

VALERIE CLARK: *Female.. Mezzo. Sexy, sassy, funny & foul-mouthed. A brazen, direct, attention seeker from Vermont. She's smart and 'works the room' now that she has had help from plastic surgery, but underneath she's sweet.*

VAL

So, the day after I turned eighteen, I kissed the folks goodbye and got on a Trailways bus and headed for the Big Apple cause I wanted to be a Rockette.

Well, finally the big day came. I showed up at the Music Hall and I did my little tap routine. And this man said, "Can you do fankicks?". Well, sure I can 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. 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.....