

VAL — Side #1

VAL: 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, rd dance rings around the other 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.) 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 ...