

# A Chorus Line, And

Bobby:

Well, to begin with, I come from this quasi-middle-upper or upper-middle class, family-type-home. I

Zach:

How strange?

Bobby:

Real, real strange. I used to love to give garage recitals. BIZARRE recitals. This one time I was doi

Richie:

And....

What if I'm next?

What if I'm next?

What am I gonna do?

I haven't got a clue.

I gotta think of something.

What does he want?

What does he want?

Stories from the past.

I better find one fast.

Maggie, Greg, Bebe, Richie, Val, Paul

What should I say?

What can I tell him?

Bobby:

(Out of pantomime, spoken) As I got older I kept getting stranger and stranger, I to go down to this

Val:

And...

Orphan at three,

Orphan at three.

Mother and dad both gone.

Raised by a sweet ex-con.

Tied up and raped at seven.

Seriously!

Seriously!

Nothing too obscene!

I'd better keep it clean

Don, Connie, Sheila, Richie, Val, Diana:

What should I say?

What can I tell him?

Bobby:

(Out of pantomime, spoken) School? You wanna hear about school? I went to P.S. Shit. See, I was

Judy:

And....

God, I'm a wreck.

God, I'm a wreck.

I don't know where to start.

I'm gonna fall apart.

Where are my childhood memories?

Who were the boys?

What were my toys?

Gone beyond recall!

And why am I so tall?!!

What should I say?

Val, Richie, Maggie, Connie, Judy, Diana, Mike

What can I tell him?

Judy:

And....

Connie and Maggie:

And....

Richie

And....

Val and Diana:

And....

Bobby

(out of pantomime, spoken) And my mother kept saying: &quot;If you don't stop setting your b