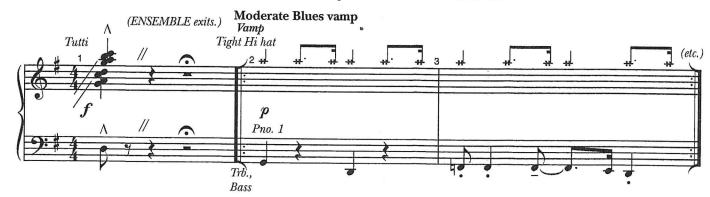
CUE:

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #7: Ya got that, Charlie? **Right.**

ROXIE: You wanna know something? I always wanted my name in the paper. Before Amos, I used to date this well-to-do, ugly bootlegger. He used to like to dress me up, take me out and show me off.



(ROXIE:) Once it said in the paper, "Gangland's Al Capelli seen at Chez Vito with cute redheaded chorine." That was me. Clar. Solo quasi Barney Bogart



(ROXIE:) I clipped it out and saved it. Now look, "ROXIE ROCKS CHICAGO." Look, I'm gonna tell you the truth.



(ROXIE:) Not that the truth really matters, but I'm gonna tell you anyway.



(ROXIE:) 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.



(ROXIE:) But, no. No. No. No. No. No. It was one big world full of "No." Life.



(ROXIE:) Then Amos came along. Sweet, safe Amos, who never says no.



(ROXIE:) You know some guys are like mirrors, and when I catch myself in Amos' face I'm always a kid.



(ROXIE:) Ya could love a guy like that. I gave up the vaudeville idea, because after all those years...well, you sort of figure opportunity just passed you by.



(ROXIE:) Oh, but it ain't. Oh no, no, no, but it ain't. If this Flynn guy gets me off, and with all this publicity,



Piano 1, Bs. 🔁

(ROXIE:) I could still get into vaudeville. I could still have my own act. Now, I got me a world full of "Yes."









