

BILLY. And then?

ROXIE. And then, (*in rhythm*) we both reached for the gun.

[MUSIC: Chord]

But I got it first.

ENSEMBLE. Hurray!

[MUSIC: Tremolo]

ROXIE. Then, he came toward me with that funny look in his eyes.

FRED. I mean to kill you!

BILLY. Did you think he meant to kill you?

ROXIE. Oh, yes, sir.

BILLY. So it was his life or yours?

[MUSIC: Chord]

ROXIE. And not just mine! (*ROXIE pats her stomach two times with music.*)

[MUSIC: Two bass drum hits. Violin baby cry]

So I closed my eyes and I shot!

[MUSIC: Rim shot]

FRED CASELY. Roxie –

[MUSIC: Rim shot]

Roxie, please –

[MUSIC: Rim shot]

ENSEMBLE. (*whispered*) Hey!

BILLY. In defense of your life!

ENSEMBLE.

RAZZLE DAZZLE 'EM.

RAZZLE DAZZLE

ROXIE. To save my husband's unborn child!

ENSEMBLE.

AND THEY'LL MAKE YOU A STAR!

(JUDGE hits gavel two times.)

## Scene Six

(*The jail.*)

[MUSIC: No. 30 – NBC CHIMES]

MARY SUNSHINE. (*as if she were reporting from the courtroom over the radio.*) Mrs. Hart's behavior throughout this ordeal has been truly extraordinary!

VELMA. I bet it has.

MARY SUNSHINE. Seated next to her attorney, Mr. Billy Flynn, she weeps! But she fishes in her handbag and cannot find a handkerchief!

VELMA. Handkerchief?

MARY SUNSHINE. Finally, her attorney, Mr. Flynn, hands her one!

VELMA. That's my bit.

MATRON. Shhh, I wanna hear.

MARY SUNSHINE. The poor child has had no relief. She looks around now, bewildered seeming to want something. Oh, it's a glass of water. The bailiff has brought her one.

VELMA. A glass of water! That's mine too!

MARY SUNSHINE. Mrs. Hart, her usual gracious self, thanks the bailiff and he smiles at her. She looks simply radiant in her stylish blue lace dress and elegant silver shoes.

VELMA. With rhinestone buckles?

MARY SUNSHINE. With rhinestone buckles.

VELMA. Aaahhh!!

MATRON. Velma, take it easy!

VELMA. But those were my shoes and she stole 'em!

MATRON. Well, you shouldn't have left them layin' around.

VELMA. First she steals my publicity, my lawyer, my trial date, and now my shoes!

MATRON. Well, whaddya expect? She's a lowbrow. The whole world's gone lowbrow. Things ain't what they used to be.