

Velma:

Ah what the heck. I'll be glad to get rid of her. But back to my trial... Lemme just show you what I thought I might do on the witness stand...

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

Then during cross examination, I thought I'd give 'em this. And then if he yells at me I thought I'd tremble like this...

Then I thought I'd let it all be too much for me, like real dramatic.

Then I thought I'd get real thirsty: "Please someone, could I have a glass of water?"

Then I'll cry. Buckets. And Billy, I'll ask you for your handkerchief. I really like that bit...then I get up and try to walk, but I slump, and I slump and finally, I faint! Like it?

Billy:

I've got a motto. And that motto is "play square". When you came to me, I didn't ask you if she was guilty. I didn't ask if she's a dope fiend, or a drunk...All I said was "Have you got 5 thousand dollars?" and you said yes. But you haven't. So I figure you're a dirty liar. But I took her case and I'll keep it 'cause I play square. Now here's what we're gonna do...by tomorrow morning I'll have your wife's name splashed across every newspaper in town 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 - plus we tell'em that if she gets hanged...The stuff triples in value. And that's how we raise the rest of the five grand.

FRED: Listen babe, your husband ain't at home tonight, is he?

(Later, getting ready to leave) Well, it's gettin' late...

Wait, there is no guy... Sugar, you're hot stuff But I woulda said anything to get a piece of that. *(He laughs)* You're my little shooting star..., but wake up Roxie, you ain't never gonna have an act! You're a two-bit talent and I'm just a furniture salesman. We had some laughs; let's just leave it at that. *(He's on his way out.)*

Girls onstage: "Oh Fred..." *(as Roxie pulls out her gun...)* **Fred:** Yeah?

Roxie: Nobody walks out on me. *(She shoots him.)* **Fred:** Sweetheart?!

Roxie:

You wanna know something? Look, I'm gonna tell you the truth. The thing is, see I'm older than I ever intended to be. All my life I wanted to be a dancer in vaudeville. Oh yeah, have my own act. But no. No No No No- it was one big world full of "NO." Life.

Then Amos came along; sweet, safe Amos, who never says no. You could love a guy like that. I gave up on the vaudeville idea 'cause I thought opportunity had passed me by...Oh, but it ain't. If this Flynn guy gets me free and with all this publicity, I could still get into vaudeville. Now I got me a world full of "YES." I'm gonna have a swell act, too! Yeah, I'll get a boy to work with -oh hell, I'll get two boys. It'll frame me better! Think big, Roxie, think big!

Matron Mama Morton:

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.

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

But if you want to play Big Jim's, that's another story. That might take another phone call.

But you know how I feel about you. You're like family...

I'll do it for 50 bucks.

MARY SUNSHINE: *(walking downstage right to a spotlight):*

Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mary Sunshine reporting live from the Cooke County Courthouse. The city of Chicago has come to a complete stand still.

This is the moment we've been waiting for. Roxie Hart finally takes the stand in her own defense... Mrs. Hart's composure during this whole ordeal has been extraordinary. Mrs. Hart her usual gracious self, looks radiant in a lace trimmed dress and rhinestone buckled shoes...

Seated next to her attorney, Mr. Billy Flynn, she weeps, and she asks him for a handkerchief... Poor child has no relief. She looks around now, seeming to want something. It's a glass of water.

(still in her spotlight): Dear loyal listeners - The continued trial of Roxie Hart here: A hush falls over the courtroom, as crackerjack lawyer Billy Flynn prepares to make his summation to the Jury. Billy Flynn *(drum roll stops, in dramatic stage whisper)* Champion of the downtrodden.

Amos:

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

A man's got a right to protect his home and his loved ones, right?

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

I mean supposin', just supposin', he had violated her or somethin'. Think how terrible that woulda been. Good thing I got home when I did. I'm tellin' ya that! I say I'm tellin' ya that!

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. She had him covered with a sheet and she's tellin' me that cock and bull story about this burglar, and I oughta say that I did it cause I was sure to get off...Burglar, huh?! And I believed her! She was two timin' me, huh? Well then she can swing for all I care! Boy, oh boy, I'm down at the garage, working my butt off 14 hours a day! And she's up here munchin' on bon bons and jazzing. This time she's pushed too far! Boy, what a sap I was.

Master of Ceremonies:

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

Ladies and Gentlemen, you are about to see a story of greed, corruption, violence, exploitation, adultery, and treachery...all those things we hold near and dear to our hearts. Thank you...and welcome... Uh 5, 6, 7, 8!

MURDERESSES' MONOLOGUES**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'm really irritated, and lookin' for a little sympathy, and there's Bernie, drinkin' a beer and chewin'. No, not chewin', POPPIN'.

So I says to him, "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.

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 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 a drink, as usual. You know some guys just can't hold their arsenic.

June:

Now I'm standing in the kitchen, carvin' up a 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 he kept screamin', "You been screwin' the milkman!"
And then he ran into my knife. He ran into my knife ten times.

[Hunyak, spoken]

Mit keresek én itt? Azt mondják, a híres lakóm lefogta a férjem, én meg lecsaptam a fejét. De nem igaz. Én ártatlan vagyok. Nem tudom, miért mondja Uncle Sam, hogy én tettem. Próbáltam a rendőrségen megmagyarázni, de nem értették meg

[JUNE, spoken]

But did you do it?

[Hunyak, spoken]

Uh uh, not guilty!

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 20 acrobatics 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 three of us, sittin' up in a hotel room, boozin', havin' a few laughs, and we ran out of ice...so I went to get some. I come back, open the door, and there's Veronica and Charlie doing number 17, 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 the blood off my hands, I even knew they were dead.

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.