

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