

SCENE 21

Shoes

HEATHER. I look gorgeous in high heels. Everyone looks gorgeous in high heels. But my feet hurt. My little toe was always crushed. I had a bunion. I was in so much pain, I couldn't think. I had to choose — heels or think. *(Beat.)* I chose think. *(Beat.)* So I bought some chic flat shoes. I made a lot of mistakes. I bought these turquoise blue Mark Jacobs ballet flats that the salesman talked me into because he said they had toe cleavage. I'd never heard of toe cleavage. Anyway I realized that chic flat shoes are almost as uncomfortable as heels, and don't do that amazing thing for your legs. *(Beat.)* Fortunately, at just about that time, I met an unbelievably stylish woman who was wearing Birkenstocks. When I was in high school, I was a Doc Martens girl, and Birkenstocks symbolized everything I didn't want to be. They were incredibly uncool and the girls who wore them had big dirty toes that stuck out the ends. You absolutely could not be friends with a person who wore Birkenstocks. But this stylish woman wore her Birks with baggy cords and a Comme de Garçons sleeveless shirt. It was a revelation. The next day I went out and got a pedicure and a pair — dark brown, standard style. I realized that Birkenstocks were actually the coolest punk-est shoes a girl could wear. They were a statement, "Look, these are my feet, we all have them. Okay?" My husband had a slightly different opinion. He hated my Birkenstocks. He said they made me look like a troll from Middle-Earth. And once, when the Yankees were in the playoffs, he made me take them off before coming into the same room as the TV so I wouldn't hex the team. *(Beat.)* After we split up, you'd think I'd have stuck with my Birkenstocks, but no. I started wearing heels again. Oh the pain, I can't think. But I look gorgeous. I had to choose — heels or think. I chose heels.