Callback Side #7 (Charlie, Lola & Trish)

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

Thanks 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 fades 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