



DOWNRIVER ACTORS GUILD

Nicola Audition Sides



Vocal Selection – The Most Beautiful Thing In The World

Nicola

Dictated A Tempo

53 54

G Eb F A<sup>6</sup>

**NICOLA:** "Charlie, here are the shoes I told you about. Come have a look-see."

55 56 57

E *cresc. poco a poco* A C D C D

**NICOLA:** "Aren't they the most necessary things ever? If you want to slip a ring on my finger, you'll first slip these shoes on my feet."  
**CHARLIE:** "A tad posh for life in Northampton, wouldn't you say?"

58 59 60 61 62

*sub. p* E A<sup>add2</sup> C<sup>#m7</sup> A<sup>add2</sup> D

**NICOLA:** "Then good thing we're moving to London. And won't they make a fitting farewell to the stink of cattle farms and tanning leather? We may have been born in a small factory town, but we sure as hell don't have to die there."

**CHARLIE:** "You see the price? There's three month's rent."

**NICOLA:** "Pinch 'em or pay for 'em, that's up to you. But these shoes are in my future."

**Start (vamp 2x)**

**Safety (vocal last x)**

63 64 65 → 65A 65B **NICOLA:**

To new be-

A<sup>add2</sup> E A<sup>add2</sup> D A<sup>add2</sup>

66 gin - nings Hel - lo to sun - ny days We're up - ward mo - bile now Good - bye to

*mf* E A E

69 small - town ways 'Til it's im - pos - si - ble to find a trace of what we left be - hind. And the de -

A D A

72 fin - ing el - e - ment is in these shoes. The most

**ALL WOMEN:**  
The most

**MALE WORKERS:**  
The most

A<sup>6</sup>

74

beau-ti-ful thing in the world... The most beau-ti-ful thing in the world... Char-lie that

75

beau-ti-ful thing in the world... The most beau-ti-ful thing in the world...

beau-ti-ful thing in the world... The most beau-ti-ful thing in the world...

E A E A

76

I know... I know the most beau-ti-ful thing in the world... the most

I know the most beau-ti-ful thing in the world... The most

I know the most beau-ti-ful thing in the world... the most

C#m D E A

77

78 79

beau-ti - ful thing in the world\_\_\_ Char - lie, it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_ it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_

beau-ti - ful thing in the world\_\_\_ Char - lie, it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_ it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_

beau-ti - ful thing in the world\_\_\_ Char - lie, it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_ it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_

E A C D

**MR. PRICE:** "Your life, your future is right here in this factory. You belong here."

**CHARLIE:** "No, I belong with Nicola in London."

**MR. PRICE:** "No, you belong here."

**CHARLIE:** "Will you toast my journey?"

80 81 82 83

*mp* Eb Ab Cm7 Ab

beau-ti - ful thing in the world\_\_\_ Char - lie, it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_ it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_

beau-ti - ful thing in the world\_\_\_ Char - lie, it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_ it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_

beau-ti - ful thing in the world\_\_\_ Char - lie, it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_ it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_

**MR. PRICE:** "But, to leave your family and home for a job shopping in London..."

**CHARLIE:** "Marketing. Richard Bailey has offered Nicola and I positions marketing real estate."

**MR. PRICE:** "You're breaking my heart, Charlie."

84 85 86 87 88

A Dadd2 F#m Gadd2 Dadd2

beau-ti - ful thing in the world\_\_\_ Char - lie, it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_ it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_

beau-ti - ful thing in the world\_\_\_ Char - lie, it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_ it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_

beau-ti - ful thing in the world\_\_\_ Char - lie, it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_ it's beau-ti - ful,\_\_\_



## Reading – The Phone Call

Charlie  
Nicola

*THE SHOE ALARM sounds along with the telephone in CHARLIE'S OFFICE.*

**SHOE STORE FRONT IN LONDON:**

*NICOLA stands in front of the SHOE STORE from the opening, her cell phone in hand.*

*CHARLIE is rifling about, looking for something on his desk...*

**NICOLA**

Well, my wedding shoes are still here. But my fiance is nowhere in sight.

**CHARLIE**

Sorry, Nic. I'm completely underwater...

**NICOLA**

You saying you still haven't left? Charlie, we have an appointment. If we lose this hall we'll wind up getting married in a fish and chip shop.

**CHARLIE**

Now that sounds like fun.

**NICOLA**

Are you seriously standing me up?

**CHARLIE**

C'mon, Nic. Do we really need a showy wedding? In the end, shouldn't it be about us?

**NICOLA**

A wedding announces to the world who you, as a couple, are going to be.

**CHARLIE**

I've just given two-week notices to George, Don, Maggie, Trish...

**NICOLA**

*(Interrupting)*

Cripes! I forgot to ask Maggie to be a bridesmaid. She'll like that, eh?

**CHARLIE**

I think she'd like getting a paycheck better. Honestly, Nic, wouldn't saving all those people's jobs tell the world a bit more about us than having a fancy party in a pair of nine hundred quid shoes you'll wear once? Talk about your niche market!

*MUSICAL STING.*

*CHARLIE suddenly stares at the broken BOOT.*

Talk about your niche market.

*MUSICAL STING.*

**NICOLA**

Talk about what niche market?

MUSICAL STING.

CHARLIE

"Take what you got." "Change the product." "Find an under-served niche market."  
And they are certainly a completely under-served niche market!

NICOLA

Have you gone off your nut?

CHARLIE

Nic... I'll ring you back.

THE MUSICAL VAMP RAMPS UP AGAIN...

*Excitedly, CHARLIE calls out over his microphone...*

Lauren to the office! Lauren come see Mr Pri... Charlie in his office! NOW!

*LAUREN meets up with CHARLIE in the office. HE grabs her hand and pulls her back down the stairs toward...*

**BACK TO THE STAGE:**

LOLA

ANGELS

STEP IN

STEP IN TO A DREAM

WHERE GLAM

GLAMOUR IS EXTREME

WELCOME

WELCOME TO OUR FANTASY

WE GIVE GOOD EPIPHANY

WE GIVE GOOD EPIPHANY

SO COME AND TAKE MY HAND

WELCOME TO THE LAND OF

LOLA.

LOLA

*LOLA'S SONG resumes exactly where it had broken off. CHARLIE and LAUREN appear in the club...*

*LOLA joins them at a table.*

LOLA

*(to Lauren)*

You've got a dark horse in this boyfriend of yours.

*BOTH jump at the suggestion.*



Reading – Factory Sale

Charlie, Nicola, Bailey, Lola

**LOLA**

WITH THE STRENGTH OF SPARTA

**LOLA & CHARLIE**

AND THE PATIENCE OF JOB  
STILL COULDN'T BE THE ONE  
TO ECHO WHAT HE'D DONE  
AND MIRROR WHAT WAS NOT IN ME.

*LOLA offers a hand to shake.*

**LOLA**

WE'RE THE SAME, CHARLIE BOY  
YOU AND ME.

Charlie from Northampton, meet Simon from Clacton.

**CHARLIE**

Let's make boots!

**#9a - Let's Make Boots**

*THEY shake hands.*

*THE MUSIC ENDS as they exit the washroom and we travel back to...*

**FAÇADE OF THE FACTORY:**

*NICOLA is on the sidewalk setting up a display easel alongside a young handsome businessman, RICHARD BAILEY.*

*CHARLIE comes out to greet her. HE is flushed with excitement.*

**CHARLIE**

Sorry. You wouldn't believe what's going on in there.

**NICOLA**

Hey, stranger, don't I get a kiss?

*HE kisses her quickly.*

**CHARLIE**

Sorry. I'm just excited. Nic, I've found the craziest solution for the factory.

**NICOLA**

Slow down, Charlie. You said you'd hear us out. Yeah? Like I told you on the phone, some of this is going to come as a shock, but you promised you'd listen with an open mind.

*RICHARD steps up to them.*

(NICOLA)

Charlie, you remember my boss Richard Bailey.

BAILEY

I was almost your boss, too. Eh, mate? Sorry about your dad. But I hope, once the dust settles, maybe you'll come back and work with us.

*CHARLIE answers with a blank stare.*

In any event, I have to say that I am cranked on this project. Not all buildings deserve a second life, but yours is special.

CHARLIE

Second life?

NICOLA

Let the man talk, darling.

*BAILEY proudly unveils the drawing on the easel.*

BAILEY

Price & Son Condominiums! One, two and three bedroom loft style homes with all the amenities...

NICOLA

How exciting is that?

BAILEY

Look at the detail. It's not what you change about a building, it's what you preserve that marks a great conversion.

CHARLIE

What makes you think we're up for conversion?

NICOLA

You promised to hear the man out.

CHARLIE

Price and Son is not for sale.

NICOLA

Actually it is, unless you want to see it foreclosed.

CHARLIE

If you'd listen you'd know that I've found a solution...

*LOLA bursts out of the factory door. SHE wears men's clothes, but on the flamboyant side.*

LOLA

Charlie, come quick. The Angel's train just pulled in, the first pair of boots are on their final polish, but we can't unveil them without you.

*NICOLA stares. CHARLIE blushes. LOLA takes the temperature.*

Oh, hello.

LOLA

There's a

LOLA

That was  
lightly. T

Before yc  
building  
months a

(To Ri

Tell him.

It's true.

BAILI

You you  
were alr  
me first  
look so  
the fact  
career-d  
selling.

(Desp

I'm aski

Stop! A  
door is

MUS

**(LOLA)**

Oh, hello. I'm Lola. I'm the one designing Charlie's new line of transvestite footwear.

*LOLA offers a long-nailed hand which NICOLA backs away from.*

There's a slight chill in the air, or is it me? Maybe I should just... go away.

*LOLA retreats inside.*

**CHARLIE**

That was... You really have to know him,... Listen, Nicky, I have not gone into this lightly. There actually is a market out there for...

**NICOLA**

Before you make a complete fool of yourself it's time you heard the truth. Selling the building was your father's idea. Yes, your father's idea. He approached Richard months ago.

*(To Richard)*

Tell him.

**BAILEY**

It's true. Your dad and I had several meetings.

*BAILEY shrugs with embarrassment and then moves away.*

**NICOLA**

You yourself told me that he had a plan. Remember? Well, this was it. The contracts were almost done when he passed. We can show you the papers. Richard came to me first lest you think your father doubted you could run the business. But, don't look so down. This is all good news. The deal Richard's put together will rid you of the factory, settle your family's debts and insure our future with a career-defining selling opportunity. We even get a model flat, rent free, while we're selling.

**CHARLIE**

*(Desperate)*

I'm asking you to have a bit of faith...

**NICOLA**

Stop! Are you deaf? Your father was cashing out! You owe him nothing. The prison door is open. You're free, Charlie. All you need do is walk away.

*MUSICAL STING: CHARLIE is alone with his thoughts...*



## Reading – Milan Breakdown

Charlie, Lola, Lauren, Pat, Trish,  
George, Nicola

LOLA

I'm not looking for you to say anything.

DON

*(Making sure he's got it.)*

"Accept someone for who they are." How's that make me a man?

LOLA

Try it.

DON

Anyone?

LOLA

Anyone at all.

DON

And that's it?

LOLA

Good luck.

No. I figure

Not brilliar

It's all you  
bloody fast

If we can't

What say v

"Good day,  
chucked all

It would be  
new flat?

Just did the  
CHARLI

Charlie! Ch

Oh, Kitten,

I spoke to a  
the taxes.

LAUREN

Would som

We're in cri

Charlie, you

#13a - Out of the Pub

*LOLA walks away leaving DON to ponder as the FACTORY OFFICE reappears around him...*

**FACTORY OFFICE**

*PAT, LAUREN and CHARLIE are arguing over a computer screen...*

CHARLIE

Everyone just stop talking.

*THEY do.*

Now... Now, one of you, please, cut to the chase.

PAT

We miscalculated. The Milan trip is going to cost more than we budgeted.

CHARLIE

It can't cost more because we have no more.

LAUREN

It's me. I'm the blunderer. I never ciphared land transport in Milan.

PAT

Or the import taxes.

LAUREN

No. I figured the taxes for the samples. But only one pair of each. I know—Stupid.

CHARLIE

Not brilliant.

LAUREN

It's all your fault for putting me in charge. What do I know about producing a bloody fashion show in bleedin' Italy?

CHARLIE

If we can't get our boots to Milan then all of this work has been for nothing.

PAT

What say we call the bank? Maybe, seeing how close we are, they'd carry us?

CHARLIE

"Good day, Mr Banker. We gone tits up making the best shoes in England, but we've chucked all that to make boots for trans-gentries so how'd you like to bunk in with us?"

LAUREN

It would be an awful burden, I know, but how about a short term mortgage on your new flat?

CHARLIE

Just did that. It's how we got to today.

*CHARLIE heads down the factory floor as LOLA comes running excitedly.*

LOLA

Charlie! Charlie! I was sittin' on the loo when I was struck by lightning!

PAT

Oh, Kitten, you ought to close the window first.

LAUREN

I spoke to a nice chap down at the Postal. Let me see if he can figure any leeway on the taxes.

*LAUREN leaves.*

LOLA

Would someone listen to me?

CHARLIE

We're in crisis here.

LOLA

Charlie, you want me to hire Italian models and hair and make-up staff. Why?

CHARLIE

At last one question to which I have an answer. I want you to hire models and hair and make-up because we are putting on a show.

LOLA

But why are we using fashion models?

CHARLIE

I've got this one too. Because we are putting on a fashion show.

LOLA

But why are we using professional fashion models.

CHARLIE

This really is my day. Because we are putting on a professional fashion show.

LOLA

Let's take the girls from the club.

CHARLIE

The Angels?

LOLA

Who would be more fun to see on a runway: A bunch of personality-free pretty boys prancing about, or a gaggle of fabulous drags who can demonstrate what these boots were born to do?

CHARLIE

You're not serious. You want me to gamble my family's business, this building, my home and the very shirt on my back on a ramshackle bunch of broke-down, cross-dressing...

LOLA

There ya go biting the hand that feeds.

CHARLIE

I don't know which is more daft; what you're saying or what you're wearing.

*GEORGE enters with a couple of sample boots proudly in his hands. TRISH follows close behind.*

GEORGE

Want to have a look at these, Mr Price?

*CHARLIE studies the shoe and is not happy.*

CHARLIE

The heel's wrong. This isn't the design.

GEORGE

True enough, but up against the deadline we had to improvise...

It's nothing

We had to

Why?

Else we'd h

Then do it.

We'll have

LOLA st

I told them

But it's not

One's a dra

I didn't giv

No. All you

LOLA he

We're going

TRISH h

These seam

'scuse me?

And the zip

shoe buyers

So?

CHARLIE

It's nothing like the drawing.

GEORGE

We had to put the heel on a different angle.

CHARLIE

Why?

GEORGE

Else we'd have to create an entirely new steel shank.

CHARLIE

Then do it.

TRISH

We'll have no sewing time if we have to wait for a new heel.

*LOLA steps in...*

LOLA

I told them to go ahead like that.

CHARLIE

But it's not what you drew.

LOLA

One's a drawing. One's a shoe.

CHARLIE

I didn't give you approval.

LOLA

No. All you give me is deadlines.

*LOLA heads up to the office to make calls.*

CHARLIE

We're going to do it right or not at all. Let me see that one.

*TRISH hands over another boot and CHARLIE looks it over.*

These seams aren't straight. You're rushing. Do them over.

TRISH

'scuse me?

CHARLIE

And the zipper's set wrong... People, this is for Milan. For the most sophisticated shoe buyers in the world.

TRISH

So?

**CHARLIE**

So I don't want to be the laughing stock of the industry. We're on thin ice putting these out in the first place.

*CHARLIE rushes about the factory floor to check on the other boots.*

No. Stop sewing! Trish, George, have a look at these. They've got to be picked out and redone correctly. They all have to be done over.

**TRISH**

It's Saturday.

**CHARLIE**

And?

**TRISH**

I don't mind a bit of "Rah Rah Kumbaya" for the sake of the team, but some of us have a life outside this factory.

*OTHERS around stop working to watch the scene.*

**CHARLIE**

And you'll have a bloody lot more of it if I fire you. Do it over.

*(Catching himself)*

Please.

*TRISH takes the boot back to her machine. CHARLIE notices DON staring at him.*

*(Challenging)*

You have a problem?

*GEORGE steps between them before anything can happen.*

**GEORGE**

All right, everyone. Back to work.

*DON backs off.*

**CHARLIE**

Here's what I don't understand: Why am I the only one who cares?

*GEORGE walks away biting his tongue as NICOLA comes through the gate and right at CHARLIE. SHE wears the red shoes from the opening.*

*(Trying to fend her off)*

Not now, Nic...

**NICOLA**

Don't even think about putting me off, Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

Sorry, Nic, but I'm up against a bit of a crisis here.

You mortgage  
supper - along  
bank note.

I can explain.

No one can e  
me but one r  
DON, on h

The reason is

Where was a

London was

For us.

For you. You

Really? Well  
just for me t

CHARLIE

And this... V  
spinning in  
Charlie? Th  
on there I sl

Don't be ric

Well how sl

*(Indicati*

I'm doing i

**NICOLA**

You mortgaged our flat without even discussing it with me? There I am, having me supper – alone as usual – and along comes a man to measure up the garden for the bank note.

**CHARLIE**

I can explain...

**NICOLA**

No one can ever say I didn't stand by my man. And I'll stand by you still if you give me but one reason.

*DON, on his way to his machine, overhears all of this.*

**CHARLIE**

The reason is right in front of you. Isn't saving Price & Son worth everything?

**NICOLA**

Where was all this passion when I was trying to make us a new life in London?

**CHARLIE**

London was for you.

**NICOLA**

For us.

**CHARLIE**

For you. You wanted London and I... went along.

**NICOLA**

Really? Well, you could have fooled me. And what about us? Was getting engaged just for me too?

*CHARLIE has no answer.*

And this... Who's this rubbish for? Don't tell me it's for your father. He's probably spinning in his grave over what you've turned his factory into. So who's it for, Charlie? That fancy friend of yours? Doin' special favors for him? Something going on there I should know about?

**CHARLIE**

Don't be ridiculous.

**NICOLA**

Well, how should I know who you're bunking in with? Certainly hasn't been with me.

**CHARLIE**

*(Indicating the WORKERS)*

I'm doing it for them.

NICOLA

Who?

CHARLIE

Them. Our friends. No? We grew up with these people. We've known them all our lives. And now their whole livelihood is riding on what I do.

NICOLA

So you're hankering to be a hero? Charlie to the rescue, is it? Well, how do I get Charlie to rescue me?

*Silence between them.*

CHARLIE

*(Studying her)*

You look nice; all done up.

NICOLA

Richard's put me on a new project. Big time stuff. I'm headed back to the city for good. Are you coming?

*CHARLIE looks down and sees her shoes for the first time.*

CHARLIE

Aren't those the shoes we saw... ?

NICOLA

How long was I supposed to wait?

#13b - So Long, Charlie

*NICOLA gives CHARLIE a kiss on the cheek and leaves.*

So long, Charlie.

*LOLA comes down from the office, very pleased with herself.*

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...

Think, Charl  
the chance to  
up so there's

CHARLIE

How do I ge  
sophisticate

Half of who

News-flash f  
in brassieres

Well, bully f

Then here's i  
your chums.

We won't be

Well there's :  
stomping ab

Women?

You heard m

That was ne

Then the de

What did th

I am not eml

**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.*

And Simon.. something li

*LOLA stais*

*PAT chase*

*CHARLIE*

This is shite.

You're out o

This is for M

Milan. Milar guessing. Ai

I don't have

They'd be g

I am not my

Truer words

Do it again.

*(staring h*

As the sayir

*(To the ot*

What say w

*THE WO*

*(Pleading*

We've all th been workii

## 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...*

*PAT chases after LOLA.*

*CHARLIE snatches the resewn boot away from TRISH.*

This is shite. Do it again.

## TRISH

You're out of your bloody mind.

## CHARLIE

This is for Milan!

## TRISH

Milan. Milan! You don't even know what Milan is. You never been there. You're just guessing. And I'm going home.

## CHARLIE

I don't have to guess to know what's good.

## TRISH

They'd be good enough for your father.

## CHARLIE

I am not my father.

## TRISH

Truer words were never spoke.

## CHARLIE

Do it again.

## TRISH

*(staring him down)*

As the sayin' goes — you want something done your way... Have at it.

*(To the other workers)*

What say we clear out and leave the man from Milan to his stitching.

*THE WORKERS all begin shutting down their machines and exiting.*

## CHARLIE

*(Pleading to their backs)*

We've all these samples to make and no time. If you go home now, what have we been working for? Pete? Marge? Trish... ? George! George?