

DOO DOO

SCENE ONE

*A upstairs old-time rehearsal studio in an old theater in New York City's theater district. There is a small stage with an upstage door, and a single work light and a mic. Stacked dance barres along a mirrored wall and some straight chairs set up facing the stage.*

*At rise CHANGO, ABELARDO and DUKE, in a cowboy get up, and sprawled in one of the chairs, his booted and spurred feet up on a second chair, turned sideways, confer in low voices.*

*On stage a WOMAN in slinky dance attire stands in a posture of bored ennui.*

ABELARDO

I'd rate her a five -

CHANGO

I dunno. She had some issues - what'd'ya think Duke?

DUKE

She got a nice pair but she got buck teeth.

ABELARDO

So, we get her some braces.

DUKE

I speak for my fellow hobnobbers - fucking ouch.

ABELARDO

. . . braces would be a plus . Script's practically writing itself. Catholic schoolgirl - plaid mini, tight sweater, opens her mouth and braces! Somebody's gonna buy that.

DUKE

Yeah, well, you don't have to be her classmate. Right Chango?

CHANGO

We can decide later. But she's got a nice ass. Who's next?

ABELARDO

(consults clipboard)

Dot Smith.

(laughs)

Dot - Dorothy ? - Smith - from Main Street, USA, right? . . .

(speaks into a walkie-talkie) Hey 'Luv, send in the next girl.

(door on the upstage wall opens and DOO DOO enters. She hangs back, uncertain what to do)

Come down to the mic, honey, don't be shy. Is Dot for Dorothy or Dodie or is Dot your real name?