



DOWNRIVER ACTORS GUILD

Lauren Audition Sides



# Vocal Selection – The History Of Wrong Guys

Lauren

47 How can you sur - prise me an - y - more, -ore.

48

49

50 -ore -ore

51

52

**START**

LAUREN: "He's got a girlfriend, you flake."

53 sub. *mp* Bb5

54 F/A

55 Ab

56 Eb

57 Don't wan-na be a-no-ther star-crossed lov - er. We all know how that ends.

58

59

60 3



61 62 63 64

I'm bet-ter off with-out him, we're bet-ter off as friends. Uhn - ohw.

65 66 67 68

But I've been here be-fore. Have I come back for more? A - no-ther chap-ter in the his-to-ry of wrong guys.

69 70 71 72

Yes-ter-day no spark, no heart ach-ing al-lure. But to-day I'm feel-ing some-thing I just can't ig-nore

73 74 75 76

Char - lie, \_\_\_\_\_ hon - est - ly, \_\_\_\_\_

Chords: Bb5, F/A, Ab, Eb, Bb, F/A, Ab5, Eb5, Bb, F/A, Ab, Eb, Bb, F, C5, F.

85 86 87 88

I've been hurt like this be - fore. -ore -ore

B $\flat$  F C $^5$

89 90 91 92

-ore The his - to - ry of wrong guys. Chap - ter

*f* B $\flat^5$  F $^5$

93 94 95

one, he's a bum. Two: he's not in - to you. Three: he's a sleaze.

*sub. p* C $^5$  *cresc. poco a poco* D $^5$  E $^5$

96 97 98

Four: loves the girl next door. Five: Loves the boy next door. Six: don't love you no more.

F $^5$  G $^5$  A $^5$





## Reading – The Funeral

Charlie, George, Pat  
Delivery Man, Don, Lauren

NICOLA studies him sadly.

NICOLA

You can always go back and muck in with your dad.

CHARLIE

And make shoes? That's not what I want.

NICOLA

What is it you want?

*Charlie's mobile rings. HE answers...*

CHARLIE

Hello... Yes. This is his son... When? How?

**PRICE & SON FACTORY:**

## #2a - The Funeral

*The theme takes on a funereal tone as CHARLIE walks solemnly past a column of WORKERS.*

*CHARLIE climbs the stairs to his father's office.*

*With factory manager, GEORGE, watching, CHARLIE studies a line of portraits of his forefathers on the wall which ends with his dad's.*

**FEMALE WORKER**

**PAT & WORKERS**

TRUST YOUR FEET IN PRICE AND SON

OOH

OUR WORK IS TRIED AND TRUE

PRACTICAL, PRAGMATICAL

OOH

STEADFAST AND STURDY TOO.

IF YOU STROLL OR SAUNTER,

OOH

AMBLE, WALK, JOG, HOP OR RUN

OOH

THE PRUDENT SHOE FOR YOU TO

CHOOSE IS

PRICE AND SON.

OOH

**GEORGE**

Your father would be proud to see you standing here, Mr. Price.

**CHARLIE**

Cripes, George. You've known me all my life. Call me Charlie.

**GEORGE**

Price & Son must have a Mr. Price, Mr. Price.

*GEORGE starts to place Mr. Price's work-coat on Charlie.*

**CHARLIE**

I'm glad you brought that up. You see... My father always assumed that one day I'd take over the factory, but I never said I would...

**GEORGE**

*(Interrupting.)*

Excuse me, sir. If you can just... They're all waiting below.

*And then GEORGE indicates the WORKERS who are all looking up at the office.*

A word or two, sir? They'd appreciate hearing from the new head of Price & Son.

**CHARLIE**

Oh, that's not really necessary is it?

**GEORGE**

Just a word, sir.

*GEORGE nudges CHARLIE forward. HE stands facing the WORKERS not sure what to say.*

**CHARLIE**

Right...

*DON, a big tough worker, snickers along with his PALS and LAUREN.*

**DON**

Oi! Quiet down. The little prince got somethin' to say.

**CHARLIE**

Hello. Hi. Cheers. Thanks for the flowers... and the notes... and whatnot.

*(HE's run out of words.)*

**GEORGE**

*(Nudging him along.)*

Perhaps a word of encouragement about the future.

**CHARLIE**

*(finally gets a bright idea)*

Ah. Yes. Let's keep making shoes. Great shoes.

*No one moves.*

And... good luck with that.

**LAUREN**

Wow, that wanker's got a way with words.

*LAUREN and DON share a laugh.*



*GEORGE waves the workers away.*

*PAT, a rather non-descript office manager, calls to CHARLIE from below...*

**PAT**

Mr Price, come quick. Chamber's has sent back their entire shoe order.

*GEORGE gestures CHARLIE to take on the challenge.*

**GEORGE**

After you, Mr. Price.

*CHARLIE shoots down the stairs to find a DELIVERY MAN waiting with a trolley full of shoe boxes.*

**DELIVERY MAN**

Can someone sign so's I can get the rest of these shoes off my truck?

**CHARLIE**

Is there something wrong with them?

**DELIVERY MAN**

Ask someone who cares. Sign all three copies.

*CHARLIE starts to sign...*

**CHARLIE**

All right Pat, I guess we should put these in the store room.

**PAT**

The Chambers' winter shoe order is already in there.

**CHARLIE**

What are these?

**PAT**

The Chambers spring shoe order.

**CHARLIE**

And we're currently manufacturing... ?

**PAT**

The Chambers summer shoe order. And it's a big one.

**CHARLIE**

*(To Pat)*

Are you telling me that we have a year's worth of shoes and no one to buy them?

**PAT**

Started some time back. Chambers cut down orders. But cutting back production would have meant cutting back worker's hours and your father wouldn't hear of it.

GEORGE

I would have thought he'd told you. But then you were busy at university and with your girl.

CHARLIE

But what's to be done with all these shoes?

GEORGE

Once or twice your father sold overstock to the discount chains.

CHARLIE

So it's happened before.

PAT

Never as bad as this.

GEORGE

Actually, of late, he seemed less concerned. He said he had settled on some sort of a plan.

CHARLIE

A sort of plan? What sort of plan?

GEORGE *rushes away...*

## #2b - Into the Pub

### LONDON PUB:

A PUB appears: A bar and some GENTS enjoying their evening.

A BAND of three finishes their song...

ENSEMBLE MEN

SINGIN'

ALL ENSEMBLE

WHOA...

WHOA...

SINGIN'

(ALL ENSEMBLE)

WHOA...

WHOA...

HARRY

Ladies and gents, the band's on a break. Back in five.

The SONG ENDS.

HARRY, the lead singer, joins CHARLIE.



Reading

Charlie, Lola, Lauren



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.*

CHARLIE

She's not my... I have  
another...

LAUREN

No, no, no. Nothing going on  
here. He's got another girl.  
I just stuff his boxes. At  
least for the next two weeks.

LOLA

*(to Charlie)*

What are you staring at?

LAUREN

You'll have to forgive him. We don't get many transvestites in Northampton.

LOLA

Don't kid yourself. You're never more than ten steps away from some kind of  
cross-dresser. In any case, those are not transvestites. They're drag queens.

LAUREN

There's a difference?

LOLA

A drag queen puts on a frock and suddenly she's Cleopatra. A transvestite gets done  
up and, often as not, looks like Winston Churchill in his mother's knickers.

CHARLIE

And so you are... ?

LOLA

Insulted that you need to ask. So, you fired this lovely girl?

CHARLIE

Things aren't very good in men's shoes.

LOLA

Certainly I'm not.

CHARLIE

How much do you weigh?

LOLA

Exactly the right amount.

CHARLIE

For a man. But you're wearing women's boots.

LOLA

And I thought you weren't paying attention.

CHARLIE

Well, it's all wrong.

LOLA

Hasn't stopped me yet.

CHARLIE

A heel made for a woman cannot possibly support a man's weight. You need something special.

LOLA

And I deserve something special.

CHARLIE

Well, if you trans-vet-erans are everywhere, like you say, then there must be a niche market for properly built-to-last women's boots for women who are men. Yes? No? The international shoe exhibition is in Milan next month. If we had something new to show... Something no one else in the world has to offer... Might just save the factory.

LAUREN

*(getting it finally)*

Ha!

CHARLIE

I'd like to measure you up, go back and make a sample pair.

*LOLA stands, lifts her skirt and offers her leg. CHARLIE takes out his tape measure but is stopped by LOLA...*

LOLA

First riddle me this: Who gets to keep the boots? I'll give you a hint: The correct answer is, "You do, Lola".

CHARLIE

You do Lola.

LOLA

Where do I pick them up? Price's of Northampton, is it?

CHARLIE

No! I'll bring them to you. I come to London all the time.

LOLA

You don't want me to come to Northampton, do you?

CHARLIE

No.

Sorry  
whic

LC

And.

LC

#6 - St

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on

Ch





# Reading – The History of Wrong Guys

Charlie, Lauren

GEORGE leaves. CHARLIE turns to LAUREN, quite proud of himself.

CHARLIE

Mr. Price, eh? Better than being What-Else-Can-I-Do Charlie. I'm Take-Charge Charlie all the way now.

LAUREN

Very impressive.

CHARLIE

Thanks to you.

LAUREN

Anytime.

CHARLIE

(Dead serious)

No. I mean it. Thanks to you. Thank — You.

A WORKER enters with a schematic...

MARGE

Charlie? Can I get your opinion here?

## #8 — The History of Wrong Guys

CHARLIE

(To Lauren)

'Scuse me.

LAUREN, working at her boxing station, muses...

LAUREN

(Punching herself.)

Oh, no. You don't dare. Girl, girl, girl, I'm warning you! No! Think I have a crush. I can't. I think I'm falling for him.

OH, NO

WHY NOT?

WOMEN HAVE BEEN MAKING BAD CHOICES

SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME.

ARE YOU GONNA BE ANOTHER ONE OF MINE? OHHH

CHARLIE disrupts her thoughts...

Laure

(M

Huh?

I was  
you to

You d

No? /

I had  
and tl

As so  
on on

LA

Good

CH

What

Just f

Well,

Sure

CH

CHARLIE

Lauren? Lauren.

LAUREN

*(Moony eyed)*

Huh?

CHARLIE

I was thinking, keeping you on the production line is a waste of your talents. I'd like you to work with me on the Milan show.

LAUREN

You don't owe me a job.

CHARLIE

No? All this started with you having a fit.

LAUREN

I had a fit, but you had an idea. That's why some of us get our names on factories and the rest on punch-cards.

CHARLIE

As someone whose name is on a factory, I am asking if I may please place your name on one of his executive punch-cards?

*LAUREN smiles at him.*

Good. Good.

*CHARLIE notices that LAUREN is mooning at him.*

What? Have I got something stuck in my teeth?

LAUREN

Just funny how you can know someone all your life and not really know 'em at all.

CHARLIE

Well, I guess I'll be seeing you later.

LAUREN

Sure thing, boss.

*CHARLIE heads up to his office and LAUREN...*

USED TO THINK YOU WERE FROM OUTER SPACE  
WHO'S THIS BRIGHT EYED GUY IN YOUR PLACE?  
YOU'RE KIND OF CUTE  
WHEN YOU'RE NOT SO SHY.  
OH.

BUT I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE





## 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.

### #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 ciphered land transport in Milan.

PAT

Or the import taxes.

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

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 — alone  
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 whor

News-flash f  
in brassieres

Well, bully fo

Then here's :  
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 em

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 workin



## 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?