

A CHORUS LINE – MIKE, MARK, DON, AL

MIKE

I'm Mike Costa – it used to be Costafalone. Born in Trenton, New Jersey, July 9, 1951, which makes me twenty-four. *(OK, Mike, I'll start with you.)* Me? Don't you want to start at the end? *(No, I'll start with you – and relax!)* I could if you started at the end... What do you wanna know? *(What do you want to tell me?)* I'd like to tell you to start at the end. *(fidgets)* Ah, I can't think of a thing. *(Yes you can. Why did you start dancing?)*

Oh -- because my sister did. I come from this big Italian family. My grandmother was always hanging out the window, leaning on a little pillow. 'Cause that's what Italian grandmothers do – hang out windows. I was the last of twelve ... I was an accident. I was! That's what my sister told me.. Oh, that was the sister. Rosalie. She was the one who started taking dance lessons. My mother would take her every Saturday. She used to take me along. I liked going.

MARK

Ah, Mark Anthony. Really Mark Philip Lawrence Tabori. Tempe, Arizona. I'm twenty. And if I get this show, I'll work real hard! ...

Well, I get the feeling most of you always knew what you wanted to do. Me – I didn't. I was just a kid for a while. Oh, then one day – well – my father had this fabulous library in the back of the house – and when I was – about eleven, I guess – I found this medical textbook. It had pictures of the male and female anatomy. Well, I thought that was pretty interesting. I used to read that book a lot. ... And from the book I diagnosed my own appendicitis. ... Then when I was thirteen, I had my first ... wet dream. I went right to the book ... Milky discharge ... milky discharge, milky discharge ... GONORRHEA! I was in shock. I mean, GONORRHEA! Before I'd even started. I was terrified. I couldn't tell my mother I had ... GONORRHEA! So, the book said, drink a lot of water ... I almost drowned! Finally, I went to confession and told the priest I had GONORRHEA... I told him about the book's diagnosis for milky discharge and he set me straight. It's the only time the Church ever helped me out.

DON

The summer I turned fifteen, I lied about my age so I could join AGVA, you know, the night club union. 'Cause I could make sixty dollars a week working these strip joints outside of Kansas City. I worked this one club for about eight weeks straight, and I really became friendly with this stripper. Her name was Lola Latores "and her dynamic twin forty-fours." Well, she really took to me. I mean, we did share the only dressing room ... and she did a lot of dressing. Anyway, she used to come and pick me up and drive me to work nights. Well, the neighbors would all be hanging outside of their windows, and she'd drive up in her big pink Cadillac convertible, and ... smile. And I'd come tripping out of the house in my little tuxedo and my tap shoes in my hand and we'd drive off down the block with her long, flaming red hair just blowing in the wind....

(then later in the show)

Listen, we all feel the same way or we wouldn't be here. But I have a wife and two kids and as much as I love dancin' and theatre – it's all about paying the bills now, and getting the kids through school. I mean, I have to go where the money is.

AL

I'm Alan DeLuca. January 11, 1945. I come from the Bronx. ... Dad would take Mom to Roseland. She'd come home with her shoes in her hand ... Y'know, there are more actors outta work than dancers ...