

# ***I'M A SHOE* by Gary Young - excerpt**

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NORMAN is a ruggedly attractive man, age 29. Part of a family of thieves.

MARC is his best friend, and partner in crime, age 31.

MARCIE is Norman's sister. Also part of the family of thieves. A bit easily rattled, which is a liability, but she is smart, when she is not overly wrapped up in her own "stuff."

NORMAN

I don't have to ask Jacqui. I know her well enough to choose a good eatery. She has three favorites and there are a few that I haven't tried that I'm sure would be expensive enough to look good to her.

MARC

What did you give the guy?

NORMAN

The guy?

MARC

You know, the bellboy...steward.

NORMAN

I tipped heavily. Excessively. He's not suspicious, any more. He's rich and we're gone in 2 hours, supposedly.

MARC looks around the room.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

What?

MARC

It's too easy. It's too easy. This caper is too easy. It has a...difficult, sneaky difficult feel to it.

NORMAN

You're just reacting to Marcie's throwing up. She's hyper-sensitive to movement or the appearance of movement. She can't even use a bathtub. It's easy, Marc. Not

every caper is hard. Don't invoke Murphy's Law. Don't do that. The ship's leaving in two and one-half hours and we're leaving in two. If we were at port another five hours, and under slightly different circumstances, it could be a nice, romantic shipboard meal.

MARC

So when the meal? Assuming we're not all in jail.

NORMAN

Stop that. When? I don't know. I could do it like the weekend after we fence the proceeds of our endeavor. But that seems so far off. I'd like to do it as soon as possible and get it over with.

MARC

It's that painful?

MARC

Yes. (Looking around) I still say it's too easy.

NORMAN

Shut up with that.

MARC

It's too easy.

MARCIE enters explosively, a 30-something woman, also wearing Ship Steward's uniform, unbuttoned. SHE is disheveled, she has been crying for a long time and is still in a sobbing state, she waves her hands, palms facing breast, up and down several times as she speaks. HER mascara has run and she has a Kleenex in her hand. She often tries to repair a long string of hair that has fallen onto her face. As she approaches mirrors or pictures, she makes a "cosmetic" face and checks her lipstick. SHE is wheeling a large suitcase, obviously heavy, which is placed midstage center, facing upstage. SHE holds out a large diamond ring on her finger at arm's length and pauses a second to admire it. SHE breaks out into a

loud wail. SHE sighs, and NORMAN shrugs and embraces her.

MARCIE

(unable to verbalize) Um...Um!

NORMAN

Marcie. Are you okay? Marcie! You're having one of your...things. This is not the best time. We need to be sensible right now...

MARCIE

Um...Um!

MARC

Hi, Marcie. (waving weakly to MARCIE) (to NORMAN) Norm, this is going to be embarrassing. I should leave, but I won't.

MARCIE

Um, um...gaaah! (cries)

NORMAN hugs her. SHE puts her head on his chest and snorts. He looks down.

NORMAN

No snorting. Here. Sit. Marc, get her a glass of water. And Marcie, don't get too attached to that ring.

MARCIE

Diet coke with ice.

NORMAN

It'll make you burp.

MARC

And leave evidence.

NORMAN

You'll be snorting and burping, and God knows what else.

MARCIE

Then no ice.

MARCIE, facing away from fridge,  
gestures to the fridge.

NORMAN

(to Marc) In the fridge. Don't leave evidence.

MARC

I'm not leaving evidence. I'm TAKING evidence. How about a Diet Snapple Raspberry. I sense the "too easy" is evolving into something a little more complicated. I can feel the Murphy's Law bug creeping up my neck. Don't forget to take the bottle with you when you leave. No DNA.

MARCIE

(Nodding. Looking away, and holding her hand out for the drink. Stiff, composed) I'm gonna breathe now. (SHE breathes twice) I'm gonna breathe again now. (SHE breathes once) I'm gonna hyperventilate, aren't I?

NORMAN

No. I think you struck the perfect balance of hysteria and breathing there. Sit, Marcie. Do you want to tell me the bad news now? This seems like the perfect time.

MARCIE

How do you know it's bad news?

NORMAN looks at MARC incredulously.

NORMAN

Wild guess. If it makes your job any easier, I should tell you that nothing could make me feel worse than I feel now.