

Acting Edition

Sancocho

by Christin Eve Cato

This sample is an excerpt of a
Concord Theatricals title.

Samples of Concord Theatricals titles
are for perusal and cannot be used for
performance or downloaded, printed,
and distributed in any way.

This sample may not reflect the version
of the play currently in print.

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

Copyright © 2024 by Christin Eve Cato
All Rights Reserved

SANCOCHO is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all member countries of the Berne Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works, the Universal Copyright Convention, and/or the World Trade Organization conforming to the Agreement on Trade Related Aspects of Intellectual Property Rights. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television, online/digital production, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-71075-9

www.concordtheatricals.com

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION INQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

info@concordtheatricals.com

1-866-979-0447

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE

licensing@concordtheatricals.co.uk

020-7054-7298

Each title is subject to availability from Concord Theatricals Corp., depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *SANCOCHO* may not be licensed by Concord Theatricals Corp. in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Concord Theatricals Corp. office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *SANCOCHO* is subject to a licensing fee. The purchase, renting, lending or use of this book does not constitute a license to perform this title(s), which license must be obtained from Concord Theatricals Corp. prior to any performance. Performance of this title(s) without a license is a violation of federal law and may subject the producer and/or presenter of such performances to civil penalties. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to the appropriate agent before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Concord Theatricals Corp.

This work is published by Samuel French, an imprint of Concord Theatricals Corp.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, scanned, uploaded, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, digital, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall share this title(s), or any part of this title(s), through any social media or file hosting websites.

For all inquiries regarding motion picture, television, online/digital and other media rights, please contact Concord Theatricals Corp.

MUSIC AND THIRD-PARTY MATERIALS USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music and/or other copyrighted third-party materials (e.g. artworks, logos) in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music and materials that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for clearances of all third-party copyrighted materials, including without limitation music, and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Concord Theatricals Corp., against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of such copyrighted third-party materials by licensees. For music, please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

The Off-Broadway premiere of *SANCOCHO* was produced by Latinx Playwrights Circle, WP Theater, and The Sol Project at the WP Theater in New York on March 11, 2023. The performance was directed by Rebecca Martínez, with scenic design by Raul Abrego, costume design by Harry Nadal, lighting design by María Cristina Fusté, and sound design by Germán Martínez. The cast was as follows:

CARIDAD DE JESÚS Zuleyma Guevara
RENATA DE JESÚS-PEREZ.....Shirley Rumierk

The midwest premiere of *SANCOCHO* was produced by Vision Latino Theatre Company, Chicago, IL, on October 10, 2022. The performance was directed by Xavier M. Custodio, with scenic design by Shayna Patel, costume design by Yajaira Custodio, lighting design by Sebastian “SeaBass” Medina, and technical direction by Line Bower. The cast was as follows:

CARIDAD DE JESÚS Antonia Arcely
RENATA DE JESÚS-PEREZ.....Amber Lee Ramos

SANCOCHO was originally developed by the Latinx Playwrights Circle.

CHARACTERS

CARIDAD DE JESÚS – Fifty-eight years old, Puerto Rican, the matriarch of the family (Renata’s sister). She has dark skin, inherited from her African ancestors. She’s a keeper of tradition and ritual.

RENATA DE JESÚS-PEREZ – Thirty-three years old, Puerto Rican, a lawyer (Caridad’s sister). She has light skin, inherited from her European ancestors. She is dedicated to searching for and upholding the truth.

SETTING

New York City, El Barrio. A pre-war apartment building.

A modest kitchen decorated with roosters, wooden spoons, ceramic plates that say “Puerto Rico” on them, and shelves full of spices. The fridge is covered with magnets and pictures of kids’ birthdays, weddings, and school portraits, family get-togethers, coupons, receipts, and bill reminders. On top of the fridge is a portable radio. On top of the stove is a pot. The kitchen table sits in the center of the stage. On top of the table are various vegetables, a chef knife, and a cutting board. On the other side of the stage is a living room/area space with an altar set up. There are various picture frames and candles on top of it.

Somewhere in the room, perhaps on a shelf, is the book *One Hundred Years of Solitude* by Gabriel García Márquez.

TIME

Fall 2023.

AUTHOR’S NOTES

“/” means to overlap in the place where it starts

“–” means to cut off the other person’s sentence

Caridad and Renata should actually be cooking in real time.

SANCOCHO FAMILY TIMELINE

Cidra, PR:

September 1965

Caridad De Jesús and Candido De Jesús (twins) are born to Mildred De Jesús, nineteen years old (Mami), and Hector De Jesús, twenty-four years old (Papi).

December 1965

Candido passes away from infancy complications.

El Barrio, East Harlem:

June 1966

Caridad, Mami, Papi, and Julia Marín (Abuela/Mami's mother) move to NYC.

March 1969

Eduardo (Eddie) García De Jesús is born, the offspring of Papi's extramarital affair.

April 1979

(1979 Recession and Energy Crisis in America) Papi loses the bodega; Mami's arthritis causes her to lose her factory job.

January 1980

Caridad drops out of high school to help with bills and care for her parents.

September 1981

Caridad gets her GED.

August 1983

Abuela passes away from heart conditions.

May 1986

Caridad meets Juan Rodriguez.

July 1986

Eddie unexpectedly visits the De Jesús residence and meets Papi; Caridad and Mami suffer physical trauma inflicted by Papi; Caridad leaves Mami and Papi's house and gets engaged to Juan.

September 1987

Caridad and Juan get married.

September 1989

Papi has a stroke.

July 1990

Renata De Jesús is born to Mildred and Hector De Jesús.

January 1991

Caridad gives birth to Sergio and Lydia Rodriguez.

November 2002

Caridad leaves Juan and kicks him out of their lives.

June 2008

Renata graduates from high school.

August 2008

Renata starts college and stays close to home. Renata meets Carlos Perez.

June 2009

Sergio and Lydia graduate from high school.

December 2010

Mami's cousins from Puerto Rico visit. Sergio meets his girlfriend and moves in with her. Renata and Carlos begin dating.

May 2012

Renata graduates from college. Lydia gets married. Mami starts showing signs of dementia.

May 2015

Renata graduates from Fordham Law School.

September 2015

Mami gets placed into hospice care.

October 2015

Renata and Carlos get married.

November 2016

Mami passes away from Alzheimer's.

February 2019

Caridad is reunited with Eddie at Sergio's car wash.

WORDS TO KNOW

Shortened and slang words are used throughout the script to reflect Puerto Rican/Nuyorican vernacular.

Ajo – Garlic

Ay – pronounced like “I”; is an expression often used for sighing,
(Ex. “Ugh,” “Oh my,” “Oy vey”)

Bemba – big lips (slang)

Bendito – to be blessed; a term used for expressing empathy and often pity; it is also often used sarcastically

Bolitas – mini balls

Boricua – the Indigenous Taíno word for a person born in the island of Borikén (original name of Puerto Rico)

Borrachos – drunk people

Carajo – an expression/interjection that denotes anger and/or frustration; it is also commonly used to tell someone to go to hell – “vete pal carajo” (go to hell)

Carajo – fuck (slang)

Cáscara – skin; peel

Cualquiera – any (feminine); any woman/any strange woman

Cubito – little cube (slang)

Desgraciá – shortened version of desgraciada; ungrateful/miserable girl!

Estúpida – stupid (feminine); this term is widely used to offend someone or to playfully undermine someone

Finca – farm

Gracias – thank you

Iglesia – church

Jíbaro/Jíbara – hick (masculine/feminine); hillbilly; country person

Las noticias – the news

Limpieza – a cleanse; a spiritual/energetic cleansing

Locura – craziness

Malcriá – shortened version of malcriada; a spoiled brat (feminine)

Mija – my daughter; often arbitrarily used by elders as an endearing way to address a younger person they are close to

Mijo – my son; often arbitrarily used by elders as an endearing way to address a younger person they are close to

Mira – look

Misa – church mass

Negría – a Black girl; often used endearingly towards a loved one who is of darker skin, or condescendingly towards a person of darker skin

Nena – an endearing pronoun for a girl/young woman

Pelitos – little hairs

Pendeja – asshole (feminine); stupid girl; this term is widely used to offend someone or to playfully undermine someone

Pilón – an Indigenous/traditional Puerto Rican mortar and pestle

Plátano – plantain fruit

Porquería – bullshit; filth

Puñeta – damn; damnit (slang)

Rabitos – oxtails

Sala – living room

Sancocho – a traditional Puerto Rican stew made with oxtail and root vegetables

Sofrito – a Latino-Caribbean seasoning made from fresh vegetables and ingredients

Sucia – dirty (feminine); a woman who is dirty-minded

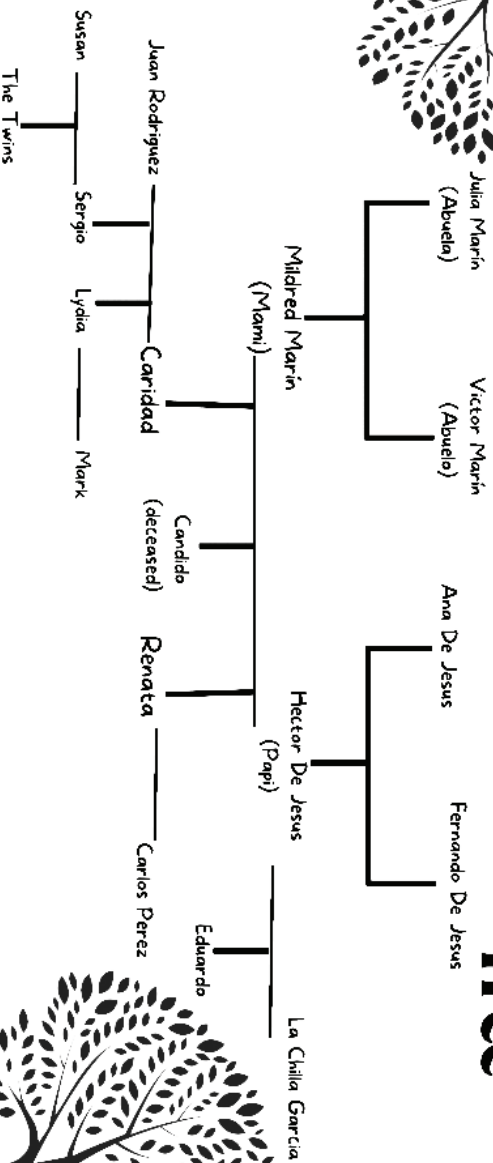
Timbre – doorbell; buzzer

Verdad – truth; right

Viejo – old man

Ya – an expression for “enough,” “that’s it,” “already”

Sancocho Familia Tree



Para mi abuelita, Julia:
Mi inspiración, mi musa, La diosa que me enseñó a cocinar sancocho.

[For my grandmother, Julia:
My inspiration, my muse, the goddess who taught me how to cook
sancocho.]

“Verily, verily, I say unto you,
except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone:
but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit”

– John 12:24 (The King James Holy Bible)

Scene One

In The Beginning

*(AT RISE: The aroma of a lived-in kitchen, something is always cooking on the stove. **CARIDAD**, buzzing around in her apron, tidying up the kitchen. She pours herself a glass of red wine. The sound of cardinals singing is heard as she pours the wine. She pauses to notice the bird's song. She eventually sits at the table and starts peeling carrots. Then after a few moments, we hear a toilet flush. **RENATA** enters, wobbling, holding her pregnant belly. She joins **CARIDAD**. **CARIDAD** continues chopping.)*

RENATA. I have to get back to Jersey before the traffic is insane.

CARIDAD. Traffic is always insane in El Barrio. Carlos called while you were in the bathroom.

*(**RENATA** grunts.)*

RENATA. *(Muttering to herself.)* Ugh what does he want now?

(She grabs her phone and checks it, texting Carlos.)

CARIDAD. I don't know, maybe he's checking on his pregnant wife? What's the problem?

RENATA. You really wanna get me started?

*(**CARIDAD** silently insists.)*

RENATA. Everything, honestly. It's like – his mannerisms. You know? He gets on my nerves sometimes.

CARIDAD. Who, Carlos? *No me diga.*¹ What the hell did he do?

RENATA. I just don't like the way he moves around...he's clumsy, he washes dishes with one hand and leaves the lip stains on the glasses, he pokes at his phone screen so hard when he's typing on it that sometimes I feel like he's gonna break it! He never finishes a cup of coffee, and he always leaves one spoonful of rice on the plate. Like it's just one more spoon, just fucking eat it.

CARIDAD. Wow...

RENATA. Ugh, and he has this diddy bop! I mean I guess I never really noticed it before, but I definitely notice it now! Sometimes I hate walking behind him on the street.

CARIDAD. I think you're just being hormonal. *Bendito, pobre Carlos.*

RENATA. But then he also has this bad habit of going to bed wearing the same socks he had on all day. Isn't that unsanitary and freaking disgusting?

CARIDAD. Ay fo,² sí. That's nasty.

RENATA. Right?! And so I yell at him about it, I'm like, "Come on Carlos, do you have to be so fucking nasty? Take off those dingy stinky socks that you've had on all day!" And then he's like, "Shut up, Renata, they're not dirty, they're clean, I just put them on today!"

CARIDAD. Ay, is he really that childish?

(**RENATA** nods *furiously*.)

RENATA. So, whatever, we always have this rendezvous where I get all pissed off and I give him an ultimatum: either take off those damn socks or sleep on the sofa!

1. Oh, you don't say.

2. Eww!

CARIDAD. You really have to try to control your mood swings.

(CARIDAD starts chopping the carrots. A slight pause from RENATA.)

RENATA. Really, Cari? *Mood swings?* You should be the last one / to talk about *moods*.

CARIDAD. / Carlos worships the ground you walk on. The way he looks at you with those big loving eyes. He does everything for you.

RENATA. I know, I know, I know... I just hope my daughter doesn't come out with that *diddy bop*.

CARIDAD. ¿Pero qué carajo es un *diddy bop*?³ He walks like any average person. Don't be so mean.

RENATA. Anyway, did you take a look at those documents?

(CARIDAD continues chopping, a little annoyed that RENATA is changing the subject.)

CARIDAD. So, dime.⁴ What are you eating these days? Your skin looks good.

RENATA. Why are you changing the subject?

CARIDAD. You changed it first.

(She continues chopping.)

RENATA. I eat the usual stuff that my doctor recommends. Lots of avocados. Healthy fats.

Fish for Omega-3s. Brown rice for carbs. Berries for the extra hydration and antioxidants. I take my vitamins.

CARIDAD. Has your doctor told you anything else?

RENATA. That I might have to get induced. I thought I told you.

3. But what the hell is a *diddy bop*?

4. Tell me.

CARIDAD. No I don't remember you telling me that.

RENATA. Well it made me really sad because I wanted to give birth in the pool.

CARIDAD. *Right.* Yes. I do remember you telling me *that...*

RENATA. What?

CARIDAD. Nothing.

RENATA. Why do you have that judgy face on?

CARIDAD. What judgy face?

RENATA. Just spit it out.

CARIDAD. No, nada... Es que,¹ you young girls are always jumping on the newest trend.

RENATA. It's not a *trend*. Water births have been a thing since forever –

CARIDAD. I was in labor for twelve hours with my twins, had them naturally too. I didn't need a *pool*...

Pero, the water must be soothing for the baby. ¿Qué se yo?²

RENATA. Of course it is... I mean just imagine it, a baby, who from since conception, is immersed in the warmth of its mother's womb. Comforted by the soothing amniotic fluid that supports breathing, growth, and nutrients. Imagine being used to all of that and then suddenly you're pushed out headfirst! Into this strange atmosphere called "air."

CARIDAD. Bendito, and then someone slaps your ass just to make sure you're alive.

RENATA. Then they swaddle you up in sterilized, synthetic cotton –

1. No, nothing...it's that,

2. What do I know?

CARIDAD. And the first person to hold you is not even tu mamá. It's some cualquiera.

RENATA. Yeah! And then finally after a pass around or two, they hand you off to your mother who has been longing to hold you from the moment you were just a possibility.

CARIDAD. Well, you could only hope that she's had that longing. Not every mother chooses to be a mother –

RENATA. So you somehow just wish that you will be contaminated with joy in an antiseptic room.

CARIDAD. Mmmhmm. That's why Mami had us naturally. No epidural. No hospitals. Abuela era una doula también, sabes?³ Pero *you*?? No – you were born in a hospital because you nearly killed Mami –

RENATA. Did you really have to go there? We were doing so well, Cari.

(**CARIDAD** sips her wine.)

CARIDAD. Mira, it's just that, I think about what women have endured for ages, you know? Y aquí estamos⁴ in a new age, you're healthy, seven months pregnant – and you have this *doctor* not even giving you the chance to have this baby on your own. Telling you to induce it with chemicals? ¿Qué clase de mierda es esa?⁵

RENATA. Caridad, these procedures are standard now. Medicine has evolved.

CARIDAD. Your body has been equipped to give birth!! Sometimes we aren't even aware of what we are made of until we are forced to meet with God, face to face.

(**RENATA** looks at the glass of red wine.)

3. Abuela was a birth doula too, you know?

4. And here we are

5. What type of shit is that?

RENATA. How many of those have you had already?

CARIDAD. You know I like to sip on the blood of Christ as I am preparing the food that sustains everlasting life. It's ritual.

RENATA. Yeah, well take it easy. This ain't the last supper.

CARIDAD. Can you grab the pilón and smash some garlic? You love to eat but you never want to help.

RENATA. Caridad. You know I didn't come here to eat and hang out. Did you take a look at those documents? It's important. / It's Papi's will.

CARIDAD. / You telling me you not gonna eat my food?

RENATA. But sancocho takes forever to make. What's the occasion anyway?

CARIDAD. It's Sunday.

RENATA. And? What is it, you're hosting Sunday dinners now?

CARIDAD. Yes, I think it will be a nice tradition to start. So, if you want to talk about those documents, I suggest you rest your feet for a little while longer.

RENATA. I have work to do, papers to prepare. I have a job, you know? Tomorrow is the start of the new work week –

CARIDAD. Yeah, yeah – I know how *important* you are.

(CARIDAD grabs the pilón and places it on the table while RENATA reluctantly returns to her seat and starts peeling garlic. CARIDAD returns with house slippers for RENATA.)

RENATA. You're lucky I'm eating for two.

CARIDAD. Lucky? I shoulda played the lotto then.

(**RENATA** puts on the slippers. They're silent for a little while and it's awkward. **RENATA** begins to smash the garlic and a piece of garlic flies out of the pilón.)

You gotta add salt to it.

RENATA. Why?

CARIDAD. It keeps it inside the pilón.

RENATA. Ahhh, the little tricks...

CARIDAD. Abuela taught me that.

RENATA. I wish I could've met her.

(*A beat.*)

I wish a lot of things.

CARIDAD. Like what? Please don't mention / Carlos.

RENATA. I'm not talking about / Carlos.

CARIDAD. Then what? What more could you possibly wish for?

RENATA. I wish Mami taught me how to cook.

CARIDAD. You're learning how to cook right now. Stop with the whining already, carajo –

RENATA. I'm just expressing my thoughts. Gosh, Cari –

CARIDAD. Okay, okay...express your *thoughts*.

RENATA. I was thinking about this the other day actually – like *why* didn't she teach me how to cook? Why did she forbid me from the kitchen? That wasn't fair. We could've bonded more, you know?

CARIDAD. Forbid you? She didn't *forbid* you. No sea' pendeja –

RENATA. I'm not a / pendeja –

CARIDAD. / She wanted you to focus on your studies. Okay? You came out intelligent, speaking full sentences by the time you were two. She didn't want to bother you with chores, she wanted you to be a career woman. You should consider yourself lucky. Not many girls get that luxury. She raised you up like the way we raise up boys: "Don't worry about cooking and washing clothes mijo, all you have to worry about is getting a good job and being a good provider."

RENATA. Oh, you mean like how you raised up Sergio to be?

(CARIDAD gives her a look – something like “don’t be talking about Sergio” and starts chopping the potatoes.)

CARIDAD. You don't realize what she did for you, eh? You never had to worry about the burdens that women are inherited with. She let you be yourself, to grow up curious about the world. She didn't make you clean, she made you read books. When you came home from school, you came home to a bed that was made, ropa limpia, y comida hecha.¹ Even with Papi you were lucky. He was easy on you. Don't be such a malcriá,² it's offensive.

RENATA. I never said I wasn't grateful for those things! But I'm not kidding when I say she used to literally throw me out of the kitchen if I was in there while she was cooking. And then when her arthritis got worse, she cooked less. And when the dementia took over – that was it! I missed that window, you know?

CARIDAD. Did it ever occur to you that Papi was the one who told Mami to not bother you with learning how to do domestic things? That you were *too good* for it and that you had better things to be learning?

1. clean clothes and cooked food

2. spoiled brat

RENATA. That makes no sense. Why would Papi even say that? Everyone should know how to make food, it's survival.

(CARIDAD starts laughing.)

CARIDAD. For someone who's so smart, you're so naive.

RENATA. And you're cynical and dysfunctional.

CARIDAD. Mira, ten cuidado conmigo, okay?³

(She continues chopping the potatoes.)

RENATA. This is serious for me. I'm about to be a mother now and I want to be like how you and Mami were. I want my child to come home from school and have homemade lunch.

Papitas con huevo frito⁴ made with love. I want to be the mom that cooks a wholesome dinner every night. My child deserves that too. *I'm* supposed to pass that down to *her*.

CARIDAD. Ay Renata, cooking is easy. If you want to learn, then you'll learn. It's not rocket science. You're a lawyer, for Christ's sake. Act like you have a brain, nena.

RENATA. And while you're at it, act like you're grateful and don't forget how my *lawyer* money is taking care of Papi's hospice bills, okay?

CARIDAD. Just don't be an exagerá'. That's all I'm saying.

RENATA. I'm not exaggerating! How could anyone expect me to learn how to cook when I had all these things I had to do, huh? After an eight-hour day of school, I either had choir practice or karate lessons or softball practice or math tutoring! And yeah, by the time I came home dinner was already cooked! And then I had tons of homework to do. And forget about it, once college happened –

3. Hey, be careful with me, okay?

4. French fries with fried eggs

CARIDAD. You were the first to go to college / you're welcome!

RENATA. / I was always studying. And then by the time I went to law school, I had no house skills. I had to drop off my laundry because I sucked at washing clothes. I lived on pizza, frozen dinners, and Chinese takeout!

CARIDAD. *Ay bendito, la pobrecita.*¹ And now you're making all this *lawyer money* – you can hire your own chef!

RENATA. No! It's not the same, Caridad! IT'S NOT THE FUCKING SAME!

(CARIDAD finishes her glass of wine and refills another.)

CARIDAD. No te puedo creer.² You have exactly what you need and you still complain. You can't be everything.

RENATA. Well what else am I supposed to be? My kid's not gonna have a Puerto Rican grandmother – who's gonna pass down those cultural roots to her? I mean she will have Carlos's parents. And I *love* that, you know? I think Mexican culture is beautiful, I really do. I just... my kid should feel Puerto Rican too.

CARIDAD. Then when she gets older, send her to Puerto Rico for the summer. They have those immersive programs. It would make her fluent en español también.

RENATA. That's not what I mean though. She needs to grow up eating Puerto Rican food. Food is the direct connection to our roots. It tells us the history of our people, way before language gets involved into the mix –

CARIDAD. Don't tell me you're talking about how Spanish is bad now. That's our language, it's what we speak,

1. The poor girl.

2. I can't believe you.

okay? What's that thing that kids are talking about nowadays? Este, *recolonization*?

RENATA. It's *decolonization*. But yes, decolonizing our food is good too. Getting rid of shit like vienna sausages –

CARIDAD. Then how we gonna make *arroz con salchichas*?

RENATA. I don't know – by using actual *pork*?!

CARIDAD. *Ay ya!* We are always wishing for the things we don't have Renata. The grass is always greener across the street. Si no es esto, es lo otro.³

RENATA. Oh trust me, I KNOW how insatiable we are as human beings. It's in our nature to never be satisfied.

CARIDAD. Maybe for someone like you.

RENATA. I don't really want one of your red wine lectures, Cari.

CARIDAD. I'm not drunk, pendeja. Relax.

RENATA. Not yet.

(**CARIDAD** shoots **RENATA** a look and takes a sip of her wine.)

All I meant was that I wish I knew how to cook. Yes I can learn now, but I wanted to learn *her* ways. The way she made sofrito from scratch, the dough for the pastelillos, arroz con guandules without it coming out clunky, the way she made pernil perfectly succulent, and the way she made oxtail slide off the bone –

CARIDAD. Mofongo that wasn't too dry, bacalao that wasn't too salty –

RENATA. Yes! And the way she made sancocho that was healing after a long and stressful week...

CARIDAD. I use her same recipe. The same one Abuela taught her. So aprende, nena. Learn.

3. If it's not one thing, it's another.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a license to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.concordtheatricals.com

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and anything theater-related, follow us on our social media channels.

@ConcordShows and **@ConcordUKShows** on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram.

concord
theatricals