



Thank you for auditioning for

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES

at RIVERSIDE THEATRE

ROLE: GEORGES

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.

INSTRUCTIONS:

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

Thanks so much!

W | S Casting

wojcik | seay casting, llc

247 west 38th street, 10th floor, nyc ny 10018 p: 212.929.2339 f: 212.869.4707 wscastingonline.com

START

SCENE 2B

GEORGES

Albin, I will count to three and then I will break in this door.

ALBIN

I am not in the dressing room, Georges, I am in the kitchen, and I have been in the kitchen since lunch. These hands have been dredged in flour for the last time. (Blows flour.) I shall never cook again!

GEORGES

The great Zaza! You'll be the ruination of me and this club with your lateness. Now hurry and get dressed.

ALBIN throws the dish towel at
GEORGES.

ALBIN

Where were you this afternoon?

GEORGES

What's the difference? Get dressed.

ALBIN

I made a magnificent lunch. He said he'd be home. He wasn't.

GEORGES

I might as well talk to his mother.

ALBIN

I de-boned a chicken, stuffed her with pistachios and wild rice, topped her off with truffles and where was he? In absentia!

GEORGES

There are five hundred paying customers waiting for the great Zaza and he stands here reciting the lunch menu.

ALBIN

It's not the chicken, Geoerges. It's the thought behind the chicken.

GEORGES

The what?

JACOB

(entering from the kitchen)

The thought behind the chicken.

GEORGES

Do you have something better to d

JACOB

Many things.

GEORGES

(Wiping him with the towel)

Then do them!

ALBIN

Don't yell at my maid!

GEORGES

She's not your maid. She's your butler!

JACOB

Now I ask you.

JACOB exits into the dressing
room. FRANCIS pops his head in.

FRANCIS

Mercedes is on...you're on next, Zaza.

ALBIN

They'll wait. We're speaking.

GEORGES

They will not wait! Get dressed.

ALBIN holds out two gold
bracelets.

GEORGES (CONT'D)

What now?

ALBIN

My ankle bracelets, if you please.

GEORGES

You could put them on yourself if you didn't
wear that iron lung of a corset.

ALBIN

You used to love putting on my ankle bracelets.

GEORGES

There's a difference between loving to and
having to.

ALBIN

And so we have it! The beans are at last spilt.
The cat is out of the baggage. Feeling trapped,
my love? Is that what twenty years together
adds up to?

(MORE)

ALBIN (CONT'D)

Where once knelt a prisoner of love, now
crouches a caged creature longing to be free.

GEORGES

We're in rare form tonight. Brava, Zaza!

ALBIN

It's all painfully clear! First, you start
missing meals, then my ankle bracelets, and
then... bunk beds!

GEORGES

Could I stop you now if I begged?

ALBIN

And then the final blow: some young, thin
brunette draped across my chaise, popping bon
bons, puffing pot, making a mockery of our
marriage vows!

GEORGES

Albin, would you believe me if I told you there
was no one else?

ALBIN

No. Pity me, betray me, but don't lie to me,
Georges. Not after all these years.

GEORGES

I swear it. There's only you!

^{END}
FRANCIS enters from the club,
JACOB appears at dressing room
door holding a gown.

FRANCIS

Are you coming, Zaza? Mercedes is on her last
verve.

GEORGES

What?

FRANCIS

For the fourth time!

JACOB and FRANCIS have a gestural
tussle. FRANCIS exits.

ALBIN

Apparently so am I! Jacob, pack my gowns. We
leave at sunrise!

JACOB exits.

GEORGES

Albin, please. The show--

JEAN-MICHEL
SIDE

SCENE 3B

JACOB (dressed as half man, half woman) pulls GEORGES into the apartment. JEAN-MICHEL is lying across the chaise, eating a bon bon.

Voilà! JACOB

GEORGES
My wife. My love. My heaven.

JACOB
My my!

GEORGES
A month without you seemed an eternity.

JEAN-MICHEL
I've missed you too.

JACOB
Isn't it wonderful? At last our son is home!

GEORGES
OUR son?

JACOB
Papa, please! I just walked in the door. I must say I like the outfit, Claudine.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Just a little something for your every need. Zis for me, zat for you, and zis for your papa!

JEAN-MICHEL
Papa always gets the best part.

GEORGES
Stop! You're encouraging him.

JEAN-MICHEL
He only behaves that way because he loves you.

GEORGES

START

JEAN-MICHEL
God, it's good to be home.

JACOB crosses with a wig.

GEORGES

No more holidays for you. I can't bear the stress.

JEAN-MICHEL

I won't be here long, Papa. I'm getting married.

GEORGES

You know, this is what I love about you. You have something to say, you say it. No hemming. No hawing. Clear, precise, and right to the point. Like a knife in the heart.

JEAN-MICHEL

And I was worried you wouldn't you wouldn't take it well.

GEORGES

You were right.

JEAN-MICHEL

You mean you're not pleased for me?

GEORGES

I don't think so. But perhaps I'm working up to it. And who is it you're marrying? Not that Veronique!

JEAN-MICHEL

Her name is Anne, Papa.

GEORGES

Don't change the subject. You go away on holiday with this Antoinette and she coerces a proposal out of you. It's ridiculous. You're twenty years old, Jean-Michel, there's plenty of time for other women besides Annisette.

JEAN-MICHEL

Her name is Anne, Papa, and I'm twenty-four.

GEORGES

Are you sure?

JEAN-MICHEL

Sit down, Papa. I have a little problem.

GEORGES

Twenty-four? So do I.

JEAN-MICHEL

It's Anne's parents. Her farther is Dindon... Edouard Dindon... Deputy General of the T.F.M.

GEORGES

You know me and politics. What's the T.F.M.?

JEAN-MICHEL

The Tradition, Family, and Morality Party.

GEORGES

I like the sound of that. There's a little something in there for everybody.

JEAN-MICHEL

But it's not terribly compatible with La Cage Aux folles.

GEORGES

And a Deputy in the family. We can use a little political clout these days, what with that fanatic running for office. You know the one who's pledged to close down all the transvestite clubs if elected.

JACOB returns to retrieve an iron.

JEAN-MICHEL

His name is Dindon.

JACOB & JEAN-MICHEL

Edouard Dindon.

JACON, JEAN-MICHEL AND GEORGES

Deputy General of the T.F.M.

JEAN-MICHEL

And he's coming to meet you.

GEORGES

You're insane.

JEAN-MICHEL

He, his wife and Anne will be staying overnight.

GEORGES

Probably certifiable.

JEAN-MICHEL

They'll be here for cocktails tomorrow.

GEORGES

And we'll come visit you in the asylum. Why would you want to marry into a family like that?

JEAN-MICHEL

Anne is nothing like her father, so there's nothing to worry about.

GEORGES

Except her father!

JEAN-MICHEL

Before they get here, we should tone this place down a little. You know, ditch a few of the more obvious ironies in the decor.

END

GEORGES

And while you are ditching the ironies, what's to become of me?

JEAN-MICHEL

I took the liberty of telling them you were with the French Foreign Service. Retired, of course. Don't worry, I was very vague.

GEORGES

If you can't be truthful, be vague.

JEAN-MICHEL

We'll just close off the door to the Club.

GEORGES

And who will Albin be? French attaché to Finnochio's?

JEAN-MICHEL

Anything he's like as long as he isn't here.

(a moment)

Papa, you know the way he is. The way he talks and moves and... dresses. You know.

GEORGES

So it's farewell to Albin! Just like that. The man raises you on his own for the last twenty years and suddenly you turn 'round and say, "I'm engaged to the daughter of a fanatic. See Zis for her, that for you, and Zilch for your Papa!" Judas!

JEAN-MICHEL

Papa!

GEORGES

Traitor!

JEAN-MICHEL

Papa, please...

GEORGES

Heterosexual!

JEAN-MICHEL

Papa, there's no one like Anne. I'd do anything for her.

08 Song on the Sand

Georges, Band, MD Keys Harp, M.D. Piano Keyboard 2, MD Keys Cello

4

37

member. Though the time tum-bles by there is one thing that I am for-ev-er cer-tain

41 **Rubato** **Quasi tempo** **Ran**

of: I hear La da da da da da da da da da And I'm young and in

START

45 **Tempo**

[Accord]

mf

mf

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

17-9-08

08 Song on the Sand

Georges, Band, MD Keys Harp, M.D. Piano Keyboard 2, MD Keys Cello

48

I be - lieve... it was ear - ly sep - tem - ber. Through the

51

crash... of the waves... I could tell... that the words... were ro - man - tic, Some - thing a - bout

54

shar - ing, Some - thing a - bout al - ways. Though the

08 Song on the Sand

Georges, Band, MD Keys Harp, M.D. Piano Keyboard 2, MD Keys Cello

6

56

years_ race a - long_ I still think_ of our song_ on the sand And I still_ try and search for the

mf

mf

mf

60

words_ I can bare - ly re - mem - ber. Though the time_ tum - bles by_ there is

mf

mf

mf

63

Rubato

one_ thing that I_ am for - ev - er cer - tain of: I hear

mf

mf

mf

08 Song on the Sand

Georges, Band, MD Keys Harp, M.D. Piano Keyboard 2, MD Keys Cello

7

66

La da da da da da da da da da And I'm young and in

[Accord] [F]

p

cut to m.93

69 **Quasi Tempo (Move It)** ♩=90 ALBIN. Oh, Georges, you play my heart like a concertina.
You're such a poet.

love.

[Tpt] *mp*

[Accord]

73 I'm not so sure about "the crash of the waves," this being the Mediterranean.
But basically you are correct. [F]

This is all about love, this wedding.
Not jealousies or old wounds. So, Sybil can come.

77 And the three of us will bear witness to our son's marriage together. Hand in hand... in hand. [Tpt]

08 Song on the Sand

Georges, Band, MD Keys Harp, M.D. Piano Keyboard 2, MD Keys Cello

8

And the three of us will bear witness to our son's marriage together. Hand in hand...in hand.

GEORGES. Albin, there's something more you should know... [F]

ALBIN. Oh, Georges. We'll be late for the second show.

GEORGES. Tonight for the first time in his life he has to be on time. Oh,

GEORGES. Wait. Albin! I need to tell you something.

Albin, you're still a surprise.

ALBIN. Later, cherie. I mustn't keep my audience waiting.

I hear La da da da da da

Dictated so

da da da da da da And I'm young and in love.

STOP

Applause Segue

17-9-08