









CHARLIE

I'm willing to gamble the fate of this whole enterprise on you as a designer.

LOLA

(taken by surprise)

Me a designer? Now who's kidding who? Hand me glitter, feathers and a hot glue gun and I can make the world a pretty place. But me a designer?

## CHARLIE

I've been force-fed shoes since childhood but I never seen nothin' like what you just drew.

LOLA

They're drawings. The silly scribblings of a bragarty sissy boy who doesn't know when to shut his yap.

(Seriously.)

Have a gander at me, Charlie. I wouldn't trust me to baby-sit a cactus.

## CHARLIE

You are passionate about shoes. I haven't heard anyone talk about a heel that way since... Not since my father. Do you know how rare it is to feel that way about something? You know how jealous I am? I never been passionate about nothing. Well, maybe snogging.

LOLA

Ah, but we're forgetting something: I don't know how to make a shoe.

## CHARLIE

Just so happens I do. If we're to succeed we'll need to produce a boot unlike anything anyone has ever seen before. That's where you come in. And, if we don't want to be laughed out of Milan, they'll have to be executed so impeccably that no one can deny we're comers to be reckoned with. And that, God help us, is where I come in.

(Stops and regroups his thoughts.)

Three weeks. Three weeks, Lola. That's all I'm asking.

LOLA starts to wave to the unseen TAXI.

LOLA

Is that a taxi or a police car? Guess I'll find out when I offer him money.

## **CHARLIE**

Opportunity has fallen into your lap. The easy thing, maybe even the sensible thing, would be to walk off and have a laugh about the time some nutter

offered you a job designing kinky boots. But I promise, if you do, the rest of your life you'll wonder, "What if I had said yes? What if I had stayed?"

CHARLIE turns and walks back into the factory.

**STOP** 

DON/LOLA SIDE
DON
They say vodka's your preferred.
THEY clink glasses and down their drinks.
Why'd you do it? Why'd you let me win?
LOLA
Really?
DON
(Checking to see they are not overheard.)
Really.
LOLA downs her drink in a gulp.
LOLA
Because I didn't want you to walk into the factory tomorrow and feel disrespected.
DON
And how about you?
LOLA
Compared to my challenge, losing a fight is a polka in the pansies.  LOLA takes a piece of paper out of her robe and hands it to DON. DON opens the note and reads it with a quizzical stare
DON
"Accept someone for who they are." What's that mean?
LOLA
Just what it says.
DON
You lookin' for me to say men in frocks is all right?
LOLA
I'm not looking for you to say anything.
DON
(Making sure he's got it.)
"Accept someone for who they are." How's that make me a man?
LOLA
Try it.
DON
Anyone?
LOLA Anyono at all
Anyone at all.
DON

LOLA

Good luck.

And that's it?