

KRISTINE. (*continued*) Oh, and my married name is Deluca.

AL and KRISTINE *put their arms around each other and smile.*

ZACH. Oh, I didn't know, Al. Congratulations.

AL. Thanks.

ZACH. Next.

*Start*  
VAL. Well, as far as I'm concerned I'm Valerie Clark. But my parents think I'm Margaret Mary Houlihan. (*To the GROUP*) Couldn't you just die? I was born in the middle of nowhere. A little town called Arlington, Vermont. (*stepping backwards*) Bye, bye.

ZACH. How old are you?

VAL. Old ... No ... Twenty- ... -five.

MARK. (*loudly*) Ah, Mark Anthony. Really Mark Philip Lawrence Tabori. Tempe, Arizona. I'm twenty. (*Backs into line.*)

BOBBY. (*to SHEILA*) Oh, Jesus.

MARK. (*stepping forward again*) And if I get this show, I'll work real hard. (*Backs up.*)

SHEILA. (*under her breath*) Oh, brother.

VAL. (*to MARK*) Don't let 'em bug you, honey.

PAUL. Paul San Marco. It's my stage name. My real name is Ephrain<sup>3</sup> Ramirez. I was born in Spanish Harlem — and I'm twenty-seven.

DIANA. My name is Diana Morales. And I didn't change it 'cause I figured ethnic was in. Twenty-seven. You got that? And I was born on a Hollywood bed in the Bronx. (*pumps to mock AL — not in PB*) (*She backs into line.*)

ZACH. Go on, Diana.

DIANA. (*stepping out again*) Go on — what?

## No. 2 Morales — Underscore

(Orchestra)

DIANA. (*continued, over music*) Oh, oh, you wanna know how tall I am? The color of my eyes? Or how many shows I've done? I just gave you my picture and résumé, everything you wanna know is right there.

<sup>3</sup> pronounced Efryen, Spanish.

(ALL.) Go to it.  
Go to it.  
Go to it.  
Go to it.  
Go to it.  
Go to it.

BOYS. And now life really begins.  
And now life really begins.  
And now life really begins.  
And now life really begins.

GIRLS. Go to it.  
Go to it.  
Go to it.  
Go to it.

ALL. Go to it.

*When the music finishes, mirrors have changed to black.  
The AUDITIONERS are back on THE LINE.  
LARRY is seated on ZACH'S stool, downstage right.*

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.

## No. 16

## "Dance: Ten; Looks: Three"

(Val)

VAL. *(aside, to the other AUDITIONERS, after downbeat)* June Allison, right?  
*(continuing as before)* '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 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 ... *stop see cut*

*(sung)* 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 derrière.  
 Did the nose with it.  
 All that goes with it.

Tits and ass!  
 Had the bingo-bongos 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.  
*(spoken in rhythm)* Didn't hurt my sex life, either.

*(sung)* Flat and sassy  
 I would get the strays and losers.  
 Beggars really can't be choosers.

*(spoken in rhythm)* That ain't it, kid. That ain't it, kid.

*(sung)* Fixed the chassis.  
*(spoken in rhythm)*

*(sung)* "How do you do!"  
 Life turned into an  
 Endless medley of  
 "Gee, it had to be you." *(spoken in rhythm)* Why?

*(sung)* Tits and ass!  
 Where the cupboard once was bare,

Val

CONNIE: I wouldn't mind  
having just one of yours.

start

slowly

VAL: Well, go out and buy 'em.

VAL:

172

Have it all done.

Musical score for measures 144-172. Includes vocal line for VAL and piano accompaniment. Handwritten notes include "HP BELLS" and "PIANO, GUIT.".

Musical score for measures 173-176. Includes vocal line for VAL and piano accompaniment. Handwritten notes include "(+Sxs.)", "(Tpt. solo)", "w/PLUMBER", "(Sxs. TO W.W.)", "GUIT.", and "(+Tbns.) OPEN".

Musical score for measures 177-179. Includes vocal line for VAL and piano accompaniment. Section title: "Lush: In Easy 4 Tempo". Handwritten notes include "(+Wws.)", "(+Piano)", "(+Tpt. 1)", "d (8va.)", "HP. ELISS.", "(BR. TRACE)", "+GUIT. Ebm7", "PIANO.", "Ab7", "BS.", and "(+BRUSH ON CYM.)".

Musical score for measures 180-182. Includes vocal line for VAL and piano accompaniment. Handwritten notes include "ass.", "Or-ches-tra and bal-co-ny,", "8th W.W.", "PIANO.", "Dbmaj7", "D4 dim", "cup", "(+Tpts.)", "Eb7", "Ab7", "(GUIT.)", "Db", "D4 dim", "HP.", and "BS.".

1089

(+HP. ELISS.)

183 184 185 Tempo I

what they want is what cha see. Keep the best of you.

8va -  
W.W., PNO,  
BEHS SOLO  
(+Wws.) PIANO  
(+Brass) OPEN  
f  
PIZZ. (+Bs. Drs.)

186 187 188

Do the rest of you. Pits, or class.

8va. - 7  
(+Wws., Br.)  
R. H. (+Hp.)  
Tbn.  
DRS. + H-H.

189 190 191

I have nev - er seen it fail, Deb - u - tante or

(Ww.)

192 193 194

chor - us girl or wife.

+W.W.  
(+Brass)

207. 208 209

Tits and ass, yes, tits and

(+Hp.)  
PNO, GUIT.  
(cued for Tpts.)

(+Tbns.,  
Timp.)

210 211 212

ass have changed

(Tpts. unis.)

DRS. CLAR'S.

TENS.

DRS. "HARD SWING"  
BS, GUIT.

213 214 215

my life!

cls. *ff*

(+Tpts.) *ff*  
(+Tbns.)

216 217 218

Segue

(+Hp.)

(+Timp.)

*sfa*

stop