

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