Callback Side #10 (Charlie, Lola, Lauren, George, Pat & Trish)

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

Anyone at all.

DON

And that's it?

LOLA

Good luck.

## #13a — Out of the Pub

*LOLA walks away leaving DON to ponder as the FACTORY OFFICE reappears around him...*

**FACTORY OFFICE**

*PAT, LAUREN and CHARLIE are arguing over a computer screen...*

**START**

CHARLIE

Everyone just stop talking.

*THEY do.*

Now... Now, one of you, please, cut to the chase.

PAT

We miscalculated. The Milan trip is going to cost more than we budgeted.

CHARLIE

It can't cost more because we have no more.

LAUREN

It's me. I'm the blunderer. I never ciphered land transport in Milan.

PAT

Or the import taxes.

LAUREN

No. I figured the taxes for the samples. But only one pair of each. I know—Stupid.

CHARLIE

Not brilliant.

LAUREN

It's all your fault for putting me in charge. What do I know about producing a bloody fashion show in bleedin' Italy?

CHARLIE

If we can't get our boots to Milan then all of this work has been for nothing.

PAT

What say we call the bank? Maybe, seeing how close we are, they'd carry us?

CHARLIE

"Good day, Mr Banker. We gone tits up making the best shoes in England, but we've chucked all that to make boots for trans-gentries so how'd you like to bunk in with us?"

LAUREN

It would be an awful burden, I know, but how about a short term mortgage on your new flat?

CHARLIE

Just did that. It's how we got to today.

*CHARLIE heads down the factory floor as LOLA comes running excitedly.*

LOLA

Charlie! Charlie! I was sittin' on the loo when I was struck by lightning!

PAT

Oh, Kitten, you ought to close the window first.

LAUREN

I spoke to a nice chap down at the Postal. Let me see if he can figure any leeway on the taxes.

*LAUREN leaves.*

LOLA

Would someone listen to me?

CHARLIE

We're in crisis here.

LOLA

Charlie, you want me to hire Italian models and hair and make-up staff. Why?

CHARLIE

At last one question to which I have an answer. I want you to hire models and hair and make-up because we are putting on a show.

LOLA

But why are we using fashion models?

CHARLIE

I've got this one too. Because we are putting on a fashion show.

LOLA

But why are we using professional fashion models.

CHARLIE

This really is my day. Because we are putting on a professional fashion show.

LOLA

Let's take the girls from the club.

CHARLIE

The Angels?

LOLA

Who would be more fun to see on a runway: A bunch of personality-free pretty boys prancing about, or a gaggle of fabulous drags who can demonstrate what these boots were born to do?

CHARLIE

You're not serious. You want me to gamble my family's business, this building, my home and the very shirt on my back on a ramshackle bunch of broke-down, cross-dressing...

LOLA

There ya go biting the hand that feeds.

CHARLIE

I don't know which is more daft; what you're saying or what you're wearing.

*GEORGE enters with a couple of sample boots proudly in his hands. TRISH follows close behind.*

GEORGE

Want to have a look at these, Mr Price?

*CHARLIE studies the shoe and is not happy.*

CHARLIE

The heel's wrong. This isn't the design.

GEORGE

True enough, but up against the deadline we had to improvise...

**CHARLIE**

It's nothing like the drawing.

**GEORGE**

We had to put the heel on a different angle.

**CHARLIE**

Why?

**GEORGE**

Else we'd have to create an entirely new steel shank.

**CHARLIE**

Then do it.

**TRISH**

We'll have no sewing time if we have to wait for a new heel.

*LOLA steps in...*

**LOLA**

I told them to go ahead like that.

**CHARLIE**

But it's not what you drew.

**LOLA**

One's a drawing. One's a shoe.

**CHARLIE**

I didn't give you approval.

**LOLA**

No. All you give me is deadlines.

*LOLA heads up to the office to make calls.*

**CHARLIE**

We're going to do it right or not at all. Let me see that one.

*TRISH hands over another boot and CHARLIE looks it over.*

These seams aren't straight. You're rushing. Do them over.

**TRISH**

'scuse me?

**CHARLIE**

And the zipper's set wrong... People, this is for Milan. For the most sophisticated shoe buyers in the world.

**TRISH**

So?

CHARLIE

So I don't want to be the laughing stock of the industry. We're on thin ice putting these out in the first place.

*CHARLIE rushes about the factory floor to check on the other boots.*

No. Stop sewing! Trish, George, have a look at these. They've got to be picked out and redone correctly. They all have to be done over.

TRISH

It's Saturday.

CHARLIE

And?

TRISH

I don't mind a bit of "Rah Rah Kumbaya" for the sake of the team, but some of us have a life outside this factory.

*OTHERS around stop working to watch the scene.*

CHARLIE

And you'll have a bloody lot more of it if I fire you. Do it over.

*(Catching himself)*

Please.

*TRISH takes the boot back to her machine. CHARLIE notices DON staring at him.*

*(Challenging)*

You have a problem?

*GEORGE steps between them before anything can happen.*

GEORGE

All right, everyone. Back to work.

*DON backs off.*

CHARLIE

Here's what I don't understand: Why am I the only one who cares? **END**

*GEORGE walks away biting his tongue as NICOLA comes through the gate and right at CHARLIE. SHE wears the red shoes from the opening.*

*(Trying to fend her off)*

Not now, Nic...

NICOLA

Don't even think about putting me off, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Sorry, Nic, but I'm up against a bit of a crisis here.