SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

Samuel French Acting Edition

Chicago

Book by
Fred Ebb & Bob Fosse

Music by
John Kander

Lyrics by
Fred Ebb

Based on the Play by
Maurine Dallas Watkins

Script Adaptation by
David Thompson

SAMUEL FRENCH
SAMUELFRENCH.COM SAMUELFRENCH.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
CHICAGO 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 and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-70052-1

www.SamuelFrench.com
www.SamuelFrench.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Info@SamuelFrench.com
1-866-598-8449

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE
Plays@SamuelFrench.co.uk
020-7255-4302

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

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *CHICAGO* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play(s) does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to Samuel French before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Samuel French.

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

For all enquiries regarding motion picture, television, and other media rights, please contact Samuel French.

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Samuel French, against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees. Please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

RENTAL MATERIALS

An orchestration consisting of **Conductor/Rehearsal Piano Score, Reed 1 (Piccolo, Clarinet, Soprano & Alto Saxophones), Reed 2 (Piccolo, Clarinet, Bass Clarinet, Soprano & Tenor Saxophones) Reed 3 (Clarinet, Bass Clarinet, Soprano, Tenor & Baritone Saxophones) Trumpets 1 & 2, Trombone 1, Trombone 2, Tuba/Bass, Percussion (Glockenspiel, Gong, Drums) Violin, Banjo, Keyboard 1 (Piano, Harmonium), Keyboard 2 (Piano, Accordion)**, and **20 Principal Chorus Books** will be loaned two months prior to the production ONLY on the receipt of the Licensing Fee quoted for all performances, the rental fee and a refundable deposit. Please contact Samuel French for perusal of the music materials as well as a performance license application.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

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

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.

FORTY-SIXTH STREET THEATRE

ROBERT FRYER and JAMES CRESSON

PRESENT

GWEN VERDON CHITA RIVERA

AND

JERRY ORBACH

IN



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 '20s.)*

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 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.

VELMA. *(cont.)*
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.

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

VELMA & ENSEMBLE.

ALL THAT JAZZ.

FRED. *(to* **ROXIE***)* Come here!

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

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,
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 –

ENSEMBLE.

OH, YOU'RE GONNA SEE
YOUR SHEBA SHIMMY SHAKE.

AND ALL THAT JAZZ.

OH SHE'S GONNA SHIMMY
TILL 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.

ROXIE. Oh, Fred...

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, the 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,
AND 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.
AND LORD KNOWS HE AIN'T GOT THE SMARTS.

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

ROXIE. (*cont.*)

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'LL 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'LL 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.

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'LL 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'LL BETCHA YOU WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME.
HE HAD IT COMIN',

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.

WOMEN. *(cont.)*

HE HAD IT COMIN'.
HE ONLY HAD HIMSELF TO BLAME.
IF YOU'D HAVE BEEN THERE,
IF YOU'D HAVE HEARD IT,
I'LL 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.
U-UH.
CICERO.
LIPSCHITZ. ETC.

ALL.

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

ANNIE. *(cont.)*

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.

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 rendorsegen 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'LL 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'LL BETCHA YOU WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME.
HE HAD IT –

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'LL BETCHA YOU WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME.

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.

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?

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?

LIZ/ANNIE/MONA.

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'LL BETCHA YOU WOULD
HAVE DONE THE SAME.

VELMA/JUNE. *(***HUNYAK** *babbles.)*

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'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'LL 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.

GIVE ME 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,
ALL I CARE ABOUT IS LOVE.

ENSEMBLE WOMEN.

THAT'S WHAT HE'S HERE FOR.

BILLY. *(ad-lib, Bing Crosby crooning)*

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 RUNNING FREE,

(spoken)

Keep your money, that's enough for me!

BILLY. *(cont.)*

I DON'T CARE FOR DRIVIN' PACKARD CARS,
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.

BILLY. *(cont.)* 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)

BILLY. *(cont.)*

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
IS 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

MARY SUNSHINE. (*cont.*)

THERE'S SOMEONE WARM AND DEAR.
KEEP LOOKING
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?
ROXIE. *(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

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS