Broadway's Pulitzer Musicals 101: *A Chorus Line* (1975)

Conceived, Directed, & Choreographed by Michael Bennett
Music by Marvin Hamlisch • Lyrics by Edward Kleban
Book by James Kirkwood & Nicholas Dante

"I Hope I Get"

ZACH:
Step, kick, kick, leap, kick, touch . . . Again!
Step, kick, kick, leap, kick, touch . . . Again!
Step, kick, kick, leap, kick, touch . . . Again!
Step, kick, kick, leap, kick, touch . . . Right!
That connects with . . .
Turn, turn, out, in, jump, step,
Step, kick, kick, leap, kick, touch.
Got it? . . . Going on. And . . .
Turn, turn, touch, down, back, step,

Five, six, seven, eight!
Turn, turn, touch, down, back, step,
Five, six, seven, eight!
Turn, turn, touch, down, back, step,
Pivot, step, walk, walk, walk.

The last part is . . .
Pivot, step, walk, walk, walk.
Reviewing from the last turn
Five, six, seven, eight!
Turn, turn, touch, down, back, step,
Pivot, step, walk, walk, walk.

Right! Let's do the whole combination, facing away from the mirror. From the top. A-Five, six, seven, eight!

Okay, let's do the ballet combination one more time. Boys and girls together. Don't kill yourselves. Mark. a-*one*, two, three, *four,* five, six!

Okay, I'm going to put you into your groups now. When I call out your number, I'll tell you where you're gonna be in the formation. . . .

ALL:
God, I hope I get it.
I hope I get it.
How many people does he need?

BOYS:
How many people does he need?

GIRLS:
God, I hope I get it.

ALL:
I hope I get it.
How many boys, how many girls?

GIRLS:
How many boys, how many . . . ?

ALL:
Look at all the people!
At all the people.
How many people does he need?
How many boys, how many girls?
How many people does he . . . ?

TRICIA:
I really need this job.
Please, God, I need this job.
I've got to get this job.

ALL:
God, I really blew it!
I really blew it!
How could I do a thing like that?

BOYS:
How could I do a thing like . . .

ALL:
Now I'll never make it!
I'll never make it!
He doesn't like the way I look.
He doesn't like the way I dance.
He doesn't like the way I . . .
. . .
ALL:
God, I think I've got it.
I think I've got it.
I knew he liked me all the time.
Still it isn't over.

MAGGIE: What's coming next?

ALL: It isn't over.

MIKE: What happens now?

ALL: I can't imagine what he wants.

GIRLS: I can't imagine what he . . .

ALL:
God, I hope I get it!
I hope I get it.
I've come this far, but even so
It could be yes, it could be no,
How many people does he . . . ?

I really need this job.
Please, God, I need this job.
I knew I had it from the start.
I've got to get this show.

PAUL:
Who am I anyway?
Am I my resume?
That is a picture of a person I don't know.

What does he want from me?
What should I try to be?
So many faces all around, and here we go.
I need this job, oh God, I need this show.

"I Can Do That"

MIKE:
I'm watchin' sis
Go pitterpat.
Said,
"I can do that,
I can do that."

Knew ev'ry step
Right off the bat.
Said,
"I can do that,
I can do that."

One morning Sis won't go to dance class.
I grabbed her shoes and tights and all,
But my foot's too small,
So,

I stuff her shoes
With extra socks,
Run seven blocks
In nothin' flat.
Hell,
I can do that,
I can do that!

I got to class
And had it made
And so I stayed
The rest of my life.
All thanks to sis
(Now married and fat),
I can do this.
That I can do!
I can do that.

"At the Ballet"

SHEILA:
Daddy always thought that he married
beneath him.
That's what he said, that's what he said.
When he proposed he informed my mother
He was probably her very last chance.
And though she was twenty-two,
Though she was twenty-two,
Though she was twenty-two,
She married him.

Life with my dad wasn't ever a picnic.
More like a "Come as you are."
When I was five I remember my mother
Dug earrings out of the car.
I knew they weren't hers, but it wasn't
Something you'd want to discuss.
He wasn't warm.
Well, not to her.
Well, not to us.

But
Everything was beautiful at the ballet.
Graceful men lift lovely girls in white.
Yes,
Everything was beautiful at ballet.
Hey!
I was happy . . . at the ballet.

[spoken] That's when I started class . . .

Up a steep and very narrow stairway.

SHEILA AND BEBE:
To the voice like a metronome.
Up a steep and very narrow stairway.

SHEILA: It wasn't paradise . . .

BEBE: It wasn't paradise , , ,

SHEILA AND BEBE:
It wasn't paradise . . .

SHEILA: But it was home.

BEBE:
Mother always said I'd be very attractive
When I grew up, when I grew up.
"Diff'rent," she said, "With a special
something
And a very, very personal flair."
And though I was eight or nine,
Though I was eight or nine,
Though I was eight or nine,
I hated her.

Now,

"Diff'rent" is nice, but it sure isn't pretty.
"Pretty" is what it's about.
I never met anyone who was "diff'rent"
Who couldn't figure that out.
So beautiful I'd never lived to see.
But it was clear,
If not to her,
Well, then . . . to me . . .
That . . .

MAGGIE AND BEBE:
Everyone is beautiful at the ballet.
Ev'ry prince has got to have his swan.
Yes,
Everyone is beautiful at the ballet.

MAGGIE:
Hey! . . .

BEBE:
I was pretty . . .

SHEILA:
At the ballet.

MAGGIE, SHEILA AND BEBE:
Up a steep and very narrow stairway
To the voice like a metronome.
Up a steep and very narrow stairway

MAGGIE: It wasn't paradise . . .

BEBE: It wasn't paradise . . .

SHEILA: It wasn't paradise . . .

MAGGIE, SHEILA AND BEBE:
But it was home.

MAGGIE: [Spoken]
I don't know what they were for or against, really, except each other. I mean I was born to save their marriage but when my father came to pick my mother up at the hospital he said, "Well, I thought this was going to help. but I guess it's not . . . .” Anyway, I did have a fantastic fantasy life. I used to dance around the living room with my arms up like this. My fantasy was that I was an Indian Chief . . . And he'd say to me, "Maggie, do you wanna dance?” And I'd say, "Daddy, I would love to dance"

BEBE:
But it was clear...

SHEILA:
When he proposed...

MAGGIE:
That I was born to help their marriage and
when . . .

SHEILA:
That's what he said . . .

BEBE:
That's what she said . . .

MAGGIE:
I used to dance around the living room . . .

SHEILA:
He wasn't warm . . .

BEBE:
Not to her . . .

MAGGIE:
It was an Indian chief and he'd say:
"Maggie, do you wanna dance?"
And I'd say, "Daddy, I would love to . . . "

Ev'rything was beautiful at the ballet,
Raise your arms, and someone's always there.
Yes, everything was beautiful at the ballet,
At the ballet,
At the ballet!!!

MAGGIE, SHEILA AND BEBE:
Yes everything was beautiful at the ballet.

MAGGIE:
HEY! . . .

BEBE:
I was pretty . . .

SHEILA:
I was happy . . .

MAGGIE:
"I would love to . . . "

MAGGIE, SHEILA AND BEBE:
At . . . the . . . ballet.

"Hello Twelve, Hello Thirteen, Hello Love" (Partial lyrics from a multi-section montage)

VARIOUS CHARACTERS:
Hello twelve,
Hello thirteen,
Hello love.

Changes, oh!
Down below.
Up above.

Time to doubt,
To break out,
It's a mess,
It's a mess.

Time to grow.
Time to go
Adolesce,
Adolesce.

Too young to take over,
Too old to ignore.
Gee, I'm almost ready,
But . . . what. . . for?

There's a lot
I am not
Certain of.
Hello twelve
Hello thirteen
Hello love.

****

ALL:
Goodbye twelve
Goodbye thirteen
Hello love . . .

BEBE:
Robert Goulet, Robert Goulet
My God, Robert Goulet!

Down below,
Up above . . .

DON:
Playing Doctor with Evelyn.

RICHIE:
I'll show you mine
You show me yours

KRISTINE:
Seeing Daddy . . . naked!

ALL:
Time to grow,
Time to go . . .

SHEILA:
Surprise! Mom and Dad were doing it.

****

Goodbye twelve,
Goodbye thirteen,
Hello love.

MAGGIE:
Why do I pay for all those lessons?
Dance for Gran'ma! Dance for Gran'ma!

BEBE:
My God, that Steve McQueen's real sexy,
Bob Goulet out,
Steve McQueen in!

CASSIE:
You cannot go to the movies
Until you finish your homework.

VARIOUS CHARACTERS:
Wash the car,
Stop pickin' your nose.

Oh, darling, you're not old enough to wear a bra.
You've got nothing to hold it up.

Locked in the bathroom with *Peyton Place*.

Tits! When am I gonna grow tits?

If Troy Donahue can be a movie star,
Then I could be a movie star.

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JUDY: [spoken]
But the thing that made my Daddy laugh so much was when I used to jump and dance around the living room . . .

Please take this message
To Mother from me.
Carry it with you
Across the blue sea.
"Mother, oh, Mother,
Wherever I go
Your Maggie is missin' you so."

AL:
Dad would take Mom to Roseland.

She'd come home with her shoes on her hand.

Mama fat,
Always in the kitchen cooking all the time.

SHEILA:
Darling, I can tell you now,
Your father went through life with an open fly.

VAL:
Tits! Where are my tits?

CASSIE:
Listen to your mother.
those stage and movie people got there
Because they're special.

GREG:
You take after your father's side of the family,
The ugly side.

PAUL: Wait until your father gets home.

DON: Swear to God and hope to die.

*****

MIKE:
Your brother's going to medical school,
And you're dropping out to be a chorus boy.
Nothing!

BEBE:
Steve McQueen out.
Nureyev in!

DIANA:
You gotta know somebody to be
Somebody.

MAGGIE!
Gra-du-a-tion!

SHEILA:
All you run around with are bums.

AL:
I got Nancy's picture, Annabelle's locket,
Cynthia's ring and Lucy's pants.

Head-on collision!
Eddie got killed . . .

****

RICHIE:
Gimme the ball,
Gimme the ball,
Gimme the ball. Yeah!

Gimme the ball,
Gimme the ball,
Gimme the ball. Yeah!

I was always runnin' around shoutin',
"Gimme the ball,
Gimme the ball,
Gimme the ball. Yeah!"

I was so enthusiastic.
I was into ev'rything.
The yearbook is filled with my pictures,
And I was lucky 'cause I got
A scholarship to college.
A scholarship to college!

So he went.
Yes, I went.
Yes, he went.

So I'm gonna be this kindergarten teacher...

[spoken]: Imagine me—this kindergarten teacher? And I thought . . .

[sings]
Shit

What are you gonna be?
When you get shoved outta here,
Honey, ain't nobody gonna be standin' there
With no scholarship to life.
And I was scared.
Scared.
Scared!!

******

"Nothing"

DIANA: [spoken]
. . . So excited because I'm gonna go to the High School of Performing Arts! I mean, I was dying to be a serious actress. Anyway, it's the first day acting class—and we're in the auditorium and the teacher, Mr. Karp . . . Oh, Mr. Karp . . . Anyway, he puts us up on the stage withour legs around each other, one in back of the other and he says: "Okay . . . we're going to do improvisations. Now, you're on a bobsled. It's snowing out. And it's cold . . . Okay . . . GO!"

[sings]
Ev'ry day for a week we would try to
Feel the motion, feel the motion
Down the hill.

Ev'ry day for a week we would try to
Hear the wind rush, hear the wind rush,
Feel the chill.

And I dug right down to the bottom of my soul
To see what I had inside.
Yes, I dug right down to the bottom of my soul
And I tried, I tried.

[spoken]
And everybody's goin' "Whoooooosh, whoooooosh . . . I feel the snow . . . . I feel the cold... I feel the air." And Mr. Karp turns to me and he says, "Okay, Morales. What did you feel?"

[sings]
And I said. . . "Nothing,
I'm feeling nothing,"
And he says "Nothing
Could get a girl transferred."

They all felt something,
But I felt nothing
Except the feeling
That this bullshit was absurd!

[Spoken]

But I said to myself, "Hey, it's only the first week. Maybe it's genetic. They don't have bobsleds in San Juan."

[sings]
Second week, more advanced, and we had to
Be a table, be a sports car . . .
Ice-cream cone.

Mr. Karp, he would say,"Very good, ex-
Cept Morales. Try, Morales,
All alone."

So I dug right down to the bottom of my soul
To see how an ice cream felt.
Yes, I dug right down to the bottom of my soul
And I tried to melt.

The kids yelled, "Nothing!"
They called me "Nothing!"
And Karp allowed it,
Which really makes me burn.

The were so helpful.
They called me hopeless.
Until I really didn't know
Where else to turn.

[Spoken]
And Karp kept saying,"Morales, I think you should transfer to Girl's High. You'll never be an actress, Never!" *Jesus Christ!*
[sings]
Went to church, praying, "Santa Maria,
Send me guidance, send me guidance,"
On my knees.

Went to church, praying, "Santa Maria,
Help me feel it, help me feel it.
Pretty please!"

And a voice from down at the bottom of my soul
Came up to the top of my head.
And the voice from down at the bottom of my soul,
Here is what it said:

"This man is nothing!
This course is nothing!
If you want something,
Go find a better class.

And when you find one
You'll be an actress."
And I assure you that's what
Fin'lly came to pass.

Six months later I heard that Karp had died.
And I dug right down to the bottom of my soul . . .
And cried.
'Cause I felt . . . nothing.

"One" (as rehearsed for the "show")

CHORUS:
One
Singular sensation
Ev'ry little step she takes.
One thrilling combination
Every move that she makes.
One smile and suddenly nobody else will do.
You know you'll never be lonely with you know who.

One moment in her presence
And you can forget the rest.
For the girl is second best to none, son.
Ooh! Sigh!
Give her your attention.
Do I
Really have to mention?
She's the one?

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"Dance: Ten; Looks: Three"

VAL:
Dance: ten; looks; three.
And I'm still on unemployment,
Dancing for my own enjoyment.
That ain't it, kid. That ain't it, kid.

"Dance: ten; Looks; three,"
Is like to die!
Left the theatre and
Called the doctor for
My appointment to buy . . .

Tits and ass.
Bought myself a fancy pair.
Tightened up the derriere.
Did the nose with it.
All that goes with it.

Tits and ass!
Had the bingo-bongos done.
Suddenly I'm getting nash'nal tours!
Tits and ass won't get you jobs
Unless they're yours.

Didn't cost a fortune neither.
Didn't hurt my sex life either.

Flat and sassy,
I would get the strays and losers.
Beggars really can't be choosers.
That ain't it, kid. That ain't it, kid.

Fixed the chassis.
"How do you do!"
Life turned into an
Endless medley of
"Gee ,it had to be you!"
Why?

Tits and ass!
Where the cupboard once was bare
Now you knock and someone's there.
You have got 'em, hey.
Top to bottom, hey.

It's a gas!
Just a dash of silicone.
Shake your new maracas and you're fine!
Tits and ass can change your life.
They sure changed mine.

Have it all done.
Honey, take my word.
Grab a cab, c'mon.
See the wizard on
Park and Seventy-third
For

Tits and ass.
Orchestra and balcony.
What they want is whatcha see.
Keep the best of you.
Do the rest of you.

Pits or class.
I have never seen it fail.
Debutante or chorus girl or wife.

Tits and ass,
Yes, tits and ass
Have changed . . .
My . . .
Life . . . !

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"The Music and the Mirror"

CASSIE:
Give me somebody to dance for,
Give me somebody to show.
Let me wake up in the morning to find
I have somewhere exciting to go.
To have something that I can believe in.
To have something to be.
Use me . . . choose me.

God, I'm a dancer,
A dancer dances!

Give me somebody to dance with.
Give me a place to fit in.
Help me return to the world of the living
By showing me how to begin.

Play me the music.
Give me the chance to come through.
All I ever needed was the music, and the mirror,
And the chance to dance for you.

Give me a job and you instantly get me involved.
If you give me a job,
Then the rest of the crap will get solved.
Put me to work,
You would think that by now I'm allowed.
I'll do you proud.

Throw me a rope to grab on to.
Help me to prove that I'm strong.
Give me the chance to look forward to sayin':
"Hey. listen, they're playing my song."

Play me the music.
Give me the chance to come through.
All I ever needed was the music, and the mirror,
And the chance to dance . . .

Play me the music,
Play me the music,
Play me the music.
Give me the chance to come through.
All I ever needed was the music, and the mirror,
And the chance to dance . . .

"What I Did For Love"

DIANA:
Kiss today goodbye,
The sweetness and the sorrow.
Wish me luck, the same to you,
But I can't regret
What I did for love, what I did for love.

Look my eyes are dry.
The gift was ours to borrow.
It's as if we always knew,
And I won't forget what I did for love,
What I did for love.

Gone,
Love is never gone.
As we travel on,
Love's what we'll remember.

Kiss today goodbye,
And point me t'ward tomorrow.
We did what we had to do.
Won't forget, can't regret
What I did for love

ALL: What I did for love.

ALL:
Love. Love is never gone
As we travel on
Love's what we'll remember
Kiss today goodbye.

DIANA:
And point me t'ward tomorrow.

ALL:
We did what we had to do.
Won't forget, can't regret
What I did for love.
What I did for love.
What I did for . . .
Love.

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"One" (Finale)

BOYS:
One singular sensation
Every little step he takes.
One thrilling combination
Ev'ry move that he makes.
One smile and suddenly nobody else will do;
You know you'll never be lonely with you
know who.

One moment in his presence
And you can forget the rest.
For the guy is second best
To none,
Son.
Ooooh! Sigh! Give him your attention.
Do . . . I . . . really have to mention?
He's the one?

She walks into a room
And you know

GIRLS:
She's un-
Commonly rare, very unique,
Peripatetic, poetic and chic.

ALL:
She walks into a room
And you know from her
Maddening poise, effortless whirl,
She's the special girl.

Stroll-
Ing,
Can't help
All of her qualities
Extol-
Ling.
Loaded with charisma is ma
Jauntily sauntering, ambling shambler.

She walks into a room
And you know you must
Shuffle along, join the parade.
She's the quintessence of making the grade.
This is whatcha call
Trav'ling.
Oh, strut your stuff!

Can't get enough

Of
Her.
Love
Her.
I'm a son of a gun,
She is one of a
Kind . . .

She's the...
She's the...
One!