

CHICAGO: THE MUSICAL

Book by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse

Music by John Kander

Lyrics by Fred Ebb

Script Adaptation by David Thompson

Based on the Play Chicago by
Maurine Dallas Watkins

WORKING DRAFT - NOT A FINAL VERSION



**SAMUEL
FRENCH**
FOUNDED 1830

SAMUELFRENCH.COM
SAMUELFRENCH-LONDON.CO.UK

CHICAGO: THE MUSICAL

Book by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse

Music by John Kander

Lyrics by Fred Ebb

Script Adaptation by David Thompson

Based on the Play Chicago by

Maurine Dallas Watkins

WORKING DRAFT - NOT FINAL VERSION.



**SAMUEL
FRENCH**
FOUNDED 1830

SAMUELFRENCH.COM
SAMUELFRENCH-LONDON.CO.UK

Copyright © 1976 by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse
Lyrics of the following compositions copyrighted © 1973, 1974, 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and
Unichappell Music, Inc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that *CHICAGO* is subject to a Licensing Fee. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. In its present form the play is dedicated to the reading public only.

The amateur live stage performance rights to *CHICAGO* are controlled exclusively by Samuel French., and licensing arrangements and performance licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur Licensing Fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a licensing quotation and a performance license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Licensing Fees are payable one week before the opening performance of the play to Samuel French.

Licensing Fee of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged.

Stock licensing fees quoted upon application to Samuel French.

For all other rights than those stipulated above, apply to: Samuel French.

Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured in writing from Samuel French, Inc.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play: "Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French."

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

ACT ONE

- "ALL THAT JAZZ" – Copyright © 1973 and 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "FUNNY HONEY" – Copyright © 1973 and 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "CELL BLOCK TANGO" – Copyright © 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "WHEN YOU'RE GOOD TO MAMA" – Copyright © 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "TAP DANCE" – Copyright © 1973 and 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "ALL I CARE ABOUT" – Copyright © 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "A LITTLE BIT OF GOOD" – Copyright © 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "WE BOTH REACHED FOR THE GUN" – Copyright © 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "ROXIE" – Copyright © 1974 and 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "I CAN'T DO IT ALONE" – Copyright © 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT" – Copyright © 1973 and 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "MY OWN BEST FRIEND" – Copyright © 1973 and 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.

ACT TWO

- "I KNOW A GIRL" – Copyright © 1973 and 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "ME AND MY BABY" – Copyright © 1974 and 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "MISTER CELLOPHANE" – Copyright © 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "WHEN VELMA TAKES THE ST AND" – Copyright © 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "RAZZLE DAZZLE" – Copyright © 1974 and 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "CLASS" – Copyright © 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- "NOWADAYS" – Copyright © 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- *"RS.V.P." – Copyright © 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.
- *"KEEP IT HOT" – Copyright © 1975 by Kander-Ebb, Inc., and Unichappell Music, Inc.

* These two numbers will not be found in the musical material for the show, as they were deleted from the production and cannot be supplied.

FORTY-SIXTH STREET THEATRE

ROBERT FRYER and JAMES CRESSON

PRESENT

GWEN VERDON. CHITA RIVERA

AND

JERRY ORBACH

IN

CHICAGO

A Musical Vaudeville

PRODUCED IN ASSOCIATION WITH

MARTIN RICHARDS

JOSEPH HARRIS and IRA BERNSTEIN

BOOK BY

FRED EBB and BOB FOSSE

MUSIC BY

JOHN KANDER

LYRICS BY

FRED EBB

BASED ON THE PLAY "CHICAGO" BY **MAURINE DALLAS WATKINS**

WITH

BARNEY MARTIN MARY McCARTY M. O'HAUGHEY

CANDY BROWN CHRISTOPHER CHADMAN CHERYL CLARK

GRACIELA DANIELE GENE FOOTE GARY GENDELL

RICHARD KORTHAZE MICHON PEACOCK CHARLENE RYAN

RON SCHWINN PAUL SOLEN PAMELA SOUSA

MICHAEL VITA

SETTINGS BY

TONY WALTON

COSTUMES BY

PATRICIA ZIPPRODT

LIGHTING BY

JULES FISHER

MUSICAL DIRECTOR

STANLEY LEBOWSKY

DANCE MUSIC ARRANGED BY

PETER HOWARD

ORCHESTRATIONS BY

RALPH BURNS

SOUND DESIGN BY

ABE JACOB

HAIR STYLES BY **ROMAINE GREEN**

DIRECTED AND CHOREOGRAPHED BY

BOB FOSSE

CHARACTERS

VELMA KELLY

ROXIE HART

BILLY FLYNN

MATRON "MAMA" MORTON

MARY SUNSHINE

AMOS HART

The Ensemble/Men

COURT CLERK (Ensemble Member #1)

JUDGE (Ensemble Member #2)

SERGEANT FOGARTY (Ensemble Member #4)

AARON (Ensemble Member #5)

MARTIN HARRISON (Ensemble Member #6)

HARRY/JUROR (Ensemble Member #7)

FRED CASELY (Ensemble Member #11)

The Ensemble/Women

MONA (Ensemble Member #3)

GO-TO-HELL KITTY (Ensemble Member #8)

ANNIE (Ensemble Member #9)

JUNE (Ensemble Member #10)

HUNYAK (Ensemble Member #12)

LIZ (Ensemble Member #13)

SETTING

Chicago, Illinois

TIME

The late 1920s

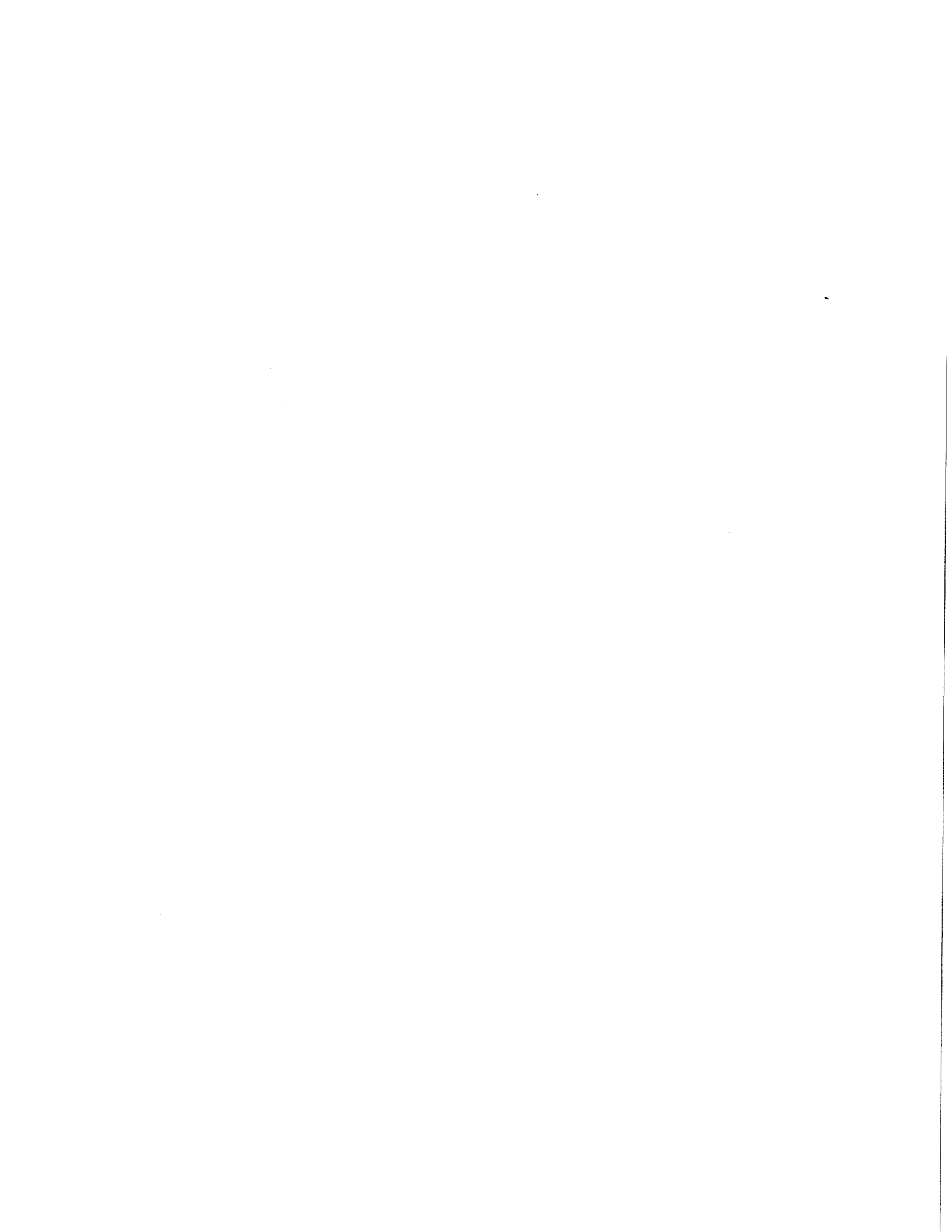
MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

- Overture*
- Scene One*
“And All That Jazz” **VELMA and ENSEMBLE**
- Scene Two – The Bedroom*
“Funny Honey” **ROXIE**
- Scene Three – The Jail*
“Cell Block Tango” **VELMA and ENSEMBLE WOMEN**
- Scene Four – The Jail*
“When You’re Good to Mama” **MATRON “MAMA” MORTON**
- Scene Five – The Jail*
- Scene Six – The Visitor’s Area*
- Scene Seven*
“All I Care About” **BILLY FLYNN and ENSEMBLE WOMEN**
- Scene Eight – Billy’s Office*
“A Little Bit of Good” **MARY SUNSHINE**
“We Both Reach for the Gun” **BILLY, ROXIE, MARY SUNSHINE**
and **ENSEMBLE**
- Scene Nine*
“Roxie” **ROXIE and ENSEMBLE MEN**
- Scene Ten – The Jail*
“I Can’t Do It Alone” **VELMA**
- Scene Eleven – The Jail*
“My Own Best Friend” **ROXIE and VELMA**

ACT TWO

- Entr’acte*
- Scene One – The Jail*
“I Know a Girl” **VELMA**
“Me and My Baby” **ROXIE and ENSEMBLE MEN**
“Mister Cellophane” **AMOS**
- Scene Two – The Jail*
“When Velma Takes the Stand” **VELMA and ENSEMBLE MEN**
- Scene Three – The Courthouse*
- Scene Four – The Courthouse*
“Razzle Dazzle” **BILLY and ENSEMBLE**
- Scene Five – The Courtroom*
- Scene Six – The Jail*
“Class” **VELMA and MATRON “MAMA” MORTON**
- Scene Seven – The Courtroom*
“Courtroom Sequence” **ENSEMBLE**
- Scene Eight – The Courtroom*
“Nowadays” **ROXIE and VELMA**
“Finale” **COMPANY**



ACT ONE

Scene One

(SCENE: Chicago, Illinois. The late '20's.)

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #1. Welcome. Ladies and Gentlemen, you are about to see a story of murder, greed, corruption, violence, exploitation, adultery and treachery – all those things we all hold near and dear to our hearts. Thank you.

(MUSIC: No. 1, "Overture")

(Following the overture, VELMA enters.)

(SONG: No. 2, "AND ALL THAT JAZZ")

VELMA.

COME ON, BABE
WHY DON'T WE PAINT THE TOWN?
AND ALL THAT JAZZ

I'M GONNA ROUGE MY KNEES
AND ROLL MY STOCKINGS DOWN
AND ALL THAT JAZZ

START THE CAR
I KNOW A WHOOPÉE SPOT
WHERE THE GIN IS COLD
BUT THE PIANO'S HOT

IT'S JUST A NOISY HALL
WHERE THERE'S A NIGHTLY BRAWL
AND ALL THAT JAZZ

SLICK YOUR HAIR
AND WEAR YOUR BUCKLE SHOES
AND ALL THAT JAZZ

I HEAR THAT FATHER DIP
IS GONNA BLOW THE BLUES

AND ALL THAT JAZZ

VELMA. (*cont.*)

HOLD ON, HON

WE'RE GONNA BUNNY HUG

I BOUGHT SOME ASPIRIN

DOWN AT UNITED DRUG

IN CASE YOU SHAKE APART

AND WANT A BRAND NEW START

TO DO THAT -

VELMA/ENSEMBLE.

JAZZ

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #2. Skiddoo!

VELMA.

AND ALL THAT JAZZ

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #1. Hotcha!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #3. Whoopee!

VELMA.

AND ALL THAT JAZZ

ENSEMBLE. (*whispered*) Hah! Hah! Hah!

VELMA.

IT'S JUST A NOISY HALL

WHERE THERE'S A NIGHTLY BRAWL

AND

VELMA/ENSEMBLE.

ALL THAT JAZZ

(**FRED CASELY** and **ROXIE HART** enter.)

FRED. Listen, uh, your husband ain't home, is he?

VELMA. No, her husband is not at home.

(**ENSEMBLE** laughs.)

VELMA.

FIND A FLASK

WE'RE PLAYING FAST AND LOOSE

ENSEMBLE.

AND ALL THAT JAZZ

VELMA.

RIGHT UP HERE
IS WHERE I STORE THE JUICE

ENSEMBLE.

AND ALL THAT JAZZ

VELMA.

COME ON, BABE
WE'RE GONNA BRUSH THE SKY
I BETCHA LUCKY LINDY
NEVER FLEW SO HIGH
'CAUSE IN THE STRATOSPHERE
HOW COULD HE LEND AN EAR
TO ALL THAT JAZZ

ENSEMBLE.

WAH, WAH, WAH, ETC.

ENSEMBLE.

OH, YOU'RE GONNA SEE
YOUR SHEBA SHIMMY SHAKE

VELMA.

AND ALL THAT JAZZ

ENSEMBLE.

OH, SHE'S GONNA SHIMMY
TILL HER GARTERS BREAK

VELMA.

AND ALL THAT JAZZ

ENSEMBLE.

SHOW HER WHERE TO PARK HER GIRDLE
OH, HER MOTHER'S BLOOD'D CURDLE
IF SHE'D HEAR
HER BABY'S QUEER
FOR ALL THAT JAZZ

FRED. *(to ROXIE)* Come here!

(The "action" between ROXIE and FRED is very mechanical.)

VELMA.

AND ALL THAT JAZZ
 COME ON BABE WHY DON'T WE
 PAINT THE TOWN
 AND ALL THAT JAZZ
 I'M GONNA ROUGE MY KNEES
 AND ROLL MY STOCKINGS DOWN
 START THE CAR
 I KNOW A WHOOPEE SPOT
 WHERE THE GIN IS COLD
 AND THE PIANO'S HOT

 IT'S JUST A NOISY HALL WHERE
 THERE'S A NIGHTLY BRAWL
 AND ALL THAT -

ENSEMBLE.

OH, YOU'RE GONNA SEE
 YOUR SHEBA SHIMMY SHAKE
 AND ALL THAT JAZZ

 OH SHE'S GONNA SHIMMY
 'TIL HER GARTERS BREAK
 AND ALL THAT JAZZ

 SHOW HER WHERE TO PARK HER
 GIRDLE
 OH, HER MOTHER'S BLOOD'D
 CURDLE

 IF SHE'D HEAR
 HER BABY'S QUEER
 FOR ALL THAT -

ROXIE. So that's final, huh, Fred?

FRED. Yeah, I'm afraid so, Roxie.

ENSEMBLE WOMEN. Oh, Fred...

FRED. Yeah?

ROXIE. Nobody walks out on me.

(ROXIE shoots him.)

FRED. But sweetheart -

(ROXIE shoots him again.)

ROXIE. Don't "sweetheart" me, you son-of-a-bitch!

FRED. Roxie, please -

(ROXIE shoots him again.)

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #2. Whoopee!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #3. Hotcha!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #4. Jazz!

(FRED dies.)

ROXIE. Oh, I gotta pee.

(ROXIE exits.)

VELMA.

NO, I'M NO ONE'S WIFE
BUT, OH, I LOVE MY LIFE
AND ALL THAT JAZZ

ENSEMBLE. (*loud whisper*)
THAT JAZZ

Scene Two

(The bedroom. Three hours later.)

AMOS. So I, ah, took the gun, Officer, and I shot him.

FOGARTY. I see, and your wife, Roxie Hart, was in no way involved. Is that right?

AMOS. That's right, Officer.

FOGARTY. Aren't you the cheerful little murderer.

AMOS. Murderer? Why just last week, a jury thanked a man for shooting a burglar.

(SONG: No. 3, "FUNNY HONEY")

FOGARTY. Well, that's just fine. Sign right here, Mr. Hart.

AMOS. Freely and gladly. Freely and gladly.

CONDUCTOR. For her first number, Miss Roxie Hart would like to sing a song of love and devotion dedicated to her dear husband Amos.

ROXIE.

SOMETIMES I'M RIGHT
SOMETIMES I'M WRONG
BUT HE DOESN'T CARE
HE'LL STRING ALONG
HE LOVES ME SO
THAT FUNNY HONEY OF MINE

SOMETIMES I'M DOWN
SOMETIMES I'M UP
BUT HE FOLLOWS 'ROUND
LIKE SOME DROOPY-EYED PUP
HE LOVES ME SO
THAT FUNNY HONEY OF MINE

HE AIN'T NO SHEIK
THAT'S NO GREAT PHYSIQUE
LORD KNOWS, HE AIN'T GOT THE SMARTS

BUT LOOK AT THAT SOUL
I TELL YOU, THAT WHOLE
IS A WHOLE LOT GREATER THAN
THE SUM OF HIS PARTS

ROXIE.

AND IF YOU KNEW HIM LIKE ME
I KNOW YOU'D AGREE

WHAT IF THE WORLD
SLANDERED MY NAME
WHY, HE'D BE RIGHT THERE
TAKING THE BLAME
HE LOVES ME SO
AND IT ALL SUITS ME FINE
THAT FUNNY, SUNNY, HONEY
HUBBY OF MINE

AMOS. A man got a right to protect his home and his loved ones, right?

FOGARTY. Of course, he has.

AMOS. Well, I come in from the garage, Officer, and I see him coming through the window. With my wife Roxanne there, sleepin'. Like an angel...an angel!

ROXIE.

HE LOVES ME SO
THAT FUNNY HONEY OF MINE

AMOS. I mean supposin', just supposin', he had violated her or somethin'...you know what I mean...violated?

FOGARTY. I know what you mean.

AMOS. ...or somethin'. Think how terrible that would have been. Good thing I got home from work on time, I'm tellin' ya that! I say I'm tellin' ya that!

ROXIE.

HE LOVES ME SO
THAT FUNNY HONEY OF MINE

FOGARTY. (*looking through his wallet*) Fred Casely.

AMOS. Fred Casely. How could he be a burglar? My wife knows him! He sold us our furniture!

ROXIE.

LORD KNOWS
HE AIN'T GOT THE SMARTS

AMOS. She lied to me. She told me he was a burglar.

FOGARTY. You mean he was dead when you got home?

AMOS. She had him covered with a sheet and she's tellin' me that cock and bull story about this burglar, and *I* ought to say I did it 'cause *I* was sure to get off. Burglar, huh!

ROXIE.

NOW HE'S SHOT OFF HIS TRAP
I CAN'T STAND THAT SAP

LOOK AT HIM GO
RATTIN' ON ME
WITH JUST ONE MORE BRAIN
WHAT A HALF-WIT HE'D BE
IF THEY STRING ME UP
I'LL KNOW!
I'LL KNOW! WHO BROUGHT THE
TWINE

THAT SCUMMY CRUMMY
DUMMY HUBBY OF MINE

AMOS.

And I believed her! That cheap little tramp.

So, she was two-timing me, huh?

Well, she can just swing for all I care. Boy, I'm down at the garage, working my butt off, fourteen hours a day, and she's up there, munchin' on Goddamn bon-bons and jazzing.

This time she pushed me too far. That little chiseler. Boy, what a sap I was!

ROXIE. You double-crosser! You said you'd stick! You goddamn disloyal husband.

(to FOGARTY) You wanna know what really happened? I shot him. Put that down in your book, palsy. And you wanna know why? He was tryin' to walk out on me.

FOGARTY. That's a pretty cold-blooded murder, Mrs. Hart. They're liable to hang you for that one.

ROXIE. Hang me?

FOGARTY. Not so tough anymore, are you?

ROXIE. Amos, did you hear what he said?

(AMOS exits.)

Son-of-a-bitch...Hail Mary full of grace...

(ROXIE continues to ad lib prayers as FOGARTY takes her away.)

Scene Three

(The jail.)

(SONG: No. 4, "CELL BLOCK TANGO")

FRED CASELY. And now, the six merry murderesses of the Cook County Jail in their rendition of the Cell Block Tango.

LIZ.

POP

ANNIE.

SIX

JUNE.

SQUISH

HUNYAK.

UH UH

VELMA.

CICERO

MONA.

LIPSCHITZ

LIZ.

POP

ANNIE.

SIX

JUNE.

SQUISH

HUNYAK.

UH UH

VELMA.

CICERO

MONA.

LIPSCHITZ

LIZ.

POP

ANNIE.

SIX

JUNE.

SQUISH

HUNYAK.

UH UH

VELMA.

CICERO

MONA.

LIPSCHITZ

LIZ.

POP

ANNIE.

SIX

JUNE.

SQUISH

HUNYAK.

UH UH

VELMA.

CICERO

MONA.

LIPSCHITZ

ALL.

HE HAD IT COMIN'

HE HAD IT COMIN'

HE ONLY HAD HIMSELF TO BLAME

IF YOU'D HAVE BEEN THERE

IF YOU'D HAVE SEEN IT

VELMA.

I BETCHA YOU WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME

LIZ.

POP

ANNIE.

SIX

JUNE.

SQUISH

HUNYAK.

UH UH

VELMA.

CICERO

MONA.

LIPSCHITZ

WOMEN.

HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE ONLY HAD HIMSELF TO
 BLAME
 IF YOU'D HAVE BEEN THERE
 IF YOU'D HAVE SEEN IT
 I BETCHA YOU WOULD HAVE
 DONE THE SAME.
 HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE ONLY HAD HIMSELF TO
 BLAME
 IF YOU'D HAVE BEEN THERE
 IF YOU'D HAVE SEEN IT
 I BETCHA YOU WOULD HAVE
 DONE -

ALL.

HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE ONLY HAD HIMSELF TO BLAME
 IF YOU'D HAVE BEEN THERE
 IF YOU'D HAVE HEARD IT
 I BETCHA YOU WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME.

LIZ.

You know how people have these little habits that get you down. Like Bernie. Bernie liked to chew gum. No, not chew. Pop. Well, I came home this one day and I am really irritated and looking for a little sympathy and there's Bernie layin' on the couch, drinkin' a beer and chewin'. No, not chewin'. Poppin. So I said to him, I said, "Bernie, you pop that gum one more time..." And he did. So I took the shotgun off the wall and I fired two warning shots. Into his head.

WOMEN.

HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE ONLY HAD HIMSELF TO
 BLAME
 IF YOU'D HAVE BEEN THERE
 IF YOU'D HAVE HEARD IT
 I BETCHA YOU WOULD HAVE
 DONE THE SAME.
 HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE ONLY HAD HIMSELF TO
 BLAME
 IF YOU'D HAVE BEEN THERE
 IF YOU'D HAVE HEARD IT
 I BETCHA YOU WOULD HAVE
 DONE THE SAME
 HE HAD IT COMIN' -

ALL. Hah!

LIZ/ANNIE/JUNE/MONA.

HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE TOOK A FLOWER IN ITS PRIME
 AND THEN HE USED IT
 AND HE ABUSED IT
 IT WAS A MURDER BUT NOT A
 CRIME

WOMEN.

POP
 SIX
 SQUISH
 U-UH
 CICERO
 LIPSCHITZ ETC.

ANNIE.

I met Ezekiel Young from Salt Lake City about two years ago and he told me he was single and we hit it off right away.

So, we started living together. He'd go to work. He'd come home. I'd mix him a drink. We'd have dinner. Well, it was like heaven in two and a half rooms.

And then I found out. "Single?" he told me. Single my ass. Not only was he married. Oh no! He had six wives. One of those Mormons, you know. So that night, when he came home, I mixed him his drink as usual.

You know, some guys just can't hold their arsenic.

VELMA/HUNYAK.

POP, SIX, SQUISH, U-UH, CICERO
 LIPSCHITZ ETC.

JUNE.

Now, I'm standing in the kitchen, carvin' up the chicken for dinner, minding my own business and in storms my husband Wilbur in a jealous rage. "You been screwin' the milkman!" he says. He was crazy and kept screamin', "You been screwing the milkman." And then he ran into my knife. He ran into my knife ten times.

ALL.

IF YOU'D HAVE BEEN THERE
IF YOU'D HAVE SEEN IT
I BETCHA YOU WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME

HUNYAK. Mit keresek, en itt? Azt mondjok, hogy a hires lakem lefogta a ferjemet en meg lecsaptam a fejet. De nem igaz, en artatlan vagyok. Nem tudom mert mondja Uncle Sam hogy en tettem. Probaltam a ren-dorsegen megmagyarazni de nem ertettek meg....

JUNE. But did you do it?

HUNYAK. UH UH, not guilty!

WOMEN.

HE HAD IT COMIN'
HE HAD IT COMIN'
HE ONLY HAD HIMSELF TO
BLAME
IF YOU'D HAVE BEEN THERE
IF YOU'D HAVE SEEN IT
I BETCHA YOU WOULD HAVE
DONE THE SAME.
HE HAD IT COMIN'

VELMA.

My sister, Veronica and I did this double act and my husband, Charlie, traveled around with us. Now, for the last number in our act, we did these twenty acrobatic tricks in a row – one, two, three, four, five – splits, spread eagles, flip-flops, back flips, one right aver the other. Well this one night we were in Cicero, the three of us, sittin' up in a hotel room, boozin' and havin' a few laughs and we ran out of ice, so I went out to get some. I come back, open the door and there's Veronica and Charlie doing Number Seventeen – the spread eagle. Well, I was I such a state of shock, I completely blacked out. I can't remember a thing. It wasn't until later, when I was washing the blood off my hands I even knew they were dead.

VELMA.

THEY HAD IT COMIN'
 THEY HAD IT COMIN'
 THEY HAD IT COMIN' ALL ALONG
 I DIDN'T DO IT
 BUT IF I'D DONE IT
 HOW COULD YOU TELL ME THAT I WAS WRONG

WOMEN.

THEY HAD IT COMIN'
 THEY HAD IT COMIN'
 THEY TOOK A FLOWER IN IT'S
 PRIME
 AND THEN THEY USED IT
 AND THEY ABUSED IT
 IT WAS A MURDER
 BUT NOT A CRIME

HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE ONLY HAD HIMSELF TO
 BLAME
 IF YOU'D HAVE BEEN THERE
 IF YOU'D HAVE SEEN IT
 I BETCHA YOU WOULD HAVE
 DONE THE SAME.

ALL.

THE DIRTY BUM, BUM, BUM, BUM
 THE DIRTY BUM, BUM, BUM, BUM

VELMA.

THEY HAD IT COMIN'
 THEY HAD IT COMIN'
 THEY HAD IT COMIN' ALL ALONG
 I DIDN'T DO IT
 BUT IF I DID IT
 HOW COULD YOU TELL ME
 THAT I WAS WRONG

MONA.

I loved Alvin Lipschitz more than I can possibly say. He was a real artistic guy. Sensitive. A painter. But he was troubled. He was always trying to find himself. He'd go out every night looking for himself and on the way he found Ruth, Gladys, Rosemary... and Irving. I guess you can say we broke up because of artistic differences. He saw himself as alive. And I saw him dead.

LIZ/ANNIE/MONA.

THEY HAD IT COMIN'
 THEY HAD IT COMIN'
 THEY HAD IT COMIN' ALL
 ALONG
 'CAUSE IF THEY USED US
 AND THEY ABUSED US
 HOW COULD YOU TELL US
 THAT WE WERE WRONG
 HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE ONLY HAD HIMSELF TO
 BLAME
 IF YOU'D HAVE BEEN THERE
 IF YOU'D HAVE SEEN IT
 I BETCHA YOU WOULD
 HAVE DONE THE SAME

VELMA/JUNE. (HUNYAK *babbles.*)

THEY HAD IT COMIN'
 THEY HAD IT COMIN'
 THEY HAD IT COMIN' ALL ALONG
 'CAUSE IF THEY USED US
 AND THEY ABUSED US
 HOW COULD YOU TELL US THAT WE
 WERE WRONG
 HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE HAD IT COMIN'
 HE ONLY HAD HIMSELF TO BLAME
 IF YOU'D HAVE BEEN THERE
 IF YOU'D HAVE SEEN IT
 I BETCHA YOU WOULD HAVE DONE
 THE SAME

LIZ. You pop that gum one more time!

ANNIE. Single my ass.

JUNE. Ten times!

HUNYAK. Miert csukott Uncle Sam bortonbe.

VELMA. Number Seventeen – the spread eagle.

MONA. Artistic differences.

ALL.

I BETCHA YOU WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME

Scene Four

(The jail.)

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #5. And now, Ladies and Gentlemen –
the Keeper of the Keys, the Countess of the Clink, the
Mistress of Murderer’s row – Matron “Mama” Morton!
(SONG: No. 5, “WHEN YOU’RE GOOD TO MAMA”)

MATRON.

ASK ANY OF THE CHICKIES IN MY PEN
THEY’LL TELL YOU I’M THE BIGGEST MOTHER HEN
I LOVE THEM ALL AND ALL OF THEM LOVE ME
BECAUSE THE SYSTEM WORKS
THE SYSTEM CALLED RECIPROCITY

GOT A LITTLE MOTTO
ALWAYS SEES ME THROUGH
WHEN YOU’RE GOOD TO MAMA
MAMA’S GOOD TO YOU

THERE’S A LOT OF FAVORS
I’M PREPARED TO DO
YOU DO ONE FOR MAMA
SHE’LL DO ONE FOR YOU

THEY SAY THAT LIFE IS TIT FOR TAT
AND THAT’S THE WAY I LIVE
SO, I DESERVE A LOT OF TAT
FOR WHAT I’VE GOT TO GIVE

DON’T YOU KNOW THAT THIS HAND
WASHES THAT ONE TOO
WHEN YOU’RE GOOD TO MAMA
MAMA’S GOOD TO YOU

(VELMA enters.)

VELMA. Look at this, Mama. *The Tribune* calls me the “Crime of the Year.” And *The News* says... “Not in memory do we recall so fiendish and horrible a double homicide.”

MATRON. Ah, Baby, you can't buy that kind of publicity. You took care of Mama and Mama took care of you. I talked to Flynn. He set your trial date for March the 5th. March 7th you'll be acquitted. And March 8th – do you know what Mama's gonna do for you? She's gonna start you on a vaudeville tour.

VELMA. I been on a lot of vaudeville tours. What kind of dough are we talking about?

MATRON. Well, I been talkin' to the boys at William Morris and due to your recent sensational activities I can get you twenty-five hundred.

VELMA. Twenty-five hundred! The most me and Veronica made was three-fifty.

MATRON. That was before Cicero, before Billy Flynn, and before Mama.

VELMA. Mama, I always wanted to play Big Jim Colosimo's. Could you get me that?

MATRON. Big Jim's! Well, that's another story. That might take another phone call.

VELMA. And how much would that phone call cost?

MATRON. You know how I feel about you. You're like family. I'll do it for 50 bucks.

VELMA. Fifty bucks for a phone call. You must get a lot of wrong numbers, Mama.

(*VELMA exits.*)

MATRON.

IF YOU WANT MY GRAVY
PEPPER MY RAGOUT
SPICE IT UP FOR MAMA
SHE'LL GET HOT FOR YOU

WHEN THEY PASS THE BASKET
FOLKS CONTRIBUTE TO
YOU PUT IN FOR MAMA
SHE'LL PUT OUT FOR YOU

MATRON. *(cont.)*

THE FOLKS ATOP THE LADDER
ARE THE ONES THE WORLD ADORES
SO BOOST ME UP MY LADDER, KID
AND I'LL BOOST YOU UP YOURS

LET'S ALL STROKE TOGETHER
LIKE THE PRINCETON CREW
WHEN YOU'RE STROKIN' MAMA
MAMA'S STROKIN' YOU

SO WHAT'S THE ONE CONCLUSION
I CAN BRING THIS NUMBER TO
WHEN YOU'RE GOOD TO MAMA
MAMA'S GOOD TO YOU

Scene Five

(The jail.)

VELMA. *(to ROXIE)* Hey you! Get out of my chair!

ROXIE. Who the hell do you think you are –

MATRON. Roxie, Roxie, this here is Velma Kelly.

ROXIE. Velma Kelly? THE Velma Kelly? Oh, gosh! I read about you in the papers all the time. Miss Kelly, could I ask you somethin'?

VELMA. What.

ROXIE. The Assistant District Attorney, Mr. Harrison, said what I done was a hanging case and he's prepared to ask the maximum penalty. I sure would appreciate some advice.

VELMA. Look, I don't give no advice. And I don't take no advice. You're a perfect stranger to me and let's keep it that way.

ROXIE. Thanks a lot.

VELMA. You're welcome.

MATRON. Roxie, relax. In this town, murder is a form of entertainment. Besides, in forty-seven years, Cook County ain't never hung a woman yet. So it's forty-seven to one, they won't hang you.

VELMA. There's always a first.

MATRON. Tell me, Roxie – what do you figure on using for grounds? What are you gonna tell the Jury?

ROXIE. I guess I'll just tell them the truth.

VELMA. Tellin' a jury the truth! That's really stupid.

ROXIE. Jesus, Mary and Joseph, what am I going to do?

VELMA. You're talking to the wrong people.

MATRON. You see, dearie, it's this way. Murder is like divorce. The reason don't count. It's the grounds. Temporary insanity. Self-defense.

ROXIE. Yeah what's your grounds?

VELMA. My grounds are that I didn't do it.

ROXIE. So, who did?

VELMA. Well, I'm sure I don't know. I passed out completely. Only I'm sure I didn't do it. I've the tenderest heart in the world. Don't I, Mama?

MATRON. You bet your ass you have, Velma.

ROXIE. Is being drunk grounds?

VELMA. Just ask your lawyer.

ROXIE. I ain't got a lawyer.

VELMA. Well, as they say in Southampton...you are shit out of luck, my dear.

(VELMA exits.)

ROXIE. So that's Velma Kelly.

MATRON. Ain't she somethin'. She wears nothing but Black Narcissus Perfume and never makes her own bed. I take care of that for her.

ROXIE. You make her bed?

MATRON. Well, not exactly. You see, Velma pays me five bucks a week, then I give the Hungarian fifty cents and she does it. Hey, Katalin Hunyak, szeretnem ha megismerned Roxie Hart ot.

HUNYAK. Not guilty.

MATRON. That's all she ever says. Anyway, you know who's defending Velma, don't ya?

ROXIE. Who?

MATRON. Mr. Billy Flynn! Best criminal lawyer in all Chicago, that's who.

ROXIE. How do you get Billy Flynn?

MATRON. First you give me a hundred dollars, then I make a phone call.

ROXIE. I see, and how much does he get?

MATRON. Five thousand dollars.

ROXIE. Five thousand dollars!

MATRON. I'd be happy to make that phone call for you, dearie.

(MUSIC: No. 6, "Tap Dance" underscoring.)

ROXIE. Five thousand dollars! Now, where in hell am I gonna get five thousand dollars?!

Scene Six

(The Visitors' Area)

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #1. Ladies and gentlemen, a tap-dance.

ROXIE. Oh, Amos, I knew you'd come. I've been sinful – but I want to make up to you for what I done. And I will, just as soon as I get out of here. And I can, too. You see, there's this lawyer, and he costs five thousand dollars.

AMOS. Roxie, I'm tired of your fancy footwork. The answer is "no."

ROXIE. I know I lied to you. I know I've cheated on you. I've even stolen money from your pants pockets while you were sleepin'.

AMOS. You did?

ROXIE. But I never stopped loving you, not my Amos – so manly and so attractive...so...I'm embarrassed...so sexy.

AMOS. But five thousand bucks!

ROXIE. It's my hour of need for chrissakes!

AMOS. Well, okay. I'll get it for you, Roxie. I'll get it.

Scene Seven

(*SONG: No. 7, "ALL I CARE ABOUT"*)

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #6. Ladies and gentlemen, presenting the Silver Tongued Prince of the Courtroom – the one, the only Mr. Billy Flynn.

ENSEMBLE WOMEN.

WE WANT BILLY
 WHERE IS BILLY
 GIVE US BILLY
 WE WANT BILLY
 B-I DOUBLE L-Y
 WE'RE ALL HIS
 HE'S OUR KIND OF A GUY
 AND OOH WHAT LUCK
 'CAUSE HERE HE IS

(**BILLY FLYNN** *enters.*)

BILLY. Is everybody, here? Is everybody ready? Hit it!

I DON'T CARE ABOUT EXPENSIVE THINGS
 CASHMERE COATS, DIAMOND RINGS
 DON'T MEAN A THING
 ALL I CARE ABOUT IS LOVE

ENSEMBLE WOMEN/BILLY.

THAT'S WHAT HE'S (I'M) HERE FOR

BILLY.

I DON'T CARE FOR WEARIN' SILK CRAVATS
 RUBY STUDS, SATIN SPATS
 DON'T MEAN A THING
 ALL I CARE ABOUT IS LOVE

ENSEMBLE WOMEN.

ALL HE CARES ABOUT IS LOVE

BILLY.

GIMME TWO EYES OF BLUE
 SOFTLY SAYIN'

ENSEMBLE WOMEN.

"I NEED YOU"

BILLY.

LET ME SEE HER STANDIN' THERE
AND HONEST MISTER, I'M A MILLIONAIRE
I DON'T CARE FOR ANY FINE ATTIRE
VANDERBILT MIGHT ADMIRE
NO, NO, NOT ME
ALL I CARE ABOUT IS LOVE

ENSEMBLE WOMEN.

ALL HE CARES ABOUT IS LOVE
(OOO)

BILLY. Maybe you think I'm talking about physical love. Well, I'm not. Not just physical love. There's other kinds of love. Like love of justice. Love of legal procedure. Love of lending a hand to someone who really needs you. Love of your fellow man. That's the kind of love I'm talking about. (*rim shot*) And physical love ain't so bad either.

(**BILLY/ENSEMBLE WOMEN** *whistle to...*)

BILLY.

IT MAY SOUND ODD
BUT ALL I CARE ABOUT IS LOVE

ENSEMBLE WOMEN.

THAT'S WHAT HE'S HERE FOR

BILLY. (*ad-lib ala Bing Crosby*)

HONEST TO GOD
ALL I CARE ABOUT IS LOVE

ENSEMBLE WOMEN.

ALL HE CARES ABOUT IS LOVE

BILLY.

SHOW ME LONG RAVEN HAIR
FLOWIN' DOWN, ABOUT TO THERE
LET ME SEE HER RUNNIN' FREE

(*spoken*)

Keep your money, that's enough for me!

BILLY. (*cont.*)

I DON'T CARE FOR DRIVIN,' PACKARD CARS
OR SMOKIN' LONG, BUCK CIGARS
NO, NO, NOT ME
ALL I CARE ABOUT IS

BILLY.

DOIN' THE GUY IN
WHO'S PICKIN' ON YOU
TWISTIN' THE WRIST
THAT'S TURNIN' THE SCREW

ENSEMBLE WOMEN.

AHH
OOO
MMM

BILLY/ENSEMBLE WOMEN.

ALL I (HE) CARE(S) ABOUT IS LOVE

Scene Eight

(Billy's office.)

BILLY. Well, hello, Andy.

AMOS. Amos. My name is Amos.

BILLY. Right. Did you bring the rest of the five thousand dollars?

AMOS. Well – here's five hundred on my insurance. And three hundred dollars that I borrowed from the guys at the garage. And seven hundred out of the building and loan fund –

BILLY. That's two thousand.

AMOS. And that's all I got so far.

BILLY. What about her father?

AMOS. I phoned him yesterday and he told me he'll probably be able to raise some money later.

BILLY. You're a damned liar. I spoke to her father myself. You know what he told me? That his daughter went to Hell ten years ago and she could stay there forever before he'd spend a cent to get her out.

AMOS. I'll pay you twenty dollars a week on my salary. I'll give you notes with interest – double, triple – till every cent is paid.

BILLY. You know, that's touching. But I've got a motto, and that motto is this – play square. Dead square. Now, when you came to me yesterday, I didn't ask you was she guilty. I didn't ask was she innocent. I didn't ask you if she was a drunk or a dope fiend. No foolish questions like that, now did I? No. All I said was, "Have you got five thousand dollars?" And you said yes. But you haven't got five thousand dollars so I figure you're a dirty liar.

AMOS. *(starts to take money, certificates, etc., back)* I'm sorry, Mr. Flynn.

BILLY. (*puts hand on money and takes it from AMOS*) But I took her case and I'll keep it because I play square. Now look, Hart, I don't like to blow my own horn, but believe me, if Jesus Christ had lived in Chicago today – and if he had five thousand dollars – things would have turned out differently. Now, here's what we're gonna do. By tomorrow morning I'll have her name on every front page as the hottest little jazz slayer since Velma Kelly. Then we announce we're gonna hold an auction. To raise money for her defense. They'll buy anything she ever touched – shoes, dresses, underwear. Plus, we tell 'em that if by due process of law she gets hanged –

AMOS. Hanged?

BILLY. – the stuff triples in value. I'll give you twenty percent of everything we make over \$5,000. And that's what I call playing square.

AMOS. I don't know, Mr. Flynn.

BILLY. You see, it's like this: either I get the entire five thousand –

(*MUSIC: No. 8, "\$5,000 CUE" as AMOS exits. ROXIE enters.*)

(*To ROXIE:*) – or you'll rot in jail before I bring you to trial.

ROXIE. Look, Mr. Flynn. I've never been very good at this sort of thing. But couldn't we possibly make some sort of arrangement between us?

BILLY. Hey, you mean one thing to me – five thousand bucks – and that's all. Get it? Now look, in a few minutes we're gonna have a big press conference here. There'll be a whole bunch of photographers and reporters and that sob sister from *The Evening Star* is coming.

(*SONG – No. 9, "A LITTLE BIT OF GOOD"*)

(*offstage coloratura trill*)

I don't figure we'll have any trouble with her.

(*another trill*)

She'll swallow, hook, line, and sinker.

(another trill)

Her name's Mary Sunshine.

(MARY SUNSHINE enters.)

MARY SUNSHINE.

WHEN I WAS A TINY TOT
OF MAYBE TWO OR THREE
I CAN STILL REMEMBER
WHAT MY MOTHER SAID TO ME
PLACE ROSE COLORED GLASSES ON YOUR NOSE
AND YOU WILL SEE THE ROBINS
NOT THE CROWS

FOR IN THE TENSE AND TANGLED WEB
OUR WEARY LIVES CAN WEAVE
YOU'RE SO MUCH BETTER OFF IF YOU
BELIEVE

THAT THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF GOOD
IN EVERYONE
IN EVERYONE YOU'LL EVER KNOW

YES, THERE'S A LITTLE BIT OF GOOD
IN EVERYONE
THOUGH MANY TIMES, IT DOESN'T SHOW

IT ONLY TAKES THE TAKING TIME WITH ONE ANOTHER
FOR UNDER EVERY MEAN VENEER
THERE'S SOMEONE WARM AND DEAR
KEEP LOOKING

FOR THAT BIT OF GOOD IN EVERYONE
THE ONES WE CALL BAD
ARE NEVER ALL BAD
SO TRY TO FIND THAT LITTLE BIT OF GOOD!

JUST A LITTLE LITTLE BIT OF GOOD
HAH HAH HAH HAH
AHHH

IT ONLY TAKES THE TAKING TIME WITH ONE ANOTHER
FOR UNDER EVERY MEAN VENEER
IS SOMEONE WARM AND DEAR
KEEP LOOKING

MARY SUNSHINE.

FOR THAT BIT OF GOOD IN EVERYONE
 ALTHOUGH YOU MEET RATS
 THEY'RE NOT COMPLETE RATS
 SO TRY TO FIND THAT LITTLE BIT OF GOOD

(**MARY SUNSHINE** *exits.*)

ROXIE. Mary Sunshine is going to interview me! Holy crap!

BILLY. Hey, and pipe down on the swearin'. From here on in, you say nothin' rougher than, "Oh, dear." Get it? Now the first thing we got to do is go after sympathy from the Press. They're not all pushovers like that Mary Sunshine. Chicago is a tough town. It's gotten so tough that they shoot the girls right out from under you. But there's one thing that they can never resist and that's a reformed sinner – so I've decided to rewrite the story of your life. "From Convent to Jail." Get this.

(*MUSIC: No. 10, "ROXIE'S STORY"*)

Beautiful Southern home. Every luxury and refinement. Parents dead, educated at the Sacred Heart, fortune swept away – a run away marriage, a lovely, innocent girl, bewildered by what's happened – young, full of life, lonely, you where caught up by the mad whirl of a great city –

(*MUSIC: Underscoring changes.*)

– jazz, cabarets, liquor –

(**ROXIE** *getting caught up, rises*)

Sit down. You were drawn like a moth to the flame. And now, the mad whirl has ceased. A butterfly crushed on the wheel.

(*MUSIC out.*)

You have sinned and you are sorry.

ROXIE. God, that's beautiful.

BILLY. And cut out God, too. Stay where you're better acquainted. Now, when they ask you why you killed him – all you can remember is a fearful quarrel and

he threatened to kill you. You can still see him coming toward you with that awful look in his eyes. And get this – you both reached for the gun.

(MUSIC: Rim shot.)

That's your grounds. Self-defense.

(SONG: No. 11, "WE BOTH REACH FOR THE GUN")

(MATRON enters.)

MATRON. Mr. Flynn, the reporters are here.

BILLY. Let 'em in, Butch.

(MUSIC: Drum roll. ENSEMBLE and MARY SUNSHINE enter.)

BILLY. Well good day, Ladies and Gentlemen. Miss Sunshine. You know my client, Miss Roxie Hart.

ROXIE. Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm just so flattered y'all came to see l'il ol' me. I guess you want to know why I shot the bastard.

BILLY. Sit down, dummy.

(BILLY grabs ROXIE and sits her on his knee like a ventriloquist's dummy.)

MATRON. Mr. Billy Flynn sings the "Press Conference Rag" – notice how his mouth never moves – almost.

ENSEMBLE.

WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

BILLY. *(as ROXIE)*

MISSISSIPPI

ENSEMBLE.

AND YOUR PARENTS?

BILLY. *(as ROXIE)*

VERY WEALTHY.

ENSEMBLE.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

BILLY. *(as ROXIE)*

SIX FEET UNDER

BILLY.

BUT SHE WAS GRANTED ONE MORE START

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

THE CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART

ENSEMBLE.

WHEN'D YOU GET HERE?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

1920

ENSEMBLE.

HOW OLD WERE YOU?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

DON'T REMEMBER

ENSEMBLE.

THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

I MET AMOS

AND HE STOLE MY HEART AWAY

CONVINCED ME TO ELOPE ONE DAY

MARY SUNSHINE. A convent girl! A run away marriage! Oh,
it's too terrible. You poor, poor dear.

ENSEMBLE.

WHO'S FRED CASELY?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

MY EX-BOY FRIEND

ENSEMBLE.

WHY'D YOU SHOOT HIM?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

I WAS LEAVIN'.

ENSEMBLE.

WAS HE ANGRY?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

LIKE A MADMAN!

STILL I SAID, "FRED, MOVE ALONG"

BILLY. (*spoken*) She knew that she was doin' wrong.

ENSEMBLE.

THEN DESCRIBE IT

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

HE CAME TOWARD ME

ENSEMBLE.

WITH THE PISTOL?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

FROM MY BUREAU

ENSEMBLE.

DID YOU FIGHT HIM?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

LIKE A TIGER

BILLY. (*spoken*) He had strength and she had none –

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

AND YET WE BOTH REACHED FOR THE GUN

OH YES, OH YES, OH YES WE BOTH

OH YES WE BOTH

OH YES, WE BOTH REACHED FOR

THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN,

OH YES, WE BOTH REACHED FOR THE GUN

FOR THE GUN

BILLY & ENSEMBLE.

OH YES, OH YES, OH YES THEY BOTH

OH YES, THEY BOTH

OH YES, THEY BOTH REACHED FOR

THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN

OH YES, THEY BOTH REACHED FOR THE GUN

FOR THE GUN

BILLY.

UNDERSTANDABLE, UNDERSTANDABLE

YES, IT'S PERFECTLY UNDERSTANDABLE

COMPREHENSIBLE, COMPREHENSIBLE

NOT A BIT REPREHENSIBLE

IT'S SO DEFENSIBLE

ENSEMBLE.

HOW'RE YOU FEELING?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

VERY FRIGHTENED

ENSEMBLE.

ARE YOU SORRY?

BILLY. (*as herself*)

ARE YOU KIDDING?

ENSEMBLE.

WHAT'S YOUR STATEMENT?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

ALL I'D SAY IS

THOUGH MY CHOO-CHOO JUMPED THE TRACK

I'D GIVE MY LIFE TO BRING HIM BACK

ENSEMBLE.

AND?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

STAY AWAY FROM

ENSEMBLE.

WHAT?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

JAZZ AND LIQUOR

ENSEMBLE.

AND?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

AND THE MEN WHO

ENSEMBLE.

WHAT?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

PLAY FOR FUN

ENSEMBLE.

AND WHAT?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

THAT'S THE THOUGHT THAT

ENSEMBLE.

YEAH?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

CAME UPON ME

ENSEMBLE.

WHEN?

BILLY. (*as ROXIE*)

WHEN WE BOTH REACHED FOR THE GUN

MARY SUNSHINE.

UNDERSTANDABLE, UNDERSTANDABLE

BILLY & MARY SUNSHINE.

YES, IT'S PERFECTLY UNDERSTANDABLE

COMPREHENSIBLE, COMPREHENSIBLE

NOT A BIT REPREHENSIBLE

IT'S SO DEFENSIBLE

BILLY.

Let me hear it!

A little louder!

Now you got it!

ENSEMBLE.

OH YES, OH YES, OH YES

THEY BOTH

OH YES, THEY BOTH

OH YES, THEY BOTH REACHED FOR

THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN

THE GUN

OH YES, THE BOTH REACHED FOR

THE GUN, FOR THE GUN

OH YES, OH YES, OH YES

THEY BOTH

OH YES, THEY BOTH

OH YES, THEY BOTH REACHED FOR

THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN

THE GUN

OH YES, THEY BOTH REACHED FOR

THE GUN, FOR THE GUN

MARY SUNSHINE/ENSEMBLE.

OH YES, OH YES, OH YES, THEY BOTH

OH YES, THEY BOTH

OH YES, THEY BOTH REACHED FOR

THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN

OH YES, THEY BOTH REACHED FOR THE GUN

FOR THE GUN

OH YES, OH YES, OH YES THEY BOTH

OH YES THEY BOTH

OH YES, THEY BOTH REACHED FOR

THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN

THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN

THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN

THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN

BILLY.

BOTH REACHED FOR THE GUN

MARY SUNSHINE/ENSEMBLE.

THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN

THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN

THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN

THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN, THE GUN

BOTH REACHED FOR THE GUN

Scene Nine

(MUSIC: No. 12, "1ST NEWS PAPER HEADLINES")

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #7. Stop the presses!

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #6. "Convent Girl Held!"

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #8. "'We Both Reached for the Gun,'
says Roxie!"

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #2. "'Dancing Feet Lead to Sorrow' says
Beautiful Jazz Slayer!"

MARY SUNSHINE. "Roxie sobs, 'I'd Give Anything to Bring
Him Back!'"

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #5. "'Jazz and Liquor Roxie's Downfall!'"
(*Underscoring stops.*) Ya got that, Charlie? Right.

(MUSIC: *Underscoring begins as ENSEMBLE exits.*)

ROXIE. You wanna know something? I always wanted my name in the paper. Before Amos, I used to date this well-to-do, ugly bootlegger. He used to like to dress me up, take me out and show me off. Ugly guys like to do that. Once it said in the paper, "Gangland's Al Capelli seen at Chez Vito with cute redheaded chorine." That was me. I clipped it out and saved it. Now look, "ROXIE ROCKS CHICAGO." Look, I'm gonna tell you the truth. Not that the truth really matters, but I'm gonna tell you anyway. The thing is, see I'm older than I ever intended to be. All my life I wanted to be a dancer in vaudeville. Oh, yeah. Have my own act. But, no. No. No. No. No. No. It was one big world full of "No." Life. Then Amos came along. Sweet, safe Amos, who never says no. You know some guys are like mirrors, and when I catch myself in Amos' face I'm always a kid. Ya could love a guy like that. Look now, I gotta tell ya, and I hope this ain't too crude. In the bed department, Amos was...zero. I mean, when we went to bed, he made love to me like he was fixin' a carburetor or somethin'. "I love ya, honey. I love ya." Anyway, to make a long story short, I started foolin'

around. Then I started screwin' around, which is foolin' around without dinner. I gave up the vaudeville idea, because after all those years....well, you sort of figure opportunity just passed you by. Oh, but it ain't. Oh no, no, no, but it ain't. If this Flynn guy gets me off, and with all this publicity, I could still get into vaudeville. I could still have my own act. Now, I got me a world full of "Yes."

(*SONG: No. 13, "ROXIE"*)

ROXIE. (*cont.*)

THE NAME ON EVERYBODY'S LIPS
IS GONNA BE ROXIE
THE LADY RAKIN' IN THE CHIPS
IS GONNA BE ROXIE

I'M GONNA BE A CELEBRITY
THAT MEANS SOMEBODY EVERYONE KNOWS
THEY'RE GONNA RECOGNIZE MY EYES
MY HAIR, MY TEETH, MY BOOBS, MY NOSE
FROM JUST SOME DUMB MECHANIC'S WIFE
I'M GONNA BE ROXIE
WHO SAYS THAT MURDER'S NOT AN ART?
AND WHO IN CASE SHE DOESN'T HANG
CAN SAY SHE STARTED WITH A BANG?
ROXIE HART

I'm going to have a swell act, too! Yeah, I'll get a boy to work with – someone who can lift me up and show me off – Oh, Hell, I'll get two boys. It'll frame me better! Think big, Roxie, think big – I'm gonna get me a whole bunch of boys.

(**ENSEMBLE MEN** *enter.*)

THE NAME ON EVERYBODY'S LIPS
IS GONNA BE

ENSEMBLE MEN. (*whispered*) Roxie!

ROXIE.

THE LADY RAKIN' IN THE CHIPS
IS GONNA BE

ENSEMBLE MEN. (*whispered*) Roxie!

SHE'S GONNA BE A CELEBRITY

ROXIE.

THAT MEANS SOMEBODY EVERYONE KNOWS

ENSEMBLE MEN. Yeah!

THEY'RE GONNA RECOGNIZE HER EYES

HER HAIR, HER TEETH

ROXIE.

MY BOOBS, MY NOSE

FROM JUST SOME DUMB MECHANIC'S WIFE

I'M GONNA BE

Sing it!

ENSEMBLE MEN.

ROXIE

ROXIE.

WHO SAYS THAT MURDER'S NOT AN ART?

ENSEMBLE MEN.

AND WHO IN CASE SHE DOESN'T HANG

ROXIE.

CAN SAY SHE STARTED WITH A BANG?

FOXY

ROXIE/ENSEMBLE MEN.

ROXIE HART

ENSEMBLE MEN.

CHUH,

CHUH. CHUH. CHUH, CHUH. CHUH

CHUH, CHUH

CHUH, CHUH, CHUH, CHUH, CHUH

CHUH, CHUH

CHUH, CHUH, CHUH, CHUH, CHUH

THEY'RE GONNA WAIT OUTSIDE IN LINE

TO GET TO SEE ROXIE

ROXIE.

THINK OF THOSE AUTOGRAPHS I'LL SIGN

"GOOD LUCK TO YOU, ROXIE!"

AND I'LL APPEAR IN A LAVALIERE

THAT GOES ALL THE WAY DOWN TO MY WAIST

ENSEMBLE MEN.

HERE A RING, THERE A RING
EVERYWHERE A RING A LING

ROXIE.

BUT ALWAYS IN THE BEST OF TASTE

Ooo, I'm a star.

ENSEMBLE MEN. And the audience loves her.

ROXIE. And I love the audience. And the audience loves me for loving them. And I love the audience for loving me. And we just love each other. And that's because none of us got enough love in our childhood.

ENSEMBLE MEN. That's right.

ROXIE. And that's show biz, kid.

ENSEMBLE MEN. Oh, yeah.

SHE'S GIVING UP HER HUMDRUM LIFE

ROXIE.

I'M GONNA BE -

Sing it!

ENSEMBLE MEN.

ROXIE

(whispered) She made a scandal

(sung)

AND A STAR

ROXIE.

AND SOPHIE TUCKER'LL SHIT, I KNOW

ENSEMBLE MEN. Uh-huh!

ROXIE.

TO SEE HER NAME GET BILLED BELOW

ALL.

FOXY ROXIE HART

ENSEMBLE MEN. *(ad-lib)*

CHUH, CHUH, CHUH, ETC...

ROXIE. *(as ENSEMBLE MEN exit)* Those are my boys.

(ROXIE exits.)

Scene Ten

(The jail.)

(MUSIC: No. 14, "2ND NEWSPAPER HEADLINES")

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #8. "Roxie Rocks Chicago!"

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #3. "Fans Riot at Roxie Auction!"

MATRON. *(entering)* "Roxie's Nightie Raises 200 Bucks!"

VELMA. Mama, you know that I am not a jealous person, but every time I see that tomato's name on the front-page – it drives me nertz.

MATRON. Baby, I got some bad news.

VELMA. What do you mean?

MATRON. I mean, the tour. It's canceled.

VELMA. Canceled!

MATRON. Well, your name hasn't been in the papers for a long time. I been getting calls from the boys at William Morris all day. "We've lost interest." "We don't want her." "She's washed up." "She's a bum." Do you know how it hurts Mama to hear that about someone she cares for?

VELMA. Oh, sure.

MATRON. All you read about today is the Hart kid.

VELMA. Hey, Mama, I've got an idea.

(SONG: No. 15, "I CAN'T DO IT ALONE")

Suppose I talk Hart into doing that sister act with me?

MATRON. Ladies and Gentlemen, Miss Velma Kelly in an act of desperation.

(VELMA approaches ROXIE.)

VELMA.

MY SISTER AND I HAD AN ACT THAT COULDN'T FLOP
MY SISTER AND I WERE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE TOP
MY SISTER AND I EARNED A THOU A WEEK AT LEAST

Oh yeah.

BUT MY SISTER IS NOW, UNFORTUNATELY, DECEASED

I know,

VELMA. (*cont.*)

IT'S SAD, OF COURSE, BUT A FACT
IS STILL A FACT
AND NOW ALL THAT REMAINS
IS THE REMAINS OF A PERFECT DOUBLE ACT

Do you know that you are exactly the same size as my
sister? You would fit in her wardrobe perfectly. Look,
why don't I show you some of the act, huh? Watch this.

(*dance*)

Now, you have to imagine it with two people. It's swell
with two people.

FIRST I'D...

(*VELMA imitates drums.*)

Drums!

THEN SHE'D...

(*VELMA imitates saxophone.*)

Saxophone!

THEN WE'D...

(*VELMA ad libs together.*)

Together!

BUT I CAN'T DO IT ALONE

THEN SHE'D...

THEN I'D...

THEN WE'D

BUT I CAN'T DO IT ALONE

SHE'D SAY, "WHAT'S YOUR SISTER LIKE?"

I'D SAY, "MEN," YUK, YUK, YUK

SHE'D SAY, "YOU'RE THE CAT'S MEOW"

THEN WE'D WOW THE CROWD AGAIN WHEN

SHE'D GO

I'D GO

WE'D GO

VELMA. (*cont.*)

THEN THOSE DING DONG DADDIES STARTED TO ROAR
WHISTLED, STOMPED, AND STAMPED ON THE FLOOR
YELLING, SCREAMING, BEGGING FOR MORE

And we'd say, "O.K. fellas, keep your socks up. You
ain't seen nothin' yet!"

(*dance*)

BUT I SIMPLY CANNOT DO IT ALONE

Well? What did ya think? Come on, you can say.

(*ROXIE gives her a raspberry.*)

O.K., O.K. The first part can always be rewritten. But
the second part was really nifty. Watch this.

THEN SHE'D

THEN I'D

THEN WE'D

BUT I CAN'T DO IT ALONE

SHE'D SAY, "WHAT STATE'S CHICAGO IN?"

I'D SAY, "ILL"

Did ya get that?

SHE'D SAY, "TURN YOUR MOTOR OFF"

(*dance*)

I CAN HEAR 'EM CHEERIN' STILL WHEN

SHE'D GO

I'D GO

WE'D GO

AND THEN THOSE TWO-BIT JOHNNIES DID IT UP BROWN
TO CHEER THE BEST ATTRACTION IN TOWN
THEY NEARLY TORE THE BALCONY DOWN

And we'd say, "O.K. boys, we're goin' home, but here's
a few more partin' shots!" And this....this we did in
perfect unison.

(*dance*)

VELMA. (*cont.*)

NOW, YOU'VE SEEN ME GOIN' THROUGH IT
IT MAY SEEM THERE'S NOTHIN' TO IT
BUT I SIMPLY CANNOT DO IT ALONE

Ah, well...?

ROXIE. Boy, they sure got lousy floorshows in jails
now-a-days. I mean, there was a time when you could
go to jail and get a really....

VELMA. O.K. Roxie! I'll level with ya.

ROXIE. Listen, what did Mama just tell ya? It's me they want
now, huh? Haven't you read the papers lately? I'm a
star – I'm a big star *single*.

VELMA. Thanks.

ROXIE. Nothin' personal, you understand.

(**ROXIE** *exits.*)

VELMA. Nothin' personal. Nothin's ever personal.

(*SONG: No. 16, "I CAN'T DO IT ALONE – TAG"*)

LIKE THE DESERTED BRIDE ON HER WEDDING NIGHT
ALL ALONE AND SHAKING WITH FRIGHT
WITH HER BRAND NEW HUBBY NOWHERE IN SIGHT
I SIMPLY CANNOT DO IT ALONE

(**VELMA** *exits.*)

(*MUSIC: No. 17, "CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT"*)

MATRON. Well, here's the way I got the story. There's this
Kitty-something or other. I didn't catch her last name.

(**GO-TO-HELL KITTY** *enters.*)

Anyway, she's some sort of heiress. Her folks are in
pineapples, grapefruits, somethin' like that. Well,
she's playing house in a Northside apartment with a
guy named Harry. Harry spends all his time in bed.
You know, a real mattress dancer. Last night this Kitty
dame comes home. Harry's already in bed. She goes to
change. And when she returns, she notices something
rather odd.

(KITTY sees HARRY with ENSEMBLE MEMBER #9.)

MATRON. (*cont.*) Very odd.

(KITTY sees ENSEMBLE MEMBER #10 with HARRY as well.)

Extremely odd.

(KITTY sees ENSEMBLE MEMBER #6 with HARRY and the women.)

Puzzled. She disappears for a second. When she returns she gently awakens Harry.

(MUSIC out.)

KITTY. Oh, Harry...

HARRY. O.K. Are you gonna believe what you see or what I tell you?

KITTY. What I see!

(MUSIC: No. 18, "3RD NEWSPAPER HEADLINE")

(KITTY shoots HARRY and the three ENSEMBLE MEMBERS – two times – with machine gun blasts.)

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #2. "Lake Shore Drive Massacre!"

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #11. "Berserk Filly Fells Four!"

MARY SUNSHINE. "Gang in Bed – All Dead!"

Scene Eleven

(The jail.)

BILLY. Gentlemen, please, my client will be happy to answer all your questions!

(KITTY bites BILLY.)

Ow, will you stop biting? I'll get hydrophobia.

KITTY. Go to hell. Go to hell all of you. I'm not answering any more questions.

MATRON. Come on, Dearie. I'm gonna show you to your suite. You're gonna love it.

KITTY. Wait a minute! Do you know who my father is?

ENSEMBLE. Who?

KITTY. Well, he owns all of Hawaii! So go to hell! You GO TO HELL!

(KITTY and the REPORTERS start to exit.)

BILLY. Step right in here, Gentlemen. She will answer all your questions and afterwards I'll be happy to give you an interview myself...

ROXIE. Mr. Flynn! Mr. Flynn!

BILLY. Hi, Trixie.

ROXIE. Trixie?

BILLY. Oh, I mean Roxie. Boy, what a hellion, huh? And a socialite, too! Her mother owns all the pineapples in Hawaii.

ROXIE. What the hell do I care about pineapples? Did ya get my trial date?

BILLY. Take it easy, kid. I'll get to it.

VELMA. Mr. Flynn. There's a couple of things I'd like to discuss about my trial, too.

BILLY. Oh yeah...Hi ya, Velma. First things first, honey.

(to MARY) Oh Miss Sunshine? Can I call you "Mary"? The girl's from old pineapple money. It's a gripping story really...

(MARY and BILLY exit.)

ROXIE. Pineapples. I got a feeling you're in trouble, Roxie.

VELMA. Socialite. You lose again, Velma.

ROXIE. There's only one person who can help you now,
Roxie.

VELMA. There's only one person you can count on now,
Velma.

CONDUCTOR. And now, Miss Roxie Hart and Miss Velma
Kelly sing a song of unrelenting determination and
unmitigated ego.

(SONG: No. 19, "MY OWN BEST FRIEND")

ROXIE.

ONE THING I KNOW

VELMA.

ONE THING I KNOW

ROXIE.

AND I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN

VELMA.

AND I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN

ROXIE.

I AM MY OWN

VELMA.

I AM MY OWN

VELMA/ROXIE.

BEST FRIEND

ROXIE.

BABY'S ALIVE

VELMA.

BABY'S ALIVE

ROXIE.

BUT BABY'S ALONE

VELMA.

BUT BABY'S ALONE

ROXIE.

AND BABY'S HER OWN

VELMA.

AND BABY'S HER OWN

VELMA/ROXIE.

BEST FRIEND
 MANY'S THE GUY
 WHO TOLD ME HE CARES
 BUT THEY WERE SCRATCHIN' MY BACK
 'CAUSE I WAS SCRATCHIN' THEIRS

ROXIE.

AND TRUSTING TO LUCK
 (**ROXIE** *laughs.*)

VELMA.

AND TRUSTING TO LUCK
 (**VELMA** *laughs.*)

ROXIE.

THAT'S ONLY FOR FOOLS

VELMA.

THAT'S ONLY FOR FOOLS

ROXIE.

I PLAY IN A GAME

VELMA.

I PLAY IN A GAME

VELMA/ROXIE.

WHERE I MAKE THE RULES

VELMA.

WHERE I MAKE THE RULES
 AND RULE NUMBER ONE
 FROM HERE TO THE END
 IS I AM MY OWN BEST FRIEND

VELMA/ROXIE.

THREE MUSKETEERS
 WHO NEVER SAY DIE
 ARE STANDING HERE
 THIS MINUTE

ENSEMBLE.

AH
 AH

VELMA.

ME

ROXIE.

ME

VELMA.

MYSELF

ROXIE.

MYSELF

VELMA.

AND I

ROXIE.

AND I

ENSEMBLE.

AND I

AND I

AND I

I, I, I

ROXIE/VELMA.

ENSEMBLE.

IF LIFE IS A SCHOOL

AH

I'LL PASS EVERY TEST

AH

IF LIFE IS A GAME

AH

I'LL PLAY IT THE BEST

AH

ROXIE/VELMA.

'CAUSE I WON'T GIVE IN

AND I'LL NEVER BEND

AND I AM MY OWN BEST FRIEND

ROXIE/VELMA.

ENSEMBLE.

I AM MY OWN BEST FRIEND

AH

(ROXIE faints.)

VELMA. What the hell was that?

ROXIE. Mr. Flynn? Miss Sunshine? And all you reporters!

(ROXIE faints again.)

Oh, don't worry about me. It's just that I'm going to have a baby.

ENSEMBLE. A baby!

(MUSIC: No. 20, "FIRST ACT CURTAIN")

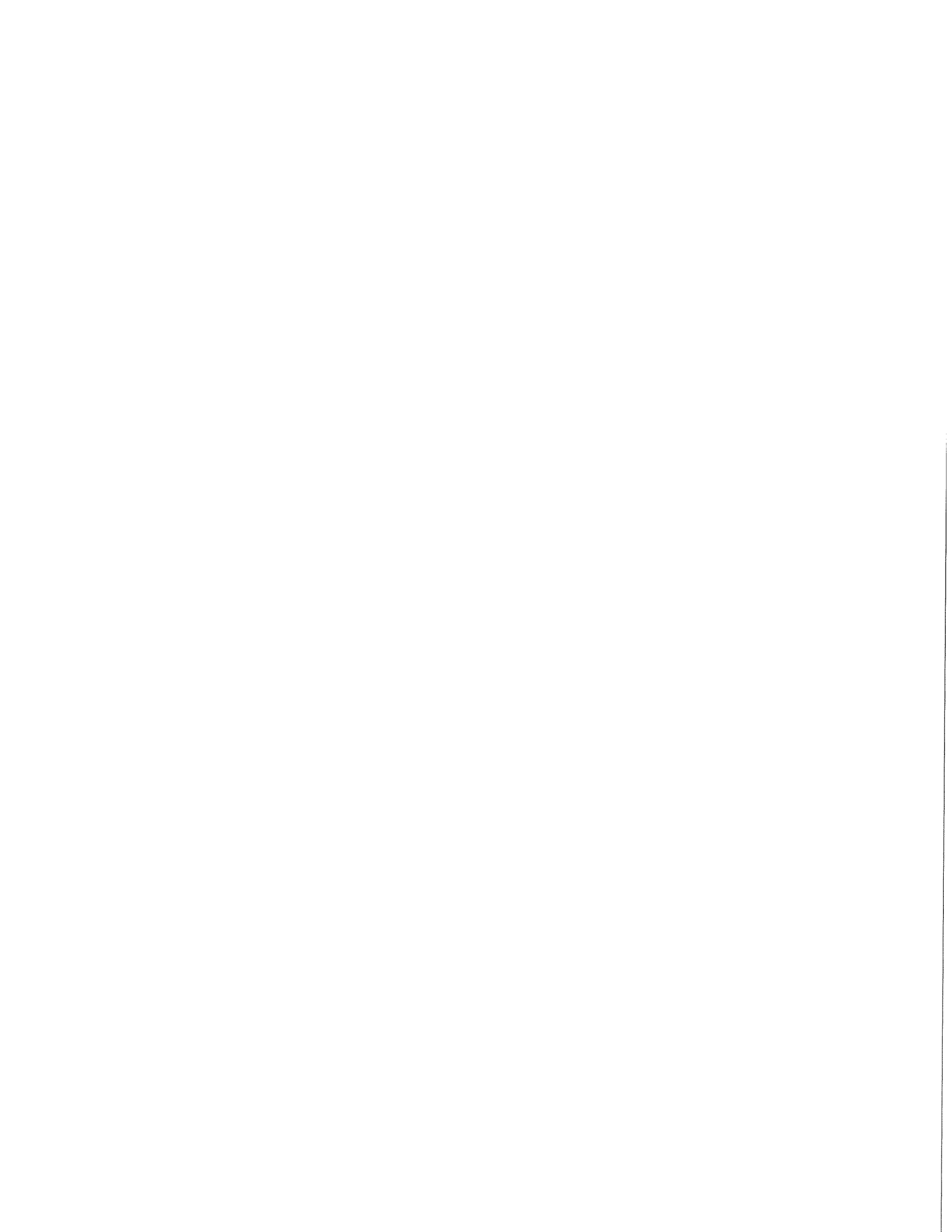
VELMA. Shit.

BILLY. I want the best doctor in the city for my poor client. Somebody pick that girl up.

VELMA.

AND ALL THAT JAZZ

(curtain)



ACT TWO

Entr' Acte

(MUSIC: No. 21, "ENTR' ACTE")

Scene 1

(*The jail.*)

VELMA. Hello suckers, welcome back. Roxie's in there being looked over by the State Medical Examiner. She says she's gonna have a baby. Now why didn't I think of that?

(SONG: No. 22, "I KNOW A GIRL")

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

I MEAN CAN YOU IMAGINE?

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?

I MEAN, CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?

I KNOW A GIRL

A GIRL WHO LANDS ON TOP

YOU COULD PUT HER FACE INTO A PAIL OF SLOP

AND SHE'D COME UP SMELLING LIKE A ROSE

HOW SHE DOES IT, HEAVEN KNOWS

SECOND REPORTER. Hold on everybody, she's comin' out now.

(*ROXIE and a DOCTOR enter.*)

Well, Doc, is she or isn't she?

VELMA. She is.

SECOND REPORTER. She is.

VELMA.

I KNOW A GIRL

A GIRL WITH SO MUCH LUCK

SHE COULD GET RUN OVER BY A TWO-TON TRUCK

THEN BRUSH HERSELF OFF AND WALK AWAY

HOW SHE DOES IT, COULDN'T SAY

BILLY. Doc, would you swear to that statement in court?

DOCTOR. Yes.

BILLY. Good. Uh...button your fly.

(BILLY and the DOCTOR exit.)

VELMA.

WHILST I

ON THE OTHER HAND

PUT MY FACE IN A PAIL OF SLOP

AND I WOULD SMELL LIKE A PAIL OF SLOP

I, ON THE OTHER HAND

GET RUN OVER BY A TRUCK

AND I AM DEADER THAN A DUCK

I KNOW A GIRL

WHO TELLS SO MANY LIES

ANYTHING THAT'S TRUE WOULD TRULY CROSS HER EYES

BUT WHAT THAT MOUSE IS SELLING

THE WHOLE WORLD BUYS

AND NOBODY SMELLS A RAT

ROXIE. Please, Ladies and Gentlemen of the press – leave the two of us alone so we can rest.

VELMA. The two of us?

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

I MEAN, CAN YOU IMAGINE?

THIRD REPORTER. Could I have one last picture please?

ROXIE. Sure, anything for the press.

VELMA.

DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

I MEAN, DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

(SONG: No. 23, "ME AND MY BABY")

ROXIE.

MY DEAR LITTLE BABY

VELMA. *(imitating ROXIE)*

MY DEAR LITTLE BABY

ROXIE.

MY SWEET LITTLE BABY

VELMA. (*imitating ROXIE*)

MY SWEET LITTLE BABY

ROXIE.

LOOK AT MY BABY AND ME

ME AND MY BABY

MY BABY AND ME

WE'RE 'BOUT AS HAPPY AS BABIES CAN BE

WHAT IF I FIND

THAT I'M CAUGHT IN A STORM?

I DON'T CARE

MY BABY'S THERE

AND BABY'S BOUND TO KEEP ME WARM

WE'RE STICKING TOGETHER

AND AIN'T WE GOT FUN

SO MUCH TOGETHER

YOU'D COUNT US AS ONE

TELL OLD MAN WORRY TO GO CLIMB A TREE

'CAUSE I'M WITH MY BABY

MY SWEET LITTLE BABY

LOOK-A MY BABY AND ME

MARY SUNSHINE. I don't see how you could possibly delay the trial another second, Mr. Flynn. My readers wouldn't stand for it. The poor child! To have her baby born in a jail!

BILLY FLYNN. I can assure you she'll come to trial at the earliest possible moment. And you can quote me on that.

AMOS. Hey, everybody. I'm the father! I'm the father!

ROXIE & ENSEMBLE MEN. (*spoken*) Yuck, yuck, yuck, yuck.

ROXIE.

LOOK-A MY BABY

MY BABY AND ME

A DREAM OF A DUO

NOW DON'T YOU AGREE?

WHY KEEP IT MUM

WHEN THERE'S NOTHING TO HIDE?

AND WHAT I FEEL

I MUST REVEAL

IT'S MORE THAN I CAN KEEP INSIDE

ROXIE. (*cont.*)

LET ME ASSURE YOU
IT WON'T GO AWAY
I CAN ASSURE YOU
IT GROWS EVERY DAY

I WAS A ONE ONCE
BUT NOW I'M A 'WE'
'CAUSE I GOT MY BABY
MY SWEET LITTLE BABY
MY DEAR LITTLE BABY
LOOK-A MY BABY AND ME

MATRON. I think it's sweet. First time we ever had one of our girls knocked up.

BILLY. I've got it and it's brilliant. I'm gonna get Amos to divorce you. That way all the sympathy will go to you – not him. You'll be the poor, little deserted mother-to-be and that crumb is running out on you.

AMOS. That's my kid! That's my kid!

ROXIE & ENSEMBLE MEN/WOMEN.

LOOK-A MY BABY
MY BABY AND ME
FACING THE WORLD
OPTIMISTICALLY
NOTHING CAN STOP US
SO, NOBODY TRY
'CAUSE BABY'S ROUGH
AND FULL OF STUFF
AND INCIDENTALLY, SO AM I

(*dance to:*)

ROXIE & ENSEMBLE MEN.

MAMA
MAMA
MAMA
MAMA
MAMA
MAMA

MAMA

ENSEMBLE MEN/ENSEMBLE WOMEN.

GET OUT OF OUR WAY, FOLKS
AND GIVE US SOME ROOM
WATCH HOW WE BUBBLE
AND BLOSSOM AND BLOOM
LIFE WAS A PRISON
BUT WE GOT THE KEY
ME AND MY BABY
MY DEAR LITTLE BABY
MY CUTE LITTLE BABY
MY SWEET LITTLE BABY
MY FAT LITTLE BABY
MY SOFT LITTLE BABY
MY PINK LITTLE BABY
MY BALD LITTLE BABY
LOOK-A MY BABY
ROXIE. AND ME

(ROXIE and ENSEMBLE MEN exit.)

(SONG – No. 24, “MISTER CELLOPHANE”)

AMOS. I’m the father! Papa! Dada! Did you hear me? Did you? No, you didn’t hear me. That’s the story of my life. Nobody ever listens to me. Have you noticed that? Am I making it up? Nobody ever knows I’m around. Nobody. Ever. Not even my parents noticed me. One day I went to school and when I came home...

(MUSIC out.)

...they’d moved.

(MUSIC in.)

IF SOMEONE STOOD UP IN A CROWD
AND RAISED HIS VOICE UP WAY OUT LOUD
AND WAVED HIS ARM
AND SHOOK HIS LEG
YOU’D NOTICE HIM

IF SOMEONE IN A MOVIE SHOW
YELLED “FIRE IN THE SECOND ROW

THIS WHOLE PLACE IS A POWDER KEG!"
YOU'D NOTICE HIM

AMOS. (*cont.*)

AND EVEN WITHOUT CLUCKING LIKE A HEN
EVERYONE GETS NOTICED, NOW AND THEN,
UNLESS, OF COURSE, THAT PERSONAGE SHOULD BE
INVISIBLE, INCONSEQUENTIAL ME

CELLOPHANE
MISTER CELLOPHANE
SHOULD-A BEEN MY NAME

MISTER CELLOPHANE
'CAUSE YOU CAN LOOK RIGHT THROUGH ME
WALK RIGHT BY ME
AND NEVER KNOW I'M THERE

I TELL YA
CELLOPHANE
MISTER CELLOPHANE
SHOULD-A BEEN MY NAME
MISTER CELLOPHANE
'CAUSE YOU CAN LOOK RIGHT THROUGH ME
WALK RIGHT BY ME
AND NEVER KNOW I'M THERE

BILLY. Oh, Andy. I didn't see you there.

AMOS. Amos. My name is Amos.

BILLY. Who said it wasn't? It's the kid's name I'm thinkin' about.

AMOS. What kid?

BILLY. Roxie's kid. You know when she's due? Early Fall.
September. Can you count? September. That means
you couldn't possibly be...the father. But I want you to
pass out those cigars anyway. I don't want you to give a
damn when people...laugh.

AMOS. Laugh? Why would they laugh?

BILLY. Because they can count. Can you count? Early Fall?
Here's a copy of Roxie's first statement. It says she
hadn't copulated with you for four months prior to
the...incident.

AMOS. That's right. We hadn't done no copulating for four months...early Fall. Now, wait a minute.

BILLY. But I want you to forget all that! My client needs your support.

AMOS. Well, that don't figure out right. I couldn't be the father.

BILLY. Divorce her? (*MUSIC out.*) Is that what you said? My God man, you wouldn't divorce her! Over a little thing like that, would ya?

AMOS. You're damned right. That's what I'll do. I'll divorce her! She probably won't even notice.

BILLY. Are you still here, Andy? I thought you'd gone.

AMOS. Yeah, I'm still here. I think. (*MUSIC in.*)

SUPPOSE YOU WAS A LITTLE CAT
RESIDIN' IN A PERSON'S FLAT
WHO FED YOU FISH AND SCRATCHED YOUR EARS
YOU'D NOTICE HIM

SUPPOSE YOU WAS A WOMAN WED
AND SLEEPIN' IN A DOUBLE BED
BESIDE ONE MAN, FOR SEVEN YEARS
YOU'D NOTICE HIM

A HUMAN BEING'S MADE OF MORE THAN AIR
WITH ALL THAT BULK, YOU'RE BOUND TO SEE HIM THERE
UNLESS THAT HUMAN BEING NEXT TO YOU
IS UNIMPRESSIVE, UNDISTINGUISHED
YOU KNOW WHO

SHOULD-A BEEN MY NAME
MISTER CELLOPHANE
'CAUSE YOU CAN LOOK RIGHT THROUGH ME
WALK RIGHT BY ME
AND NEVER KNOW I'M THERE

I TELL YA
CELLOPHANE
MISTER CELLOPHANE
SHOULD-A BEEN MY NAME
MISTER CELLOPHANE
'CAUSE YOU CAN LOOK RIGHT THROUGH ME

WALK RIGHT BY ME
AND NEVER KNOW I'M THERE
NEVER EVEN KNOW I'M THERE

AMOS. (*cont.*) (*spoken*) Hope I didn't take up too much of
your time.

(**AMOS** *exits.*)

Scene Two

(The jail.)

BILLY. *(Entering. To the MATRON)* Hello ladies! Hey, Diesel, get Roxie for me, will ya?

(MATRON exits.)

VELMA. Billy, am I glad to see you. Look, March 5th is only a few weeks away and I've been makin' plans. Look.

(VELMA shows BILLY a pair of rhinestone buckles.)

For the trial. Silver shoes with rhinestone buckles!

BILLY. Look, kid, your trial date's been set back.

VELMA. Oh, no!

BILLY. Less than a month. I had to, sweetie.

VELMA. And who got my date as if I didn't know, Roxie Hart?

BILLY. Hey, there's a lot of pressure on me. She's having a baby, f'chrissakes.

VELMA. Yeah, tell me about it. Listen Flynn, I figure if I am sensational in court I could get things moving again. I've been thinkin' a lot about my trial. Could I just show you what I thought I might do on the witness stand?

BILLY. Go ahead.

VELMA. Hit it!

(MUSIC as ENSEMBLE MEN enter.)

(SONG: No. 25, "WHEN VELMA TAKES THE STAND")

VELMA. Well, when I got on the stand, I thought I'd take a peek at the jury, and then I'd cross my legs like this.

ENSEMBLE MEN.

WHEN VELMA TAKES THE STAND

VELMA. Then, when Harrison cross examines me, I thought I'd give 'em this...and then if he yells at me I thought I'd tremble like this...“Ooo, no, please stop!”

ENSEMBLE MEN.

WHEN VELMA TAKES THE STAND
 LOOK AT LITTLE VEL
 SEE HER GIVE 'EM HELL
 AIN'T SHE DOIN' GRAND?
 SHE'S GOT 'EM EATIN' OUT OF THE
 PALM OF HER HAND

VELMA. Then, I thought I'd let it all be too much for me, like real dramatic. Then, I thought I'd get real thirsty and say, "Please, someone, could I have a glass of water?"

ENSEMBLE MEN.

WHEN VELMA TAKES THE STAND
 SEE THAT KELLY GIRL
 MAKE THAT JURY WHIRL
 WHEN SHE TURNS IT ON
 SHE'S GONNA GET 'EM GOIN'
 'TIL SHE'S GOT 'EM GONE

(ROXIE enters.)

VELMA. Then, I thought I'd cry. Buckets. Only I don't have a handkerchief – and that's when I have to ask you for yours! I really like that part. Don't you? Then, I get up and try to walk, only I'm too weak, so I slump and I slump and I slump and I slump and until finally, I faint!

(VELMA faints.)

ENSEMBLE MEN.

WHEN SHE ROLLS HER EYES
 WATCH HER TAKE THE PRIZE
 WHEN VELMA TAKES THE STAND
 WHEN VELMA TAKES THE STAND

(ENSEMBLE MEN exit.)

ROXIE. Is that really what you're gonna do on the witness stand?

VELMA. Yeah. I thought so.

ROXIE. Can I offer you just the teeniest bit of criticism?

VELMA. Okay!

ROXIE. It stinks!

BILLY. *(to VELMA)* I'll talk to you later.

VELMA. I'm not hurt. I guess I'll go now. But not quietly.
May I have my exit music, please?

(SONG: No. 25, "VELMA TAKES THE STAND EXIT MUSIC")

ENSEMBLE MEN.

WHEN THEY SEE HER SHAKE
BET SHE TAKES THE CAKE
WHEN VELMA TAKES THE STAND

(The ENSEMBLE MEN and VELMA exit.)

BILLY. I've been waiting for you for ten minutes. Don't do that again. Okay, I got Amos to file for divorce.

ROXIE. Yeah? So now what?

BILLY. So now I can get him on the stand and get him to admit that he made a terrible mistake because he still loves you. And of course, you still love him, and now the jury will be falling all over themselves to play cupid and get you back together again. Smart, huh?

ROXIE. Smart huh.

BILLY. And another thing –

ROXIE. And another thing –

BILLY. When Amos is on the stand, I want you to be knitting. A baby garment!

ROXIE. I don't know how to knit.

BILLY. Then learn.

ROXIE. Listen, I am sick of everybody treating me like some dumb common criminal.

BILLY. But you are some dumb common criminal.

ROXIE. That's better than bein' a greasy lawyer! Who's out for all he can steal!

BILLY. Oh, maybe you could appear in court without me, too. Huh?

ROXIE. Maybe I could...just read the morning papers,

Palsie. They love me.

BILLY. Wise up, kid. They'd love you a lot more if you were hanged. You know why? Because it would sell more papers.

ROXIE. You're fired!

BILLY. I quit!

ROXIE. Any lawyer in this town would die to have my case!

BILLY. You're a phony celebrity, kid. In a couple of weeks, nobody'll even know who you are. That's Chicago.

(BILLY exits.)

ROXIE. Yeah? We'll just see about that!

HUNYAK. No. No. No.

ROXIE. And I want my five grand back, too!

HUNYAK. No. No. No.

Scene Three

(An anteroom in the courthouse.)

MATRON. I'm sorry, Aaron. She still says "no."

AARON. Jesus Christ, don't she know she'll be convicted!

HUNYAK. Uncle Sam jo es igazságos, o nem fog bortonbe csukni, mert artatlan vagyok.

MATRON. She says Uncle Sam is just and fair and he wouldn't put her in jail because she is innocent. Aaron, I think she's telling the truth.

AARON. What the hell has innocence got to do with it? Look, Mrs. Morton – this is a court appointed thing. I don't get anything from this! Nothing!

MATRON. Whaddya want from me? I've done my best.

HUNYAK. Not...guil...ty.

AARON. Goddam foreign hunky nut.

HUNYAK. Fogok tetszeni Uncle Sam-nek?

MATRON. She says will Uncle Sam like her.

AARON. I don't give a Goddamn what she says unless it's "guilty."

HUNYAK. Not...guil...ty.

(BAILIFF enters.)

BAILIFF. He's ready for you.

MATRON. Well, here you go.

(MUSIC: No. 27, "HUNGARIAN HANGING")

HUNYAK. Not...guil...ty. Not...guil...ty. Not...guil...ty, Uncle Sam.

MATRON. And now, ladies and gentlemen, for your pleasure and your entertainment – we proudly present the one...the only...Katalin Hunyak and her famous Hungarian rope trick.

(MUSIC: Drum roll crescendo.)

(HUNYAK exits. Noose drops.)

(MUSIC: Cymbal crash.)

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #1. After 47 years a Cook County precedent has been shattered. Katalin Hunyak was hanged tonight for the brutal axe murder of her husband. The Hungarian woman's last words were, "Not guilty."

Scene Four

(The anteroom of the courthouse. March 9th.)

(BILLY re-enters and joins ROXIE who has seen the hanging.)

ROXIE. I'm sorry, Billy. I'll do anything you say.

BILLY. Now we're clear about what you're doing on the stand?

ROXIE. I been up all night rehearsing.

BILLY. Alright, let's get to my summation. I'm gonna start with justice and America-blah-blah-blah – then I'll get to your repentance – blah-blah-blah – then I'll say, "If sorrow could avail, Fred Casely would be here now, for she would give her life and gladly, to bring the dead man back." You nod.

ROXIE. That's all?

BILLY. That's all! Then I say – "But we can't do that, gentlemen. You may take her life, but it won't bring Casely back." That's always news to them. And then I go into my final statement, winding up... "We can't give her happiness. But we can give her another chance." And that's all for you.

ROXIE. Like hell it is. It's me they want to see! Not you.

BILLY. It's my speech that brings 'em in and it's my speech that'll save your neck.

ROXIE. Screw you, you Goddamned old crook!

BILLY. Shut up, you dirty little –

(BAILIFF enters.)

BAILIFF. Mr. Flynn, his honor is here.

BILLY. Thank you. Just a moment.

(BAILIFF exits.)

BILLY. You ready?

ROXIE. Oh Billy, I'm scared.

(ROXIE exits.)

BILLY. You got nothing to worry about. It's all a circus, kid.
A three-ring circus. These trials – the whole world – all
show business. But kid, you're working with a star. The
biggest!

(*SONG: No. 28, "RAZZLE DAZZLE"*)

GIVE 'EM THE OLD RAZZLE DAZZLE
RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM
GIVE 'EM AN ACT WITH LOTS OF FLASH IN IT
AND THE REACTION WILL BE PASSIONATE

GIVE 'EM THE OLD HOCUS POCUS
BEAD AND FEATHER 'EM
HOW CAN THEY SEE WITH SEQUINS IN THEIR EYES

WHAT IF YOUR HINGES ALL ARE RUSTING
WHAT IF, IN FACT, YOU'RE JUST DISGUSTING

RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM
AND THEY'LL NEVER CATCH WISE
GIVE 'EM THE OLD RAZZLE DAZZLE

ENSEMBLE.

RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM

BILLY.

GIVE 'EM A SHOW THAT'S SO SPLENDIFEROUS
ROW AFTER ROW WILL GROW VOCIFEROUS

BILLY & ENSEMBLE.

GIVE 'EM THE OLD FLIM FLAM FLUMMOX

ENSEMBLE.

FOOL AND FRACTURE 'EM
BILLY. HOW CAN THEY HEAR THE TRUTH ABOVE THE ROAR

(*growled*)

ROAR!
ROAR!
ROAR!

THROW 'EM A FAKE AND A FINAGLE
THEY'LL NEVER KNOW, YOU'RE JUST

BILLY.

A BAGEL
RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM

BILLY & ENSEMBLE.

AND THEY'LL BEG YOU FOR MORE

ENSEMBLE. (*sinister laughs, two times*)

(*whispered*)

GIVE 'EM THE OLD RAZZLE DAZZLE

RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM

BACK SINCE THE DAYS OF OLD METHUSELAH

EVERYONE LOVES THE BIG BAMBOOZ-A-LER

ENSEMBLE/BILLY (OPTIONAL).

GIVE 'EM THE OLD THREE RING CIRCUS

STUN AND STAGGER 'EM

WHEN YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, GO INTO YOUR DANCE

THOUGH YOU ARE STIFFER THAN A GIRDER

THEY'LL LET YA GET AWAY

(*whispered*)

WITH MURDER

(*sung*)

RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM

AND YA GOT A ROMANCE

BILLY.

GIVE 'EM THE OLD

RAZZLE DAZZLE

RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM

ENSEMBLE.

GIVE 'EM THE OLD

RAZZLE DAZZLE

BILLY.

GIVE 'EM AN ACT THAT'S UNASSAILABLE

THEY'LL WAIT A YEAR 'TIL YOU'RE AVAILABLE

BILLY.

GIVE 'EM THE OLD

DOUBLE WHAMMY

DAZE AND DIZZY 'EM

ENSEMBLE.

GIVE 'EM THE OLD

DOUBLE WHAMMY

BILLY.

SHOW 'EM THE FIRST RATE SORCERER YOU ARE

ENSEMBLE/BILLY (OPTIONAL).

LONG AS YOU KEEP 'EM WAY OFF BALANCE

HOW CAN THEY SPOT YA GOT NO TALENTS

BILLY.

RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM

ENSEMBLE.

RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM

BILLY.

RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM

BILLY & ENSEMBLE.

AND THEY'LL MAKE YOU A STAR

Scene Five

(The courtroom.)

(MUSIC: No. 29, "COURTROOM SCENE")

BILLY. Ladies and gentlemen, we present – Justice.

(The JUDGE pounds his gavel three times.)

JUDGE. The State of Illinois versus Roxie Hart for the murder of Fred Casely.

(Tambourine hit.)

Thank you.

(The JUDGE pounds his gavel once.)

HARRISON. The State calls –

ENSEMBLE. *(in rhythm)* Mr. Amos Hart.

(MUSIC in as AMOS enters and is sworn in by the CLERK.)

CLERK. Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, truth, truth, truth. Selp-you God.

AMOS. I certainly do.

HARRISON. Question by Sergeant Fogarty: "What happened next?" Answer by Roxie Hart: "I shot him, because he was walking out on me, the louse."

(MUSIC out.)

Signed Roxie Hart. Do you recognize the signature?

AMOS. Yes Sir, it's the signature of the lady who used to be my wife.

HARRISON. Exactly.

(MUSIC: Cymbal choke.)

Take the witness.

(MUSIC in.)

BILLY. Hello, Amos.

AMOS. Amos, that's right, Mr. Flynn. Amos.

BILLY. Amos, you are at present obtaining a divorce from the defendant? Any reason?

AMOS. I'll say! The newspapers said that she was expecting a little stranger.

BILLY. Well, that's hardly grounds for divorce, is it?

AMOS. A little too much of a stranger.

BILLY. Oh, by that you mean you doubted the paternity of the child.

AMOS. Well, sure!

BILLY. Did you even bother to ask her if you were the father?

AMOS. No sir, but you told me –

BILLY. Just jumped to a conclusion?

(MUSIC: Drum roll.)

Do you call that playing square? If Roxie Hart swore that you were the father of her child, which she does –

(MUSIC out.)

AMOS. She does?

ROXIE. I do.

BILLY. She does.

(MUSIC: Cymbal choke.)

Step down, Daddy.

(MUSIC as AMOS exits.)

The defense calls Roxie Hart.

ENSEMBLE. *(in rhythm)* Roxie Hart to the stand.

(MUSIC as ROXIE takes the stand.)

CLERK. Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, truth, truth, truth. Selp-you God.

ROXIE. I do.

(MUSIC: "Roxie")

ENSEMBLE.

OOOOOOO

OHHHHHH

AHHHHHH

BILLY. What's your name?

ENSEMBLE. (*whispered*) Roxie!

BILLY. Roxie, I have here a statement in which you admit having had illicit relations with the deceased, Fred Casely. Is this statement true or false?

ROXIE. I'm afraid that's true.

BILLY. You're an honest girl, Roxie. When did you first meet Fred Casely?

ROXIE. When he sold Amos and me our furniture. Also he was a regular patron at the nightclub where I was a member of the chorus.

(*MUSIC: "Charleston."*)

BILLY. And your personal relationship with him – when did that begin?

ROXIE. (*in rhythm*) When I permitted him to drive me home one night.

(**FRED enters.**)

FRED. Hey, chickie.

ROXIE. Hello, Mr. Casely.

FRED. Fine night for ducks, ain't it? Why don't I drive you home? It's raining so hard and all.

ENSEMBLE. (*whispered*) Charleston...Charleston...Charleston...Charleston.

(*MUSIC: Ratchet as FRED mimes zipping zipper. FRED exits.*)

ROXIE. Oh, he seemed like such a fine gentleman.

BILLY. Yet, you were married, Mrs. Hart.

ROXIE. I know. And I don't think I would have gone with him if Mr. Hart and me hadn't quarreled that very morning.

(*MUSIC: "Sad Bar Room." AMOS enters.*)

BILLY. Quarreled? About what?

ROXIE. Oh, Amos, I don't want to work in that cheap Southside nightclub.

AMOS. Yeah, yeah.

ROXIE. And I don't like you working those long hours at the garage either.

AMOS. Sure sure.

ROXIE. Oh Amos, I want a real home and a child.

(MUSIC out.)

AMOS. Fat chance.

(MUSIC: Bass drum.)

BILLY. So you drifted into this illicit relationship with Fred Casely because you were unhappy at home.

ROXIE. Most unhappy.

AMOS. I love ya, honey. I love ya.

(MUSIC: Bike horn. Drum hits.)

BILLY. Yet, you do respect the sacredness of the marriage vow?

ROXIE. Oh yes, sir.

BILLY. Then why didn't you stop this affair with Casely?

ROXIE. I tried to.

(FRED enters.)

But Mr. Casely,

(MUSIC: Clank.)

– he'd plead and he'd say –

FRED. I can't live without you! I can't live without you! I can't live without you!

(MUSIC: Pop Gun.)

AMOS. I love ya, Honey. I love ya.

(MUSIC: Bike Horn.)

ROXIE. I was being torn apart.

(MUSIC: Ratchet. Drum hits. AMOS and FRED exit.)

BILLY. Roxie Hart, the State has accused you of the murder of Fred Casely. Are you guilty or not guilty?

ROXIE. Not guilty! Not guilty! Oh, I killed him – yes – but I am not a criminal!

BILLY. There, there.

(handing her a handkerchief)

There, there.

(Thrusts the handkerchief toward her. ROXIE remembers to sob.)

ENSEMBLE. *(continues under the scene)*

GIVE 'EM THE OLD RAZZLE DAZZLE

RAZZLE DAZZLE THEM

BACK

BILLY. Roxie, can you recall the night of February 14th?

ROXIE. Yes sir.

BILLY. Tell the Jury, in your own way, the happenings of that night.

ROXIE. Well, it was after work about 2 a.m. and I stopped in at an all night grocery store to pick up some baking powder to make cup cakes for my Amos. Oh, Amos just loved my cup cakes. And then, I went right home. And I was getting ready for bed when, suddenly the doorbell rang.

(MUSIC out. Doorbell.)

Now, I thought it was my girlfriend, Gloria, so I slipped into my kimono and went to the door.

(MUSIC: Tremolo.)

BILLY. And who was there?

(MUSIC: Chord.)

ROXIE. Fred Casely.

BILLY. And what did he say, Roxie?

FRED. That note you wrote me! Telling me it was all over? Why did you write it!

ROXIE. Because I have seen the error of my ways and...

BILLY. And?

(ROXIE forgets her story.)

ROXIE. And?

BILLY. And?

ROXIE. And?

BILLY. And when you asked him to, did he go away?

HARRISON. I object! The counsel is leading the witness.

JUDGE. Sustained!

(JUDGE hits gavel once.)

BILLY. I'll rephrase the question. What did you say?

ROXIE. I said, "Go away!"

ENSEMBLE. Beat it, buddy.

(JUDGE hits gavel three times.)

ROXIE. I tried to close the door, but he forced his way in. I
ran into the bedroom,

(MUSIC: Three beats.)

...but he followed me.

(MUSIC: Four beats)

FRED. Look, just have one little drink with me and I'll go.

BILLY. Why didn't you scream?

ROXIE. I was afraid to wake the neighbors.

(MUSIC: Tremolo)

(to FRED:) Please, no good will come of this, and
besides, I love my husband.

ENSEMBLE.

HALLELUJAH!

HALLELUJAH!

HALLELUJAH!

BILLY. So you told him that you loved your husband and
what did he say to that?

FRED. It doesn't matter.

(JUDGE claps on each "mine.")

You're mine. You're mine. You're mine.

(MUSIC: Apache.)

(ENSEMBLE: *seven fast handclaps.*)

ROXIE. I can't go on. I can't go on. I can't go on.

BILLY. No, Roxie, you must tell the Jury everything. They have a right to know.

ROXIE. Okay.

(**ROXIE** taps **FRED**'s shoulder.)

(**MUSIC:** Woodblock three times.)

(**To FRED:**) Amos and me are going to have a baby.

(**MUSIC:** Cymbal choke.)

BILLY. And what did he say to that?

FRED. I'll kill you before I see you have another man's child!

(**MUSIC:** Rim shot.)

BILLY. What happened next?

(**MUSIC:** Tremolo.)

ROXIE. In his passion he ripped off my kimono and threw me across the room! (*to a JUROR who has pinched her:*) Oh, you nasty man! (*continuing*) Mr. Hart's revolver was layin' there between us. He grabbed for the gun –

(**MUSIC:** Chord)

I knocked it from his hand –

(**MUSIC:** Chord)

he whirled me aside.

(**MUSIC:** Sustained chord)

ROXIE. (*to the JUROR who pinches her again*) Will you cut that out?

BILLY. And then?

ROXIE. And then, (*in rhythm*) we both reached for the gun.

(**MUSIC:** Chord.)

But I got it first.

ENSEMBLE. Hurray!

(MUSIC: Tremolo)

ROXIE. Then, he came toward me with that funny look in his eyes.

FRED. I mean to kill you!

BILLY. Did you think he meant to kill you?

ROXIE. Oh, yes, sir.

BILLY. So it was his life or yours?

(MUSIC: Chord.)

ROXIE. And not just mine! *(ROXIE pats her stomach two times with music.)*

(MUSIC: Two bass drum hits. Violin baby cry.)

So I closed my eyes and I shot!

(MUSIC: Rim shot.)

FRED CASELY. Roxie –

(MUSIC: Rim shot.)

Roxie, please –

(MUSIC: Rim shot.)

ENSEMBLE. *(whispered)* Hey!

BILLY. In defense of your life!

ENSEMBLE.

RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM

RAZZLE DAZZLE

ROXIE. To save my husband's unborn child!

ENSEMBLE.

AND THEY'LL MAKE YOU A STAR

(JUDGE hits gavel two times.)

Scene Six

(The jail.)

(MUSIC: NBC chimes.)

MARY SUNSHINE. *(as if she were reporting from the courtroom over the radio.)* Mrs. Hart's behavior throughout this ordeal has been truly extraordinary!

VELMA. I bet it has.

MARY SUNSHINE. Seated next to her attorney, Mr. Billy Flynn, she weeps! But she fishes in her handbag and cannot find a handkerchief!

VELMA. Handkerchief?

MARY SUNSHINE. Finally, her attorney, Mr. Flynn, hands her one!

VELMA. That's my bit.

MATRON. Shhh, I wanna hear.

MARY SUNSHINE. The poor child has had no relief. She looks around now, bewildered seeming to want something. Oh, it's a glass of water. The bailiff has brought her one.

VELMA. A glass of water! That's mine too!

MARY SUNSHINE. Mrs. Hart, her usual gracious self, thanks the bailiff and he smiles at her. She looks simply radiant in her stylish blue lace dress and elegant silver shoes.

VELMA. With rhinestone buckles?

MARY SUNSHINE. With rhinestone buckles.

VELMA. Aaahhh!!

MATRON. Velma, take it easy!

VELMA. But those were my shoes and she stole 'em!

MATRON. Well, you shouldn't have left them layin' around.

VELMA. First she steals my publicity, my lawyer, my trial date, and now my shoes!

MATRON. Well, whaddya expect? She's a lowbrow. The whole world's gone lowbrow. Things ain't what they used to be.

VELMA. They sure ain't, Mama. It's all gone.

(SONG - No. 31, "Class")

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO FAIR DEALING
AND PURE ETHICS
AND NICE MANNERS
WHY IS IT EVERYONE NOW
IS A PAIN IN THE ASS
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO CLASS

MATRON.

CLASS
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO, "PLEASE, MAY I"
AND, "YES, THANK YOU"
AND, "HOW CHARMING"
NOW, EVERY SON OF A BITCH
IS A SNAKE IN THE GRASS
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO CLASS

VELMA AND MATRON.

CLASS
AH, THERE AIN'T NO GENTLEMEN
TO OPEN UP THE DOORS
THERE AIN'T NO LADIES NOW
THERE'S ONLY PIGS AND WHORES
AND EVEN KIDS'LL KNOCK YA DOWN
SO'S THEY CAN PASS
NOBODY'S GOT NO CLASS

VELMA.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO OLD VALUES

MATRON.

AND FINE MORALS

VELMA.

AND GOOD BREEDING

MATRON.

NOW, NO ONE EVEN SAYS "OOPS"
WHEN THEY'RE PASSING THEIR GAS

VELMA & MATRON.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO CLASS
CLASS

VELMA & MATRON. (*cont.*)

AH, THERE AIN'T NO GENTLEMEN
THAT'S FIT FOR ANY USE
AND ANY GIRL'D TOUCH YOUR PRIVATES
FOR A DEUCE

MATRON.

AND EVEN KIDS'LL KICK YOUR SHINS
AND GIVE YOU SASS

VELMA.

AND EVEN KIDS'LL KICK YOUR SHINS
AND GIVE YOU SASS

VELMA & MATRON.

NOBODY'S GOT NO CLASS

VELMA.

ALL YOU READ ABOUT TODAY IS RAPE AND THEFT

MATRON.

JESUS CHRIST, AIN'T THERE NO DECENCY LEFT

VELMA & MATRON.

NOBODY'S GOT NO CLASS

MATRON.

EVERYBODY YOU WATCH

VELMA.

'S GOT HIS BRAINS IN HIS CROTCH

MATRON.

HOLY CRAP

VELMA.

HOLY CRAP

MATRON.

WHAT A SHAME

VELMA.

WHAT A SHAME

VELMA & MATRON.

WHAT BECAME OF CLASS

Scene 7

(The courtroom.)

(MUSIC: NBC chimes. Drum roll.)

MARY SUNSHINE. Ladies and Gentlemen, the final day of the trial of Roxie Hart has come. A hush has fallen over the courtroom as Billy Flynn prepares his summation to the jury. The next voice you hear will be that of Mr. Flynn –

(MUSIC: Drum roll stops.)

– champion of the downtrodden.

(MUSIC in.)

BILLY. Ladies and Gentlemen, you and I have never killed. We can't know the agony, the hell that Roxie Hart lived through then. This drunken beast, Fred Casely, forced his way into her home, forced liquor upon her, physically abused her, and threatened her life. At that moment, motherly love and a deep concern for her neighbors stirred within her. She shot him. We don't deny that. But she has prayed to God for forgiveness for what she has done. Yes, you may take her life, but it won't bring Casely back. Look, look closely at that frail figure. My God, hasn't she been punished enough? We can't give her happiness, but we can give her another chance. You have heard my colleague call her temptress, call her adulteress, call her murderess. But, despite what the Prosecution says, things are not always what they appear to be.

MARY SUNSHINE. *(vocal ad lib)*

AHHH

(BILLY removes MARY SUNSHINE's jacket and wig to reveal her to be a him.)

BILLY. The defense rests!

(MARY SUNSHINE exits.)

Scene Eight

(The courtroom.)

JUDGE. Order! Order! I said order! Members of the Jury.
Have you reached a verdict?

JUROR. We have, your Honor.

JUDGE. Will the defendant please rise? And what is your
verdict?

JUROR. We find the defendant –

*(MUSIC: Percussion gunshots. Enormous confusion. A
REPORTER rushes in.)*

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #1. You should see what's going on out
there! There was this divorce action and this babe shot
her husband, his mother, and the defense attorney.
There is blood all over the walls. It's terrible. But what
a story!

*(Everyone exits. There's pandemonium. BILLY and ROXIE
remain.)*

ROXIE. I'm Roxie Hart! Don't you want my picture? What
the hell happened?

BILLY. You were found not guilty, that's what happened.

ROXIE. Who the hell cares about that?

BILLY. I saved your life.

ROXIE. Where are all the photographers – the reporters?
The publicity? I was countin' on that.

BILLY. You know, your gratitude is overwhelming. But
forget it, I'm only in it for the money anyway.

ROXIE. Yeah, you get five thousand dollars and I wind up
with nothin'.

BILLY. You're a free woman, Roxie Hart, and God save
Illinois! My exit music please.

BILLY/ENSEMBLE WOMEN.

ALL I (HE) CARE(S) ABOUT IS LOVE

(BILLY/ENSEMBLE WOMEN exit. AMOS enters.)

AMOS. Roxie?

ROXIE. What do you want?

AMOS. I'd like you to come home. You said you still wanted me. I still love you. And the baby. Our baby....

ROXIE. Baby? Jesus, what do you take me for? There ain't no baby!

AMOS. There ain't no baby?

ROXIE. That's right.

AMOS. Roxie, I still love you.

ROXIE. They didn't even want my picture. I don't understand that. They didn't even want my picture.

AMOS. My exit music, please...

(MUSIC: the ORCHESTRA doesn't play.)

...Okay.

(AMOS exits.)

ROXIE. ...gone...

(MUSIC: Trombone.)

...all gone.

IT'S GOOD, ISN'T IT?

GRAND, ISN'T IT?

GREAT, ISN'T IT?

SWELL, ISN'T IT?

FUN, ISN'T IT?

NOWADAYS

THERE'S MEN, EVERYWHERE

JAZZ, EVERYWHERE

BOOZE, EVERYWHERE

LIFE, EVERYWHERE

JOY, EVERYWHERE

NOWADAYS

YOU CAN LIKE THE LIFE YOU'RE LIVIN'

YOU CAN LIVE THE LIFE YOU LIKE

YOU CAN EVEN MARRY HARRY

BUT MESS AROUND WITH IKE

AND THAT'S

ROXIE. (*cont.*)

GOOD, ISN'T IT?
GRAND, ISN'T IT?
GREAT, ISN'T IT?
SWELL...

(**ROXIE** *exits.*)

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #2. Ladies and Gentlemen, the McVickers Theatre, Chicago's finest home of family entertainment, is proud to announce a first. The first time, anywhere, there has been an act of this nature. Not only one little lady but two! You've read about them in the papers and now here they are – a double header! Chicago's own killer dillers – those two scintillating sinners – Roxie Hart and Velma Kelly!

(**ROXIE** and **VELMA** *enter during speech.*)

ROXIE & VELMA.

YOU CAN LIKE THE LIFE YOU'RE LIVIN'
YOU CAN LIVE THE LIFE YOU LIKE
YOU CAN EVEN MARRY HARRY
BUT MESS AROUND WITH IKE

AND THAT'S
GOOD, ISN'T IT?
GRAND, ISN'T IT?
GREAT, ISN'T IT?
SWELL, ISN'T IT?
FUN, ISN'T IT?

BUT NOTHIN' STAYS

IN FIFTY YEARS OR SO
IT'S GONNA CHANGE, YOU KNOW
BUT, OH, IT'S HEAVEN
NOWADAYS

(*DANCE. ROXIE and VELMA are "poetry in motion, two moving as one."*)

(*MUSIC: ENSEMBLE member whistles.*)

ROXIE AND VELMA. (*breathy*)

WA WA

WA WA WA WA WA

WA WA

WA WA WA WA WA

WAWA

WA WA WA WA WA

AND THAT'S

GOOD, ISN'T IT?

GRAND, ISN'T IT'?

GREAT, ISN'T IT?

SWELL, ISN'T IT?

FUN, ISN'T IT?

BUT NOTHIN' STAYS

IN FIFTY YEARS OR SO

IT'S GONNA CHANGE, YOU KNOW

BUT, OH, IT'S HEAVEN

NOWADAYS

MARY SUNSHINE. (*as a man.*) Okay, you babes of jazz. Let's pick up the pace. Let's shake the blues away. Let's make the parties longer. Let's make the skirts shorter and shorter. Let's make the music hotter. Let's all go to hell in a fast car and **KEEP IT HOT!**

(*dance*)

VELMA/ROXIE. (*Repeat "thank yous." Ad-lib. MUSIC in.*)

VELMA. Roxie and I would just like to take this opportunity to thank you – for your faith and your belief in our innocence.

ROXIE. It was your letters, telegrams, and words of encouragement that helped see us through our terrible ordeal.

VELMA. You know, a lot of people have lost faith in America.

ROXIE. And for what America stands for.

VELMA. But we are the living examples of what a wonderful country this is.

(*MUSIC changes to "All That Jazz."*)

ROXIE. So we'd just like to say thank you and God bless you.

VELMA/ROXIE.

God Bless you. Thank you and God
bless you....God be with you. God
walk with you always. God bless you.
God bless you.

(curtain)

(bows)

(exit music)

ENSEMBLE.

NO, I'M NO ONE'S WIFE
BUT, OH, I LOVE MY WIFE
AND ALL THAT JAZZ

(loud whisper)

THAT JAZZ

