



Thank you for auditioning for

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES

at RIVERSIDE THEATRE

ROLE: ANNE

Initial Call please prepare:

- A brief song (32 bars) of your choice in the style of or from the show.
- Be familiar with the scenes in the packet. You may or may not be asked to read at the initial appointment.
- Bring your book of music in case the team would like to hear something else.

If you are called back please prepare:

- This FULL packet of material.
- A brief song (32 bars) of your choice in the style of or from the show.

INSTRUCTIONS:

Be sure to bring your picture and resume, otherwise we will not have one in the room!

Thanks so much!

W | S Casting

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SCENE 4

(The Apartment)

(JEAN-MICHEL, GEORGES, and the DINDONS have arrived breathless. ALBIN sits quietly poised.)

~~DINDON. To think—to think that a daughter of mine would get herself involved with filth like this!~~

~~MARIE. Edouard!~~

~~DINDON. It's all your fault, Marie.~~

~~MARIE. My fault?~~

~~GEORGES. I say, let's call it a night, go to bed, and start out fresh in the morning.~~

~~DINDON. Homosexual!~~

START

~~ALBIN. Perhaps we should sit out this round.~~

MARIE. March on, Edouard. Lead us out of this house of sin. We are right behind you.

ANNE. Sorry, Mother, but we are not right behind you. I'm staying here with Jean-Michel and we're getting married.

DINDON. Dare to defy me and I will cut you off without a sou!

ANNE. Cut me off. Do you think I brought you here just to get a dowry?

DINDON. You mean you knew about these people?

ANNE. No. But now that I do, it doesn't matter. I like them.

DINDON. HOMOSEXUALS!

ANNE. Father, don't bellow. They know what they are.

DINDON. Young lady, you march yourself straight out that door.

ANNE. No. I love you Father. *(to MARIE)* You too, mother. You are my family. But I love Jean-Michel. So we are going to marry and start our own family. **END**

~~DINDON. What sort of family do you think this son of a pervert could make—brought up as he was by two transsexual homosexuals?~~

SCENE 4

[MUSIC NO. 7: **PROMENADE**]

(*The Promenade*)

(**RENAUD** and **MME. RENAUD** set the café as **JEAN-MICHEL** waits anxiously on the corner.)

(**COLETTE** and **ETIENNE** approach...)

RENAUD. *Bonsoir.*

JEAN-MICHEL. *Bonsoir.*

COLETTE. Well, Jean-Michel!

JEAN-MICHEL. Hello Colette.

COLETTE. You know my friend Etienne?

JEAN-MICHEL. Nice to meet you, Etienne.

(**ETIENNE** greets **JEAN-MICHEL** warily.)

COLETTE. Jean-Michel is my cousin, Etienne.

ETIENNE. You have a lot of cousins?

COLETTE. Family is family. (*on the sly to JEAN-MICHEL*) Give me an hour to ditch him and I'll meet you at La Cage.

JEAN-MICHEL. It's all right, Etienne, I won't be in town long. Colette, I'm getting married.

COLETTE. Congratulations. Give me half an hour.

(*Music swells as COLETTE and ETIENNE exit. ANNE enters.*)

START

ANNE. Jean-Michel! Sorry I'm late.

(*They kiss.*)

How did it go with your parents?

JEAN-MICHEL. Oh, they're thrilled for us. They can't wait to meet you. How about yours?

ANNE. My mother's happy. But my father is so busy lecturing the world on how to run their families that he has no idea what's going on with his own. Oh, Jean-Michel, you're so lucky to have normal parents.

JEAN-MICHEL. Well, I'm not sure how normal any par...

(JEAN-MICHEL freezes. ALBIN and GEORGES enter. His mouth hangs open...)

ANNE. Jean-Michel, what's wrong?

JEAN-MICHEL. What say we take a walk on the beach?

ANNE. Are you reading my mind?

JEAN-MICHEL. Let's go.

ANNE. But the beach is that way.

JEAN-MICHEL. It's starting to rain. We'd better run for cover.

ANNE. What?

JEAN-MICHEL. I just felt a drop.

ANNE. Jean-Michel, the sky couldn't be clearer.

(He grabs her and kisses her.)

JEAN-MICHEL. It's starting to rain. (kiss) Anne, if you love me you'll believe me. (kisses her again) It's starting to rain. (kiss)

(JEAN-MICHEL starts to exit, ANNE pulls him to her and kisses him.)

ANNE. And so it is.

(They run off. ALBIN and GEORGES ^{END} move downstage.)

GEORGES. Feeling any better, my love?

ALBIN. A bit. And yet the world appears so dark and gloomy.

GEORGES. It's nighttime and you're wearing sunglasses.

(TABARRO enters.)

(GEORGES and ALBIN sit at a café table.)

TABARRO THE FISHERMAN. Bon soir, messieurs.

GEORGES & ALBIN. Bon soir, monsieur.

TABARRO. The fish are running well.

ALBIN. Jacob will be by in the morning.

TABARRO. Merci. Au revoir.

GEORGES & ALBIN. Au revoir.

ALBIN. Oh, Georges, our nest is on empty.