

CHARLIE

START



51

When will I be the

G

52 soul of a man— 53 no-ble and wise— 54 like the 55 soul of a man— who lift-ed me high

Db Db/C Bbm Bbm/Ab Gb Gb/F Gb Ab

Kinky Boots - P/V

- 6 - 12/20 Soul Of A Man

56 57 58

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

Db Db/C Bbm Bbm/Ab Gb Gb/F

59 60 61

looked up too. What else could I do?

Gb Ab Ab/Gb Ab/F Ab/Eb

62 63 64 65

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

Db Db/C Bbm Bbm/Ab Gb Gb/F Gb Ab

Kinky Boots - P/V

Soul Of A Man

66 67 68

Oh! _____ Soul! _____ Soul of a _____ man _____ Here comes that fa - mil - iar sound.

Db Db/C Bbm Bbm/Ab Gb Gb/F

Dictated

69 70 71 72 73

Same old Char-lie hit-tin' the ground _____

Gb Ab Fb Gb Db

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.

KINKY BOOTS

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Charlie Sides

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 regroupes 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

KINKY BOOTS

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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.

STOP