUTION
TO ANY EQUATION
THE PERFECT OCCASION
TO DO THE MATH AND DANCE

Try this 'algo-rhythm.'

Q does a step. SYDNEY does it back. They trade again. They do a step together. Q leads SYDNEY into a time step.

This is the multiplication step. Some people call it the 'times' step.

SYDNEY

You're doing the whole times table.

They continue in a fun tap break. They team up on Ben chasing him around the shop as he asks an impossibly hard question.

41 X 53 Divided by 3.5 X 2222?

BEN

As easy as 3.1415.

Q

Huh?

SYDNEY

BEN

Pi. Easy as Pi.

Q

Give me a minute to work it out. Come on, Sydney.

They move to the top of the table. They continue to tap as they sing again.

BEN

Now subtract a even million.

They do trenches to accomplish the subtraction.

SYDNEY AND Q

THEY CAN CRITICIZE US
BUT WE CAN'T HEAR 'EM
BECAUSE WE'RE TAPPING
PYTHAGOREAN THEOREM
NO NEED TO FEAR 'EM
YOUR POTENTIAL'S
EXPONENTIALLY ADVANCED

BEN

EXPONENTIALLY ADVANCED

SYDNEY, BEN AND Q

ONCE YOU LEARN TO DO THE MATH AND DANCE

Q AND SYDNEY

Three-hundred seventy-nine thousand, five-hundred forty four.

DO THE MATH AND DANCE

It ends with Q tapping her way off down the street.

BEN

Ah, yes. Math. Such a hummable science.

SYD

Did you come here to bring me down at every opportunity?

BEN

No, you're doing that all on your own. With the power of Math Dancing.

SYD

So, your answer is actually, "yes."

BEN

(Playing up the "math.") You had a pair of shoes to sell, that just went dancing down the street for free leaving you with... nothing.

SYD

Your unwelcome business advice is starting to... really mute the endorphin rush I got from that last thing.

BEN

(Heading out.) Good luck, sis. I'm off. Big Brog Border Business. (He's gone)

SYD

Yeah - well I'm going to my big Brog bed. After I bandage the big Brog Bump on my head from the big bad Brog baking burglars. Come to think of it, maybe I should find my Big Brog Baseball bat.

NIGHT TWO

Syd punches a keychain remote. We hear the familiar chirp of an auto-type alarm and the lights shift as before. The lasers attempt to click into place, but clearly the one Bo struck is not up to snuff. It's flailing.

SECURITY

Security system ar... (Faltering,) Arr... arrrrrrr... med.

SYD

(Picking up a baseball bat from near the door.) Alright, let's see.

Syd walks toward the lasers. They converge! About two feet away from her.

SECURITY

(Activating, but still not 100%.) YOU ARE... ARE... YOU... HERE?

Syd tries to move into the laser light convergence like the old gag where a hapless stage performer has to chase an errant spotlight. Clearly the lasers have no idea where she is.

SECURITY

YOU ARE... NOT... WEL - (It cuts off.)

SYD

Way to take my brother's side.

The lights die. We're in the moonlight, now.

Ugh. It wasn't personal.

There is a clatter of metal like someone dropping a pan. Syd is alert.

Hello? Someone there?

There is another clatter, a little larger.

I hear you in the kitchen! Are you the... are you the shoe makin' robbers who... didn't take anything?

Bang, bang, like the closing of an oven door! Syd creeps closer to the noise, bat at the ready.

Someone hit me on the head! And someone left marbles all over my floor! And something smells like cinnamon sugar! So just... tell me why you left the shoes and get out!

As Syd's been speaking, Mel has been casually yet slowly walking up behind her. Of course, from the audience's perspective all they really see is a little head

bobbing closer her body mostly hidden behind the workbench. At this moment, and when Syd is completely unprepared, Mel speaks.

MEL

Do you have any clean towels?

The lights blast on! Syd wheels around and is face to face with... nothing! She screams in shock!

SYD

AAAAHHH! (A look at the empty space above Mel's head.) Huh?

MEL

Down here.

Syd looks down.

SYD

AAHHHHH!

MEL

There it is.

Syd swings the bat, but of course Mel easily ducks. As Syd whiffs above Mel and is turned around she comes face to face with Bo, who has emerged on the other side of her carrying a baking tray. He's also wearing oven mitts.

SYD

(Seeing Bo.)

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAHHHHH!

BO

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAHHHHH!

They pause for a breath.

SYD

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
HHHHH!

BO

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
HHHHH!

MEL

(After a beat and with a
cocky smirk.)
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
HHHHH!

Turns out Mel was able to provide the third part for a "Scream Chord." it's Barber-riffic!

There's still a stand-off - baseball bat vs. baking tray. Mel sits on the bench to mitigate.

SYD

What are... who are... why do you have oven mitts?

MEL

So many questions. This is why we work at night.

BO

I was making breakfast - -for you.

MEL

Were you expecting gifts of potpourri or a cheese platter?

SYD

I don't understand any of this!

BO

First you preheat the oven

MEL

She's talking about the ears, Bo. They always mean the ears.

BO

(To Mel.) Really? (Mel shrugs like, "what can I say, big guy?" To Syd, a little downcast.) Really? (Sid nods, albeit reluctantly. Disappointed.) Oh.

SYD

So... elves?

MEL

Refugee elves. Can we agree to put down our death club and our baking utensils and all talk like adults?

SYDNEY

Can I touch your ears? I really wanna touch your ears.

MEL

No. And that's a micro-aggression.

SYD

(Towards Bo.) But you speak English?

BO

I do. Do you speak elvish?

SYDNEY

I... don't think so?

BO

It's easy. It's just like English. But you use different words.

SYDNEY

Aren't you a little bit big for an elf?

BO

I'm working on it.

MEL

Aren't you a little bit rude for a human?

SYDNEY

How old are you?

MEL

217. And of course you don't speak Elvish - You're from the 'greatest country in the world' - we all have to learn YOUR language.

SYD

(Just confirming she's not in a dream or something.) So, we're NOT speaking elvish right now?

MEL

(Aside to Bo.) How hard did you hit her?

Bo mouths "Pretty Hard" to Mel.

SYD

That's right. You hit me on the head.

MEL

This is a private conversation. Do we really have to backtrack to how rude you are?

BO

(Heartbroken.) I KNEW SHE WOULD REMEMBER!

MEL

Now see what you did! He's... wait, come on, Bo. It's not that bad.

SYD

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...

MEL

He's fine. He'll be fine. He just really needs for you to back off with your aggressive attitude and give him a safe space to work this through.

SYD

I feel like we got off on the . . .um . . . wrong foot, here.

BO

(Coming around) Shoe puns! She can't be all bad, Mel!

MEL

Was it on PURPOSE or an ACCIDENTAL pun?

SYD

Will it help if I say... yes?

BO

(He's back) I like "yes."

There is a moment of slight tension. Mel scrutinizes Syd. Bo is hopeful.

MEL

She'll work. (To Syd.) I like you, Huck.

SYD

I'm Syd.

MEL

Got it. I'm Mel. (Mel is rummaging around through Syd's things now, like Yoda looking for a granola bar in Luke's supplies.)

SYD

Mel? Is that short for something . . . Melanie?

MEL

Short for 'nunyabusiness'. I like your place, Huck.

SYD

Thanks, but I really am Syd.

MEL

(Winking broadly at Syd.) GOT. IT. Used to have a place like this myself back home. 'Course it was MUCH bigger.

SYD

What's with the... the winking? (To Bo.) Why does she call me Huck?

BO

(To Syd.) It's because of "the book."

MEL

I used to be rich. Before the war. I had two goats. Marty and Phyllis

SYDNEY

Wealthy elves have two goats?

MEL

And I HATED those goats I had two of all the things I hate. That's how rich I was. Now look at me, left with only a fool for company.

SYDNEY

Me? Or him?

MEL

He's no fool. Bo's a professional baker, an artist, a close-up magician. At least he was. I'm rambling here, Huck. Tell us about YOU!

SYD

I feel like we should talk about the fact that you broke in here, . . . Mel . . . issa?

MEL

And fixed your security system.

SYD

No. you trashed my place, . . Melford!

MEL

The marbles are... our gift to you!

BO

And I was making pastries.

SYD

Hey, wait a minute! Did you elves also steal the money in my vandal-proof jar?

MEL

No. We made the shoes you gave away. And took credit for.

SYD

Oh. Well how was I supposed to know that?

BO

We put our mark on the sole. That's what people do when they help.

SYD

Ok, look. This is all very fascinating and clearly a case of misunderstanding or... delirium, or maybe it's even some kind of fantasy world I've created to escape pitiful reality but it's late and I need to get to bed because tomorrow I'm off to chase my very specific dream.

MEL

Wow. Ok.

SYD

So... (She makes a motion of waving them out. Nothing happens.)

BO

(Aside to Syd.) Why is she waving at us?

SYD

I'm saying can you please... just... (still waving.)

MEL

(To Bo, but to everyone, really.) It's like there's not enough cross breeze or something and she's trying to aerate this whole building with her arms.

SYD

I'm asking you to go. Please!

BO

Where?

SYD

Anywhere. But here.

MEL

Did we mention the refugee part?

BO

I think you did, but it was super fast way back at the beginning and we were really excited at the time.

MEL

We literally have no place to go.

SYD

Not even.. you know... just out?

MEL

Sure. Then we get caught, imprisoned, deported back to our former home which as you may or may not know is mostly ON FIRE...

SYD

I did not know that.

MEL

Why would you? Just a couple of immigrant elves from a war-torn land literally a stone's throw from your house. Not your problem, right?

BO

I thought she was a Huck?

MEL

(Sorely disappointed) So did I. Let's go, Bo.

SYDNEY

I can't house illegal refugees -

MEL

Into the cold wet night.

SYDNEY

They'll throw me in jail.

MEL

- To face our certain doom.

SYD

OK. OK. You can stay here. Tonight. That's it.

BO

And tomorrow?

SYD

Not my... (she catches herself, but finishes) you know. Not my problem. . (Beat.) You can say thank you, anytime.

MEL

We intend to pay our way. I never asked for a handout.

SYD

Pay? With what? I thought you were...

MEL

You're a cobbler?

SYD

Yes.

BO

Peach or cherry?

SYDNEY

No. I mean..., an ACTUAL cobbler.

BO

And one without a sense of 'shoemor.'

MEL

We'll make you some shoes. We've done some cobbling ourselves.

SYDNEY

The magic shoes. But how . . ? There's nothing here to make shoes out of.

MEL

Looks at BO.

Should we?

BO

Absolutely.

MUSIC 06 - Brand New Shoes

MEL

Listen, Huck. A shoe is more than what it's made of. It's how it makes you feel.

SYD

But I . .have . . nothing.

BO

You gotta think outside the shoe box - we've made shoes out of just about everything.

Singing with so much joy he could burst.

WHO MADE THE FAMOUS SLIPPERS OUT OF RUBIES?

SYDNEY

You?

BO

WHO MADE 'EM OUT OF GLASS?

SYDNEY

The glass slippers? That was you?

BO

WHO PUT A PUSS IN BOOTS
JUST TO GIVE PUSS CLASS

I've still got the scratch marks from that one . .

BO dances around the shop while he and MEL collect random things in their bags. A Blue thing, a green thing a pink thing.

JUST COLLECT THE RAINBOWS AROUND YOU
AND THINK OF SOMETHING RARE

Like hippos!

TAKE A LEAP OF FAITH
AND YOU COULD RUN ON AIR

BO hugs the bag and dances with it.

NOW ADD AFFECTION
TO YOUR COLLECTION
CREATE PERFECTION
THEN CLEAR THE FLOOR
'CAUSE SOON YOUR

Bo twirls SYDNEY around the dance floor.

DANCING IN THE CLOUDS
INTO THE GREAT BEYOND
LIFE'S LATEST LAUGHING BON VIVANT

WHEN THE WORLD IS MAKING YOU BITTER
 GRAB FOR THE GLITTER
 FACE YOUR LIFE WITH A TITTER
 KICKIN' THE BLUES
 WITH YOUR BRAND NEW SHOES

BO magically empties the bag - three pairs of brightly colored work boots drop out. Blue, green and pink.

SYDNEY

'How did you do that?!?!?

BO

Very well.

SYD

Work boots. That's what I was just thinking about. That's what they need.

MEL and BO look at each other knowingly.

If we all had work boots we could pitch in and fix the flood damage. Repair the dam

BO

They'd work together?

SYD

I like to think so.

BO

I like working together. Try this.

Dance break. They each grab a pair of boots and begin to make them dance - a la Chaplin with the dinner rolls.

That's nice. Now do the splits . . and back up . . oooooohhh that hurts. And kick . . and kick . . and we're all kicking. This is the best day EVER!

The Dance opens into the whole shop. Bags spinning as SYD gathers items.

BO

Here's how we do it . . South of the Border.

BO begins his Latin footwork. SYDNEY collects items (yellow, red, purple) puts them in the bag.

It's all in the hips, Sydney. Keep the hips loose. (SYDNEY looks like a drunk sailor) Too loose. SHOEston we have a problem. (She makes an adjustment) Nice. There you go. Shoe-la-la. Someone pour her a Mai Tai

The dance takes off.

Let's take it home - like we're in a SHOEsical.

BO, SYD, MEL
 WHEN THE WORLD IS MAKING YOU BITTER
 GRAB FOR THE GLITTER
 FACE YOUR LIFE WITH A TITTER
 KICKIN' THE BLUES

BO
 WITH YOUR BRAND NEW SHOES

SYDNEY opens the bag. Three more pair of colorful work boots.

SYDNEY
 YOUR BRAND NEW SHOES

BO
 WITH YOUR BRAND NEW SHOES

SYDNEY
 YOUR BRAND NEW SHOES

BO
 YOUR SHOES

They admire the 6 pairs of boots lined up on the table and shake hands.

It's all about the shoes, kiddo.

Blackout.

DAY THREE

Lights up on Q tapping and talking to herself just outside the shop - working out an equation. BEN walks up and watches.

Q

E equals M C

BEN

Fantastic! It's the forgettable female with the free footwear!

Q's concentration is thrown.

Q

Grrr . . . almost had it.

SYDNEY opens the shop and BEN comes in.

SYDNEY

Her name is Q.

BEN

No, the name "Pippi" is cute. Now be gone dirty beggar. We're out of free samples.

SYDNEY

No. I need her to stay.

BEN

You do?

SYDNEY

She... works here.

Q

I do?

BEN

But you don't have any money.

Q

Wait, I work for someone who doesn't have any money?

SYDNEY

You do.

Q

So is this a bad time to ask for a raise?

Sydney looks at Q silently like, "Work with me, fool!"

BEN

You don't need employees - you need customers.

Q

And this employee is gonna get her some.

BEN takes in the workboots on the counter.

BEN

Well, that was overconfident. And when did you make these? Did you work all night?

SYDNEY

Kind of. It's a blur.

BEN

Sounds like your "Employee" is back with an angry mob.

Q has wrestled a group of citizens into the shop. They're moderately interested in something Q has promised them and are talking over one another.

TERRANCE

Ok, where's this puppy you promised?

BERNADETTE

I understood there'd be top hats?

BOB

I thought this place was out of business.

JESSICA

Rocky smells something funny in here.

Q

All of youse just SHUT UP!

BEN

Classic sales technique.

Q

Ok. Now, give Sydney your money.

BEN

Part of me genuinely hopes that works.

SYDNEY

And of course, in exchange, I have made each of you a custom designed pair of workbooks so --

JESSICA

I don't have money for shoes - I have a pet rock to feed.

They all try to crowd out of the store.

ALL

What a let down. I'm out of here. Her father would be so sad to see this. Etc.

ALLISON

C'mon everyone! No use waiting for the rain to stop!

BEN

You're losing them.

SYDNEY

I GET IT, OKAY! It's ALWAYS RAINING IN BROG!

TERRANCE

You mean, metaphorically?

SYDNEY

Yes. And literally, too. The streets are flooded. All our basements are swimming pools. The town is waterlogged and falling apart.

BERNADETTE

(Dryly) Is this your sales pitch?

KERRY

No wonder she's going out of business.

SYDNEY

I'm trying to say, we can't change the rain but we can fix the dam.

ALLISON

Language!

SYDNEY

The actual dam! The one that's supposed to keep all the water out of our streets, and basements. I just thought that if I made us all some very stylish --

Q

Yet, affordable--

SYDNEY

-- work boots then maybe, just maybe, it would inspire us to fix the dam. (Preempting Allison's objection) The ACTUAL dam! What do you say, Harriet?

ALLISON

I'm Allison. It's not my problem.

SYD

Gary?

TERRANCE

Nope, Terrance. And it's not my problem.

SYD

(Doubting her memory) Jessica?

JESSICA

Not my problem?

ALL

(Randomly, as Syd looks at them) Not my problem. I don't see how this is my responsibility. Otnay Eye-may Oblem-pray

BOB

Nicht mein Problem.

SYDNEY

I KNOW you're not German. But... at least we have some common ground. It's none of our problem. But If it's no one's problem - doesn't that make it everyone's problem?

KERRY

What?

BOB

It seems so much easier to hate Brog, wallow in self pity and blame others.

ALLISON

Let me try. "Brog stinks. I'll never be happy again and it's Sydney's fault." Yeah, that is easy!

SYDNEY

But Hey - but what about the good stuff in Brog.

TERRANCE

Like . . ?

SYD

Don't you remember the sing-a-longs at Old Thompson Park?

BERNADETTE

It's Flooded.

SYD

I mean old Thompson swimming hole.

JESSICA

Polluted.

SYD

I mean the old Thompson swampy gloomy glow-y spot? They can't flood the songs, right? Can't pollute them out of our head. Am I right? Hey, Larry, strum a E on that guitar of yours.

BOB

It's Bob. And I don't know how to play this.

SYD

But you're always wearing it around your back.

BOB

I thought it made me look cool.

ALL CITIZENS

No. Nope. Not really.

SYD puts the guitar behind the counter. Or we see an elf hand reach up and grab it and pull it behind the counter.

SYD

(Desperately) Q, come help me with this song.

Q

I'm on break, captain. (SYD eyes her - "Really?") Sorry. Two more minutes.

MUSIC 07 - Workboot Song

SYD

Ok, I'll give it go. You all just join in when you remember the words.

Suddenly guitar music plays. Sydney haltingly tries to make up a traditional half-remembered folk song from her youth.

I'LL NEVER FORGET ALL THOSE SONGS SUNG TOGETHER
 THE WORDS IN MY HEART
 THE WORDS THAT WE SANG
 WHEN WE GOT TO THE END
 AFTER SINGING THE START
 SOME OF THEM SHORT WORDS
 AND SOME OF THEM LONG WORDS
 BUT NEVER THE WRONG WORDS
 THEY BIND US TOGETHER
 WHEN WE'RE FALLING APART

BERNADETTE

This is not how I remember it.

SYD

ABOUT HOW WERE TOUGHER THAN . . SOMETHING
 WETTER THAN . . . DEE . . .DUM
 STRONGER THAN YEE . . .DEE

Starting to remember. BOB suddenly joins in.

SYD AND BOB

STRONGER THAN STONE
 WE'RE ALL OF US MOTHERS
 SISTERS AND BROTHERS
 NOW AND FOREVER
 WE CALL THIS OUR HOME

Q's break is over - she joins in.

BOB, SYD AND Q

CALL THIS OUR HOME

Good job, Larry.

SYD

Bob.

BOB

One by one the citizens grab a pair of the brightly colored work boots and put them on.

BOB, SYD, BERNADETTE, KERRY, GRACE AND Q
TOGETHER WE LIVE OUT
THE LIFE THAT WE'RE GIVEN
OR THE LIFE THAT WE CHOOSE
ONE GROWS OUR GRAIN
SOMEONE BAKES ALL OUR BREAD

SYD
YES, AND I MAKE THE SHOES

ALL
WE THINK WE'RE ALONE HERE
BUT WE'RE NOT ALONE HERE
IT SUDDENLY COMES CLEAR
WE ALL WIN TOGETHER OR ALL OF US LOSE
AND WE'RE TOUGHER THAN . . .

ALLISON
CUPCAKES!

GROUP
WETTER THAN . . .

TERRANCE
PICKLES

GROUP
COLDER THAN . . .

JESSICA
PINBALLS!

FULL GROUP
BUT STRONGER THAN STONE
WE'RE ALL OF US MOTHERS

SISTERS AND BROTHERS
 NOW AND FOREVER
 WE CALL THIS OUR HOME

Suddenly a light shift. High above we see the Bo playing bag pipes - unseen by the citizens. The Citizens of Brog see each other in a new light. Q and Syd start a rhythmic African-gumboot -meets-riverdance pattern that is slowly joined by the others.

SYD

To Thompson Park - we have a dam to rebuild!

Q

It's dark outside.

SYD

But getting lighter every minute.

A key change and multicolored lights that are part of the souls of the boots come on. The dance escalates with lit up shoes and a bit of a light show.

SYD

Where are we from?!?

GROUP

BROG! BROG!

SYD

Can't hear you!

GROUP

BROG!

SYD

And that makes us

GROUP

(ad lib) Broggers? Brogues? Brooogy? Um . . .

They begin to sing again as shovels are dispersed and we end in a triumphant pose of the new Brog Volunteer Brigade.

SURE WE'RE TOUGHER THAN LEATHER
 WETTER THAN WHISKEY
 COLDER THAN WINTER

BUT STRONGER THAN STONE
 WE'RE ALL OF US MOTHERS
 SISTERS AND BROTHERS
 NOW AND FOREVER
 WE CALL THIS OUR HOME
 SURE WE'RE TOUGHER THAN LEATHER
 WETTER THAN WHISKEY
 COLDER THAN WINTER
 BUT STRONGER THAN STONE
 WE'RE ALL OF US MOTHERS
 SISTERS AND BROTHERS
 NOW AND FOREVER
 WE CALL THIS OUR HOME

They exit to the park. SYDNEY looks over at BEN for approval.

SYDNEY

This is great.

BEN

It would be really great if they had paid for the shoes.

SYDNEY's feelings are hurt. Q runs back in with G, who is very shy and appears to be slightly pregnant. She is wearing the Uggs from the opening scene.

Q

My sister wanted to say thanks for the Uggs. She doesn't talk much. Mom called her G - I call her Grace.

SYD and G shake hands.

We gotta get to the park. Hey, Fearless Leader, fetch some snacks.

SYDNEY

Sure.

MUSIC 07A - Ben's Advice

Q and G exit. BEN laughs. Lights isolate BEN and SYDNEY. SYDNEY puts her hands in her pockets. No money. She turns to Ben - it pains her to ask.

Can I borrow five bucks? I need to fetch some snacks.

BEN

TREATED LIKE A DOG
 SIT STAY FETCH

ROLL OVER DEAD
YOU'RE NO LONGER SWIMMIN'
YOU'RE JUST DROWNIN' IN YOUR OVERHEAD

TAKE YOU'RE GRAND STANDS, YOUR SOCIAL TONIC RANTS AND BOTTLE IT
MAKE A BUSINESS PLAN FROM A ECONOMIC STANCE AND MODEL IT
IT'S ALL GOING AWAY
ALL YOUR DREAMS ARE ALL BLOWIN' AWAY
QUICK, BEFORE YOU'RE SICK,
START THINKIN' OF WHAT
YOU'RE THROWIN' AWAY

*BEN exits SYDNEY hears voices of the townspeople at work as lights slowly
reveal BOB, ALLISON, JESSICA, BERNADETTE, TERRANCE in their own spaces.*

BOB, ALLISON, JESSICA, BERNADETTE, KERRY, Q, GRACE
ALL RIGHT, MAKE IT RIGHT
HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO MAKE IT RIGHT
ALL RIGHT, MAKE IT RIGHT
ALL RIGHT, MAKE IT RIGHT
HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO MAKE IT RIGHT
ALL RIGHT, MAKE IT RIGHT

NIGHT THREE

It is the middle of the night. The table is full of the widest array of brightly colored shoes ever seen. Some being boxed, some being worked on, some on display.

SYD

Be sure to keep the blinds drawn. We don't want anyone to . . . you know . . . see us being . . .

BO

Fabulous?

SYD

Illegal. Nothing personal. Wow. These shoes are amazing, Mel . . . ina?

MEL

You'll never guess. And it's ALWAYS personal. Hand me the laces.

SYD

Close the curtains too. Woah. These look like my old sketches.

MEL

Yeah, probably because we found a book of your old sketches.

MEL scoots the book over to Sydney who picks it up and flips through the pages.

SYDNEY

Almost forgot about all these drawings. I used to watch people in Thompson park and imagine what kind of shoe they'd need. Dance shoes, basketball sneakers... Uggs.

BO

Do people need Uggs?

SYDNEY

Somebody does. Once thought I could build a business by making the perfect shoes for each person.

MEL

How'd it work out?

SYDNEY

See, I'm not even mad that you're being facetious.

BO shows her the shoe he finished that matches the page she is looking at.

You made this out of my old lamp. Bo, it's beautiful.

BO

No, you're beautiful.

SYD

And this one looks just like my drawing here! It's magic!

BO

No, you're . .

MEL

Bo. Seriously.

SYD

How can you make such beautiful things?

BO

Sharah-Shareesh.

SYD

Sha-what?

BO

Sharah-Shareesh. It's elvish. It means . . I care.

SYD

I think I might actually sell some shoes tomorrow. Enough to finally buy that ticket out of Brog.

SYD holds up a cute pair of fuzzy boots.

Ahhhh . . adorbs . . .what did you make this out of?

BO hides the gutted remains of her beloved teddy bear.

MEL

I can't remember.

SYD

You guys, are full of surprises.

GERALD enters and makes an impressive gymnastic tumbling pass across the shop.

Like . . . who's that guy?

BO

Oh, that's just P.T.

GERALD

Hey, Huck.

SYDNEY

P.T.? What's that stand for? Like... Pumpkin Tart?

MEL

Again with the micro-aggressions? You think we're just here for your amusement?

GERALD walks by on his hands

BO

It stands for Philip Taylor. But we all call him Gerald.

MEL

It's his middle name. He needs a place to stay too.

GERALD, cracks his neck, honks his horn and does a standing back flip.

You'll barely know he's here.

SYDNEY

Oh no. Um . . . no. You see. Remember the part about going to prison if we get caught. I can't hide refugees.

MEL

But it's cool for us to do all of your work. And for you to take credit.

SYDNEY

I'm trying to help Q - I can't help them too.

MEL

So we're a 'them' now.

SYDNEY

I can't help everyone.

MEL

I'm not asking you to help everyone. I'm just asking you to help Gerald.

SYDNEY

I can't. I have a dream. I'm gonna . . . you know . . . go off to . . . you know . . . get an important position doing . . . you know . . . with people like . . . you know . . . well, you know.

MEL

Well, don't let our basic need to survive get in the way of your very specific dream.

SYDNEY

Look, tomorrow, if I'm lucky, I'll sell these shoes and I'm leaving home.

BO

I wish we had a home.

SYDNEY

C'mon?!? I just can't fix Brog, the business, the border. It would take too much work.

MEL

We're immigrants. We're not afraid of hard work.

SYDNEY

I know you're not. You're amazing. And sure Gerald can stay tonight. Now can we just get back to the shoe making fun?

BO

Let's make some shoes.

MEL

I guess.

SYDNEY

I mean , we're all friends here.

MEL

All of a sudden she's Robert De Niro.

NOPE. Don't call me 'friend'. We're not 'friends'. You don't know me. You DO NOT know me. YOU don't know ME. Nope, You are my employer. I'm cheap immigrant labor. You take credit for our work and I'm just supposed to be grateful for a roof over my head. Thank you, boss lady.

BO

Ouch. Sounds like we need a little break.

GERALD

Maybe a Shoe-Off?

SYD
What's that?

GERALD
A little cobbler word play.

SYD
You mean a little footwear pun fun?

BO
Yeah, but you don't want that.

SYD
Count me in. Unless Mel's too scared.

MEL
You wanna shoe-off? Against me. Challenge ME to a shoe-off? You and me in a SHOE -OFF?

SYDNEY
Wow. You really like to reiterate yourself.

MEL
Children first.

GERALD
This is gonna be good.

MUSIC 08 - The Shoe-Off

SYDNEY
Give me a beat - something **Soleful** (Proud of herself - music starts) That's nice.

MEL
Soulful . . . original. (pointing to eyelet on shoe) **Eyelet** that one slide. An Eyelet? - it's a thing on a shoe? Never mind

*SYDNEY grabs a shoe and sets up herself up as the beat drops - they hold up the various types of shoes and accessories to get their puns across (in bold)
Mel is assisted by Bo - Both Sydney and Mel are both fiercely competitive.*

SYDNEY
A shoe! (Trying to come up with something) A shoe! A Shoe! Uh yeah . . .

MEL

A **SHOE?** (ACHOO) GESUNDHEIT - GET OFF THE FIELD.
YOU'VE GOT A SICKNESS. BUT YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE **HEELED**.

SYDNEY

What . . . ?

MEL

FILL UP THE BLEACHERS
YOU HEARD FROM THE WEAKER SPEAKER
NOW YOU GET A VERSE FROM THE PERSON
WHO CAN MAKE THE **SNEAKERS**
YOUR SELLIN' **TENNIES** FOR PENNIES
OR MAKIN' TWENTIES AT DENNY'S
EITHER WAY GET SOME SKILL
BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T ANY
HOLD YOUR **TONGUE** AND CALL UP MY CHAUFFEUR
I MADE SHORT WORK OF THIS PENNILESS **LOAFER**.

Holds up penny loafer - then drops it like she's 'dropping the mic'

SYDNEY

Penny Loafer - that's ahhhright.

MEL

Penniless, cuz you're poor.

SYD

Yeah, I get it. I get it.

MEL

Holds up a pair of pumps.

PUMP PUMP**PUMP** UP THE VOLUMEGONNA **KICK** HER TO SOME KNOWLEDGE

A LESSON NEVER LEARNED AT HER LITTLE SHOE COLLEGE

RUN A MARATHON

RUN AND TAKE A CRUISE

RUN FROM YOUR PROBLEMS

YEAH, HEY, HERE'S YOUR **RUNNING SHOES**

BUT YOU CAN'T RUN A BUSINESS

BASED ON FEAR, SO

WHILE YOU RUN AWAY
 DON'T PRETEND THAT YOU'RE A HERO
 DID MY RHYMES JUST BRING OUT A LITTLE TEAR OH
 ELVES - 1
 HUMAN - 0

GERALD

(holding a 'do you need some aloe for that burn' hand to his mouth) Oooooohhh

MEL

Hi-top that! (handing Sydney a high top)

(SYDNEY starts pulling the tab of a high top velcro shoe - elves hate that sound. They continue to hold up shoes to make their points.)

SYDNEY

VELCRO (WELL CROW) ALL YOU WANT. IT'S MAKING ME GRIN.
 I'D POINT OUT YOUR FLAWS BUT I NEVER **MOCCASIN (MOCK A SIN)**

(She starts a celebratory hip hop move)

Watch me Birk! Birk!

MEL

DID YOU SAY BIRK?
 YOU FELL OFF YOUR **SADDLE SHOE** WATCHING ME WORK.

SYD

NO BIRKS ARE AWESOME!

MEL

WHAT A **CROC!**

SYD:

TRY TO GET ONE AT THE STORE - THERE'S NOT A SINGLE **BIRK IN STOCK**
SHOE HORNS

Oh! Oh! Go human! Go human!

Bo starts handing her shoes to make her point. MEL is getting irritated.

MEL

YOU GIVE HIM THE **BOOT**, BUT YOU SAY I'M YOUR PAL

SUCH A **FLIP FLOP** (IN HER LEFT HAND) FROM A **STRAIGHT-LACED GAL** (IN HER RIGHT HAND)
 I'M GETTING IRRITATED **WADIN' (HOLDING UP WADERS)**
 THOUGH YOUR MUCK.

SYDNEY
 ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY YOU'RE NOT HAVING MUCH **MUKLUK?**
 (HOLDS UP A PAIR OF MUKLUKS)

Yes!

It's not funny anymore.

GERALD
 NO, WHAT SHE'S TRYING TO SAY IS THAT
 WE HAVEN'T ANY CHOICES
 NO ONES HEARING OUR VOICES
 THE ROUGHER WE SUFFER
 THE MORE OUR ENEMY REJOICES

WE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE
 NO CHANCE TO LEARN AND LIVE
 OUR NORMATIVE NARRATIVE
 HAS US LOSING ALL OUR RELATIVES

GERALD AND BO
 WALK AWAY AND LEAVE YOUR WORRIES BEHIND YOU
 BUT YOU WON'T BECOME A SLAVE THE VERY MOMENT THEY FIND YOU
 WE MADE YOU SHOES FOR THE SAFETY YOU GAVE US
 YOU THINK IT'S EASY ASKING SOMEONE TO SAVE US?

SYDNEY
 I CAN'T SAVE EVERYONE

ALL THREE ELVES
 DEPRAVED AND SAFE IN THE LAND OF THE BRAVE
 WHILE WE HIDE IN A CAVE, RUN FROM THE GRAVE
 NEEDING A BREAK,
 WE WOULD TAKE A MOMENTARY SANCTUARY
 THAT'S ALL WE NEED IS A MOMENTARY SANCTUARY

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
 WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

TELL US
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

WHILE YOU'RE LIVIN' IN A BUBBLE
WE'RE ESCAPING FROM THE RUBBLE
WITH A SHOVEL
WOULD YOU WATCH US ALL DIE
IF IT WOULD SAVE YOU SOME TROUBLE?

MEL

Apologizing for losing it. Sincere but still pointing to the punned sections of the patent leather shoe she is holding.

Sorry . . . that was **Patently** unfair. Sometimes you have to **toe** the line. And just stay **instep**.

SYDNEY

Sometimes.

MEL

I see, your hands are **tied**. (Pointing to knot on shoe) And you can't singlehandedly **unclog** the arteries of this heartless world.

SYDNEY

I'm a **frayed knot** (She slowly pulls up a frayed knot) But there's room for a few more.

MEL

(Happier now. Pulling up her pant leg to reveal spats) I knew these **spats** were pointless.

SYDNEY

Scooting two shoes together

We're better off as a **pair**.

MEL

Trying to get the last pun in.

With strong **support** for each other.

SYDNEY

So can I call you 'friend' now?

MEL

Yes . . . (holds up a shoe) . . . shoe (she holds up a tin can) (wait for it)can.

Thunder and rain . Transition of Lights. BEN and the other CITIZENS greet another day.

BEN AND CITIZENS

EVERYBODY WAKE UP
AND PUT YOUR SHOES ON
EVERYBODY WAKE UP WAKE UP
WAKE UP AND PUT YOUR SHOES ON
EVERYBODY WAKE UP
AND PUT YOUR SHOES ON

Suddenly music and lights shift as the shoes they've been making are now displayed and ready for the waiting customers.

DAY FOUR

MUSIC 09 - Today's the Day

SYDNEY

Alright Q, open her up.

BEN

Maybe for the last time.

SYDNEY

Or maybe today's the day we actually have a customer.

BEN

Not likely.

SYDNEY

OR Maybe today's the day I actually sell some shoes.

BEN

History would suggest otherwise.

SYDNEY

But maybe today's the day . . .Ahhh

BERNADETTE abruptly enters the store with her delivery bag.

BERNADETTE

CAN YOU HELP ME OUT?

SYDNEY

I'm at your service.

BERNADETTE

I'M ON MY FEET WALKING MILES EVERY DAY
IT'S A RUGGED ROUTE

SYDNEY

I'm sure.

BERNADETTE

BUT I DON'T THINK MY FEET SHOULD BE BLEEDING THIS WAY

Holds up comically distressed bloody shoes.

I'VE WORN THE SAME SHOES FOR YEARS
AND I REALLY HATE TO WASTE 'EM
BUT MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR ME TO REPLACE 'EM

SYDNEY

Trying not to throw up as she takes the shoes. And proving her point to Ben.

YEP, I THINK TODAY'S THE DAY

BEN

That's only one customer.

SYDNEY gives BERNADETTE a shoe box and Q takes her to the 'register' to check out. Q Tap dances her total while JESSICA, GRACE and BOB enter the store separately and begin to browse. As the day progresses Sydney takes her time with each customer like selecting a wand. She's good at this.

Q

TWENTY-TWO DOLLARS!

JESSICA anxiously approaches SYDNEY and puts her pet rock on the counter.

JESSICA

LONELY LIFE

SYDNEY

(Eyeing her shoe size) Size Six.

SYDNEY reaches below the counter for a box of shoes.

JESSICA

I'VE ONLY EVER HAD MY PET ROCK FOR A FRIEND
AND HE'S THE

She covers the pet rock's 'ears'

JEALOUS TYPE

BUT MY HEART IS SET ON ANOTHER MAN

Looking dreamily at Bob who walks by without noticing her..

THAT TALL PIECE OF HEAVEN THINKS I'M INVISIBLE

JESSICA AND SYDNEY

ONE DAY I'D/YOU'D LIKE TO BE (WINK) INDIVISIBLE

SYDNEY
I THINK TODAY'S THE DAY

SYDNEY has an idea and give JESSICA a different box of shoes. JESSICA looks in. She is nervous and excited as she goes to try them on. Everyone is shopping in their own isolated world.

MAYBE WE'RE ALL MORE ALIKE THAN WE SEEM

SYDNEY AND GRACE
WE FORGET THAT EVERYONE ELSE HAS A DREAM

SYDNEY
THAT YOU HIDE AWAY

GRACE
THAT YOU HIDE AWAY

ALL
'TIL YOU DECIDE TODAY'S THE DAY

BERNADETTE comes skating through with a helmet.

BERNADETTE
I love these! Deliveries will take half the time.

SYDNEY
Yes, they will. Yes, they will.

Q tap dances to calculate JESSICA's total. The basketball team enters in their jersey's. They keep tossing/dribbling the ball but can't seem to catch it. Someone's always chasing it.

Q
You skate it out Bernadette! Skate it out!

SYDNEY
Looking good. And the helmet . . .wow.

BEN starts to go to the backroom. SYDNEY steers him away.

BEN
What is happening?

SYDNEY AND Q
And the total is:

Q

THIRTY TWO FIFTY!

SYDNEY

Yeah!

The Basketball team, led by ALLISON approaches SYDNEY.

ALLISON

WE'RE SUPER LAME

BOB

That's actually our mascot. (It's printed on the jerseys "BROG Super Lames")

ALLISON

THE SCHOOL ALWAYS THINKS OF OUR TEAM AS A CANCER
NEVER WON A GAME

BOB

I thought we were the Lamés?

TERRANCE

How is that better?

ALLISON

MAYBE NEW SHOES ARE THE ANSWER

ALLISON, BOB AND TERRANCE

WINNING MIGHT BE TOO BIG A DREAM TO EVEN ASK IT
BUT TODAY WE'D LIKE TO MAYBE SCORE OUR FIRST BASKET

SYDNEY

MAYBE TODAY'S THE DAY

They each take a shoe box and start trying on new brightly colored hightop with brightly colored laces. They all sing dreamily. JESSICA backs into BOB. She rises up to his height on her new colorful pointe shoes. BOB is wowed by this. They almost kiss but begin to dance instead.

ALL

MAYBE TODAY'S THE DAY

MAYBE TODAY'S THE DAY

I THINK TODAY'S THE DAY

The basketball team, decked out in brightly colored hightop, perform an impressive display of ball handling.

SYD

NO NEED TO SIT ALONE WITH YOUR DREAM AND WAIT
WHEN TODAY YOU COULD GO AND DO SOMETHING GREAT

The stage freezes. Lights isolate SYDNEY and GRACE who still seems isolated. Sydney grabs a small box and walks over and gives it to Grace. Grace checks her pockets as if "I can't buy anything" Sydney signals "It's on me." Grace opens the box and takes out a tiny colorful pair of baby shoes. She looks at Sydney, smiles and hugs her.

Suddenly the stage comes to life with light, music and movement. Ballet dancing, skating, ball passing, tap dancing. SYDNEY and Q joining in with everyone. SYDNEY keeping BEN out of the 'backroom'

ALL

TODAY'S THE DAY
I THINK TODAY'S THE DAY
I THINK TODAY'S THE DAY

Stage freezes again except for BEN, isolated by lights, talking to his boss on the phone.

BEN

Sorry to bother you, sir. But I'm sending over some video of new investment I think you need to be aware of. There's a line around the block. What's the investment? My sister?!?

Burst of energy again. The cacophony of dance begins again with each person interacting even more with the community. This time MEL and Bo watch, sing and dance from above. BEN is taking video with his phone. The customers each take another box of shoes or four that they've bought and continue the dance into the street. Until finally the song ends and the shop is closed for the day.

ALL

TODAY'S THE DAY
I THINK TODAY'S THE DAY
I THINK TODAY'S THE DAY
I THINK TODAY'S THE DAY
I THINK TODAY'S THE DAY
I THINK TODAY'S THE DAY
I THINK TODAY'S THE DAY

The business day is over. Q ushers the last person out then runs and hugs SYD. We hear BEN's phone go off.

MUSIC 10 - Love and Devotion

BEN

I JUST GOT A TEXT
 WAIT 'TIL YOU READ IT
 MIND . . BLOWN . . .
 YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT

Teasing her - just as she tries to take the phone he pulls away. This sibling game of keep away escalates through the verse.

YOU NEVER HAD MONEY
 NOT MANY FRIENDS
 YOU NEVER HAD MUCH OF A FUTURE

SYD

Give me the phone.

BEN

WE NEVER THOUGHT THAT MUCH OF YOU

SYD

Really?

BEN

GOING THROUGH LIFE
 LIVING ALONE
 DIDN'T MAKE YOU SAD AT ALL

SYD

What does it say?

BEN

AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT YOU TOLD YOURSELF

BEN jumps up on the table. SYD follows.

LOOK AT YOU NOW
 TOP OF THE HILL
 JUST LOOK AT HOW MUCH THEY ADORE YOU

A passing citizen waves at SYD excitedly. She waves back, a little self-conscious.

YOU COULD MEASURE IT IN CASH
 THEY GIVE YOU THEIR BUSINESS

THEY GIVE YOU THEIR MONEY
THEY'D GIVE YOU ANYTHING AT ALL

SYD

Give me the phone. Give me the phone.

BEN

EVEN LOVE AND DEVOTION
YOU HAVE THEIR LOVE AND DEVOTION
IT'S ALL YOU'VE WANTED

ALL

ALL YOU'VE WANTED
LOVE AND DEVOTION

Several citizens see SYD and wave excitedly thanking her for the shoes - they begin to applaud rhythmically.

BEN

THEY'RE BUYIN' WHAT YOU'RE SELLIN'

ALL

LOVE AND DEVOTION

BEN

THEY CAN'T GET ENOUGH

ALL

LOVE AND DEVOTION

BEN

Teasing her one last time and then giving her the phone.

YOU GOTTA MAKE 'EM REALLY WANT IT

ALL

LOVE AND DEVOTION

BEN

IT CAME FROM MY BOSS
THE OFFER IS REAL
READ THE AMOUNT
HOW DO YOU FEEL?

I SENT HIM SOME SHOTS OF THE STORE IN ACTION
HE'S COMIN' TOMORROW TO MAKE THE TRANSACTION

SYD takes the phone and reads in disbelief.

YOU COULD BE HAPPY FOR LIFE

Referring to Q who gives him a suspicious look.

YOU COULD LEAVE ALL THIS BEHIND YOU

SYD

reacting loudly to the dollar amount she read.

Shut up! ('no way!')

BEN

YEP. THAT NUMBER'S BIG
YOU DID THE WORK
YOU MADE THE SHOE
NOW YOUR DREAM'S COMING TRUE

Q

(Half to herself) You're old dream.

BEN

AND YOU'LL BE THE FACE OF IT ALL

THIS ISN'T A DRILL THIS ISN'T A TEST
HE'S BUYING THE SHOP AND MOVING IT WEST
THEN HE'LL BUILD A HUNDRED MORE
AND PUT YOUR NAME ON EVERY STORE
'CAUSE YOU HAVE THE POWER TO MAKE PEOPLE BUY
WHAT THEY DON'T EVEN WANT
'CAUSE YOU HAVE THEIR

ALL

LOVE AND DEVOTION
LOVE AND DEVOTION
IT'S ALL YOU WANTED
IT'S ALL YOU WANTED

SYD's imaginary backup singers return.

BACKUP SINGERS OF HER IMAGINATION
 SUDDENLY YOU'RE RICH AND FAMOUS
 SUDDENLY YOU'RE RICH AND FAMOUS

A sudden light shift as we hear Syd's thoughts.

SYD
 THERE'S MORE FOR ME TO DO IN LIFE
 MORE THAN WHAT THEY THOUGHT I MIGHT
 WHAT DO YOU SAY WHEN YOU HAD A GREAT DAY
 THEN THE GREAT DAY WENT AND GOT EVEN GREATER?
 THOUGH THE TIMING ISN'T GREAT
 I GUESS YOU SAY 'GREAT'
 'GREAT' YOU'RE DREAM'S COMING TRUE
 SO YOU LEAVE - YOU LEAVE

Q has heard all of this and is suddenly upset at the prospect of losing her friend.

Q AND SYDNEY
 AND YOU'RE NEVER COMIN' BACK

ALL
 LOVE AND DEVOTION

BEN
 YOU'RE UP THERE ON THE BILLBOARD

ALL
 LOVE AND DEVOTION

BEN AND SYDNEY
 THEY'LL SEE YOU/ME IN THE MAGAZINES

ALL
 LOVE AND DEVOTION

BEN AND SYDNEY
 YOU'RE/I'M ALWAYS ON THE TV

IMAGINARY BACKUP SINGERS
 SUDDENLY YOU'RE RICH AND FAMOUS
 SUDDENLY YOU'RE RICH AND FAMOUS

BEN AND SYDNEY
THERE'S MORE FOR YOU/ME TO DO IN LIFE
MORE THAN WHAT THEY THOUGHT I MIGHT
MORE FOR YOU/ME TO DO IN LIFE
MORE THAN WHAT THEY THOUGHT I MIGHT
MORE MORE MORE

NIGHT FOUR

The elves had been planning a big surprise for Sydney. To thank her for everything she was doing. They are putting up a "Thanks, Huck" banner.

CARSON

What's Sydney really like?

MEL

I told you already, Carson. She's . . . perfect . . . - now move it a little to the left. Let's get this right for her.

BO

Nice. Where'd you get the banner to paint on?

MEL

Syd's bed.

SYD enters. Carson, a new elf, starts playing the tuba.

ELVES

Surprise!

SYDNEY

Wow. Who are all of you?

BO

That's Carson, she was a longshorewoman. There's Delia - and her cats. Horace, Betty, Dorothy and . . .

MEL

We just wanted to say thanks.

SYDNEY

You mean congratulations. I just sold the shop. I'm moving (*Carson "whomps" on the tuba.*) . . . tomorrow . . . (*Whomp, whomp.*) Starting a whole new company. You are looking at the new face of shoes. (BAAA-Whomp.) Ok, I'm working on the slogan.

MEL

And what happens to us?

BO

Mel . .

MEL

No, Bo. What happens to us?

SYDNEY

I don't know. Stay here tonight and tomorrow go . . . wherever you need to go . . . where you'd be safe. The mountains?

MEL

And what about the others that need a safe house here? We just leave them behind?

SYDNEY

It's all I can do.

MEL

(holding the book and quoting Huck Finn) What's the use you learning to do right, when it's troublesome to do right and ain't no trouble to do wrong, and the wages is just the same?

MEL gives SYD her book. Music starts.

SYDNEY

I'm sorry.

MEL won't look at her. Bo goes to SYD.

Sharah-shareesh.

BO

I know you do. Thank you.

SYDNEY

I guess not everyone's Huckleberry Finn.

MUSIC 11 - Risking Kindness

SYDNEY exits. MEL sits for a moment, then walks over and tears down the "Thank you" banner.

BO

You can't leave while Syd thinks you're mad at her. That's not how you really feel.

THERE'S SOMEONE YOU BELIEVE IN
 BUT YOU NEVER FIND A WAY
 TO TELL THEM WHAT YOU'RE THINKING
 YOUR PRIDE GETS IN THE WAY
 BUT KEEPING IT INSIDE YOU
 IS NOT THE WAY TO GO

BECAUSE THE WHOLE WORLD
 THE WHOLE WORLD DESERVES TO KNOW
 NA NA NA NA NA

Come on, hands up.

NA NA NA NA NA

Wave 'em side to side.

MEL doesn't budge.

NA NA NA NA NA

MEL

(Losing it) Stop it, Bo! Just stop it! Wake up! The world doesn't work that way. The people you admire let you down. Just like everyone else. People only care about themselves. Period. Nothing else. And all your silly little songs, your little happy thoughts can't change that. Got me? You got me, Bo? Grow . . . up. Or stay away from me.

MEL turns away.

BO

No, Syd took a risk on us. She's been kind.

MAYBE IT'S JUST SILLY TO EVER SING THIS SONG
 BUT JUST BECAUSE IT'S SILLY
 DOESN'T MAKE IT WRONG
 'CAUSE MAYBE RISKING KINDNESS
 IS THE ONLY WAY
 THAT THE WHOLE WORLD
 THE WHOLE WORLD WILL EVER BE OK

MEL

(turning around)

NA NA NA NA NA
 NA NA NA NA NA
 NA NA NA NA NA

The other elves join in and restore the surprise they had been making for Syd.

BO

AND MAYBE THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE OK
 MAYBE THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE OK
 MAYBE THE WHOLE WORLD
 THE WHOLE WORLD
 THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE OK

MUSIC 12 - Put Your Shoes On

SYD enters.

MEL

Sydney Schumacher, for your acts of heroism and extraordinary kindness we present you with this token of our great esteem.

MEL gives her shoes that fit.

Maybe you'll finally be comfortable in your own shoes.

SYD embraces her.

We left our mark on your sole.

SYDNEY

You certainly did.

MEL

No I meant oh . . . never mind. All right everybody. Get a few minutes of rest and then . . . Pack up. Long trip before sunrise.

Elves take down banner and begin to pack up. The next song takes us through the night. SYD walks outside to be alone for a moment. She takes in the shop.

SYDNEY

IF I'M CALLIN' IT HOME
IF I'M CALLIN' MINE
CAN I LEAVE IT BEHIND?
CAN I JUST WALK AWAY
GOODBYE
I'M SURE YOU'LL BE FINE
JUST GIVE IT SOME TIME
THE MEMORY WILL FADE AWAY

SYD goes to find Q. The Elves collect their belongings into large packs - refugees on the move.

ELVES

EVERYBODY WAKE UP
AND PUT YOUR SHOES ON
EVERYBODY WAKE UP WAKE UP
WAKE UP

AND PUT YOUR SHOES ON
 EVERYBODY WAKE UP
 WAKE UP
 AND PUT SHOES ON

SYD and Q are on the street.

I need something big from you,Q. SYDNEY

Anything boss. Q

It's sort of illegal. SYDNEY

I'm interested. Q

Can you drive a truck? To the mountains? SYDNEY

That's the reason I have a fake license. What are we smuggling? Q

You're not going to believe this. SYDNEY

SYD whispers in Q's ear - her eyes widen.

Can I touch their ears? Q

Q exits - the remainder of the song is in SYD's head -

SYDNEY
 IF I'M CALLIN' IT HOME
 IF I'M CALLIN' MINE
 CAN I LEAVE IT BEHIND?
 CAN I JUST WALK AWAY
 GOODBYE
 I'M SURE YOU'LL BE FINE
 JUST GIVE IT SOME TIME
 THE MEMORY WILL FADE AWAY

ELVES

in counterpoint with SYD.

ALL RIGHT MAKE IT RIGHT
 HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO MAKE IT RIGHT
 ALL RIGHT - MAKE IT RIGHT
 PUT YOUR SHOES ON

ELVES continue to sing - forming a line of refugees, packs in hand - as SYD hears the memory of BEN.

EVERYBODY WAKE UP
 AHH AHH AHH AND PUT YOUR SHOES ON
 EVERYBODY WAKE UP WAKE UP
 AHH AHH AHH
 AND PUT YOUR SHOES ON

BEN

TREATED LIKE A DOG
 SIT STAY FETCH
 ROLL OVER DEAD
 YOU'RE NO LONGER SWIMMIN'
 YOU'RE JUST DROWNIN' IN YOUR OVERHEAD

TAKE YOU'RE GRAND STANDS, YOUR SOCIAL TONIC RANTS AND BOTTLE IT
 HERE'S A BUSINESS PLAN FROM A ECONOMIC STANCE SO MODEL IT

IT'S ALL GOING AWAY
 ALL YOUR DREAMS ARE ALL BLOWIN' AWAY
 QUICK, BEFORE YOU'RE SICK,
 START THINKIN' OF WHAT
 YOU'RE THROWIN' AWAY

ELVES

WAKE UP

Sudden shift in lights - it is the next morning.

DAY FIVE

SYDNEY

The truck's here. Don't let anyone see you. Nothing personal.

MEL

(Sincerely) It's always personal. I guess... I guess this is goodbye.

BO

Is it?

MEL

Yeah, big guy. It is.

SYDNEY

It is.

BO

(Looking out the window) No, I mean "is it?" Because that Limo doesn't look like a truck.

SYDNEY rushes to the window.

SYDNEY

What?

MEL

What?

SYDNEY

WHAT! No, no, nonononono - this is really bad. They're here early!

MEL

Who?

SYDNEY

They definitely can't see you!

BO

Are we invisible!?

MEL

She means... remember what happened to Verne? The shiny watch?

Bo and all the elves obviously remembers something very bad.

SYDNEY

Get in the back - quick! I'll try to distract them so you can get away. Just give me a minute.

MEL

Is that an EXACT 60 seconds or..?

SYDNEY

Figure of speech! HIDE!

The ELVES hurry into the backroom.

BEN enters.

BEN

Sydney! Shine those shoes and say salutations to success! I'd like to introduce you to the key to your dreams... my boss... Harold Mann.

MANN enters.

MUSIC 13 - Makin' Money

MANN

Of course. Of course, THIS could only be THE Sydney. (Eyeing her over) Hm. First question. Why didn't anyone tell me what you have hidden here?

SYDNEY

I don't...

MANN

TALENT! I see it. You're right, Ben. There's something, I don't know... Bohem-appealing about her. The hair, the face, the flushed look of someone who just ran a hundred meters. I'd buy her shoes. Maybe not the ones she's wearing, but I'd buy whatever she's selling. Add it up, lovelies. There are 7 billion people in the world, and they each have two feet, and if each of them only had one pair of shoes that would be 14 billion shoes. 14 billion, Syd. That's a lot of money.

I'M THINKIN' WE CAN MAKE A DEAL
WE CAN MAKE A DREAM REAL
WE CAN MAKE SOME

MANN, SYD, BEN
MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY

MANN
JUST THINK WITH ME ON YOUR SIDE

MANN AND BEN
WE'RE GOING NATIONWIDE,
THAT'S RIGHT WE'RE MAKIN'

MANN, SYD, BEN
MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY

CARSON with a Tuba on her back tries to stealthily sneak by unseen by BEN and MANN.

Dream with me, Syd. I'm thinking two hundred in the first year alone. Step one we'll raise a ton of capital - selling army boots across the border. To BOTH sides of that crazy Civil War. I've got connections.

BEN

He does.

MANN

Step two, make 'em cheap enough that they're buying new boots every year. Not "cardboard" cheap, I'm talking boutique-level planned obsolescence. Can you see it, Syd? Don't look over there - it's out here.

CARSON has made it safely out the front door.

THEY'LL BE RUNNIN' FROM A TANK TANK TANK
WE'LL BE RUNNIN' TO THE BANK BANK BANK
ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS DRANK DRANK DRANK
EVERYTHING YOU BUY IS SWANK SWANK SWANK

Q enters just as GERALD does a tumbling pass across the shop to safely exit.

BEN

EVERYBODY'S STOPPIN' TO SHOP THE SHOE YOUR DROPPIN'
ON THEIR LAPTOP, NON-STOP, BUYIN' UP YOUR FLIP FLOPS

MANN

MAKE THE SHOES CROSS THE BORDER IN A SWEATSHOP
TINY LITTLE HANDS SEWIN' LABELS ON YOUR HIGHTOP

MANN, SYD, BEN

SYD has clearly lost any enthusiasm for MANN's plans - but is desperate to keep his attention to keep the elves from being caught.

MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY
MONEY MONEY MONEY

Elves 3 and 4 enter with one juggling while riding piggy back on the other. SYDNEY pulls MANN and BEN away - so the elves won't get caught.

SYDNEY

I had some different ideas. Here's one of them. She's Q.

MANN

Nope. Puppies in top hats are cute.

BEN

Right?!?

SYDNEY

She has an amazing head for figures.

MANN

Let me tell you both something.

NO ONE WANTS A GIRL WITH A HEAD FOR FIGURES,
I FIGURE THEY JUST WANNA SEE YOU
JIGGLE WHEN YOU WIGGLE YOURS

He looks to BEN who laughs at his insult - although BEN a little embarrassed about it.

BEN AND MANN

MONEY MONEY
MONEY MONEY

MANN

Seriously, Sydney, if you're gonna be the face of this company take my advice. Moisturize. And lay off the bon-bons. You're not getting any younger.

DELIA goes on her pogo stick - or carrying a box of meowing cats. Q tries to hide the elf by using 2 umbrellas. Q exits to the truck. MANN picks up a shoe. MEL and BO are hiding low - their path blocked by BEN. BO's hat is barely on - MEL grabs it to straighten it.

And... let's talk about your logo. If I didn't know better, I'd say this is an elf sign. It's uncanny. Looks exactly like something those dirty little point-ears carve into their doors. It's how we knew which houses to burn - make room for the factories. We used to play a game with our pocket watches.

MANN takes out his watch. MEL is immediately drawn to it - as if under a spell - she drops her pack/quilt and BO's hat.

To get them to come out of hiding. The stupid little animals can't resist a shiny object. Just like money for us.

MANN is so into his story he doesn't see SYDNEY pick up MEL and carry her out the door.

Come to think of it . . . might be a nice spot for a shoe factory. What's wrong, Syd? Something wrong?

BO's turn to go across. But sees that MEL has dropped her quilt. He goes back to get it. BO but he doesn't have his hat on. He freezes.

IF THE PLAN I'M SPILLIN'
HAS YOU FEELIN' LIKE A VILLAIN
REMEMBER YOU'LL BE CHILLIN' COUNTIN' MILLIONS IF YOUR WILLIN'
TO OPEN UP THE INK, DON'T THINK, JUST PUT YOUR QUILL IN

MANN AND BEN
SIGN ON THE LINE YOU'LL BE FINE THEY'LL WINE AND DINE YA 'CAUSE
YOUR FINALLY MAKING MONEY MONEY

MANN, BEN AND SYD
YOU'RE MAKIN' MONEY MONEY
YOU'RE MAKIN' MONEY MONEY
YOU'RE MAKIN' MONEY MONEY
YOU'RE MAKIN' MONEY MONEY
YOU'RE MAKIN' MONEY

MANN

Pushing the contract forward to Sydney.

Need a pen?

BO

(whispering) Scared again.

BEN notices a hat on the floor. BO hides so MANN and SYD can't see him. BEN turns around and sees him. Looks at SYD, who knows what is happening. BEN puts it together.

BO

Lost my hat.

After a long moment, BEN tosses the hat to BO.

BEN

Let me help with that.

After a long moment, BEN tosses the hat to BO.

BEN

Here, let me help you with that.

BEN escorts BO out the front door.

(To MANN) Crazy customers. *(Making eye contact with Syd)* I guess it wasn't what he really wanted. And... *(gesturing at Syd's feet)* not all shoes are the right fit, right, Syd?

SYD hears the truck leaving. She puts the pen down.

SYDNEY

I can't do it. They aren't my shoes. I didn't make them. These shoes were made by elves . . . who deserve the recognition. Deserve a safe place to live. Deserve respect.

MANN looks, thinks, . . . glares at Syd.

MANN

Elves. Hmm. Well, You're a fool if you think I'm putting any of my assets toward some slant-eared sympathizer who'll just wind up in prison.

SYD

Then get your sorry assets out of my shop.

MANN

Let's go, Ben. (BEN doesn't move.) Ben?

She clicks the keychain. Suddenly the alarms and lasers go off.

ALARM

YOU >>ARE >> NOT >> WELCOME >> HERE. YOU >>ARE >> NOT >> WELCOME >> HERE.

MANN exits. The lights restore to normal.

BEN

Looks like we're both out of a job.

SYDNEY

Not me. I have a shoe shop to run. I was thinking of hiring Q an assistant if you think you could cut it.

BEN

You're sure this is how you want to spend your talent? Your time?

SYDNEY

No, it's how I want to spend my life.

BEN

By my calculations - staying here - selling shoes - helping elves - working 70 hour weeks - the business might turn a profit in 7 or 8 years.

SYDNEY

Let's get to work.

FINALE

MUSIC 14 - Finale - Can't Stop the Motion

SYD puts on the shoes the Elves gave her and gives BEN a pair of elf-made shoes. They both begin to dance - we see a hint of what their feel-good-sibling act might have looked like if they had decided to pursue a pop singing career.

SYDNEY AND BEN
SOMEBODY STARTED A BEAT
WE ALL START TAPPING OUR FEET
THE MOVEMENT STARTED
AND YOU CAN NOT STOP THE MOTION NOW

THIS DANCE IS PICKING UP HEAT
LET'S MOVE IT OUT TO THE STREET
YOU'RE ALL INVITED
AND YOU CAN NOT STOP THE MOTION NOW
THE RAIN IS DROPPING
BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE'RE STOPPING
ANY CLOUD ABOVE THAT SAYS WE CAN'T DO IT
SOON THE SUN IS GONNA BREAK RIGHT THROUGH IT

The citizens have entered with umbrellas - but the clouds have broken and sun comes through revealing that MEL and Bo have returned - along with Q, Gerald and some other elves.

MEL

Did you miss us, Huck?

BEN connects with Q - a sign of apology and respect.

SYD, BEN, MEL AND BO
LET'S MAKE A SHIFT FROM THE PAST
LET'S BUILD A THING THAT WILL LAST
A NEW DIRECTION
AND YOU CAN NOT STOP THE MOTION NOW

SYD, BEN, GERALD, Q, GRACE
WE'RE PUTTING BOOTS ON THE GROUND
IT'S TIME TO SHARE WHAT WE FOUND
MAKE A CONNECTION
AND YOU CAN NOT STOP THE MOTION NOW

ALL
 YOU FIND YOUR PURPOSE
 WHEN YOU FIND WHAT MAKES YOU COME ALIVE

BEN AND SYD
 FORGET ABOUT WHAT YOU THINK IMPRESSES
 YOU DECIDE WHAT YOU THINK SUCCESS IS

ALL
 CAN'T STOP THE MOTION
 CAN'T STOP THE MOTION
 CAN'T STOP THE MOTION

SYD gives Q her doll back - with colorful shoes.

CAN'T STOP THE MOTION
 CAN'T STOP THE MOTION
 CAN'T STOP THE MOTION

Lights isolate SYDNEY. We also see Q and Gerald putting small paper books inside the shoes. MEL and BO finish making a sign.

SYDNEY
 Over the next 5 years. 300 elves made it to safety through the shop -making 5000 shoes - inside each one - a story of the elves. Stories change minds, change hearts, . . . votes, . . . policies. Now all elves are welcome here - I even have a couple as business partners. Bo and . . . Melvin? Melissa?

*MEL and BO put up 'and elves' sign up under the Schumacher sign. The daughter has become **the** Schumacher and the elves are now legal full contributing citizens.*

MEL
 It's Melody Sweetum McSugarpuff. What can I say - I had whimsical parents.

GRACE is holding her new baby.

SYDNEY
 Speaking of names. Did you come up with one?

GRACE
 S - For Sydney.

GRACE smiles and walks away. BEN walks up having witnessed the scene.

SYDNEY

My life might not be the best life in the world - but like dad used to say about the ceiling - it's definitely up there.

BEN

He'd be proud of you. I'm proud of you.

MEL and BO join SYDNEY and BEN. Bo carries the copy of "Huckleberry Finn"

BO

Right is right, wrong is wrong,

SYDNEY AND BO

And we got no business doing wrong when we know better!

MEL

I knew you were a Huckleberry.

BO

Now. I'm hungry.

A thunder clap - rain. They all pull out brightly colored umbrellas. The stage comes alive with Rollerskating/Point Dancing/Basketball playing/tumbling and tap dancing.

ALL

CAN'T STOP THE MOTION
CAN'T STOP THE MOTION
CAN'T STOP THE MOTION

CAN'T STOP THE MOTION
CAN'T STOP THE MOTION
CAN'T STOP THE MOTION

Some very clever final pose that is at once humorous, uplifting and puts a nice story beat on all the relationships.

THE END