

ALL

GO TO IT.

(Music: finish and out; Mirrors have changed to blacks. The COMPANY is back on line. LARRY is seated on ZACH's stool Down Right)

START

VAL

(Stepping forward)

So, the day after I turned eighteen, I kissed the folks goodbye -- got on a Trailways bus -- and headed for the big bad apple.

(Music opening underscore for next number begins)

June Allyson, right?

'Cause I wanted to be a Rockette. Oh, yeah, let's get one thing straight. See, I never heard about "The Red Shoes", I never saw "The Red Shoes", I didn't give a fuck about "The Red Shoes." I decided to be a Rockette because this girl in my home town -- Louella Heiner -- had actually gotten out and made it to New York. And she was a Rockette. Well, she came home one Christmas to visit, and they gave her a parade. A goddamn parade. I twirled a friggin' baton for two hours in the rain. Unfortunately though, she got knocked up over Christmas -- Merry Christmas -- and never made it back to Radio City. That was my plan. New York, New York, here I come. Except I had one minor problem. See, I was ugly as sin! I was ugly, skinny, homely, unattractive and flat as a pancake. Get the picture? Anyway, I got off this bus in my little white shoes, my little white tights, my little white dress, my little ugly face, and my long blonde hair -- which was natural then. I looked like a fuckin' nurse! I had eighty-seven dollars in my pocket, and seven years of tap and acrobatics. I could do a hundred and eighty degree split and come up tapping the Morse Code. Well, with that kind of talent I figured the mayor would be waiting for me at Port Authority. Wrong! I had to wait six months for an audition. Well, finally the big day came. I showed up at the Music Hall with my red patent leather tap shoes. And I did my little tap routine. And this man said to me: "Can you do fankicks?" Well, sure I could do terrific fankicks. But they weren't good enough. Of course, what he was trying to tell me was ... it was the way I looked, not the fankicks. So I said: "Fuck you, Radio City and the Rockettes, I'm gonna dance on Broadway." Well, Broadway -- same story. Every audition. I mean I'd dance rings around girls and find myself in the alley with the other rejects. But, after a while I caught on. I mean, I had eyes ...

(Looks to SHEILA)

(MORE)

VAL (Continued)

I saw what they were hiring. I also swiped my dance card once -- after an audition. And on a scale of ten ... They gave me: For dance: ten. For looks: three. Well ...

END

/16/ "DANCE: TEN; LOOKS: THREE"
(VAL)

DANCE: TEN; LOOKS: THREE.
AND I'M STILL ON UNEMPLOYMENT,
DANCING FOR MY OWN ENJOYMENT.
THAT AIN'T IT, KID. THAT AIN'T IT, KID.

"DANCE: TEN; LOOKS: THREE,"
IS LIKE TO DIE!
LEFT THE THEATRE AND
CALLED THE DOCTOR FOR
MY APPOINTMENT TO BUY ...

TITS AND ASS.
BOUGHT MYSELF A FANCY PAIR
TIGHTENED UP THE DERRIERE.
DID THE NOSE WITH IT.
ALL THAT GOES WITH IT.

TITS AND ASS!
HAD THE BINGO-BONGO DONE.
SUDDENLY I'M GETTING NASH'NAL TOURS!
TITS AND ASS WON'T GET YOU JOBS
UNLESS THEY'RE YOURS!

DIDN'T COST A FORTUNE, NEITHER.
DIDN'T HURT MY SEX LIFE, EITHER.

FLAT AND SASSY,
I WOULD GET THE STRAYS AND LOSERS.
BEGGARS REALLY CAN'T BE CHOOSERS.
THAT AIN'T I, KID. THAT AIN'T IT, KID.

FIXED THE CHASSIS.
"HOW DO YOU DO!"
LIFE TURNED INTO AN
ENDLESS MEDLEY OF
GEE, IT HAD TO BE YOU."

WHY?

(MORE)