

AUDITION SIDES:

Choose one of these sides. Memorization is required. You are welcome to perform two sides if you wish, but only one is required.

For Female Identifying:**Roxie:**

You wanna know something? I always wanted my name in the paper. Before Amos came along, 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." 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. It was one big world full of "No." Life. Then Amos comes 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.

Velma:

My sister Veronica and I did this double act and my husband, Charlie, traveled around with us. Now, for the last number in our act, we did these twenty acrobatic tricks in a row – 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, splits, spreadeagles, flip-flops, back flips, one right after the other. Well, this one night we were in Cicero, the three of us, sittin' up in a hotel room, boozin' and havin' a few laughs and we ran out of ice, so I went out to get some. I come back, open the door and there's Veronica and Charlie doing Number Seventeen – the spread eagle. Well, I was in such a state of shock, I completely blacked out. I can't remember a thing. It wasn't until later, when I was washing the blood off my hands I even knew they were dead.

Liz:

You know how people have got 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.

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 could say we broke up because of artistic differences. He saw himself as alive. And I saw him dead.

Mama Morton:

Ah, Baby, you can't buy that kind of publicity. You took care of Mama and Mama took care of you. I talked to Flynn. He set your trial date for March the 5th. March 7th you'll be acquitted. And March 8th – do you know what Mama's gonna do for you? She's gonna start you on a vaudeville tour.

For Male Identifying:**Billy:**

Hey, and pipe down on the swearin'. From here on in, you say nothing rougher than, "Oh, dear." Get it? Now, the first thing we got to do is go after sympathy from the Press. They're not all pushovers like that Mary Sunshine. Chicago is a tough town. It's gotten so tough that they shoot girls right out from under you. But there's one thing that they can never resist, and that's a reformed inner – so I've decided to rewrite the story of your life. "From Convent to Jail." Get this. Beautiful Southern home. Every luxury and refinement. Parents dead, educated at the Sacred Heart, fortune swept away, a run-away marriage, a lovely innocent girl, bewildered by what's happened – young, full of life, lonely, you were caught up in the mad whirl of a great city – jazz, cabarets, liquor – You were drawn like a moth to the flame. And now, the mad whirl has ceased. A butterfly crushed on the wheel.

Billy:

You know that's touching. But I've got a motto, and that motto is this – play square. Dead square. Now when you came to me yesterday, I didn't ask you was she guilty. I didn't ask was she innocent. I didn't ask you if she was a drunk or a dope fiend. No foolish questions like that, now did I? No. All I said was, "Have you got five thousand dollars?" And you said yes. But you haven't got five thousand dollars so I figure you're a dirty liar.

Billy:

Alright, let's get to my summation. I'm gonna start with justice and America-blah-blah-blah- then I'll get to your repentance – blah-blah-blah – then I'll say, "If sorrow could avail, Fred Casely would be here now, for she would give her life gladly to bring the dead man back." You nod.

Billy:

Ladies and Gentlemen, you and I have never killed. We can't know the agony, the hell that Roxie Hart lived through then. This drunken beast, Fred Casely, forced his way into her home, forced liquor upon her, physically abused her, and threatened her life. At that moment, motherly love and a deep concern for her neighbors stirred within her. She shot him. We don't deny that. But she has prayed to God for forgiveness for what she has done. Look, look closely at this frail figure. My God, hasn't she been punished enough?

Amos:

And I believed her! That cheap little tramp. So she was two-timing me, huh? Well, she can just swing for all I care. Boy, I'm down at the garage, working my butt off, fourteen hours a day, and she's up there munchin' on bon-bons and jazzing. This time she pushed me too far. That little chiseler! Boy, what a sap I was!

Amos:

I'm the father! Papa! Dada! Did you hear me? Did you? No, you didn't hear me. That's the story of my life. Nobody ever listens to me. Have you noticed that? Am I making it up? Nobody ever knows I'm around. Nobody. Ever. Not even my parents noticed me. One day I went to school, and when I came home... they'd moved.

For Any Gender:

Mary Sunshine:

I don't see how you could possibly delay the trial another second, Mr. Flynn! My readers won't stand for it! The poor child! To have her baby born in a jail!

Mary Sunshine:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the final day of the trial of Roxie Hart has come. A hush has fallen over the courtroom as Billy Flynn prepares his summation to the jury. The next voice you hear will be that of Mr. Flynn – champion of the downtrodden.