

## KINKY BOOTS

*We follow LOLA backstage to...*

LOLA'S DRESSING ROOM:

*...her tiny cramped overstuffed dressing room.  
LOLA enters to find CHARLIE just coming back to life.*

### START

LOLA

Ah... He lives. Hello. They call me Lola because... it's my name.

*LOLA, undisturbed by the company, immediately begins  
to strip down and redress into a new costume.*

LOLA (cont'd)

Very sweet; you riding to my rescue. Very Prince Charming.

CHARLIE

You don't appear to be in much need of rescue.

LOLA

A girl's got to know how to look after herself. There are some very funny people out there. How's your chin?

*LOLA reaches to touch CHARLIE but he pushes her hand  
away.*

LOLA (cont'd)

(laughing)

Don't flatter yourself. I will say one thing for you: You're hard headed. Your jaw whacked my heel clean off.

*SHE tosses CHARLIE her boot with the snapped off heel.*

CHARLIE

Oh, I could fix these for you, but they're just cheap boots.

LOLA

Very expensive boots. But cheaply made. I'd give my left tit for a shoe that could stand up to me.

*LOLA starts to pull on another pair of boots. SHE  
struggles.*

LOLA (cont'd)

But it's my curse to love these things...

*CHARLIE reaches in his pocket, extracts a shoe-horn  
and helps LOLA into her boot.*

CHARLIE

Allow me.

LOLA

Thank you again, mister... Not to be presumptive, but you are a mister?

CHARLIE

Charlie. From Northampton.

LOLA

Well, Charlie from Northampton, if you'll excuse me, I need to start the second show. There's a room full of people waiting to feel normal by comparison. But please, feel free to join in the fun.

CHARLIE

Very kind. Thank you. But I'd best be getting back. I've got a factory full of folks need firing tomorrow morning.

LOLA

And they call me kinky? Well, as Oscar Wilde said, "Be yourself. Everyone else is already taken."

**STOP**

**KINKY BOOTS**

---

*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.*

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

**START**

LOLA  
What is this?

CHARLIE  
Your boot.

LOLA  
Burgundy?

CHARLIE  
Something wrong?

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

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)

## KINKY BOOTS

Lola Sides

Side 2 of 5

---

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 me.

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.*

LOLA (cont'd)

(referring to Don)

And that's the color red you need.

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

LOLA (cont'd)

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

**STOP**

FACADE OF THE FACTORY:

*CHARLIE rushes after LOLA who is on her mobile phone.*

**START**

CHARLIE

Lola! Did you hear me? I said we can do it.

LOLA

All right, but you've got to be quick. We have an eight o'clock show.

CHARLIE

Seriously. We think we have a way to make the boots. And if we can, and if you're right about never being far from a cross...customer, we might just have something.

LOLA

That there's cause for celebration.

(Into the phone)

Yes, I need a van to take seven to the train station.

CHARLIE

You've got to stay.

LOLA

(Into phone)

I'll ring back.

(to Charlie)

Me? Stay? Here? Yes? No. Charlie my boy, I abandoned the provinces years ago and your fellow Don in there was a stellar reminder why.

CHARLIE

Forget about Don. He's just...

LOLA

Just like every other man in Northampton. Charlie, I escaped this life once. I'm not doing it again.

CHARLIE

So you head back to London and I'm here trying to save a factory that four generations of my family poured their life's blood into.

LOLA

Get to the part that applies to me.

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.*

*LOLA kicks her heels at the sidewalk.*

LOLA

A designer? A designer! Guess I could get used to that name; Kinky Boots. Or better yet, Lola's Kinky Boots...

(Following after CHARLIE)

Hope you know you're gonna have to make me a new sign. And I warn you: It had better be RED!

*SHE exits the factory.*

**STOP**



MEN'S ROOM OF THE FACTORY:

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

**START**

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.*

LOLA (cont'd)

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 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.*

LOLA (cont'd)

And you? You like making shoes?

CHARLIE

The day I was born dad set me down next in the 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.

MUSIC: I'M NOT MY FATHER'S SON

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.

---

*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

(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...*

**STOP**



Piano/Vocal

# LAND OF LOLA

[LOLA AUDITION CUT]

Music and Lyrics by  
CYNDI LAUPER

Vocal Arrangement by  
STEPHEN OREMUS

Sexy Club Tempo ♩ = 118

1 2 3 4

Am F E Got Gin - ger

5 6

Rod - gers sa - voir faire, with the moves of Fred A - staire. I'm black

Am

7 8

Je - sus, I'm black Ma - ry, but this Ma - ry's legs are hair - y. I'm your

G E

Detailed description: This is a piano/vocal score for the song 'Land of Lola'. It is written in 4/4 time with a tempo of 118 beats per minute. The score is divided into three systems. The first system (measures 1-4) features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note bass line. Chords are indicated as Am, F, and E. The lyrics for measures 1-4 are 'Got Gin - ger'. The second system (measures 5-6) continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part uses Am chords. The lyrics for measures 5-6 are 'Rod - gers sa - voir faire, with the moves of Fred A - staire. I'm black'. The third system (measures 7-8) concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part uses G and E chords. The lyrics for measures 7-8 are 'Je - sus, I'm black Ma - ry, but this Ma - ry's legs are hair - y. I'm your'.

9 10

co - co but - ter bitch, not just coo - kie cut - ter kitsch. I pro - vide

Am

11 12

the un - ex - pec - ted, with a prize that's un - de - tec - ted. Sza...

G E

13 14 15 16

Lift you to your high - est highs.

Am Bm C Bm Am Bm C Bm F E

17 18

Let's ex - plore your flight of fan - cy to - night.

Am Bm C Bm Am Bm C Bm

19 I am gon - na treat you right! And like Sha -

20

F E

21 zam! And bam. Here I am. Yes, ma'am. I am 22 23 24 Lo - la. And like, "je

f Am G D C

25 suis!" Oo - wee. That's me, e - bo - ny. I am 26 27 28 Lo - la, la, la, la, la, la!

Am G D C

29 Step in to a dream! 30 Where glam - our is ex - treme.

Am Am/G



31 Wel - come to my fan - ta - sy! 32 We give good e - piph - a - ny!

33 Step in to a dream! 34 Where glam - our is ex - treme!

35 Wel - come to my fan - ta - sy! 36 We give good e - piph - a - ny! So

37  
come and take my hand, and wel - come to the land of Lo

Am G D

40  
oh

rit. 3

41 la!

42

C Am ff



Piano/Vocal

# HOLD ME IN YOUR HEART

[LOLA AUDITION High Key]

Music and Lyrics by  
CYNDI LAUPER

Arrangement by  
STEPHEN OREMUS

Whitney Power Ballad ♩. = 50

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef for the piano part and a single treble clef for the vocal line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 12/8. The tempo is marked as ♩. = 50. The score is divided into six measures, with measure numbers 1 through 6 indicated at the start of each line. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a single half-note in the left hand. The vocal line is a simple melody with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "You missed out on the best part of me. The part that made me who I am today. Oh,". The score includes dynamic markings (mp) and chord symbols (G5, D5/G, G, D) for the piano part.

1 *G*<sup>5</sup> *mp* 2 *D*<sup>5</sup>/*G*

3 You missed out on the best part of me The  
*G* *D*

5 part that made me who I am to - day. Oh,  
*G*<sup>5</sup> *D*

7 8

but the best part of me \_\_\_\_\_ is stand - ing in front of you \_\_\_\_\_

Am G/B

9 10

\_\_\_\_\_ and loves you \_\_\_\_\_ a - ny - way \_\_\_\_\_

C G/D D

11 12

Hold \_\_\_\_\_ me in your heart till you un - der - stand \_\_\_\_\_

*mf* EbMaj7 Cm9 Gm7

13 14

Hold \_\_\_\_\_ me in your heart just the way that \_\_\_\_\_ I am. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, with \_\_\_\_\_

AbMaj7 *simile* Fm9 G7

15

all your faults I love you, don't give up on me, I won't

*AbMaj7* *f* *Fm9*

17

give up on you. Well, you took my hand, taught me how to be strong.

*Cm7* *Fm9*

19

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

*Cm7* *sub. mf cresc. poco a poco* *Fm9* *Eb/G* *AbMaj7* *Eb/Bb*

21

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

*Cb/Db*

23

Hold me in your heart till you understand

*f* EMaj7 C#m9 G#m7

25

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

AMaj7 F#m9 G#7

27

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

AMaj7 F#m9 G#sus

Dictated

30

too,

A B C#m *fp* *ff*



Piano/Vocal

# NOT MY FATHER'S SON

[LOLA AUDITION High Key]

Music and Lyrics by  
CYNDI LAUPER

Vocal Arrangement by  
STEPHEN OREMUS

$\text{♩} = 73$

1 2 LOLA:

When

*mp*  
A<sup>5</sup>

3 4 5 6

I was just a kid \_\_\_\_\_ ev - 'ry - thing I did was to be like him

7 8 9 10

\_\_\_\_\_ un - der my \_\_\_\_\_ skin. \_\_\_\_\_ My

Dadd<sup>9</sup> A<sup>5</sup>

Kinky Boots - P/V

Not My Father's Son [LOLA AUDITION CUT]

11 12 13 14

fath - er al - ways thought if I was strong and fought

15 16 17

Not like some al - ba - tross I'd be - gin

Asus A Dadd9

18 19 20

To fit in Look at

A5

21 22 23

me, pow - er - less and hold - ing my breath. Try - ing hard to re - press what

*mf* A F#m7 C#7 D A F#m7



24  
 8  
 scared him to death. It was nev - er eas - y to be his type of man. To breathe

C#7 D Bm A/C# E A C#m7 D

27  
 8  
 free - ly was not in his plan. And the best part of me

G E C#7 F#m Bm A/C#

30  
 8  
 is what he would - n't see. I'm not

D Bm A E

33  
 8  
 my fath - er's son. I'm not the im-age of what he dreamed of With the

D A D D A Bm A/C# D

Kinky Boots - P/V

37 strength of Spar - ta and the pa - tience of Job still could - n't

Bm A/C# A Bm A/C# D

40 be the one to ech - o what he'd done and mir - ror

E/F# F#m7 Bm7 E/F# F#m7 Bm7

44 what was not in me.

E Esus E A E D2 A/C#

47 The end - less tor - rent of ex - pec - ta - tions

Bm7 D/E E

49 50 51  
 swirl - ing in - side my mind. wore me down. I came to a rea -

*C#m7* *F#m7* *G#m7* *F#7/A#* *Bm7*

52 53 54  
 - li - za - tion and I fin - 'ly turned a - round to see

*D/E* *C#7#9* *F#m* *E* *D*

55 56 57 58  
 that I could just be me.

*mp* *Bm* *A/C#* *E* *A*