

# Bobby #1

GREG. *(coming forward)* My real name is Sidney Kenneth Beckenstein.  
My Jewish name is Rochmel Lev Ben Yokov Meyer Beckenstein,  
and my professional name is Gregory Gardner.  
Very East Side, and I do not deny it. I'm 32.

CASSIE. *(steps out)* Cassie ... Ah ... Zach, could I talk to you for a minute?

ZACH. Sure, go ahead.

CASSIE. Well, I mean privately. *(She starts for the steps to the aisle.)*

ZACH. Not right now, Cassie. I'm running about an hour behind.

CASSIE. Well, I know, but I ...

ZACH. Next.

*CASSIE goes back to the line.*

SHEILA *(stepping forward)* I'm Sheila Bryant. Really Sara Rosemary Bryant,  
which I really hate. I was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado.  
And I'm going to be thirty real soon. And I'm real glad. *(She backs into line.)*

**Start** BOBBY. *(stepping downstage)* I'm Robert Charles Joseph Henry Mills III,  
that's my real name too. I come from upstate New York, near Buffalo,  
I can't remember the name of the town ... I've blocked it out.  
I was born 25 years ago. *(Back to line.)*

BEBE. *(forward)* My name is Bebe Benzenheimer and I know, I gotta change it.  
I'm twenty-two. I come from Boston, and here I am. *(Embarrassed, she backs into line.)*

JUDY. My name is Judy Turner. My real name is Lana Turner. *(Laughing at her own joke.)*  
No, no, no, no, no — it's always been Judy Turner. I'm 26 years old.

*JUDY backs up, RICHIE starts out, JUDY stops him and goes on.*

JUDY. *(continued)* Oh, I was born in El Paso ... El Paso, Texas.

ZACH. Good. Next.

RICHIE. *(steps out of line)* My name is Richie Walters. I'm twenty-seven.  
I was born on a full moon in Herculaneum, Missouri. And I'm black.

AL. I'm Alan Deluca. I'm thirty and I come from the Bronx. *[pumps the air—not in PB]*

KRISTINE. I'm Kristine Urich, Kristine Evelyn Urich,  
and I'll be 23 on September 1. *(She backs into line.)*

AL. *(to KRISTINE)* Tell him where you're from.

KRISTINE. *(takes a step forward)* Oh — I'm from St. Louis, Missouri.  
*(She goes back to the line; AL prompts her.)*

# Bobby # 2

ZACH. Did that bother you?

MIKE. Naw, I figured, let them say what they want.

ZACH. I don't buy that, Mike.

MIKE. (*shouting*) Well, sure it bothered me. I didn't want anybody calling me Twinkle-Toes just because I took a couple of dance lessons.

*Music fades out.*

**start** → ZACH. Okay, Mike — back in line. (MIKE obeys.) Bobby, you're on.

BOBBY. (*stepping forward*) Well, actually, I don't

*Music in under dialogue.*

## No. 6 Introduction: "... And ..."

(Orchestra)

BOBBY. (*continued, over music*) know how I turned out as heavenly as I did. See, when I was five years old I was playing jacks — and the car fell down on my head.

ZACH. Bobby, are you gonna do a routine?

BOBBY. No, no ... moving right along, moving along ... Let's see ...  
Do you wanna know about all the wonderful and exciting things that have happened to me in my life? Or do you want the truth?

ZACH. I'll take the truth.

BOBBY. Well, to begin with, I come from this quasi-middle-upper or upper-middle class, family-type home. I could never figure out which but it was real boring. I mean, we had money — but no taste. You know the kind of house — AstroTurf on the patio? Anyway my mother had a lot of card parties and was one of the foremost bridge cheaters in America. My father worked for this big corporation. They used to send him out into the field a lot — to drink. Better that than to find him lying on his office floor ... But he was okay ... I was the strange one.

ZACH. How strange?

BOBBY. Real, real strange. I used to love to give garage recitals. BIZARRE recitals. This one time I was doing Frankenstein [*cue for last measures of underscoring, bar 33*] as a musicale and I spray-painted this kid silver — all over. They had to rush him to the hospital. 'Cause he had that thing when your pores can't breathe ...

*Music in under dialogue.*

## No. 7

## "... And ..."

(Richie, Val, Judy &amp; Company)

➔ BOBBY. *(continued over music)* He lived 'cause luckily I didn't paint the soles of his feet and ...

*Lights dim on THE LINE leaving BOBBY in a dimmed spot, continuing his story in pantomime.*

~~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!~~

~~GROUP I: MAGGIE, GREG, BEBE, RICHIE, VAL & PAUL. *(Each in a special "thought" light.)*~~

~~What should I say?  
What can I tell him?~~

*Lights come back up on THE LINE. Music continues under.*

➔ BOBBY. *(over music)* As I got older I kept getting stranger and stranger. I used to go down to this busy intersection near my house at rush hour and direct traffic. I just wanted to see if anybody'd notice me. That's when I started breaking into people's houses — Oh, I didn't steal anything — I'd just rearrange their furniture. And ...

*Lights on THE LINE dim again, except for specials on the SINGERS.*

~~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.~~

~~GROUP II: DON, CONNIE, SHEILA, RICHIE, VAL, DIANA.~~

~~What should I say?  
What can I tell him?~~

*Lights come up on THE LINE. Music continues under dialogue.*

➔ BOBBY. School? You wanna hear about school? I went to P. S. Shit ... See, I was the kind of kid that was always getting slammed into lockers and stuff like that. Not only by the students — by the teachers too. Oh, and I hated sports, hated sports. And sports were very big, I mean, it was jock city, but I didn't make one team. See, I couldn't catch a ball if it had Elmer's Glue on it. And wouldn't my father have to be this big ex-football hero? He was so humiliated, he didn't know what to tell his friends. And ...

*Lights dim again leaving SINGERS in specials.*

JUDY.<sup>4</sup> 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 mem'ries?  
 Who were the boys?  
 What were my toys?  
 How will I begin?  
 And why am I so thin?!!!  
 What should I say?

GROUP III: VAL, RICHIE, MAGGIE, CONNIE, JUDY, DIANA & MIKE.  
 What can I tell him?

JUDY. And ...

CONNIE & MAGGIE.  
 And ...

RICHIE. And ...

VAL & DIANA.  
 And ...

*Lights come back up on THE LINE. Music stops for dialogue.*

➔ BOBBY. And my mother kept saying: "If you don't stop setting your brother on fire, we're going to have to send you away." And I was always thinking up these spectacular ways how to kill myself. But then I realized — to commit suicide in Buffalo is redundant.

*Music [bar 79] big cadence and out.*

ZACH. Okay, Bobby. Back in line.

*BOBBY steps back in line.*

ZACH. (continued) Sheila.

<sup>4</sup> See Appendix B for alternate lyrics.