

CASSIE (monologue cutting):

I can't act. And there I am in California supposed to be this actress. Well, it didn't take me long to find out I can't act. Didn't take Hollywood long either.

ZACH: You didn't work out there?

CASSIE: Oh, sure ... A rotten part in a so-so film – part ended up getting cut, thank God – I was a go-go dancer in a TV movie of the week. Let's see – Oh, yeah – commercials, I almost got to squeeze a roll of toilet paper but I lost out in the finals. Isn't that something? Seventeen years in the business and I end up flunking toilet paper squeezing? And I was a dancing Band-Aid – that was fun ... We had an earthquake ... And I got a terrific tan – Well, when you're a woman of leisure, what else is there to do but get a bit wild and run around? Not to mention getting fat – and going crazy – Which is why I came back to New York and which is why I am here today, Zach, old dear ... Little pussy cat. I need a job.

You can't see me dancing in the chorus? Why not? Well, sure I need money. Who doesn't? But I don't need a handout. I need a job. I need a job and I don't know any other way to say it. Do you want me to say it again? Look, I haven't worked in two years, not really. There's nothing left for me to do. So – I'm putting myself on the line. (*She steps onto the Chorus Line*) Yes, I'm putting myself on your line. I don't want to wait on tables. And what I really don't want is to teach other people how to do what I should be doing myself. I'm not trying to go back – I'm trying to start over again, Zach. I'll settle for that – starting over. I can do it again. You're not even letting me try? Please, just give me a chance.