

## A CHORUS LINE – GREG, BOBBY, RICHIE

### GREG

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. Born August 2, 1943. .. The worst thing in school was every time the teacher called on me .. I'd be hard! Really, I'd have to lean up against the desk like this... And the bus, the bus was the worst! I'd just look at a bus and ... BINGO! And there was this time I was making out in the back seat with Sally Ketchum ... We were necking and I was feeling her boobs, and feeling her boobs, and after about an hour or so she said, "Ooooooh, don't you want to feel anything else?" And I suddenly thought to myself .. "No, I don't." .. It was probably the first time I realized I was homosexual, and I got so depressed because I thought being gay meant being a bum all the rest of my life and I said: "Gee, I'll never get to wear nice clothes ..."

### BOBBY

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 blocked it out. Born March 15, 1950. Actually, I don't 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. *(laughing)*

No, no ... moving right along, moving along ... Let's see .. do you want to know about all the wonderful and exciting things that have happened to me in my life? Or do you want to know the truth? *(I'll take the truth.)*

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 ...

And as I got older I kept getting stranger and stranger. I used to go down to this busy intersection near my house and direct traffic. I just wanted to see if anybody'd notice me. That's when I started breaking into houses – Oh, I didn't steal anything – I'd just rearrange their furniture ...

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. So he told 'em I had polio. On Father's Day, I used to limp for him ... And I was always thinking up these spectacular ways how to kill myself. But then I realized – to commit suicide in Buffalo is redundant.

### RICHIE

My name is Richie Walters. I'm from Herculaneum, Missouri. I was born of a full moon on June 13, 19448. And I'm black. .... *(then, later in show ...)*

Well, I'll tell ya. 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?"

There's no security in dancing. There's no promotion and no advancement. And when your show closes, you have to start all over again – 'cause the only chorus line you can depend on in this business is the one at un-em-ploy-ment!