

# Kristine #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.*)

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.

**Staff** 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.*)

KRISTINE. (*continued*) Oh, and my married name is Deluca. **stop**

AL and KRISTINE put their arms around each other and smile.

ZACH. Oh, I didn't know, Al. Congratulations.

AL. Thanks.

ZACH. Next.

VAL. Well, as far as I'm concerned I'm Valerie Clark. But my parents think I'm Margaret Mary Houlihan. (*To the GROUP*) Couldn't you just die? I was born in the middle of nowhere. A little town called Arlington, Vermont. (*stepping backwards*) Bye, bye.

ZACH. How old are you?

VAL. Old ... No ... Twenty- ... -five.

MARK. (*loudly*) Ah, Mark Anthony. Really Mark Philip Lawrence Tabori. Tempe, Arizona. I'm twenty. (*Backs into line.*)

BOBBY. (*to SHEILA*) Oh, Jesus.

MARK. (*stepping forward again*) And if I get this show, I'll work real hard. (*Backs up.*)

SHEILA. (*under her breath*) Oh, brother.

VAL. (*to MARK*) Don't let 'em bug you, honey.

PAUL. Paul San Marco. It's my stage name. My real name is Ephraim<sup>3</sup> Ramirez. I was born in Spanish Harlem — and I'm twenty-seven.

DIANA. My name is Diana Morales. And I didn't change it 'cause I figured ethnic was in. Twenty-seven. You got that? And I was born on a Hollywood bed in the Bronx. [*pumps to mock AL — not in PB*] (*She backs into line.*)

ZACH. Go on, Diana.

DIANA. (*stepping out again*) Go on — what?

## No. 2 Morales — Underscore

(Orchestra)

DIANA. (*continued, over music*) Oh, oh, you wanna know how tall I am?  
The color of my eyes? Or how many shows I've done?  
I just gave you my picture and résumé, everything you wanna know is right there.

<sup>3</sup> pronounced Efrayen, Spanish.

# Kristine #2

MAGGIE, BEBE & SHEILA.  
Yes, ev'rything was beautiful at the ballet.

MAGGIE. Hey! ...

BEBE. I was pretty, ...

SHEILA. I was happy ...

MAGGIE. "I would love to ..."

MAGGIE, BEBE & SHEILA.  
At ... the ... ballet.

*The GROUP is back on THE LINE.*

*The mirror panels turn to black again. Music cadence and out.*

*Start*  
↓  
ZACH. Okay, Kristine.

KRISTINE. Oh, no — me?

AL. That's what he said.

KRISTINE. *(steps downstage)* Well, ah ... Oh. God — I don't know where to begin.

AL. Tell him how you started. *(music in)*

## No. 10 Introduction: "Sing" (Orchestra)

KRISTINE. *(spoken over music)* Oh — Ah, well, everybody says that when I was little, every time they put on the radio, I'd just get up and start dancing. And, ah ... Oh, this man came around to my house — selling ... ah ...

AL. Lessons.

KRISTINE. Oh, and he was a terrific salesman — I'll never forget it — he put me up against this television set — it was one of those great big square things — and then he turned me around, picked up my foot and touched it to the back of my head and said, "This little girl could be a star." Well, I don't know if it was the look on my face — or the fact that I wouldn't let go of his leg — But my mother saw how much it meant to me. I mean, I watched everything on television that had dancing on it — Especially — Oh, god — every Sunday — It was, ah ... ah ...

AL. Ed Sullivan.

KRISTINE. Right — Ed Sullivan — every Sunday — like church.  
And, ah ... I'm sorry. It's just — I'm terribly nervous.

ZACH. That's all right. Just take a minute and pull yourself together.

AL. *(coming to KRISTINE'S side)* For her — this is together.

KRISTINE. He's right. But anyway, I always knew what I wanted to do.  
I wanted to like be all those people in the movies. Only it's funny,

I never wanted to be Ann Miller ... I wanted to be — Doris Day.  
*(Music out.)* Except I had this little ah ...

AL. Problem.

**Stop**

**No. 11**

**"Sing!"**

(Kristine, Al & Company)

KRISTINE. *(spoken in rhythm, or sung without any sense of pitch)*

See, I really couldn't sing.  
 I could never really sing.  
 What I couldn't do was ...  
 I have trouble with a ...  
 It goes all around my ...  
 It's a terrifying ...

AL. *(sung)*  
 sing!  
 note.  
 throat.  
 thing.

See, I really couldn't hear  
 which note was lower or was ...  
 Which is why I disappear  
 if someone says, "Let's start a ...

higher.

choir."

Hey, when I begin to ...  
 It's a cross between a ...  
 And a quiver or a ...  
 It's a little like a ...  
 Or the record player ...  
 What it doesn't have is ...

shriek,  
 squeak  
 moan.  
 croak,  
 broke.  
 tone.

Oh, I know you're thinking, what a crazy ...  
 But I really couldn't ...  
 I could never really ...  
 What I couldn't do was ...

ding-a-ling,  
 sing.  
 sing.  
 sing!

AL. *(sung)* Three blind mice.

KRISTINE. *(off-key)*

Three blind mice ...  
*(spoken in rhythm)* It isn't intentional ...

AL. *(spoken in rhythm)*

She's doing her best.  
*(sung)* Jingle bells, jingle bells ...

KRISTINE. *(off-key)*

Jingle bells, jingle bells ...  
*(spoken in rhythm)* It really blows my mind.

AL. *(spoken in rhythm)* She gets depressed.