

Chicago

written by Bill Condon, from the musical written by Maurine Dallas Watkins, Bob Fosse, & Fred Ebb

Roxie: (speaking to Mama) I always wanted to have my name in all the papers. Before I met Amos I use 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. < song intro the into segueways which - laughs>Once it said in the paper, "Gangland's Al Capelli seen at Chez Vito with cute blond chorine." That was me. I clipped it and saved it. You know, all my life I wanted to have my own act. But noooo, no, no, no, it's always no, they always turned me down. One big world full of no! And then Amos came along. Safe, sweet Amos. Who never says no. Ohh. **(coy giggles)** I've never done this before, but you know, it is such a special night and you are such a great audience! **(applause from Roxie's "audience")** And, and, I just really feel like I can talk to you, you know? So forget what you've read in the papers, and forget what you've heard on the radio because, because, because I'm gonna tell you the truth. **(giggles)** Not that the truth really matters, but I'm gonna tell you anyway. In the bed department, Amos was.....zero. I mean, when he made love to me, it was like, it was like he was fixing a carbomotor or something, **(pretends to play with her breasts, imitating Amos)** "I love ya, honey, I love ya!" Anyway, I started fooling around...and then I started screwing around, which is fooling around without dinner. Then I met Fred Casley, who said he could get me into vaudeville, but that didn't quite work out like I planned. I guess it didn't really work out too great for Fred either. So I gave up with the whole vaudeville idea, 'cause you gotta figure after all those years -- opportunities just pass you by. **(sings)** But it ain't, oh no no no no, but it ain't. **(speaking again)** And now, if this Flynn guy gets me off, with all this publicity, I got me a world full of YES!

Kudos and much thanks go to Valerie for this monologue, it is very much appreciated. "Chorine" is a 1920's era word meaning 'chorus girl.' Thanks to Adelaide, Regina, and Eric for sending me that particular correction.

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