THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

By KAREN BOETTCHER-TATE

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PIONEER DRAMA SERVICE, INC.
DENVER, COLORADO
THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER
By KAREN BOETTCHER-TATE

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order Of Appearance)

# of lines

MATILDA COBBLESTONE ........ the shoemaker's wife, round and happy. 125

LOCKHART COBBLESTONE ... the shoemaker, funny and endearing. 129

SNEERELLA TWERM ............. the landlady. This woman is MEAN. She even looks mean. 29

OLD LADY/FAIRY PRINCESS .. as the old lady, this character is very old, very mysterious. As the Princess, she is everything a beautiful princess should be. 13

THE ELVES:
MORTZ ................................................................. 28
SCHWARTZ ............................................................ 20
HAZEL ................................................................. 17
GRACIE ............................................................... 20
STUDEBAKER ....................................................... 19

MRS. SNOOTBOTTOM .......... a large, huffy, very rich, society woman. 19

POLICEMAN ......................... your basic everyday policeman. n/a

MAYOR CLANKBATTLE .......... a loud, kind politician. 14

LORETTA LE POINTE ............. a flighty, exotic prima ballerina. 5

WIDOW PERKINS ................. a tiny, frail old lady, kind and caring. 7

ZOOM CORRIGAN ................... Olympic runner, very fit, very handsome, and very fast. 9

EXTRAS AS NEEDED ............... the townspeople.

Time: A long time ago, evening.
Place: The country of Woozle, city of Clankbottom.

SETTING

A poor shoemaker's shop. A large work table is situated at an angle STAGE RIGHT, with several stools around it. There is a door to the street UP STAGE CENTER, and windows on either side. A display shelf is situated under each window. There is a large fireplace against the STAGE LEFT wall, and a cooking pot is on the fire. There are two chairs STAGE LEFT, one UP STAGE and one DOWN STAGE of the fireplace. An EXIT to the bedroom is DOWN STAGE LEFT, the EXIT to the storeroom is DOWN STAGE RIGHT. The room is cozy and clean, but shabby. There is a sign in the window, "Lockhart Cobble: best. Sheen ake."
THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

Scene One
Time: A long time ago, evening.

Place: The country of Woozle, city of Clankbottom.

Setting: A poor shoemaker’s shop. A large work table is situated at an angle STAGE RIGHT, with several stools around it. There is a door to the street UP STAGE CENTER, and windows on either side. A display shelf is situated under each window. There is a large fireplace against the STAGE LEFT wall, and a cooking pot is on the fire. There are two chairs STAGE LEFT, one UP STAGE and one DOWN STAGE of the fireplace. An EXIT to the bedroom is DOWN STAGE LEFT, the EXIT to the storeroom is DOWN STAGE RIGHT. The room is cozy and clean, but shabby. There is a sign in the window, "Lockhart Cobblestone, Shoemaker."

AT RISE: The room is empty. We hear singing from OFF DOWN STAGE LEFT. . . a doodle-tee-doodle-lah-lah sound, happy and bright. MATILDA COBBLESTONE ENTERS from DOWN STAGE LEFT. She carries a large ladle. She is neat, but her dress is patched. She is a bit of a blitherer, but endearing and funny. She CROSSES up to the fireplace and stirs the soup, all the while singing her un-song.

MATILDA: Lockhart! What are you doing? (CROSSES to DOWN STAGE RIGHT EXIT and bellows.) LOCKHART COBBLESTONE! (Resuming her la-dee-doos, she CROSSES once more to the fireplace.)

LOCKHART: (OFF DOWN STAGE RIGHT.) Coming, my little primrose! (LOCKHART COBBLESTONE ENTERS. He is a funny little man, with wild hair and glasses perched on his nose. He too wears clothes that have seen better days. He carries a pair of shoes.) Look! They’re finished! A great job, if I do say so myself! (MATILDA CROSSES to LOCKHART at CENTER, takes the shoes.)

MATILDA: (Doing a little happy-tappy step.) Lockhart, my little goat’s beard, they’re wonderful! (The two lean toward each other and pucker up. They don’t actually kiss, but make kissing noises in unison three times. This peculiar little ritual is repeated at various times throughout the play - almost as a punctuation when things need punctuation.)
LOCKHART: Matilda, my little raspberry bucket, I feel GREAT! (He does a little happy-tappy step.) These will sell in a jiffy, and we'll be back on our feet again! (MATILDA CROSSES TO UP STAGE LEFT window with shoes, places them on the display shelf.) No more soup for us! When we sell these shoes we'll have enough money to buy a gigantic turkeybird and still have enough left to buy two pieces of leather. Then we'll get TWO turkeybirds and FOUR pieces of leather, and then we'll get THREE turkeybirds. . .

MATILDA: Better not count your turkeybirds before they hatch, my little creampuff!

LOCKHART: You're right! I feel so GOOD! (MATILDA and LOCKHART laugh and twirl each other around. We see a figure pass by the window from UP STAGE RIGHT. The door flies open and into the room comes SNEERELLA TWRM, the landlady. This is one nasty woman, and she looks just as nasty as she is. She is large and imposing, and certainly not the sort of person you'd want to know. LOCKHART and MATILDA freeze.)

SNEERELLA: Well, well, well! What have we here? Happiness? I loathe, despise and hate happiness. Besides, you have nothing to be happy about.

MATILDA: (Very nervous, approaching SNEERELLA.) Uh. . . can I offer you some gloop? I mean, stoop? SOUP! SOUP!

LOCKHART: Right! Have some poop! I MEAN SOUP!

SNEERELLA: Silence! (A loud gulp from MATILDA and LOCKHART.) Better, but no cigar.

LOCKHART: (Trying to joke.) I don't smoke. (He makes a feeble attempt at laughter.)

SNEERELLA: Quiet, you birdbrain.

MATILDA/LOCKHART: Sorry.

SNEERELLA: The loan that you got from me is due tomorrow! (Sneering her SNEERELLA sneer.) And unless you can come up with the twenty dracholas you owe me, you will be out on your collective ears.

MATILDA: But, Snee... (SNEERELLA.)

SNEERELLA: That's MS. Twerk to you!

MATILDA: MS. Flerm. . . I mean Germ. . . I mean TWRM! You said we would have a month to pay back the money.

SNEERELLA: I changed by mind.

MATILDA: Why?

SNEERELLA: I felt like it.

MATILDA: But, we needed food and supplies and. . .

SNEERELLA: Can it! I don't want to hear your sob story, sister.
LOCKHART: (Pulling himself together.) Never fear! (He CROSSES to the window, picks up the shoes.) I have just finished making the best pair of shoes I've ever made. (He CROSSES DOWN STAGE to SNEERELLA.) We'll have the money by tomorrow.

SNEERELLA: (Laughing wildly.) I won't hold my breath!

MATILDA: But, Snerella. . .

SNEERELLA: WHAT?


SNEERELLA: Don't grovel. . . I hate groveling. . .

MATILDA: But, but. . .

SNEERELLA: Enough! Tomorrow, or out you go! No more house, no more shoes, bye-bye Cobblestones! (SNEERELLA sweeps out the door UP STAGE CENTER. MATILDA and LOCKHART are frozen.)

MATILDA: What are we going to do?

LOCKHART: Don't worry, my little artichoke heart. These shoes will bring in more than enough to pay back the loan. (LOCKHART replaces shoes in window, then CROSSES to MATILDA.) We'll have enough left over to buy more leather and a turkeybird too. . . maybe not a GIGANTIC one, but a plumpy-do one.

MATILDA: Really?

LOCKHART: Really!

MATILDA: (Jumps up, clicks her heels.) Whooppee!

LOCKHART: (Clicks his heels.) Whooppee! (Smack, smack, smack. The form of a mysterious OLD LADY is seen outside the window. She moves very slowly and pauses by the door. She is wearing a very ragged, hooded cape, and she has no shoes on. She looks as if she is about to collapse. MATILDA and LOCKHART step back as the old lady ENTERS the room. They see that she is ill and race to support her. They help her to the DOWN STAGE LEFT chair.)

MATILDA: Oh, my goodness. . . here, come in out of the cold.

LOCKHART: Sit down, sit down. Are you all right?

OLD LADY: (Very creaky voiced, very weary.) Thank you. Thank you, friends.

MATILDA: (Hovering over her.) What can we get you?

OLD LADY: I just need to rest for a bit. I'm so very tired.

LOCKHART: SOUP! She needs soup! (MATILDA rushes to the fireplace, takes a cup from off the mantel and ladles soup into it. She gives it to the OLD LADY.)

MATILDA: Here, please. I'm sorry the soup is so thin. . . only one potato, one carrot and a pea.

LOCKHART: But, it's hot and it's good. . .
OLD LADY: (Eating as quickly as she can.) Thank you. Thank you.

(LOCKHART motions MATILDA DOWN STAGE RIGHT to confer.
The OLD LADY continues to eat.)

LOCKHART: She’s almost starved.
MATILDA: The poor thing.
LOCKHART: She looks like she’s traveled a great distance.
MATILDA: Let’s ask her to stay with us.
LOCKHART: Of course! We can make up an extra bed in the storeroom.
MATILDA: Perfect! (The pair scurry up to the OLD LADY.) You look so tired... we were wondering...

LOCKHART: Would you, could you, stay with us for a few days?
OLD LADY: You’re very kind but I have a great distance to travel, and I must go.
MATILDA/LOCKHART: Please!
OLD LADY: Thank you, but you’ve done enough already.

(LOCKHART motions MATILDA DOWN STAGE RIGHT, and they confer animadly.)

LOCKHART: Look at her shoes!
MATILDA: She doesn’t have any!
LOCKHART: That’s what I mean!
MATILDA: Oh, Lockhart, I think I’m going to puddle up and weep a thousand quarts. (They both have the same idea at the same time.)

LOCKHART/MATILDA: THE SHOES! (MATILDA scurries to the window and gets the shoes. They CROSS to the OLD LADY.)

MATILDA: If you have a long distance to go, you’ve got to have shoes!
LOCKHART: Can’t walk on your bare tootsies.
MATILDA: Might step on a nail.
LOCKHART: Might step on a gopher.
MATILDA: Try them on.
OLD LADY: Oh, no, I couldn’t possibly.
MATILDA: We won’t take 'no" for an answer. (LOCKHART kneels to place shoes on the OLD LADY’S feet.)

OLD LADY: Oh my, they feel so good.
MATILDA: You’ll be able to walk a million miles in those.
OLD LADY: (Starts to get up, is still a bit shaky. MATILDA and LOCKHART assist her.) Somehow, I will repay you for this.
LOCKHART: No need. Just pass it along.
OLD LADY: Pass it along?
LOCKHART: You know, when you can, just give somebody else a little something.
OLD LADY: I will. And now, I must say goodbye. Thank you again. 
(MATILDA and LOCKHART CROSS with her to the door.)
MATILDA: Be careful! And if you’re ever in our little town of Clankbottom again, come and see us.
LOCKHART: Good walking! (OLD LADY EXITS UP STAGE CENTER and CROSSES behind window OFF STAGE LEFT. MATILDA and LOCKHART stand at door and watch her go, wave, and when she is out of sight, CROSS DOWN STAGE CENTER.)
MATILDA: I wish she would have stayed.
LOCKHART: Me too, my little snicker doodle. Well, maybe the shoes will help. (They turn and stare at one another, mouths open.)
MATILDA/LOCKHART: THE SHOES!
MATILDA: Oh no!
LOCKHART: Oops!
MATILDA: What are we going to do?
LOCKHART: Oops!
MATILDA: Oh dear! Oh deary, deary, groan.
LOCKHART: Oops!
MATILDA: Don’t just oops! What are we going to do for the money?!
LOCKHART: Do we have an alarm clock?
MATILDA: I don’t think they’ve been invented yet... but, the neighbors have a rooster.
LOCKHART: Then set the rooster for five o’clock.
MATILDA: Why?
LOCKHART: I have to get up and make another pair of shoes.
MATILDA: There’s no more leather.
LOCKHART: I wasn’t going to tell you this, but I have another bit of leather that I was keeping for... well, drat it all...I was going to make you a special pair of shoes for your birthday. (He EXITS DOWN RIGHT quickly and returns with a piece of leather.)
MATILDA: Oh, Lockhart.
LOCKHART: Oh, my little pumpkin pie, I’ll make you another pair. I promise. (He places leather on table.)
MATILDA: It doesn’t matter. It’s the thought that counts. You know that.
LOCKHART: (Yawning.) But, now, my little poopsie, I think it’s time to sleep.
MATILDA: Tomorrow is another day! (They EXIT DOWN STAGE LEFT. The OLD LADY ENTERS quietly from UP STAGE LEFT and CROSSES to the UP STAGE CENTER door. She sneaks into the room and stands CENTER. She spreads her arms in a mysterious fashion, then whirls around. There might be some strange MUSIC under. She might scatter glitter or confetti. Any
way you look at it, it’s pretty weird. She then leaves the same way she came in. All is quiet for a second, then we hear the sound of giggles and chatter. Into the room, from various points come five ELVES. Now, these are not your ordinary ELVES, but ELVES who look a bit daft. They wear long underwear and are barefoot. They scurry around the room, poking here and there, exploring, touching, pointing, talking to each other. MORTZ spies the leather on the table and jumps up onto the table.)

MORTZ: Looky an’ see what I found.
SCHWARTZ: (CROSSING to table.) Mortz, is it what I thinks it is?
HAZEL: (Jumping up and down.) Goody, goody orange juice!
       Goody, goody orange juice!
GRACIE: (Dancing about.) I knewed it! I knewed it! I KNEWED we had a job to do!
STUDEBAKER: Mmmmm, it’s nice and warm in here.
MORTZ: Roll call!
GRACIE: What you mean, roll call? We be all here an’ accounted for. Is we all here elves?
STUDEBAKER: I is here.
MORTZ: You KNOW we gots to have roll call. It’s the way of the elves, and that’s the way it is! (The ELVES line up, military style.)
ELVES: (Each calls out his or her name.) Mortz! Schwartz! Hazel!
       Gracie! Studebaker! (In unison.) All be present and accounted for!
MORTZ: Good! Next step -- make the shoes!
GRACIE: What kind?
MORTZ: Next step - what kind of shoe?
GRACIE: Dancing slippers?
HAZEL: Walking shoes!
SCHWARTZ: I want lady shoes!
MORTZ: I say, boots!
STUDEBAKER: Running shoes!
ELVES: RUNNING SHOES?!
HAZEL: (Disgusted.) Why would anybody want running shoes?
GRACIE: I never heard anything so silly. RUNNING SHOES? (The ELVES laugh uproariously - all except STUDEBAKER.)
SCHWARTZ: Studebaker, you ding-dong, nobody in the whole world would ever buy shoes just for running.
HAZEL: Walking shoes!
MORTZ: Only be one way to solve this here consternation. Elf Choosing Time! (ELVES move into a semi-circle CENTER and begin the scissors, paper, stone counting out game. The first
time all have stone, the second time all have paper, and the third time all have paper except for SCHWARTZ, who has scissors. SCHWARTZ leaps into the air, then dances around the room.)

SCHWARTZ: I win! I win! We make Lady Shoes! Lady Shoes!
STUDEBAKER: I just thought running shoes would be nice.
SCHWARTZ: Nope! I win, fair and square.
MORTZ: Elf people. . . attention! Forward Ho! (MUSIC: The Elf Working Song. Sings.)
We’re the elves who make the shoes.
We’re cute and we are sweet.
We’ll stitch and sew to make some shoes
To cover smelly feet.

CHORUS: Oh, every night we stitch and sew.
Oh, KOWABUNGA! Watch us go!
For your tootsies here’s a treat.
Shoes made by an elf are - REAL NEAT!

We can make a party shoe,
A slipper or a thong.
Unless you wear them on your ears,
Our shoes are never wrong.

CHORUS

If your feet are tired and sore,
Don’t cry and don’t you fuss.
Slip your footies in our shoes,
And you will never cuss.

CHORUS

If your toes have lots of corns,
That hurt like blazes blue,
Put our shoes upon your feet,
And comfort comes to you.

CHORUS

If an elephant has stomped
Upon your little feet,
Step into some shoes of ours,
And pain you’re sure to beat.

CHORUS

We will work and work all night.
We’ll pound and cut and sew.
We will make a shoe so fine
There’s laughter from your toes.
(Light changes to indicate passage of time. During the song, the ELVES get to work on the shoes. Some stitch on the leather, some work on the form with hammer and tacks. They work quickly and animatedly. After the conclusion of the song, all ELVES move directly DOWN STAGE of table masking the work, except for SCHWARTZ who is UP STAGE of table and will make the switch to the new, finished pair of shoes. They chatter for a bit after the song, and then, once the finished shoes are in place, SCHWARTZ holds them high.)

ELVES: Ooooo!
SCHWARTZ: We dood it! Beautiful!
HAZEL: Stooooopendous!
MORTZ: Nifty!
GRACIE: Tremendous!
STUDEBAKER: (Sadly,) I still thinks that running shoes would be nice.
(A rooster crows.)
GRACIE: Hark!
SCHWARTZ: Hark? What you mean, "hark"?
GRACIE: Morning is comin’.
MORTZ: Oh, oh. Time to gets our elf-feet movin’! (ELVES scatter, EXIT various. Lights come up. LOCKHART ENTERS from DOWN STAGE LEFT. He is very sleepy. He stretches and yawns. CROSSES to the fireplace and stokes the coals. Mutters to himself.)

LOCKHART: Now, let’s see. . . better get to work. Have to make those shoes. Make them fast, make them beautiful. . . (LOCKHART CROSSES to the table where the new shoes are placed.) Have to make them as nice as these. . . as nice as these. . . good craftsmanship. . . excellent. . . as nice as. . . as nice as these! Help! Help! Help! Help! Matilda! Help! I’ve been bewitched! (LOCKHART backs away from the table to CENTER. He turns front, eyes wide. Every now and again he stares in disbelief at the new ones. MATILDA ENTERS quickly from DOWN STAGE LEFT. LOCKHART clutches her in fear.)

MATILDA: What’s going on? Are you all right?
LOCKHART: (Pointing to shoes.) Look!
MATILDA: Why Lockhart, they’re beautiful. (She starts to pick them up.)
LOCKHART: DON’T TOUCH THEM!
MATILDA: Huh?
LOCKHART: DON’T TOUCH THEM!
MATILDA: Lockhart, don’t be silly. (She picks up the shoes. LOCKHART hides his head as he anticipates the worst. Nothing happens.) How did you finish them so quickly? (LOCKHART CROSSES hesitantly to the table.)
LOCKHART: I didn’t.
MATILDA: But, they look finished. What needs to be done to them?
LOCKHART: I... d-d-d-didn’t make them.
MATILDA: I don’t think you’re awake yet.
LOCKHART: But, I...
MATILDA: I’l’l tell you what happened, my little vitamin pill... you were so tired when you got up, you made them in your sleep.
LOCKHART: I did?
MATILDA: Of course you did.
LOCKHART: I don’t think... 
MATILDA: Of course you didn’t think. Your fingers just worked for you.
LOCKHART: They did?
MATILDA: They did! You’ve made so many shoes, your fingers can just work by themselves.
LOCKHART: They can?
MATILDA: Nobody can make shoes like you can. These are of the highest quality. They’re wonderful!
LOCKHART: They are?
MATILDA: I KNOW we can sell them, and then Sneeerella will get her money, and we will get a giant turkeybird.
LOCKHART: We will!
MATILDA: Whoopee!
LOCKHART: Whoopee! (Smack, smack, smack.)
MATILDA: (Carries shoes to window and places them on shelf.) There! Just you wait! (MRS. SNOOTBOTTOM ENTERS above windows from UP STAGE RIGHT. She ENTERS the shop. MATILDA CROSSES to her from STAGE LEFT and LOCKHART CROSSES to her from STAGE RIGHT. SNOOTBOTTOM is a large lady, very fashionable and very crabby. She walks slowly and carefully.)
LOCKHART: Good morning, Mrs. Snootbottom! What can we do for you today?
SNOOTBOTTOM: I need a good pair of walking shoes. Something comfortable. Something plain and practical. No-nonsense shoes. *(MATILDA CROSSES to the window and picks up the shoes, then carries them to SNOOTBOTTOM.)*

MATILDA: Lockhart has just finished these! Aren’t they beautiful?
SNOOTBOTTOM: Can’t you hear? I want something that is practical. Not party shoes.

LOCKHART: Won’t you try them on?
SNOOTBOTTOM: NONSENSE! Shoes as pretty as these. . . *(She sighs as she looks at the shoes.)* I had some like this when I was a young girl. Oh, how I wish . . .

MATILDA: *(Steering SNOOTBOTTOM to chair DOWN STAGE LEFT.)* Just try them on.
SNOOTBOTTOM: What good will it do? They’ll just be uncomfortable. My feet hurt all the time! My dancing days are over.

LOCKHART: Please. . .
SNOOTBOTTOM: *(As she sits in DOWN STAGE LEFT chair.)* Get me another kind IMMEDIATELY!

LOCKHART: I’m sorry, Mrs. Snootbottom. We don’t have any other shoes.

SNOOTBOTTOM: WHAT?
MATILDA: So, if you’ll just try these. . .
SNOOTBOTTOM: *(Snapping, irritable.)* Oh, put them on! I know they’ll pinch. I have hundreds of shoes in my wardrobe. In fact, I am an EXPERT on shoes and. . . *(The shoes have been placed on her feet.)* EGAD!

LOCKHART: How do they feel?
SNOOTBOTTOM: Egad!
MATILDA: I think they’re just the right size.
SNOOTBOTTOM: Egad!

LOCKHART: What?
SNOOTBOTTOM: They’re. . . they’re. . . WONDERFUL!

MATILDA/LOCKHART: They are?
SNOOTBOTTOM: My feet don’t hurt! My feet feel like my feet felt when I was fifteen!

MATILDA: Feet feel fifteen?
LOCKHART: Like her feet felt.
SNOOTBOTTOM: *(Jumping up from the chair, dancing and cavorting.)* Whooppee! I want to dance! I want to sing! I want to celebrate!

MATILDA: You’ll take them?
SNOOTBOTTOM: Take them? TAKE THEM? Of course I’ll take them!
LOCKHART: I'll be glad to wrap them up.
SNOOTBOTTOM: Nonsense, man, I'll wear them! Whooppee! How much do I owe you?
LOCKHART: (Timidly.) Would 20 dracholas be too much?
SNOOTBOTTOM: (Bellowing.) TOO MUCH?
MATILDA: (Cowering.) We could take less.
SNOOTBOTTOM: LESS? What are you talking about?!
LOCKHART: (Sadly.) Whatever you think is fair.
SNOOTBOTTOM: FAIR? I'll show you FAIR! (She reaches into her purse and pulls out a handful of coins which she gives to LOCKHART.) That's fair!
LOCKHART: But, Mrs. Snotbottom, this is . . . 30 dracholas!
SNOOTBOTTOM: And they're worth every penny. I predict that you will be Shoemaker to the Stars! Goodbye! Goodbye! (She EXITS, dancing, hopping and delighting UP CENTER.
LOCKHART and MATILDA watch her go. They CROSS DOWN STAGE and stare at one another. Suddenly, they whoop with joy and embrace. At that moment, SNEERELLA ENTERS from UP STAGE RIGHT."
SNEERELLA: Happiness? Do I hear happiness in here? KNOCK IT OFF!
LOCKHART: I suppose you want your money.
SNEERELLA: I know you don't have it. I've come to kick you out on your proverbial seaters.
MATILDA: Sorry.
SNEERELLA: Don't try to soft soap me, Matilda Cobblestone. Pack up your junk and GET OUT OF HERE!
LOCKHART: NO!
SNEERELLA: (Sputtering.) What?! We'll see about that. (She takes a whistle out of her pocket, and blows a strident blast.) The police will be here. Then let's hear you say no! (POLICEMAN ENTERS from UP STAGE LEFT. TOWNSPEOPLE, noting the confusion, follow and peer into the shop through the windows.) I want you to get these hayseeds out of here. I am collecting on my loan. This shack is mine now. (POLICEMAN starts to motion MATILDA and LOCKHART OUT. MATILDA stops him.)
MATILDA: We're not going.
SNEERELLA: Seize them! I want them out NOW!
LOCKHART: If we pay you back the loan, can we stay?
SNEERELLA: That will be the day.
LOCKHART: Here! (He hands her the 20 dracholas.)
SNEERELLA: (Sputtering.) Why, you little weasel, you, you. . . pumpkin-snout. . . you little. . .
MATILDA: Now, if you would be so kind as to... vamoose!
SNEERELLA: You haven’t heard the end of this! I’m warning you!
LOCKHART: OUT! (The POLICEMAN tips his hat to LOCKHART and MATILDA, then escorts SNEERELLA OUT the door. The crowd outside cheers and follows the POLICEMAN and SNEERELLA OFF UP STAGE RIGHT. MATILDA and LOCKHART look at each other, laugh and smack, smack, smack.)
LOCKHART: I feel TERRIFIC!
MATILDA: We did it! Now we have enough to buy some more leather.
LOCKHART: We have enough for THREE pieces of leather and... a small turkeybird.
MATILDA: THREE pairs of shoes. ...oh, Lock, I have an idea. ... 
LOCKHART: I think I have the same idea!
BOTH: The Widow Perkins!
MATILDA: We’ll make two pair to sell. ...
LOCKHART: And another pair to give away.
MATILDA: The Widow has been so ill, and she needs new shoes badly.
BOTH: WHOOPPEE! (Smack, smack, smack.)
LOCKHART: Have to go to the tanners and get the leather.
MATILDA: It’s a long way. Can you make three pair of shoes by tomorrow?
LOCKHART: It doesn’t matter if they’re all done by tomorrow. I’ll make the Widow’s shoes first. You go to the market and get a nice plump turkeybird.
MATILDA: And, we’re off! (Arm in arm, the two EXIT UP CENTER, humming the ELVES’ tune. The lights dim.)
End of Scene One

Scene Two
It is late evening. LOCKHART is at his work table. He has just finished making a pair of shoes for the WIDOW. MATILDA sits in the DOWN STAGE LEFT chair, working on her mending. LOCKHART sighs, sets down the shoes.

LOCKHART: I’ve finished the shoes for the Widow Perkins. (Picks up shoes, shows them to MATILDA.)
MATILDA: (Puts down sewing and CROSSES to table STAGE LEFT.) Beautiful! You’ve done it again! The Widow will have a new hop in her step when she wears these.
LOCKHART: (Yawning.) I’m worn out. I’ll finish the other shoes tomorrow.

End of Script Sample
PROPERTY LIST

Scene One: Ladle, soup pot, cup and spoon
    Tools on workbench, various - scissors, hammers, thread, etc.
    Shoes - for the Old Lady, comfortable walking shoes
    Piece of leather
    Woman’s high heeled party shoes for Snotbottom
    Gold coins

Scene Two: Two pieces of leather
    Woman’s comfortable walking shoes - for Widow
    Pair of ballet slippers - for Loretta
    Pair of man’s walking shoes - for Mayor
    Gold coins
    Mending and mending basket

Scene Three: Two pieces of leather
    Pair of boots
    Pair of high-tech running shoes - for Sneerella

Scene Four: Five pairs of soft slippers for the Elves
    Five tunics for the Elves, hats also if possible

COSTUME NOTES: Since we are setting this in any long ago time,
in a mythical town, costumes can be as wild and fanciful as
the producer desires. To give a flavor of the time, the ladies
might wear long skirts and peasant blouses, and the men
might wear tights or non-descript slacks, and tunics or bloused
shirts. The townspeople have a rustic look about them, and the
shoemaker and his wife are neat but shabby.

SNEERELLA: Sneerella is the kind of person whose best color is
black. This matches her rotten heart. A long black skirt,
perhaps a black cape and a huge evil looking black hat.

MRS. SNOTBOTTOM: A high society lady, resembling a big
bosomed thrush. Bright, long dress, heavily decorated coat or
cape, and a positively outrageous hat.

MAYOR CLANKBATTLE: Brightly colored costume, with a cape, and
sporting the badges of his office.
OLD LADY/PRINCESS: The Old Lady wears a hood cape of some kind. A velcro closing would provide an easy way of hiding her Princess costume underneath and would open easily and quickly.

LORETTA LE POINTE: Full ballerina gear, a tutu, the works!

ZOOM CORRIGAN: A running suit decorated with "old time" accessories--perhaps braid or medals.

ELVES: Long underwear or leotards in first scenes. Add bright tunics, hats and soft slippers.

PRODUCTION NOTES

DOOR AND WINDOW UNITS: These don’t have to be practical. Window frames, made of cardboard, can be suspended from the flies. The UP STAGE CENTER door might be a simple frame. It does not have to open and close. UP STAGE walls are not necessary.

FIREPLACE: Large appliance cartons are the answer to many problems. They are light and easy to move, and can be readily painted. The glow from the fire can be simulated by using a small lightbulb covered with red cellophane concealed under the logs.

SHOE MAKER’S TABLE: Any table will do, as long as it is fairly large and is masked on the DOWN STAGE side. The completed shoes are concealed on the UP STAGE side of the table. The "used" leather is also placed here when the "switch" is made. The leather itself can be textured fabric--felt, corduroy, brushed nylon, etc.
THE ELF WORKING SONG

Not too fast

We're the ones who make the shoes, we're cute and we are sweet. We'll

Stitch and sew to make some shoes to cover smelly feet. (Oh, oh, oh, every night we)

Stitch and sew—oh, low-a-bung-a! Watch us go! For your tootsies

Here's a treat. Shoes made by an elf are real neat!

Additional lyrics can be found on pages 7 and 23.
We hope you’ve enjoyed this script sample.

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