

Matron Mama Morton

Audition song: When You're Good to Mama

Dialogue to learn

Please learn the dialogue for your part off by heart so that you can show the audition panel how well you can act during your audition.

Pg 24 (The jail.) Scene 4.

ENSEMBLE #5. And now, Ladies and Gentlemen the Keeper of the Keys, the Countess of the Clink, the Mistress of Murderer's row — Matron "Mama" Morton!

[song: No. 5- "WHEN YOU'RE GOOD TO MAMA"]

.(VELMA enters.)

VELMA. Look at this, Mama. The Tribune calls me the "Crime of the Year." And The News says.. ."Not in memory do we recall so fiendish and horrible a double homicide."

p25

MATRON. 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.

VELMA. I been on a lot of vaudeville tours. What kind of dough are we talking about?

MATRON. Well, I been talkin' to the boys at William Morris and due to your recent sensational activities I can get you twenty-five hundred.

VELMA. twenty-five hundred! The most me and Veronica made was three-fifty.

MATRON. That was before Cicero, before Billy Flynn, and before Mama.

VELMA. Mama, I always wanted to play Big Jim Colosimo's. Could you get me that?

MATRON. Big Jim's! Well, that's another story. That might take another phone call.

VELMA. And how much would that phone call cost?

YLATRON. You know how I feel about you. You're like family. I'll do it for 50 bucks.

VELMA. Fifty bucks for a phone call. You must get a lot of wrong numbers, Mama. (VELMA exits.)

(The jail.)

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

ROXIE Who the hell do you think you are — NLTRON. 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.

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?!