THE BLUE SHOES: A Fairytale Macabre

Setting: Ivana’s Shoe Shop: Paris, France.

(DANAE is sewing a point shoe. IVANA is tying elaborate pink ribbon a shoebox. The bells chime 10-o-clock.)

#1 “Bells Chime” Danae

**IVANA**

BELLS CHIME.
IT’S THE END OF THE DAY.
BELLS CHIME
REST UP, MY DANAE
UNTIL THE MORNING LIGHT
TIME FOR US TO SAY GOODNIGHT

**DANAE**

I’ll close up shop – you rest, Maman.

**IVANA**

Every night this month you stitch an extra hour – and it’s your birthday come midnight!

**DANAE**

But we’re behind fifty shoes for the debut of Giselle.

**IVANA**

Fine, fine! Sew on! …But first come give my old bones a hug. You can take a beak for that at least.

*(DANAE hugs her mother who kisses her forehead.)*

Goodnight, Mon Trésor.

*(IVANA exits.)*
(DANAE sits, and slips the right shoe on her foot. She ties the ribbon gingerly.)

DANAE

AH! TO BE TWIRLING,
SPINNING AROUND,
IN TIME WITH A SAD VIOLIN.
AH! TO BE LEAPING
LIKE A GAZELLE
FEELING A FIRE WITHIN.
WHILE TWIRLING.

(DANAE slips on the left shoe and continues the ritual.)

AH! TO BE TWIRLING,
DIZZY IN LIGHTS.
CARESSING THE FLOOR WITH MY FEET.
AH! TO BE LOOKED AT.
JUST LIKE A STAR.
FINALLY FEELING COMPLETE.
WHILE TWIRLING.

I’D SELL OF MY FLESH, MY BONES,
TO DIE AS A SWAN SOMEDAY.
WHILE SWEATING IN TIGHTS,
THERE UNDER THE LIGHTS,
THE OLD ME COULD MELT AWAY.
BUT STUCK IN THIS STORE,
I’LL NEVER BE MORE,
_THAN SILENT AND STILL UNTIL MY DYING DAY.
NO I WASN’T MEANT TO SEW!
I’LL PACK UP THESE SHOES AND JUST …GO.

OH! TO BE FLYING,
LEAVING THE GROUND,
HEARING THE ORCHESTRA SWELL.
AH, TO BE LIFTED,
AND FINALLY FOUND.
FAR FROM MY DAILY HELL
OF SEWING.
I’M TWIRLING.
…TWIRLING.