

ROXIE. Velma! Velma! 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. Oh, 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. (To the ORCHESTRA.) May I have my exit music, please? (The ORCHESTRA plays a vaudeville exit. Boys re-enter. VELMA dances off with them.)

QUARTETTE. (Sung.)

WHEN THEY SEE HER SHAKE

BET SHE TAKES THE CAKE

WHEN VELMA TAKES THE STAND

(QUARTETTE dances off.)

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

ROXIE. (Slightly arrogant.) Yeah? So now what?

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

ROXIE. Smart huh.

BILLY. And another thing . . .

ROXIE. And another thing . . .

BILLY. When Amos is on the stand, I want you to be knitting.

ROXIE. Knitting, f'rchrissakes.

BILLY. A baby garment.

ROXIE. I don't know how to knit.

BILLY. Well, learn.

ROXIE. I don't wanna.

BILLY. I don't care what you don't wanna. It'll look good.

ROXIE. That's no way to get a jury's sympathy.

BILLY. Oh, now you don't need any advice right?

ROXIE. Seems to me Mr. Mouthpiece, that I come up with all the good ideas around here! (A street fighter—tough.) I am sick of everybody tellin' me what to do. Ya treat me like dirt, Billy Flynn. You treat me like some dumb, common criminal.

BILLY. But you are some dumb, common criminal.

ROXIE. (Yelling.) That's better than bein' a greasy Mick lawyer!

BILLY. (Yelling back.) Who happens to be saving your ass!

ROXIE. Who's out for all he can steal!

BILLY. You're getting a little too big for your bloomers, if you ask me.

ROXIE. Yeah, who asked you?

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

ROXIE. Maybe I could . . . just read the morning papers, palsie. They love me.

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

ROXIE. You're fired!

BILLY. I quit! (He starts out.)

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

BILLY. (Stopping.) You're a phony celebrity, kid. You're a flash-in-the-pan. In a couple of weeks, nobody'll even know who you are. That's Chicago. (He leaves.)

ROXIE. Oh, yeah?

BILLY. (Calling back.) Yeah! (He goes up the s. l. stairs. ROXIE crosses to the pit as Drum Door opens and the Center Winch comes in.)

ROXIE. (Yelling after him.) Yeah? We'll just see about that!

HUNYAK. (In the dark as the Winch moves on.) No. No. No.

(ROXIE walks down the stairs to the pit.)

ROXIE. (Over her shoulder.) And I want my five grand back, too!

HUNYAK. No. No. No.

(Lights go out on ROXIE, as the lights come up on the Center Winch.)