

A CHORUS LINE - VAL

VAL

Well, as far as I'm concerned, I'm Valerie Clark. But my parents think I'm Mary Margaret Houlihan (*to the others on line*) .. couldn't you just die? I was born in the middle of nowhere. A little town called Arlington, Vermont. Bye bye.

(and how old are you?)

Old No ... twenty- Five.

... So, the day after I turned eighteen, I kissed the folks goodbye – got on a Trailways bus – and headed for the big bad apple. June Allyson, right? 'Cause I wanted to be a Rockette. Oh, yeah, let's get one thing straight. 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. Her own damn 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 the bus in 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 god enough. Of course, what he was trying to tell me was .. it was the way I looked, not the fankicks. So I said "Screw 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 ... 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 !