Soul Dance Arts

Proudly Presents



MUSICAL NUMBERS

Overture / All That Jazz
Funny Honey
Cell Block Tango
When You're Good to Mama
All I Care About
We Both Reached For The Gun
Roxie
I Can't Do It Alone
My Own Best Friend
Me & My Baby
Mister Cellophane
Razzle Dazzle
Class
Nowadays / Hot Honey Rag

CHICAGO

Scene One

(Chicago, Illinois, The Late '20's. Pre-set: A spotlight hits a chair that holds a black velvet bowler hat and a black handgun. SFX: DRUM ROLL.)

M.C. Welcome, Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to see a story of murder, greed, corruption, violence, exploitation, adultery and treachery – all those things we hold near and dear to our hearts. Thank you.

MUSIC: OVERTURE / ALL THAT JAZZ

*(During the starting music, **ROXIE** enters and takes the gun, **FRED** enters and takes the hat and **LIZ** enters and takes the chair. Following the overture, **VELMA** enters.)*

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 WHOOPEE 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

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.

JUNE**.** Skiddoo!

VELMA.
AND ALL THAT JAZZ.

MONA & ANNIE. Hotcha!

LIZ. Whoopee!

VELMA.
AND ALL THAT JAZZ.

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

VELMA.
IT'S JUST A NOISY HALL
WHERE THERE'S A NIGHTLY BRAWL

VELMA/ENSEMBLE.
AND ALL THAT JAZZ

*(**FRED CASLEY** and **ROXIE HART** enter S.L. **ROXIE** is leading **FRED** across the stage.)*

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

VELMA. No, her husband is not at home!

*(**ENSEMBLE** laughs. **ROXIE** drags **FRED** D.S.R. **FRED** carries **ROXIE** off.)*

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 BET YOU LUCKY LINDY
NEVER FLEW SO HIGH

'CAUSE IN THE STRATOSPHERE
HOW COULD HE LEND AN EAR
TO ALL THAT JAZZ

ENSEMBLE.
OH, YOU'RE GONNA SEE
HER 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 IS CURDLE
IF SHE'D HEAR
HER BABY'S QUEER
FOR

ALL.
ALL THAT JAZZ!

ENSEMBLE.
WAH, WHA, WAH ETC.

*(**FRED** drags **ROXIE** on.)*

VELMA.
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
AND ALL THAT JAZZ

START THE CAR
I KNOW A WHOOPEE SPOT

COMPANY.
OH, YOU'RE GONNA SEE
YOUR SHEBA SHIMMY SAKE.

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

SHOW HER WHERE TO
PARK HER GIRDLE

VELMA.
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 –

COMPANY.
OH, HER MOTHER'S BLOOD'D
CURDLE
IF SHE'D HEAR
HER BABY'S QUEER
FOR ALL THAT –

*(**FRED** enters **ROXIE** follows behind putting on her kimono.)*

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

FRED. Yeah, I'm afraid so Roxie.

ROXIE. Oh, Fred... (producing a gun)

GIRLS. Oh, Fred...

FRED. Yeah?

ROXIE. Nobody walks out on me.

*(**FRED** turns to **ROXIE** who shoots him. **SFX: 1 GUN SHOT**.)*

FRED. Sweetheart -

ROXIE. Oh, don't "sweetheart" me, you son-of-a..!

*(**ROXIE** shoots him again. **SFX: 2 GUN SHOTS. FRED** falls to the ground.)*

AOIBHE (REPORTER). Whoopee!

ALANNA (REPORTER). Hotcha!

LIZ. Jazz!

ROXIE. Oh, I gotta pee. *(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

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, the jury thanked a man for shooting a burglar.

MUSIC: FUNNY HONEY

*(The **MC** enters)*

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

AMOS. Freely and gladly. Freely and gladly.

M.C. 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!

*(**FRED** and a **ROXIE LOOK-A-LIKE** dancer enter.)*

HE AIN'T NO SHEIK
THAT'S NO GREAT PHYSIQUE
LORD KNOWS HE AIN'T GOT THE SMARTS
OH, BUT LOOK AT THAT SOUL
I TELL YOU, THAT WHOLE
IS A WHOLE LOT GREATER
THAN THE SUM OF HIS PARTS

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!

FOGARTY. Name of deceased...Fred Casely.

AMOS. Fred Casely. How could he be a burglar? My wife knows him! He sold us our furniture She lied to me. She told me he was a burglar.

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

ROXIE.

LOOK AT HIM GO,
RATTIN' ON ME
WITH JUST ONE MORE BRAIN
WHAT A HALF WIT HE'D BE,

IF THEY STRING ME UP
WELL I'LL KNOW WHO
BROUGHT THE TWINE

THAT SCUMMY, CRUMMY
DUMMY HUBBY OF MINE.

AMOS.

She had him covered with a sheet and she's giving me some sob story about this burglar, and I ought to say I did it 'cause I was sure to get off.
So she was two-timing me, huh?

Well, then she can just swing for all I care. 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..?

Scene Three

MUSIC: CELL BLOCK TANGO

M.C. 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 COMING
HE HAD IT COMING
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 –

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.

LIZ.
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!

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'

ANNIE.
I met Exekiel Young from Salt Lake City and 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 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.

ALL. Hah!

LIZ/ANNIE/JUNE/MONA.
HE HAD IT COMIN'
HE HAD IT COMIN'
HE TOOK A FLOWER IN IT'S PRIME
AND THEN HE USED IT.
AND HE ABUSED IT.
IT WAS A MURDER BUT NOT A CRIME

VELMA/HUNYAK.
POP, SIX, SQUISH, U-UH, CICERO LIPSCHITZ, ETC.

WOMEN.
POP.
SIX.
U-UH.
CICERO.
LIPSCHITZ. ETC.

JUNE.
Now, I'm standing in the kitchen, carving up the chicken for dinner, minding my own business and in storms my husband Wilbur in a jealous rage. "You been seeing' the milkman!" he says. He was crazy and kept screamin', "You been seeing' 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'LL BETHCA YOU WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME.

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

VELMA. 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'
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 –

VELMA.
My sister, Veronica and I did this double act and my husband, Charlie, travelled 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 after the other. Well this one night we were in Cicero, the 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 in such a state of shock I completely blacked out. I can't remember a thing. It wasn't until later, when I was washing their blood of 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 I 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

VELMA.
THEY HAD IT COMIN'
THEY HAD IT COMIN'
THEY HAD IT COMIN' ALL ALONG

WOMEN.
AND THEN THEY USED IT
AND THEY ABUSED IT
IT WAS A MURDER
BUT NOT A CRIME

VELMA.
I DIDN'T DO IT
BUT I DONE IT
HOW COULD YOU TELL ME
THAT I WAS WRONG?

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

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 could say we broke up because of artistic differences. He saw himself as alive. And I saw him dead.

ALL.
THE DIRTY BUM, BUM, BUM, BUM
THE DIRTY BUM, BUM, BUM, BUM

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
AND YOU'D HAVE SEEN IT
I'LL BETCHA YOU WOULD
HAVE DONE THE SAME

VELMA/JUNE.
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
AND YOU'D HAVE SEEN IT
I'LL 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

M.C. And now Ladies and Gentlemen, the Keeper of the Keys, the Countess of the Clink, the Mistress of Murder's Row – Matron "Mama" Morton!

MUSIC: WHEN YOU'RE GOOD TO MAMA

MAMA.
GOT A LITTLE MOTTO, ALWAYS SEES ME THROUGH
WHEN YOU'RE GOOD TO MAMA, MAMA'S GOOD TO 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 carrying a newspaper.)*

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."

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

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

VELMA. And how much would that phone call cost?

MAMA. 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 phone numbers, Mama. *(Exits)*

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

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. S.L **MAMA, LIZ, ANNIE, JUNE, HUNYAK** and **MONA** are playing cards. **SFX: Poker**. **ROXIE** enters S.L and sits in **VELMA's** chair. **VELMA** enters and approaches **ROXIE**.)*

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

ROXIE. Who the hell do you think you are –

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

ROXIE. 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 said what I done was a hanging case and he'd be 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.

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

VELMA. There's always a first.

LIZ. What do you figure on using for grounds? What are you gonna tell the Jury?

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

ANNIE. Tellin' a jury the truth!

VELMA. That's really stupid.

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

VELMA. You're talking to the wrong people.

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

ROXIE. *(To **VELMA**)* Yeah what's your grounds?

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

MAMA. 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 Southhampton…you are shit out of luck, my dear.

*(**VELMA** exits.)*

ROXIE. So that's Velma Kelly.

MAMA. 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?

MAMA. 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.

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

ROXIE. Who?

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

ROXIE. How do you get Billy Flynn?

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

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

MAMA. Five thousand dollars.

ROXIE. Five thousand dollars!

MAMA. I'd be happy to make that phone call for you, deerie.

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

(We transition to…)

SCENE SIX

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…oh I'm embarrassed…so inspiring!.

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.

MUSIC: ALL I CARE ABOUT

M.C. Ladies and gentlemen, presenting the Silver Tongued Prince of the Courtroom – the one, the only Mr. Billy Flynn.

BILLY. *(Off stage)* Is everybody here? Is everybody ready? Hit it!

(BILLY FLYNN enters)

BILLY.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT EXPENSIVE THINGS
CASHMERE COATS, DIAMOND RINGS
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 my 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 talkin' about. And physical love ain't so bad either.

BILLY.
IT MAY SOUND ODD
BUT ALL I CARE ABOUT IS LOVE

BILLY. **GIRLS.**
THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR THAT'S FOR HE'S HERE FOR

BILLY.
HONEST TO GOD

BILLY. **GIRLS.**
ALL I CARE ABOUT IS LOVE ALL HE CARES ABOUT IS LOVE

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

Keep your money, that's enough for me

BILLY. **ENSEMBLE.**
I DON'T CARE FOR DRIVIN' PACKARD CARS AHHH
OR SMOKING LONG BUCK CIGARS
NO, NO, NOT ME
ALL I CARE ABOUT IS

DOIN' THE GUY IN AHH
WHO'S PICKIN', ON YOU OOO
TWISTIN' THE WRIST MMM
THAT'S TURNIN' THE SCREW

BILLY/ENSEMBLE WOMEN.
ALL I (HE) CARE(S) ABOUT IS LOVE

Scene Seven

BILLY. Hello, Andy.

AMOS. Amos. My name is Amos.

BILLY. Have you got the five thousand?

AMOS. Only two thousand—everything I could raise. I'll pay the rest weekly.

BILLY. My motto is "play square." You said you had five thousand. That makes you a liar.

AMOS. (Taking back the money.) I'm sorry, Mr. Flynn.

BILLY. *(Grabbing it.)* But I'll keep her case. Tomorrow she'll be on every front page. Then we auction her belongings for her defence. Dresses, underwear—they'll buy anything! And if she gets hanged—

AMOS. Hanged?

BILLY. —the stuff triples in value. You get twenty percent of anything over five thousand. That's playing square.

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

BILLY. Either I get the entire five thousand—

MUSIC: $5000

*(**AMOS** exits. **ROXIE** enters.)*

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

ROXIE. Couldn't we make some sort of arrangement?

BILLY. You mean one thing to me—five thousand bucks. Now, we've got a press conference. Reporters, photographers, and that sob sister from The Evening Star.

MUSIC: MARY SUNSHINE

(Offstage coloratura trill.)

BILLY. We won't have any trouble with her.

(Another trill.)

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

*(Another trill as **MARY SUNSHINE** enters.)*

BILLY. Her name's Mary Sunshine.

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

ROXIE. Mary Sunshine! Holy shit!

BILLY. Nothing rougher than "Oh dear." The Press love a reformed sinner, so I'm rewriting your life: "From Convent to Jail."

MUSIC: ROXIE'S STORY

Beautiful Southern home. Parents dead, fortune lost, a runaway marriage. An innocent girl swept into jazz, cabarets, liquor—

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

Sit down. You have sinned and you are sorry.

ROXIE. God, that's beautiful.

BILLY. Cut out God, too. Now, he threatened you. You both reached for the gun. Self-defence. Got it?

*(**MAMA** enters.)*

MAMA. Mr. Flynn, the reporters are here.

BILLY. Let 'em in, Butch.

*(SFX: Drum roll. **ENSEMBLE** and **MARY SUNSHINE** enter.)*

BILLY. 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 come to see l'il ol' me.... I guess you want to know why I shot the bastard.

BILLY. Sit down, dummy.

MUSIC: WE BOTH REACHED FOR THE GUN

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

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

REPORTER (FAYE).
WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

BILLY. (AS ROXIE)
MISSISSIPPI

REPORTER (LILY).
AND YOUR PARENTS?

BILLY. (AS ROXIE)
VERY WEALTHY.

REPORTER (FAYE & LILY).
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!

REPORTER (ALANNA).
WHEN'D YOU GET THERE?

BILLY. (AS ROXIE)
1920

REPORTER (AOIBHE).
HOW OLD WERE YOU?

BILLY. (AS ROXIE)
DON'T REMEMBER

REPORTER (ALANNA & AOIBHE).
THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

BILLY. (AS ROXIE)
I MET AMOS
AND HE STOLE MY HEAR 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. Now tell us Roxie…

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. She knew that she was doin' wrong.

ENSEMBLE.
THEN DESCRIBE IT

BILLY. (AS ROXIE)
HE CAME TOWARD ME.

ENSEMBLE.
WITH A PISTOL?

BILLY. (AS ROXIE)
FROM MY BUREAU

ENSEMBLE.
DID YOU FIGHT HIM?

BILLY. (AS ROXIE)
LIKE A TIGER

BILLY. 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

BILLY/ENSEMBLE.
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. What'd ya think?

ROXIE. Eh… could be better.

BILLY. Unbelievable!

ENSEMBLE.
HOW'RE YOU FEELING?

BILLY. (AS ROXIE)
VERY FRIGHTENED

MARY SUNSHINE.
ARE YOU SORRY?

ROXIE.
ARE YOU KIDDING?

ENSEMBLE.
WHAT'S YOUR STATEMENT?

BILLY. (AS ROXIE)
ALL I'D SAY IS
THOUGH MY CHOO-CHOO JUMPED MY 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 MAN 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!

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

BILLY.
Now you got it.

ENSEMBLE.
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.

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 Eight

MUSIC: 1ST NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

REPORTER 1 (FAYE). Stop the presses! "Convent Girl Held".

REPORTER 2 (LILY). "We Both Reached for the Gun" says Roxie.

REPORTER 3 (AOIBHE). "Dancing Feed Lead to Sorrow" says Beautiful Jazz Slayer!

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

REPORTER 4 (ALANNA). "Jazz and Liqour Roxie's Downfall!" Ya got that, Charlie? Right.

MUSIC: ROXIE

ROXIE. You wanna know something? I always wanted my name in the papers. Once, a bootlegger I dated got photographed with a "cute blonde chorine." That was me. I saved the clipping. Now look—"ROXIE ROCKS CHICAGO!" All my life I wanted my own act in vaudeville. But it was one big world full of "No." Then Amos came along. Safe, sweet Amos, who never says no. When I catch myself in his face, I'm always a kid. Ya could love a guy like that. Anyway, I figured opportunity had passed me by. But it ain't! If Flynn gets me off, with all this publicity, I could still have my own act. Now I got me a world full of "Yes"!

ROXIE.
THE NAME ON EVERYBODY'S LIPS
IS 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?
BLONDIE
ROXIE HART!

ROXIE. Think big Roxie - c'mon think big!!!!!! (Ensemble Enter.) Now we're talking!

ROXIE & ENSEMBLE
THEY'RE GONNA WAIT OUTSIDE IN LINE
TO GET TO SEE ROXIE

ROXIE.
THINK OF THOSE AUTOGRAPHS I'LL SIGN
"GOOD LUCK TO YOU,

ALL
ROXIE"

ROXIE
AND I'LL APPEAR IN A LAVALIERE
THAT GOES ALL THE WAY DOWN TO MY WAIST

ENSEMBLE.
HERE A RING, THERE A RING
EVERYWHERE A RING A LING

ROXIE.
BUT ALWAYS THE BEST OF TASTE

ROXIE. Oooh, I'm a star! And the audience loves me! 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. That's because none of us got enough love in our childhood. And that's show biz, kid.

ENSEMBLE.
SHE'S GIVING UP HER HUMDRUM LIFE

ROXIE.
I'M GONNA BE - SING IT

ENSEMBLE.
ROXIE!

ROXIE.
YEAH!
I MADE A SCANDAL AND A START.
AND SOPHIE TUCKER WILL SHIT, I KNOW (UH UH)
TO SEE HER NAME GET BILLED BELOW
BLONDIE, ROXIE HART

ROXIE. *(as* **ENSEMBLE** *exit)* I'm a star!

Scene Nine

MUSIC: 2ND NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

REPORTER 1 (LILY). "Roxie Rocks Chicago!"

REPORTER 2 (FAYE). "Fans Riot At Roxie Auction!"

MAMA. *(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 frontpage – it drives me nertz.

MAMA. Baby, I got some bad news.

VELMA. What do you mean?

MAMA. The tour. It's cancelled.

VELMA. Cancelled?!

MAMA. 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." She's washed up." Do you know how it hurts Mama to hear that about someone she cares for?

VELMA. Oh, sure.

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

*(**ROXIE** enters)*

MUSIC: I CAN'T DO IT ALONE

VELMA. Oh god! She's everywhere!

MAMA. Calm down!

VELMA. Hey, Mama, I've got an idea. Suppose I talk Hart into doing that sister act with me?

M.C. Ladies and Gentlemen, Miss Velma Kelly in 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 EARED A THOU A WEEK AT LEAST

VELMA.
Oh yeah.
BUT MY SISTER IS NOW, UNFORTUNATELY, DECEASED
I know,
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!

VELMA. Roxie, do you know you are exactly the same size as my sister? Oh, you would fit in her wardrobe perfectly. Look, why don't I just show you some of the act, huh? Watch this. Now, you have to imagine this with two people. It's swell with two people.

FIRST I'D....
THEN SHE'D...
THEN WE'D...

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

And we'd say, "O.K. fellas, O.K., we're goin' home, but here's a few more partin' shots!" And this...this we did in perfect unison.
(dance)
NOW, YOU'VE SEEN ME GOIN' THROUGH IT
YOU CAN SEE 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.

*(**VELMA** exits.)*

MUSIC: CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT

MAMA. 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 KILLY** 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. 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 a woman.)* Puzzled. She disappears for a second. When she returns she gently awakens Harry.

KITTY. Oh, Harry…

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

KITTY. What I see!

*(The lights snap to black as we hear **SFX: Machine Gun**.)*

MUSIC: 3RD NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

REPORTER 3 (AOIBHE). "Lake Shore Drive Massacre!"

REPORTER 4 (ALANNA). "Berserk Filly Fells Four!"

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

Scene Ten

BILLY. Gentlemen, please, my client will be happy to answer 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.

MAMA. 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. She will answer all your questions and afterwards I'll be happy to give you all 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.

MUSIC: MY OWN BEST FRIEND

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

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

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

ROXIE.
ONE THING I KNOW

VELMA.
ONE THING I KNOW

ROXIE.
AND I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN

VELMA.
AND I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN

ROXIE.
I PLAY IN A GAME

VELMA.
I PLAY IN A GAME

ROXIE & 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
MYSELF
AND I!

ROXIE.
ME
MYSELF
AND I!

ENSEMBLE.
AND I
AND I
AND I
I, I, I

VELMA & ROXIE.	**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
'CAUSE I WON'T GIVE IN	
AND I'LL NEVER BEND	
AND 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!

*(**SFX**: Roxie's Baby)*

VELMA. Crap!

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

MUSIC: ALL THAT JAZZ - REPRISE

VELMA.
AND ALL JAZZ

MUSIC: I KNOW A GIRL

ROXIE. Oh, please ladies and gentlemen of the press - leave the two of us alone so that we can rest.

VELMA. The two of us?

CAN YOU IMAGINE?
I MEAN, CAN YOU IMAGINE?

REPORTER 1 (AOIBHE). Ms. Hart, could I get one last picture? Please.

ROXIE. Oh, sure, anything for the press.

VELMA.
DO YOU BELIEVE IT?
I MEAN, DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

MUSIC: ME & 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…" Ugh!!!!

ROXIE.
LOOK AT MY BABY AND ME!

ME AND MY BABY, MY BABY AND ME
WE'RE 'BOUT AS HAPPY AS BABIES CAN BE
WHY KEEP IT MUM
WHEN THERE'S NOTHING TO HIDE?
AND WHAT I FEEL I MUST REVEAL
IS MORE THAN I CAN KEEP INSIDE

ROXIE & ENSEMBLE.
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 DEAR LITTLE BABY
LOOK AT 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. I can assure you she'll come to trial at the earliest possible moment. And you can quote me on that.

MAMA. I think it's sweet. First time we ever had one of our girls in the family way.

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.
LOOKA MY BABY MY BABY AND ME
FACING THE WORLD OPTIMISTICALLY

ROXIE & ENSEMBLE.

NOTHING CAN STOP US, SO NOBODY TRY
'CAUSE BABY'S ROUGH AND FULL OF STUFF
AND INCIDENTALLY, SO AM I!

ALL.

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
LOOKA, MY BABY

ROXIE.

AND ME

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

*(**ROXIE** and **ENSEMBLE** exits. **AMOS** runs out.)*

AMOS. I'm the father! Papa! Dada!

MUSIC: MISTER CELLOPHANE

Did you hear me? Did you? No, you didn't hear me. That's the story of my life. Nobody ever knows I'm around. Nobody. Not even my parents noticed me. One day I went to school and when I came home… they moved.

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

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

AMOS.
SHOULDA 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.

SHOULDA 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

AMOS.

SHOULDA 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.

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

MUSIC: MISTER CELLOPHANE PLAYOFF

Scene Eleven

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

*(****MAMA*** *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. What?!

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. Well then, when I got on the stand I thought I'd take a peek at the jury. Then I'd cross my legs like this, you know. 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. Then, I thought I'd let it all be too much for me, like real dramatic. Then, I thought I'd get thirsty and say, "Please, someone, could I have a glass of water?"

BILLY. Wow. Theatrical.

*(****ROXIE*** *enters.)*

VELMA. Then, I thought I'd cry. Buckets. Only I don't have handkerchief - 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; oh, but I'm too weak, and I slump and I slump and I slump and I slump until finally, I faint!

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?

MUSIC: VELMA'S EXIT MUSIC

*(**VELMA** exits.)*

BILLY. I've been waiting ten minutes. Don't do that again. Now, Amos files for divorce, admits he still loves you, and the jury plays Cupid. Smart, huh?

ROXIE. Smart, huh?

BILLY. And I want you knitting a baby garment.

ROXIE. I don't know how.

BILLY. Then learn!

ROXIE. I'm sick of being treated like some dumb common criminal.

BILLY. But you are some dumb common criminal.

ROXIE. Better than a greasy lawyer!

BILLY. Maybe you'd like to appear in court without me?

ROXIE. Maybe I could. Read the papers. They love me!

BILLY. They'd love you more if you were hanged. It'd sell more papers.

*(**ROXIE** falls silent.)*

BILLY. Those headlines won't save your neck, kid. Now, you know what you're doing at the door?

ROXIE. Been up all night rehearsing.

BILLY. Good. During my summation, I say you'd give your life to bring Fred Casely back. You nod.

ROXIE. That's all I do?

BILLY. That's all. Let me do the talking.

*(**ROXIE** takes a breath, her bravado slipping.)*

ROXIE. Oh Billy, I'm scared.

MUSIC: RAZZLE DAZZLE

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!

GIVE 'EM THE OLD RAZZLE DAZZLE
RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM
BACK SINCE THE DAYS OF OLD METHUSELAH
EVERYONE LOVES THE BIG

ALL.
BAMBOOZ-A-LER
GIVE 'EM THE OLD RAZZLE DAZZLE

BILLY.
RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM
GIVE 'EM AN ACT THAT'S UNASSAILABLE
THEY'LL WAIT A YEAR 'TIL YOUR AVAILABLE!

ALL.
GIVE 'EM THE OLD DOUBLE WHAMMY

BILLY.
DAZE AND DIZZY 'EM
SHOW 'EM THE FIRST RATE SORCERER YOU ARE

ALL.
LONG AS YOU KEEP 'EM WAY OFF BALANCE
THEY'LL LET YOU GET AWAY WITH MURDER

BILLY.
RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM

COMPANY.
RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM

BILLY.
RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM

BILLY & ENSEMBLE.
AND THEY'LL MAKE YOU A STAR!

MUSIC: RAZZLE DAZZLE PLAYOFF

Scene Twelve

BILLY. Ladies and gentlemen, we present – Justice.

(SFX: Gavel.)

JUDGE. The State of Illinois versus Roxie Hart for the murder of Fred Casely. *(SFX: Tambourine hit.)* Thank you.

HARRISON. The state calls –

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

*(**AMOS** enters and is sworn by the **CLERK**.)*

CLERK. Blah, 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." 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. *(SFX: Cymbal choke.)* Take the witness.

BILLY. Hello, Amos.

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

BILLY. Amos, are you 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 do 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. Not sir, but you told me –

BILLY. Just jumped to a conclusion? Do you call that playing square? If Roxie Hart swore that you were the father of her child, which she does –

AMOS. She does?

ROXIE. I do.

BILLY. She does. *(SFX: Cymbal choke.)* Step down, Daddy. *(SFX: Amos Exit.)* The defence calls Roxie Hart.

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

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

ROXIE. I do.

ENSEMBLE.
OOOOOOO
OHHHHHH
AHHHHHH

BILLY. What's your name?

ENSEMBLE. *(whispered)* Roxie!

BILLY. Roxie, I have here a statement in which you admit to 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.

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, chickee.

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.

ENSRMBLE. (*whispered)* Charleston… Charleston… Charleston… Charleston.

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 quarrelled that very morning.

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.

AMOS. Fat chance.

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

ROXIE. Most unhappy.

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. But Mr. Casely, *(SFX: Clank.)* - He'd pleas and he'd say –

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

(SFX: Pop Gun.)

BILLY. Roxie Hart, the State has accused you of the murder of Fred Casely. As 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 towards her. **ROXIE** remembers to sob.)*

ENSEMBLE. *(continues under the scene)*
GIVE 'EM THE OLD RAZZLE DAZZLE
RAZZLE DAZZLE THEM
BACK SINCE THE DAYS OF OLD METHUSELAH
EVERYONE LOVES THE BIG BAMBOOZ-A-LER

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

ROXIE. Yes sir.

BILLY. Tell the Jury, in your own way, the happenings on 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.

ENSEMBLE. Ding dong!

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

(SFX: Tremolo.)

BILLY. And who was there?

(SFX: 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. And?

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

ROXIE. I said, "Go away!"

ENSEMBLE. Beat it, buddy.

(SFX: GAVEL)

ROXIE. I tried to close the door, but he forced his way in. I ran into the bedroom, *(SFX: 3 BEATS)* … but he followed me. *(SFX: 4 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 neighbours. *(SFX: 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. You're mine. You're mine. You're mine.

(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. SFX: 3 BEATS) (to **FRED**:)* Amos and me are going to have a baby.

(SFX: CYMBAL CHOKE)

BILLY. And what did he say to that?

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

(SFX: RIM SHOT)

BILLY. What happened next?

(SFX: TREMOLO)

ROXIE. In his passion he ripped off my kimono and threw me across the room! Mr. Hart's revolver was layin' there between us. He grabbed for the gun – *(SFX: Chord)* I knocked it from his hand – *(SFX: Chord)* He whirled me aside.

BILLY. And then?

ROXIE. And then, *(in rhythm)* we both reached for the gun. *(SFX: Chord)* But I got it first!

ENSEMBLE. Hurray!

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?

(SFX: Chord.)

ROXIE. And not just mine! So I closed my eyes and I shot!

(SFX: Chord.)

FRED. Roxie - *(SFX: Chord.)* Roxie, please – *(SFX: Chord.)*

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!

MUSIC: COURTROOM PLAYOFF

Scene Thirteen

(SFX: NBC chimes.)

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

VELMA. I bet it has.

MARY SHUNSHINE. 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.

MAMA. 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. Aaaahhh!

MAMA. Velma, take it easy!

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

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

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

MAMA. Well, whaddya expect? She's a lowbrow. The whole world's gone lowbrow.

MUSIC: CLASS

MAMA. Things ain't what they used to be.

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

VELMA.
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO FAIR DEALING?
AND PURE ETHICS
AND NICE MANNERS?

MAMA.
NOW, NO ONE EVEN SAYS "OOPS"
WHEN THEY'RE PASSING THEIR GAS
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO CLASS?

VELMA.
CLASS

VELMA & MAMA.
AH, THERE AIN'T NO GENTLEMEN
TO OPEN UP THE DOORS
THERE AIN'T NO LADIES NOW,
THERE'S ONLY PIGS AND WHORES

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

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

VELMA AND MAMA.
NOBODY'S GOT NO CLASS!

VELMA.
ALL YOU READ ABOUT TODAY IS HATE AND THEFT

MAMA.
JESUS CHRIST, AIN'T THERE NO DECENCY LEFT?

VELMA AND MAMA.
NOBODY'S GOT NO CLASS

MAMA.
EVERY GUY IS A SNOT

VELMA.
EVERY GIRL IS A TWOT

MAMA.
HOLY CRAP

VELMA.
HOLY CRAP

MAMA.
WHAT A SHAME

VELMA.
WHAT A SHAME

VELMA & MAMA.
WHAT BECAME OF CLASS?

Scene Fourteen

(SFX: NBC Chimes.)

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 - champion of the downtrodden has just finished his summation to the jury. The next voice you hear will be that of Mr. Flynn – champion of the downtrodden.

BILLY. The defence rests!

JUDGE. Members of the Jury. Have you reached a verdict?

JUROR (AOIBHE). We fine the defendant –

*(SFX: Gunshots. **2 REPORTERS** rushes in.)*

REPORTER 1 (FAYE). You should see what's going on out there! There was this divorce action and this babe shot her husband, his mother and the defence attorney.

REPORTER 2 (ALANNA). 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 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 with win up with nothin'.

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

MUSIC: BILLY'S EXIT MUSIC: ALL I CARE ABOUT TAG

BILLY/ENSEMBLE WOMEN.
ALL I (HE) CARE (S) ABOUT IS LOVE

*(**BILLY** exits. **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… (silence) …Okay. *(**AMOS** exits.)*

MUSIC: NOWADAYS

ROXIE. …gone…all gone.

M.C. And now Ladies and Gentlemen, Miss Roxie Hart says goodnight and farewell.

ROXIE.
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 MAN, EVERYWHERE
JAZZ, EVERYWHERE
BOOZE, EVERYWHERE
LIFE, EVERYWHERE
JOY, EVERYWHERE
NOWADAYS

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

AND THAT'S
GOOD, ISN'T IT?

ROXIE
GRAND, ISN'T IT?
GREAT, ISN'T IT?
SWELL, ISN'T IT?
FUN, ISN'T IT...
BUT NOTHING STAYS

M.C. Ladies and Gentlemen, the Vickers Theater, Chicago's finest home of family and 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 & VELMA.
YOU CAN LIKE THE LIFE YOU'RE LIVING
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 NOTHING STAYS

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

MUSIC: HOT HONEY RAG

M.C. 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)

MUSIC: FINALE

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

VELMA. Roxie and I would just like to thank you - for you faith and your belief in our innocence.

ROXIE. Yes, it was letters, telegrams, and words of encouragement that helped see us through this terrible ordeal.

VELMA. You know, a lot of people has 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.

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.

ENSEMBLE.

NO I'M NO ONE'S WIFE
BUT OH, I LOVE MY LIFE

COMPANY.

AND ALL THAT JAZZ.
THAT JAZZ!