Thank you for auditioning for

KINKY BOOTS NATIONAL TOUR

ROLE: CHARLIE

Initial Call please prepare:
1. Side #2 and “Soul of a Man” (starting at “Stupid hubris…”).
2. Familiarize yourself with “Step One”
3. Please bring your audition book with you in case we would like to hear an additional pop/rock song.

IF you are called back please prepare the FULL audition packet sides and music.

INSTRUCTIONS:
Be sure to bring your picture and resume, otherwise we will not have one in the room!

Thanks so much!
W | S Casting
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
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.

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 Brunnhilde 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.
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
CHARLIE:

I'm bad news, a black and blues-er

who's a los-er

A mer-ry-go-round spi-ra lin' down

I'm all used up, I'm chafed and chewed up

who's just screwed up the
same old Charlie, hit 'tin' the ground, 'cause I'll never be the one

F                        Gsus  fp

soul of a man, noble and wise, like the soul of a man who lifted me high like the soul of a man

C                        C/B    Am        Am/G  F      F/E    F        G

soul of a man, heroic and true, like the soul of a man that I looked up to.

C                        C/B    Am        Am/G  F      F/E

What else could I do?

F                        G      /F       /E      /D
Kinky Boots - P/V

Soul Of A Man [CHARLIE AUDITION High Key]

Stupid hubris, no excuses, I blew my fuses, I guess I'm just a ruse in my father's shoes.

Not amusing, no confusing, this streak of losing.

Totally brutal and useless, too.

How can I be the

F G
soul of a man—noble and wise like the soul of a man who lifted me high, like the

soul of a man—heroic and true like the soul of a man that I

looked up to.

What else could I
Kinky Boots - P/V

Just when I'm reaching for that rung at the top, I'm that broken heel unsteady and

ready ready to drop

When will I be the

soul of a man, noble and wise like the soul of a man who lifted me high

Soul Of A Man [CHARLIE AUDITION High Key]
soul of a man, heroic and true like the soul of a man that I looked up too. What else could I do?
I'll never be. No, I'll never be. I have gone and let you down.
Oh! Soul! Soul of a man Here comes that familiar sound.

Dictated

Same old Charlie hit-tin' the ground
Do I belong here?  Am I what's wrong here?  Know what I'm doing?  Or am I a fraud?

Do I fit in?  Where do I begin?  Same old Charlie, frightened and flawed.  So...
I pretend and keep my head up like I know how this will end. May-be these pieces are falling to-geth-er mak-ing me feel like I'm not a-lone. Punch-ing holes in-to this leath-er This kind-a feels like I'm back home I'm
watching myself and I know what to do. Hey, it's a shoe.

look at me now. It's a shoe.

This is time for a shake up, look at me wake up ta-king con-trol,

This is time for a shake up, look at me wake up ta-king con-trol,
This is a new beginning my gears are spinning let’s rock and roll

Just put one foot onward and forward.

I used to be a zero but now I clearly feel that

I may be the hero who reinvents the heel I may be facing the im-
pos-sible
I may be chas-ing after mir-a-cles. And there may be the steep-est
moun-tain to over come.

But this is step one.

Yeah this is step one.

It’s not just a fac-to-ry. this is my fam-i-ly.
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
deep in the belly of a whale.

And there may be the steepest mountain to overcome.

But this is step one,

Look what Charlie, boy has done.

This is step one,