

Charlie 1

Keyboard I/Conductor

10. STEP ONE

Kinky Boots

117

118

119

120

pos - si-ble
Stgs, K2

We may be chas-ing af-ter mir - a-cles.

And there may be the steep-est

DIST. EL. GTR. (8vb)

f

D \flat

E \flat m

D \flat /F

G \flat

G2, Bs, Drs.

121

122

123

moun - tain to ov - er - come.

We may be fac-ing the im-

B \flat m

A \flat

G \flat

24

START

ff

ff

125

126

127

128

pos - si-ble
Stgs, K2

We may be chas-ing af-ter mir - a-cles.

And there may be the steep-est

G1

PIANO/ANALOG PAD

PLAY

DIST. EL. GTR.

E \flat m

D/F \sharp

G

G2, Bs, Drs.

129 130 131 132

moun - tain to ov - er - come. But this is step

133 134 135 136

one. Look what Char - lie, boy has

one.
Stgs, K2, G2

w/G1 w/arps

D/F# G⁵ B⁵ A/C#

Drs. sim.

137 138 139 140 141

done. This is step one!

D/F# G⁵ D⁵ (A/C#)

Charlie 2

Keyboard 1/Conductor

Kinky Boots

14

CHARLIE'S SAD SOLOQUY

Music and Lyrics by Cyndi Lauper
Orchestration by Stephen Oremus

CHARLIE: "We've all these samples to make and no time. If you go home now, what have we been working for? Pete? Marge? Trish...? George! George?" (*CHARLIE lifts boot in hand*) [MUSIC]

(Hns, Drs. TACET)

Steady Rock Ballad ♩ = 98

1 2 3 4

TACET

mp G/B G/C G⁵/F[♯] G G/B G/C G⁵/F[♯] G

START

(Hns. (in dress))

5 **CHARLIE:** 6 7 8

Who was I kid... ding this scheme was skid - ding, my frac-tured at-tempt at talk-ing con trol. I

G2

G/B G/C G⁵/F[♯] G G/B G/C G⁵/F[♯] G

+Drs.

9 10 11 12

tried in... valn, now I'm to blame. Now I'm left with a deep dark hole. So

G/B G/C G⁵/F[♯] G G/B G/C G⁵/F[♯] G

(play!)

13 14 15 16

con - fi - dent, so col - lect - ed and so cool. Hey,

Vlns
w/K2:Pad
mf

PLAY w/G1 arps, G2 sus

mf C/E +Vc, K2 D/F# G

Bs. cont'd.

17 18 19

look at me now I'm a fool.

C/E

Attaca

END

Charlie 3

Keyboard 1/Conductor

7. SOUL OF A MAN

Kinky Boots

START *sing top line*

50

rea - dy rea - dy to drop.

When will I be the

gloss.

Drs. x x

V.S.

52 *f* 53 54 55

soul of a man — no-ble and wise — like the soul of a man — who lift-ed me high

f

Soul of a man. Ooh Soul of a man. High.

Hns (+8vb)

w/Stgs, *f*
K2 sus, G1 J's, G2 arps

f D \flat D \flat /C B \flat m B \flat m/A \flat G \flat G \flat /F G \flat A \flat

w/Bs, Drs. cont'd.

56 57 58

soul of a man, — he - ro - ic and true — like the soul of a man that I

f

Soul of a man. Ooh, Soul of a man.

D \flat D \flat /C B \flat m B \flat m/A \flat G \flat G \flat /F

59
looked up to _____
60
What else could I do? _____
61
too _____

Keyboard 1/Conductor part (Piano):

Left Hand: G \flat , A \flat

Right Hand: V.S.

62 63 64 65

I'll nev-er be. No, I'll nev-er be. I have gone and let you down.

Soul of a man Soul of a man

K2 sus, G's fills

Vln.

Vc.

w/Bs 1/2's, Drs. cont'd.

Dr. fill

66 67

Oh! Soul of a man.

Soul of a man

68 Here comes that fa - mil - iar sound. 69 Same old Char - lie hit - tin' the ground. —

Soul of a man.

Chords: Gb, Gb/F, Gb, Ab

W/Cc.

Dictated

70 71 72 73

Ahh.

Tutti

G1 ad lib fills

RH PLAY

FAST STRINGS (loco + 8vb)

Fb Gb Db ff

Drs. z

Cym. roll

END

LOLA steels her courage and walks slowly, steadily, down onto the factory floor and right up to DON who stares at her while feeling quite superior.

LOLA

Have you got any toilets down here?

DON

I'm afraid all's we got is Men's and Women's.

Quick light shift ...

Office:

... LAUREN calls breathlessly to CHARLIE.

LAUREN

Charlie, quick. Lola's gone and locked herself in the loo. Hurry.

CHARLIE rushes to the factory floor.

CHARLIE

All right. I'll talk to her. But I'm not going into the Ladies' room. You go and get her to come out.

LAUREN

She's in the Gent's.

This stops CHARLIE cold.

CHARLIE

The what?

LAUREN

The Men's Room.

CHARLIE

Well, of course ... she ... is ...

Light shift.

#8b - Into the Bathroom

Men's Room of the Factory:

START

CHARLIE enters the empty bathroom. (LOLA is hiding in a stall.)

CHARLIE

Lola? It's Charlie. Are you sick?

LOLA

Depends who you ask.

LOLA opens the stall door and CHARLIE gets a look at his clothing.

CHARLIE

No! Did someone nick your frock?

LOLA

I come up with the daft idea that maybe I should try to fit in.

CHARLIE

Probably get a lot more work done this way. Less bits and bobs to catch in the machines.

LOLA

Thanks for your support. Gawd! In a gown I can bellow Brunhilde in front of five hundred drunks and have a laugh. But put me in men's clothes and I can't sodding well say Hello. What am I doing here, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Becoming a designer.

LOLA

Did I ever ask to be one?

CHARLIE

Did you always want to be a performer? I mean, when you were a kid.

LOLA

Whatever it was I wanted as a kid, my father beat out of me.

CHARLIE

Your dad hit you?

LOLA

(Amused at the concern)

Not like that. He was a boxer.

CHARLIE reacts again.

Yup. A proper prize fighter he was, who never got the title match he wanted. But presented with a baby boy ... ? Well ... If he couldn't raise a champion's belt over his head, his son would.

CHARLIE

He didn't know about ... ?

LOLA

Of course he knew. But he figured if he pushed me ... Trained me himself. You heard right—I am a professionally trained boxer with a dozen amateur bouts to my

(LOLA)

name, so don't try me. But when I appeared for a fight in a white cocktail dress ...
He disowned me. Refused to see me. Even when he come down with lung cancer.
It's ironic really; fags got him in the end.

THEY share a laugh.

And you? You like making shoes?

CHARLIE

The day I was born dad set me down next in line of Price and Son. For him a done deal. But for me? First opportunity I grabbed my childhood sweetie and hopped the next train out of town.

LOLA

What was it you ran off to do?

CHARLIE

Anything but what he wanted.

LOLA

And yet here you are.

CHARLIE

Here I am.

END**#9 - I'm Not My Father's Son**

LOLA

WHEN I WAS JUST A KID
EVERYTHING I DID
WAS TO BE LIKE HIM
UNDER MY SKIN.
MY FATHER ALWAYS THOUGHT
IF I WAS STRONG AND FOUGHT
NOT LIKE SOME ALBATROSS
I'D BEGIN TO FIT IN.

LOOK AT ME POWERLESS
AND HOLDING MY BREATH
TRYING HARD TO REPRESS
WHAT SCARED HIM TO DEATH.
IT WAS NEVER EASY
TO BE HIS TYPE OF MAN
TO BREATHE FREELY
WAS NOT IN HIS PLAN

NICOLA

Who?

CHARLIE

Them. Our friends. No? We grew up with these people. We've known them all our lives. And now their whole livelihood is riding on what I do.

NICOLA

So you're hankering to be a hero? Charlie to the rescue, is it? Well, how do I get Charlie to rescue me?

Silence between them.

CHARLIE

(Studying her)

You look nice; all done up.

NICOLA

Richard's put me on a new project. Big time stuff. I'm headed back to the city for good. Are you coming?

CHARLIE looks down and sees her shoes for the first time.

CHARLIE

Aren't those the shoes we saw ... ?

NICOLA

How long was I supposed to wait?

#13b - So Long, Charlie

NICOLA gives CHARLIE a kiss on the cheek and leaves.

So long, Charlie.

LOLA comes down from the office, very pleased with herself.

START

LOLA

If you're done making wedding plans, can we finish discussing the Milan show?

CHARLIE

There's no discussion to be had. We're using professional models. Done.

LOLA

Then you'd better get on the phone because I just called and cancelled them.

CHARLIE

I never told you that you could ...

LOLA

Think, Charlie. My girls don't need to be paid. They'll do it for cocktails, giggles and the chance to walk a professional runway. And my girls do their own hair and make-up so there's the money we need to get us to Milan.

CHARLIE is barely holding back his temper ...

CHARLIE

How do I get this into your head? We are marketing to the world's most sophisticated buyers ...

LOLA

Half of whom probably watch the evening news wearing their wives' brassieres.

CHARLIE

News-flash for Lola: There are a whole lot of us who don't watch the evening news in brassieres.

LOLA

Well, bully for you, but you ain't my buyers.

CHARLIE

Then here's another news-flash: I'm not flying all the way 'cross Europe just to sell to your chums.

LOLA

We won't be selling to anyone if we can't get to Milan.

CHARLIE

Well there's no reason to go if all we've got to show is a bunch of Nancy-boys stomping about in skirts. We need to show our boots on women.

LOLA

Women?

CHARLIE

You heard me.

LOLA

That was never the deal.

CHARLIE

Then the deal was wrong.

LOLA

What did that girl say to you?

CHARLIE

I am not embarrassing the name of Price & Son by parading a planeload of misfits—

LOLA

Misfits?

CHARLIE

—at the most influential footwear show in the world. Listen to me, Lola. These boots can be mainstream!

LOLA

Drag queens are mainstream. Just this morning I was offered a gig singing at a nursing home. A nursing home, Charlie. In Clacton.

CHARLIE

And maybe that's just where you belong. Look at you. You're meant to be a business person. How many successful designers do you think go about camped up like the entertainment at a low-rent tea dance.

LOLA

After all I've shared with you—you still think I'm wearing this for lack of a pair of trousers?

CHARLIE

I get it. I understand. All of this fru-fru protects who you really are. I heard you.

LOLA

You heard nothing.

CHARLIE

I'm telling you—you don't have to hide. Once the industry sees your work you'll be able to stop all this and have a normal life.

LOLA

You're a fool.

CHARLIE

Am I? I'd wager if we stood side by side and asked passersby which one of us is fooling himself most of the votes would swing your way. Why am I the only one here who believes in you?

LOLA

You believe in my shoes. I'm not my shoes.

CHARLIE

No. You're a joke. You think you're being all mystical and deep representin' the best of both sexes but I'm here to tell you all you are is daft. You say you want to be treated like a man; then start acting like one. I'm sorry, but sometimes the truth hurts.

LOLA

(Rolling with anger)

The truth? The truth? We're done here.

LOLA walks away from him.

CHARLIE

And Simon ... That's right, Simon ... When you show up at the airport, try to look something like your passport photo. Yes? For both our sakes.

LOLA stares at him, angry, nonplussed, destroyed ... SHE jades back and away ...

PAT chases after LOLA.

CHARLIE snatches the resewn boot away from TRISH.

This is shite. Do it again.

TRISH

You're out of your bloody mind.

CHARLIE

This is for Milan!

TRISH

Milan. Milan! You don't even know what Milan is. You never been there. You're just guessing. And I'm going home.

CHARLIE

I don't have to guess to know what's good.

TRISH

They'd be good enough for your father.

CHARLIE

I am not my father.

TRISH

Truer words were never spoke.

CHARLIE

Do it again.

TRISH

(staring him down)

As the sayin' goes—you want something done your way ... Have at it.

(To the other workers)

What say we clear out and leave the man from Milan to his stitching.

THE WORKERS all begin shutting down their machines and exiting.

CHARLIE

(Pleading to their backs)

We've all these samples to make and no time. If you go home now, what have we been working for? Pete? Marge? Trish ... ? George! George?

END