



Thank you for auditioning for

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES

at RIVERSIDE THEATRE

ROLE: JACOB

!

!

!!

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

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JACOB SIDE

GEORGES

Albin, do you know what's going on out here?
Open this door!

Dressing room door opens. JACOB
enters in a gown.

START

JACOB

Dim the lights, cue my music, and start the
applause. I am ready. (You may begin my music.)

GEORGES grabs the end of the
feather boa.

GEORGES

And just what do you think you are doing in one
of Zaza's gowns?

JACOB

Madame Zaza's appearance is delayed due to
technical difficulties. And as Madame is
indisposed, I feel it is my duty as her friend,
confidante, and personal handmaiden to be
certain that the show go on.

GEORGES

An applaudable sentiment, Jacob, but this
season we are not featuring butlers in the
revue.

JACOB

I am not the butler. I'm the maid.

He snaps the boa away from
GEORGES.

GEORGES

I hired a butler.

JACOB

And you got a maid!

GEORGES

Jacob... !

JACOB

Claudine! Or you don't get your surprise.

GEORGES

Surprise? I love surprises. What surprise,
Jacob?

JACOB

Who?

GEORGES

Claudine.

JACOB

You know how you are always asking folks at the club to "open your eyes"?

[MUSIC no. 3B "Jean-Michel's entrance"]

Well, Claudine's telling vous...

GEORGES

Moi

JACOB

Oui. To close your eyes...

SCENE 3B

JACOB pulls GEORGES into the apartment. JEAN-MICHEL is lying across the chaise, eating a bon bon.

JACOB

Voilà!

GEORGES

My life. My love. My heaven.

JACOB

My my!

END

FOR CALLBACKS ONLY

ACT 2

SCENE 1

The Renaud's cafe. ALBIN enters wearing a black pants suit and sunglasses. JACOB follows in Greek tragedy robes, holding a parasol over ALBIN. GEORGES enters.

GEORGES

START Albin, I've been worried sick. I searched all night for you.

JACOB

Please to keep your distance. Have you no respect for a homeless widow wandering the earth, ill-fated, ill-starred and ill-dressed?

ALBIN

(to Jacob)

You said you like this outfit.

JACOB

It was better on Liza.

GEORGES shoves Jacob aside. Albin ducks away behind the parasol.

GEORGES

Albin, please, I need to talk to you.

JACOB

A traitor's needs are but specks of sand tossed into the hurricane of humiliation.

Again GEORGES pushes JACOB aside but still can't reach ALBIN beyond the parasol.

GEORGES

Where did you sleep? Have you eaten? You look exhausted.

JACOB

The gods watch o'er their woeful child, oh, Jason!

GEORGES

Listen Medea, I've got fifty francs say you've got someplace else to be.

JACOB

As if my loyalty could be bought for fifty francs. You make me laugh. Ha, ha!

GEORGES

What would you say to a hundred?

JACOB trades the parasol for the cash.

JACOB

I'd say just in time. My arms are killing me. (to Albin) I take my leave, Mistress. Even the devotion of thy faithful servant cannot shield thee from the whizzing arrows of destiny. But I'll pick up lunch and meet you back at the house, Okay?

JACOB exits, counting.

Later! **STOP**

15 Cocktail Counterpoint ('Dishes')

MD

103

7

Our new in-laws are a mess She's a prude He's a prig

109

She's a pill He's a pig, So zis _____ Zis _____

[Flute]
mp *mf*

114

START

Zis _____ for your Pa - pa!

GEORGES:

[Trp] [WW] I

mf

15 Cocktail Counterpoint ('Dishes')

MD

8

MARIE:
Oh what love - ly dish - es they're so de - li - cate and frail. Mine have na - ked

*** * JACOB:**
It's ap - pal - ling to con - fess

GEORGES:
joined the For - eign Le - gion with a sa - bre in my hand And crawled a - cross the

DINDON:
This is ev - en worse than I feared, The son is

peo - ple I be - lieve they're on - ly male. Oops! I think they're play - ing some ex -

Our new in - laws are a mess

des - ert with my bel - ly in the sand With men who loved their ca - mel and their

strange, The fath - er is weird. To meet the wife I'm

3-16-10

15 Cocktail Counterpoint ('Dishes')

MD

9

129

oy - ic lit - tle game. Oops! I think that leap - frog
 She's a prude He's a prig She's a pill He's a pig, So zis
 bran - dy and I swear No - bo - dy dished No - bo - dy swished when I was a For - eign
 ac - tual - ly af - raid. I pre - fer that Anne re - main

134 *Accel e cresc.*

is its name. Zis for your Pa - pa!
 Le - gion - airre. an old maid.