

ACT ONE
SCENE 1

SCENE: Chicago, Illinois. The late '20's.

ANNOUNCER

Welcome. Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to see a story of murder, greed, corruption, violence, exploitation, adultery, and treachery -- all those things we hold near and dear to our hearts. Thank you.

SONG -- "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

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 --

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.

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. 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.

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 he kept screamin', "You been screwin' the milkman". And then he ran into my knife. He ran into my knife ten times.

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.

HUNYAK

Mit keresek, en itt? Azt mondjok, hogy a hires lakem lefogta a ferjemet en meg lecsaptam a fejét. De nem igaz, en artalan vagyok. Nem tudom mert mondja Uncle Sam hogy en tettem. Probaltam a rendorsegen megmagyarazni de nem ertettek meg...

SCENE 9

FIRST REPORTER

"STOP THE PRESSES!"

SECOND REPORTER

"CONVENT GIRL HELD."

THIRD REPORTER

" 'WE BOTH REACHED FOR THE GUN', SAYS ROXIE!"

FOURTH REPORTER

" 'DANCING FEET LEAD TO SORROW', SAYS BEAUTIFUL JAZZ SLAYER!"

MARY SUNSHINE

"ROXIE SOBS, 'I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO BRING HIM BACK!'"

FIFTH REPORTER

"JAZZ AND LIQUOR, ROXIE'S DOWNFALL!" Ya got that, Charlie? Right.

(REPORTERS exit.)

ROXIE

You wanna know something? I always wanted my name in the papers. 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. 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. Now look, "ROXIE ROCKS CHICAGO." (Gives Newspaper to CONDUCTOR.) 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. No. No. 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, I sort of figured opportunity just passed me by. 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, I could still get into vaudeville. I could still have my own act. Now, I got me a world full of "Yes."