

ing ROXIE reading a newspaper with a headline that says, "ROXIE ROCKS CHICAGO.")

ROXIE. (To the audience.) 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 take me out and show me off. Ugly guys like to do that. Once it said in the paper, "Gangland's Al Capelli seen at Chez Vito with cute redheaded chorine." That was me. I clipped it out and saved it. (Holds up newspaper.) Now look, "ROXIE ROCKS CHICAGO." (Gives the paper to SOMEONE in the audience. Newspaper backdrop out.) Here, read this. Look, I'm gonna tell you the truth. Not that the truth *really* matters, but I'm gonna tell you anyway. 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. They always turned me down. It was one big world full of "No." Life. Then Amos came along. Sweet, safe Amos, who never says no. You know some guys are like mirrors, and when I catch myself in Amos' face I'm always a kid. Ya could love a guy like that. Look now, I gotta tell ya, and I hope this ain't too crude. In the bed department, Amos was zero. I mean, when we went to bed, he made love to me like he was fixin' a carburetor or somethin'. "I love ya, honey. I love ya." Anyway, to make a long story short, I started foolin' around. Then I started screwin' around, which is foolin' around without dinner. I gave up the vaudeville idea, because after all those years . . . well, you sort of figure opportunity just passed you by. Oh, but it ain't. Oh no, no, no, no it ain't. If this Flynn guy gets me off, and with all this publicity, I could still get into vaudeville. I could still have my own act. Now, I got me a world full of "Yes." (Sings:)

SONG: "ROXIE"

THE NAME ON EVERYBODY'S LIPS  
IS GONNA BE ROXIE  
THE LADY RAKIN' IN THE CHIPS  
IS GONNA BE ROXIE

I'M GONNA BE A CELEBRITY  
THAT MEANS SOMEBODY EVERYONE KNOWS

THEY'RE GONNA RECOGNIZE MY EYES  
MY HAIR, MY TEETH, MY BOOBS, MY NOSE  
FROM JUST SOME DUMB MECHANIC'S WIFE  
I'M 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?  
ROXIE HART!

(Spoken.) I'm going to have a swell act, too! Yeah, I'll get a boy to work with—someone who can lift me and smile at me— Oh, hell, I'll get two boys. It'll frame me better! Think "Big," Roxie— I'll get a whole bunch of boys. (Six Boys enter and begin to dance with ROXIE. ROXIE sings:)

THE NAME ON EVERYBODY'S LIPS  
IS GONNA BE

Boys.

ROXIE

ROXIE.

THE LADY RAKIN' IN THE CHIPS  
IS GONNA BE

Boys.

ROXIE

SHE'S GONNA BE A CELEBRITY

ROXIE.

THAT MEANS SOMEBODY EVERYONE KNOWS

Boys.

THEY'RE GONNA RECOGNIZE HER EYES  
HER HAIR, HER TEETH

ROXIE.

MY BOOBS, MY NOSE  
FROM JUST SOME DUMB MECHANIC'S WIFE  
I'M GONNA BE

Boys.

ROXIE

ROXIE.

WHO SAYS THAT MURDER'S NOT AN ART?

Boys.

AND WHO IN CASE SHE DOESN'T HANG