

# Lola 1

Keyboard 1/Conductor

10. LAND OF LOLA

Kinky Boots

67

Lo - la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

68

Lo la. Step

w/Hns, Stgs, K2 cont'd.

D C

**START** \*Sing top line\*

69 70 71

Step in to a dream! Where glam-our is ex-treme! Wel-come to my fan-ta-sy!

in! Where glam! Wel - come!

Am Am/G Am/D

Dr. x x x x x x x x x x

72 We give good e - piph-a - ny! Step in to a dream! Where glam-our is ex - tremel...

73 We give good e - piph-a - ny! Step in! Where glam! Wel -

74

75 Wel-come to my fan-ta - sy! We give good e - piph-a - ny! So come and take my hand, and

76 comel We give good e - piph-a - ny! Hoo.

77

Am/D C Am

K2, Stgs, Hns.

Hns.

Tbn. 8vb

w/Stgs. 8va

G1 ad lib funk, G2 strum w/K2

Fast Strings (+8vb)

78 wel - come to the land of Lo la!

Ooh. Lo la!

(8<sup>va</sup>)

G D C

81 Say my name! Oh-oh-oo. Now

Lo-lal Lo-lal Lo - la!

Hns.

K2 w/G1

STRINGS w/Stgs.

Am Bm C Bm Am Bm C Bm F E

85 come and take my hand, 86 and wel - come to the land 87 of Lo

Hoo. Lo

G1 arps  
G2 cont'd. sim.

w/Vlns.

Am G D

Vc.

rit. 3 88 89 90

Lo la! Lo la! ff

CONDUCT w/LH

C Am ff

END

# Lola 2

Keyboard 1/Conductor

#### 4. NOT MY FATHER'S SON

## Kinky Boots

36. 37. 38. 39. 40.

strength of Spar-ta and the pa-tience of Job still could-n't be the one to ech-o

Bm7 A/C# A Bm7 A C# D E/F# F#m Bm Bm7

41 what he'd done 42 and mir-ror what was 43 not 44 in 45 me. So I

**START**

E/F# F#m Bm Bm7 E Esus E A E D2

**In tempo** ♩ = 73

**In tempo** ♩ = 73

46 47 48 49

jumped in my dream sand found an es-cape may-be I went to ex-tremes of leath-er and-lace. But the

G1. *sim.*

(K2 OUT)

A F#m C#7 D A F#m C#7 D

w/Bs, Drs.

50 world seemed bright-er 51 six inch-es off the ground 52 And the air seemed light - er 53 I was pro-found. And I

54 felt so proud 55 just to live 56 out loud 57 I'm not

Bm7 A/C# E A C#m7 DsusD G E C#7 F#m

Bm7 A/C# D Bm7 A E

G2 lite fill

V.S.

58

59

60

61

my fath - er's son. —

I'm not the im-age

of what he dreamed of, —

with the

Vln, K2: Stg. Quartet

w/G2 light arps

D

A

D

A

Bm7

A/C#

D2

+K2: Analog Pad

62

63

64

65

66

strength of Spar - ta and the

pat-ience of Job —

still could-n't be the one

to ech-o

Bm7

A/C#

A

Bm7

A/C#

D

E/F#

F#m

Bm

Bm7

67

68

69

70

what he'd done

And mir-ror what was not in — me. —

END

Hns.  
(+8vb)

E/F#

F#m

Bm

Bm7

E

Esus

E

A

E

D2

A/C#

# Lola 3

Keyboard I/Conductor

## 4. HOLD ME IN YOUR HEART

Kinky Boots

27

that's where I picked up when we went all wrong. I know that I hurt you and you hurt me too, but you

*p.*

*Cm*<sup>7</sup> *Fm*<sup>9</sup> *E<sub>b</sub>/G* *A<sub>b</sub>Maj<sup>7</sup>* *E<sub>b</sub>/B<sub>b</sub>*

29

mean more to me, I must mean more to you.

*B/C#* *sf*

31

### START

32

Hold me in your heart till you understand

*f* *T. Sx.* *Vcl.*  
+G2 Soul chanks (on "2 + 4")

*f* *E<sub>M</sub>Maj<sup>7</sup>* *C#m<sup>9</sup>* *G#m<sup>9</sup>*



33 Hold me in your heart just the way that I am. With

34

35 all your faults I love you, I need you to love me that way—

(Hns)

36

37 Dictated

38 too,

39

40

Hns.

Stgs.

Tutti- $\Delta$

$G\sharp sus$  A B  $C\sharp m$   $ff$

PLAY LH ONLY

END

(CHARLIE)

BUT NOW IT'S SINK OR SWIM SO  
I BETTER DIVE RIGHT IN

I MAY BE FACING THE IMPOSSIBLE  
I MAY BE CHASING AFTER MIRACLES.  
AND THERE MAY BE THE STEEPEST  
MOUNTAIN TO OVERCOME.  
BUT THIS IS STEP ONE.  
IT'S NOT JUST A FACTORY  
THIS IS MY FAMILY  
NO ONE'S GONNA SHUT US DOWN.

Not while Charlie Price is around.

WE MAY BE FACING THE IMPOSSIBLE  
WE MAY BE CHASING AFTER MIRACLES.  
AND THERE MAY BE THE STEEPEST  
MOUNTAIN TO OVERCOME.

WE MAY BE FACING THE IMPOSSIBLE  
WE MAY BE CHASING AFTER MIRACLES.  
AND THERE MAY BE THE STEEPEST  
MOUNTAIN TO OVERCOME.  
BUT THIS IS STEP ONE  
LOOK WHAT CHARLIE BOY HAS DONE  
THIS IS STEP ONE.

*CHARLIE hoists his creation proudly in the air for all to see: a large, clunky, burgundy boot with a block heel.*

MUSIC ENDS WITH A STING.

**START**

*LOLA appears at the top of the factory stairs. SHE grabs the boot like a dirty diaper ...*

LOLA

What is this?

CHARLIE

Your boot.

LOLA

Burgundy?

*CHARLIE notes that all of the WORKERS are staring at LOLA in disbelief.*

CHARLIE

Something wrong?

LOLA

Please, Lord, tell me I've not inspired something burgundy.

CHARLIE

At the club you said ...

LOLA

Red.

CHARLIE

You didn't specify ...

LOLA

RED.

CHARLIE

Burgundy is a red.

LOLA

*(building from a soft growl)*

Burgundy is the color of hot water bottles. RRREEEDDDD is the color of sex. Burgundy's for cardigans and golf apparel. RED is passion and danger and signs that say "DO NOT ENTER".

*PAT, fascinated by Lola, steps forward.*

PAT

I've always been partial to pink.

LOLA

*(playing right back to her)*

Pink is for playthings. Yellow's for warnings. Purple for princes. Black for wannabees. Green is for pickles. But Red is for sex.

CHARLIE

*(trying to jump back in)*

At least try them on. I guarantee they're comfy.

LOLA

SEX shouldn't be comfy.

~~TRISH~~

~~Oh good. I thought it was just a~~

LOLA

Comfy is what's putting you out of business. You want to save this place? You're going to have to start manufacturing sex. Two and a half feet of irresistible tubular sex.

CHARLIE

At least look at the heel. You sort can dance all night, beat up a football team, and this heel will still be whole. Isn't that what you wanted?

LOLA

Not if it means looking like a Ukrainian folk dancer.

*(to the ladies)*

Ladies, would you go out in something like this?

*The WOMEN all shake their heads. But DON offers ...*

DON

But I say you'd look all right in them, sweetheart.

*LOLA stops to take him in. SHE saddles up seductively, sitting down on his lap.*

LOLA

And what's your name, darling?

DON

It's Don to you, sweetheart.

LOLA

Well, Don, if you can't get women to wear them ...

*(dropping her voice an octave)*

... you'll never get them on blokes like me.

*The WORKERS laugh and DON turns beet red. HE buckles with disgust.*

*(referring to Don)*

And that's the color red you need.

*EVERYONE laughs again. LOLA returns to Charlie and tosses the boot to him.*

And if you want to put them over the top, Charlie, look to the heel.

END

## #7 - The Sex Is In The Heel

*LOLA takes over the floor of the factory and sings.*

THE SEX IS IN THE HEEL EVEN IF YOU BREAK IT  
THE SEX IS IN THE FEEL, HONEY YOU CAN'T FAKE IT  
JACK IT UP 'CAUSE I'M NO FLAT TIRE  
MACK IT UP SIX INCHES HIGHER  
THE SEX IS IN THE HEEL SO JUST EMBRACE IT

*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.

**START**

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

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

*(Roiling 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 jukes 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**