

Richie #7

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.

Start 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.*)

Richie #2

ZACH. Fine.

DON and BOBBY cross to help PAUL up.

ZACH. (continued) Let's get him up. Ready, one, two, three.

DON and BOBBY lift PAUL up and start upstage right.

LARRY. (following them) Where's his dance bag?

GREG. Which one is his?

VAL hands PAUL's dance bag to GREG,
who puts it on LARRY's shoulder.

ZACH. (following them to exit) Paul, I'll see you later. (to LARRY) Call me from the hospital.

DON and BOBBY exit upstage right with PAUL.
LARRY follows behind. The REMAINING GROUP
stands silently as music begins.

No. 23

Alternatives

(Orchestra)

ZACH crosses back downstage, looks at CASSIE, who turns and
crosses downstage left. At the top of the stairs to the auditorium,
ZACH turns and addresses the REMAINING GROUP.

ZACH. (over music) What do you do when you can't dance anymore? (Music pauses.)

BEBE. Kill yourself.

ZACH. No, really.

DIANA. Oh, shit, what kind of a question is that?

GREG. Real heavy.

MARK. Yeah.

ZACH. I know, but what do you do?

Start →

RICHIE. (after a long beat, crosses from upstage left to center) Well, I'll tell ya. (Music continues.)
Because I'm getting scared. I love being in this business.
But, one day it hits you, "Okay, Richie, you been havin' fun
for almost eight years now ... but where's it gettin' you?"

~~AL. (crossing to Richie) A lot of people are feeling that way.
And they're getting out of the business fast.~~

RICHIE. Well, there's no security in dancing.

~~JUDY. But wait a second ...~~

RICHIE. There's no promotion and no advancement.

DIANA. Listen, if you're looking for that kind of security ... forget it.

RICHIE. No, it's not just that.

DIANA. Well, what then?

RICHIE. I could do without that, but — shit — there's no work anymore.

*The whole REMAINING GROUP reacts simultaneously with similar lines.
All lines spoken at the same time — together with the next three lines.
DON and BOBBY re-enter quietly from upstage right.*

MIKE. Tell me about it.

CONNIE. It's true.

GREG. Sure it is ... but isn't that happening to every ...

ZACH goes down to the bottom of the steps and faces the stage.

BEBE. *(stopping the GROUP and crossing down to THE LINE)* Oh, please —
I don't wanna hear about how Broadway's dying. 'Cause I just got here.

BOBBY. Don't worry, honey — it's not.

CONNIE. They're not doing big musicals like they used to.

MIKE. But even if they did — even if you get **this** show ...
it's gonna close one day — nothin' runs forever, right?

DIANA. Yeah, sure — but that's ... just the way it is ...

AL. *(overlapping end of DIANA's line above)* He's right.

RICHIE. And then you have to start all over again — 'cause the only chorus line
you can depend on in this business is the one at unemployment!

stop

*Again the GROUP reacts simultaneously — all lines
spoken on top of each other — together with the next three lines.*

CONNIE. Hit it, Richie.

BOBBY. Oh, please, give me a break.

DON. Well, look, it's ...

JUDY. *(crossing in to the center of the GROUP)* But don't you want to do more
than just dance in the chorus?

MARK. Gee, I just want to get in one.

JUDY. Well, I want to be something besides the tall, skinny redhead,
second from the end. Not that I want to be a star or anything.

VAL. Hell, I do.

Richie

221 Tpts. 222 223

(Gtr. wa. wa.)

+ PIZZ.

(+ vibes) GUIT, PNO.

Sxs. TRNS.

BS, BARI.

8va - 1

224 225 226

VIBES. (Sxs.) Tpts.

Guit. Guit.

D7 D#7

(+GUIT.)

(Bs.)

227 228 229

VIBES. Sxs. TRNS. RICHIE: 8va

Guit. 8va - 1

Gim-me the ball, gim-me the ball, gim-me the ball.

(GUIT. - "DO BONGO THING" AD LIB.)

(+GUIT.)

(+TAMP. 16THS)

230 231 232

8va

Yeah! Gim-me the ball, gim-me the ball, gim-me the ball. Yeah! I was

Sxs. TRNS. GUIT.

(GUIT. : "BONGO")

ETC.

233 *8va* 234 235 8 3 3

al - ways run - nin' a - round — shout - in', "Gim - me the ball, — gim - me the ball, gim - me the ball. —

(GUIT. "BONGO") (GUIT. "BONGO")

(Sxs., TAMP. TRAPT)

236 *8va* 237 238

Yeah!" I was so en - thus - i - ast - ic.

GUIT. PNO. TRAPS.

DRS. BS. TBN. 3 BS. DR. S. > (TAMP. CONT. 16THS THRU BAR 252)

239 *8va* 240 241 242

I was in ev - 'ry thing. — The year - book is filled with my pic - tures,

+Sxs. +TRPS.

(DRS. FILL)

243 *8va* 244 245

and I was luck - y 'cause I got a schol - ar - ship to

Piano

(tutti) (tutti) Sxs. DR. TRAP.

(DRS. TRAPT, TAMP. CONT.) +DRS. (DRS. TRAPT, TAMP. CONT.)

246 *8va* 247 248

col - lege. A schol - ar - ship to col - lege. So I went.

(Sxs.)

Tutti

(Plus offstage) RICHIE: 249 CHORUS: (loco) *8va* 250 CHORUS: (loco) RICHIE: *8va* 251

(So he went.) Yes, I went. (Yes, he went.) So I'm gon - na be this kin -

(Sxs. TRACET) TP'S. (Tpts.)

+TBN'S. GUIT. ETC. (G#7) A7 (Bb9) B9

DZ'S.

252 253 254 255

- der - gar - ten teach - er. Im - ag - ine me this kin - der - gar - ten teach - er. And I thought,

(+Bells) HB

(Gtr.) (wa-wa)

GUIT. Gtr. Sxs. FLUG

RS. b+

256 257 258 (loco)

Shit... CHORUS (Plus offstage) Shit... What are you gon - na be?

Shit, Rich - ie. Shit, Rich - ie. Shit, Rich - ie.

(+TBN'S) (cont.) (TBN'S)

GUIT. /

1089 (+TBN'S.)

(+TAMBS. 16^{THS} TRAU BAR 263)

259 260 261

When you get shoved out - ta here, hon - ey,

Shit, Rich- ie. Shit Rich- ie. Shit, Rich- ie.

GOIT. / (cont.)

262 263 *8va- loco* 264 *loco*

ain't no- bod-y gon- na be stand-in' there with no schol- ar- ship to

Shit, Rich- ie. Shit, Rich- ie. unis.

(SILENT)

265 266 267

life. And I was scared, Scared.

Shit, Rich- ie. Shit, Rich- ie.

(Plug., TBNS, SxS.) GUIT. RHY. DR'S, TAMBS. "TIME" ETC. FLUG. SxS.

T.T. FILL RS.

GIRLS: (Offstage through end of number)

BOYS:

268 269 8va- 7 loco 270

Scared!! Scared!!! My brac-es gone. My

Shit, Rich-ie. Shit, Rich-ie.

268 269 8va- 7 loco 270

Scared!! Scared!!! My brac-es gone. My

Shit, Rich-ie. Shit, Rich-ie.

(Tpt., Tbn., TEN., BARI.)

(TBN'S.) +Sx's. TBN'S. GUIT. (cont.)

(Tpt., Tbn., TEN., BARI.)

(TBN'S.) +Sx's. TBN'S. GUIT. (cont.)

271 ALL: 272 273 274

pim-ples gone. My child-hood gone, good-bye. Good-bye Twelve. Good-bye Thir-

(+GUIT. "DARRIE TIME")

271 ALL: 272 273 274

pim-ples gone. My child-hood gone, good-bye. Good-bye Twelve. Good-bye Thir-

(+GUIT. "DARRIE TIME")

A

cresc. (TPT'S. GUIT.) (+Tbns.)

PIECES. CAR. TEN. PNO. HPSI. BS. TBN'S. BARI.

A

cresc. (TPT'S. GUIT.) (+Tbns.)

PIECES. CAR. TEN. PNO. HPSI. BS. TBN'S. BARI.

275 276 277

- teen. Good-bye Four - teen. Good-bye Fif - teen. Good-bye Six -

275 276 277

- teen. Good-bye Four - teen. Good-bye Fif - teen. Good-bye Six -

278 279 280 281

- teen. Good-bye Sév - en - teen. (DIVSI) Hei-lo Love.

278 279 280 281

- teen. Good-bye Sév - en - teen. (DIVSI) Hei-lo Love.

UNIS. BR. (SILENT) (Piano) BS. PNO. HPSI.

UNIS. BR. (SILENT) (Piano) BS. PNO. HPSI.