

MATRON. (*cont.*)

THE FOLKS ATOP THE LADDER
ARE THE ONES THE WORLD ADORES.
SO BOOST ME UP MY LADDER, KID,
AND I'LL BOOST YOU UP YOURS.

LET'S ALL STROKE TOGETHER
LIKE THE PRINCETON CREW.
WHEN YOU'RE STROKIN' MAMA,
MAMA'S STROKIN' YOU.

SO WHAT'S THE ONE CONCLUSION
I CAN BRING THIS NUMBER TO?
WHEN YOU'RE GOOD TO MAMA,
MAMA'S GOOD TO YOU.

Scene Five

(*The jail.*)

VELMA. (*to ROXIE*) Hey you! Get out of my chair!

ROXIE. Who the hell do you think you are –

MATRON. Roxie, Roxie, this here is Velma Kelly.

ROXIE. Velma Kelly? THE Velma Kelly? Oh, gosh! I read about you in the papers all the time. Miss Kelly, could I ask you somethin'?

VELMA. What.

ROXIE. The Assistant District Attorney, Mr. Harrison, said what I done was a hanging case and he's prepared to ask the maximum penalty. I sure would appreciate some advice.

VELMA. Look, I don't give no advice. And I don't take no advice. You're a perfect stranger to me and let's keep it that way.

ROXIE. Thanks a lot.

VELMA. You're welcome.

MATRON. Roxie, relax. In this town, murder is a form of entertainment. Besides, in forty-seven years, Cook County ain't never hung a woman yet. So it's forty-seven to one, they won't hang you.

VELMA. There's always a first.

MATRON. Tell me, Roxie – what do you figure on using for grounds? What are you gonna tell the Jury?

ROXIE. I guess I'll just tell them the truth.

VELMA. Tellin' a jury the truth! That's really stupid.

ROXIE. Jesus, Mary and Joseph, what am I going to do?

VELMA. You're talking to the wrong people.

MATRON. You see, dearie, it's this way. Murder is like divorce. The reason don't count. It's the grounds. Temporary insanity. Self-defense.

ROXIE. Yeah what's your grounds?

VELMA. My grounds are that I didn't do it.

ROXIE. So, who did?

VELMA. Well, I'm sure I don't know. I passed out completely. Only I'm sure I didn't do it. I've the tenderest heart in the world. Don't I, Mama?

MATRON. You bet your ass you have, Velma.

ROXIE. Is being drunk grounds?

VELMA. Just ask your lawyer.

ROXIE. I ain't got a lawyer.

VELMA. Well, as they say in Southampton...you are shit out of luck, my dear.

(VELMA exits.)

ROXIE. So that's Velma Kelly.

MATRON. Ain't she somethin'. She wears nothing but Black Narcissus Perfume and never makes her own bed. I take care of that for her.

ROXIE. You make her bed?

MATRON. Well, not exactly. You see, Velma pays me five bucks a week, then I give the Hungarian fifty cents and she does it. Hey, Katalin Hunyak, szeretnem ha megismerned Roxie Hart ot.

HUNYAK. Not guilty.

MATRON. That's all she ever says. Anyway, you know who's defending Velma, don't ya?

ROXIE. Who?

MATRON. Mr. Billy Flynn! Best criminal lawyer in all Chicago, that's who.

ROXIE. How do you get Billy Flynn?

MATRON. First you give me a hundred dollars, then I make a phone call.

ROXIE. I see, and how much does he get?

MATRON. Five thousand dollars.

ROXIE. Five thousand dollars!

MATRON. I'd be happy to make that phone call for you, dearie.

[MUSIC: No. 6 - "TAP DANCE" underscoring]

ROXIE. Five thousand dollars! Now, where in hell am I gonna get five thousand dollars?!

Scene Six

(The Visitors' Area)

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #1. Ladies and gentlemen, a tap-dance.

ROXIE. Oh, Amos, I knew you'd come. I've been sinful – but I want to make up to you for what I done. And I will, just as soon as I get out of here. And I can, too. You see, there's this lawyer, and he costs five thousand dollars.

AMOS. Roxie, I'm tired of your fancy footwork. The answer is "no."

ROXIE. I know I lied to you. I know I've cheated on you. I've even stolen money from your pants pockets while you were sleepin'.

AMOS. You did?

ROXIE. But I never stopped loving you, not my Amos – so manly and so attractive...so...I'm embarrassed...so sexy.

AMOS. But five thousand bucks!

ROXIE. It's my hour of need for chrissakes!

AMOS. Well, okay. I'll get it for you, Roxie. I'll get it.