

THAT JAZZ!

SCENE TWO

Ames / Fogarty

The bedroom. Three hours later.

AMOS

So I, ah, took the gun, Officer, and I shot him.

FOGARTY

I see, and your wife, Roxie Hart, was in no way involved. Is that right?

AMOS

That's right, Officer.

FOGARTY

Aren't you the cheerful little murderer.

AMOS

Murderer? Why just last week, the jury thanked a man for shooting a burglar.

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FOGARTY

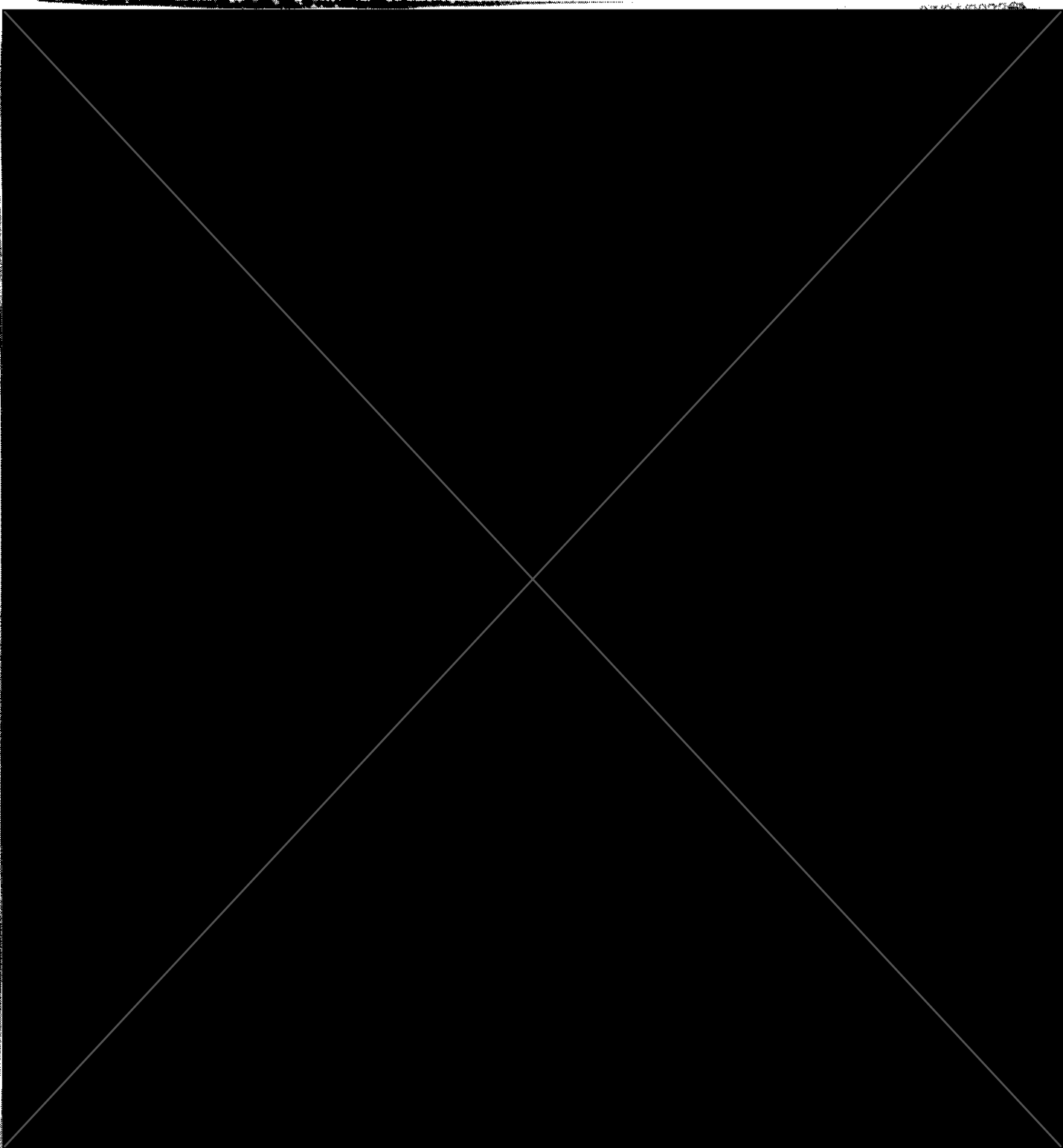
Well, that's just fine. Sign right here, Mr. Hart.

AMOS

Freely and gladly. Freely and gladly.

ENSEMBLE MEMBER #9

For her first number, Miss Roxie Hart would like to sing a song of love and devotion dedicated to her dear husband, Amos.



AMOS

A man got a right to protect his home and his loved ones, right?

FOGARTY

Of course, he has.



 CHICAGO HIGH SCHOOL EDITION

AMOS

Well, I come in from the garage, Officer, and I see him coming through the window. With my wife Roxanne there, sleepin'. Like an angel...an angel!

ROXIE

~~HE LOVES ME SO,
THAT FUNNY HONEY OF MINE.~~

AMOS

I mean supposin', just supposin', he had violated her or somethin'...you know what I mean...violated?

FOGARTY

I know what you mean.

AMOS

...Or somethin'. Think how terrible that would have been. Good thing I got home from work on time, I'm tellin' ya that! I say I'm tellin' ya that!

ROXIE

~~HE LOVES ME SO,
THAT FUNNY HONEY OF MINE.~~

FOGARTY

(looking through his wallet)
Fred Casely.

AMOS

Fred Casely. How could he be a burglar? My wife knows him! He sold us our furniture!

ROXIE

~~LORD KNOWS
HE AIN'T GOT THE SMARTS.~~

AMOS

She lied to me. She told me he was a burglar.

FOGARTY

You mean he was dead when you got home?

AMOS

She had him covered with a sheet and she's tellin' me that cock and bull story about this burglar, and I ought to say I did it 'cause I was sure to get off. Burglar, huh!

SCHOOL EDITION

(AMOS)

And I believed her! 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!

end