Acting Edition

La Cage Aux Folles

concord
theatricals

Acting Edition

La Cage Aux Folles

Music & Lyrics by
Jerry Herman

Book by
Harvey Fierstein

Based on the Play *La Cage Aux Folles*
by Jean Poiret

concord
theatricals

Key Art: Spotco

Musical Numbers:

"We Are What We Are"
"A Little More Mascara"
"With Anne on My Arm"
"Song on the Sand"
"La Cage Aux Folles"
"I Am What I Am"
"Masculinity"
"Look Over There"
"Cocktail Counterpoint"
"Promenade"
"The Best of Times"

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Allan Carr originally produced *La Cage aux Folles* on Broadway with Kenneth-Mark Productions, Marvin A. Kraus, Stewart F. Lane, James M. Nederlander, Martin Richards, and as executive producers, Barry Brown and Fritz Holt.

This version of the script was developed and performed during the 2009 West End and 2011 Broadway revival

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES was first produced at the Palace Theatre in New York City on August 21, 1983. The performance was directed by Arthur Laurents, with sets by David Mitchell, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, lighting by Jules Fisher, sound by Peter J. Fitzgerald, hair and makeup by Ted Azar, and choregography by Scott Salmon. The cast was as follows:

GEORGES . . . . . Gene Barry
CHANTAL . . . . . David Cahn
MONIQUE . . . . . Dennis Callahan
DERMAH . . . . . Ftank DiPasquale
NICOLE . . . . . John Dolf
HANNA . . . . . David Engel
MERCEDES . . . . . David Evans
BITELLE . . . . . Linda Haberman
LO SINGH . . . . . Eric Lamp
ODETTE . . . . . Dan O'Grady
ANGELIQUE . . . . . Deborah Phelan
PHAEDRA . . . . . David Scala
CLO-CLO . . . . . Sam Singhaus
FRANCIS . . . . . Brian Kelly
JACOB . . . . . William Thomas, Jr.
ALBIN . . . . . George Hearn
JEAN-MICHEL . . . . . John Weiner
ANNE . . . . . Leslie Stevens
JACQUELINE . . . . . Elizabeth Parrish
M. RENAUD . . . . . Walter Charles
MME. RENAUD . . . . . Sydney Anderson
PAULETTE . . . . . Betsy Craig
HERCULE . . . . . Jack Neubeck
ETIENNE . . . . . Jay Pierce
BABETTE . . . . . Marie Santell
COLETTE . . . . . Jennifer Smith
TABARRO . . . . . Mark Waldrop
PEPE . . . . . Ken Ward
EDOUARD DINDON . . . . . Jay Garner
MME. DINDON . . . . . Merle Louise
SWING PERFORMERS . . . . . Bob Brubach, Drew Geraci, Jan Leigh Herndon, Leslie Simons

SONIA FRIEDMAN PRODUCTIONS, DAVID BABANI, BARRY and FRAN WEISSLER and
EDWIN W. SCHLOSS, BOB BARTNER/NORMAN TULCHIN, BROADWAY ACROSS AMERICA, MATTHEW MITCHELL,
RAISE THE ROOF 4 RICHARD WINKLER/BENSINGER TAYLOR/LAUDENSLAGER BERGÈRE,
ARLENE SCANLAN/JOHN O'BOYLE, INDEPENDENT PRESENTERS NETWORK, OLYMPUS THEATRICALS,
ALLEN SPIVAK, JERRY FRANKEL/BAT-BARRY PRODUCTIONS, NEDERLANDER PRESENTATIONS, INC/HARVEY WEINSTEIN

Present the MENIER CHOCOLATE FACTORY Production

KELSEY GRAMMER with DOUGLAS HODGE

in

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES

MUSIC & LYRICS BY
JERRY HERMAN

BOOK BY
HARVEY FIERSTEIN

BASED ON THE PLAY "LA CAGE AUX FOLLES" BY JEAN POIRET

Starring

FRED APPLEGATE
VEANNE COX
CHRIS HOCH
ELENA SHADDOW
A.J. SHIVELY

with

CHRISTINE ANDREAS

and

ROBIN DE JESÚS

DALE HENSLEY
HEATHER LINDELL
CAITLIN MUNDTH
BILL NOLTE
DAVID NATHAN PERLOW
CHERYL STERN

And featuring the notorious and dangerous Cagelles

NICK ADAMS
CHRISTOPHE CABALLERO
SEAN A. CARMON
NICHOLAS CUNNINGHAM
SEAN PATRICK DOYLE
LOGAN KESLAR
TODD LATTIMORE
TERRY LAVELL

Scenic Design
TIM SHORTALL

Costume Design
MATTHEW WRIGHT

Lighting Design
NICK RICHINGS

Sound Design
JONATHAN DEANS

Wig & Makeup Design
RICHARD MAWBEY

Associate Choreographer
NICHOLAS CUNNINGHAM

Technical Supervisors
ARTHUR SICCARDI
& PATRICK SULLIVAN

Production Stage Manager
KRISTEN HARRIS

Associate Producers
CARLOS ARANA
ROBERT DRIEMEYER

Music Director
TODD ELLISON

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Music Supervision, Orchestrations & Dance Arrangements
JASON CARR

Choreography by
LYNNE PAGE

Directed by
TERRY JOHNSON

This production premiered at the Menier Chocolate Factory November 23, 2007
and transferred to the Playhouse Theatre October 30, 2008.
Original Chocolate Factory Set Design by David Farley.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

ALBIN/ZAZA – a performer of star quality; mature; great powerhouse of a Broadway voice; fine comic actor.

GEORGES – a star, mature and attractive; good singer; energetic, loving and caring; must move well.

JEAN-MICHEL – must appear to be 20 years old; handsome, masculine, well-mannered, educated; desperately in love with his fiancee, Anne; lyric baritone who acts, sings, and moves well.

JACOB – Black male butler/maid in his early 20's; brilliant comedian who sings and moves well.

ANNE – 18-21; Jean-Michel's fiancee; lovely to look at; spunky; a superb dancer who acts well.

DINDON – Anne's father; right-wing radical politician; pompous; quirky; must sing, move well, and be a fine comedian.

MARIE DINDON – Anne's mother; 48-52, shy, retiring, sexually repressed and sex-starved; good singer and actress who moves well; must look great in a leotard for the finale.

JACQUELINE – mature, female friend of Georges and Albin; owns a chic restaurant; attractive, charming; very theatrical; not necessarily a singer.

RENAUD – mature, male friend of Georges and Albin; owns a small cafe; understudies both of the leads.

FRANCIS – male stage manager in Georges' club; strong actor/dancer.

SETTING

St. Tropez, France

TIME

Summer

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

"Prologue". . . . . **ORCHESTRA**
"We Are What We Are" . . . . . **LES CAGELLES**
"Introducing Zaza" . . . . . **LES CAGELLES**
"Into the Apartment". . . . . **ORCHESTRA**
"A Little More Mascara". . . . . **ALBIN & SIX CAGELLES**
"Mascara (Reprise)" . . . . . **SIX CAGELLES & ZAZA**
"Jean-Michel's Entrance". . . . . **ORCHESTRA**
"With Anne on My Arm" . . . . . **JEAN-MICHEL & GEORGES**
"*With You on My Arm* " . . . . . **GEORGES & ALBIN**
"*New Playoff* " . . . . . **ORCHESTRA**
"*Promenade* " . . . . . **ORCHESTRA**
"*Song on the Sand* " . . . . . **GEORGES**
"*Sand Playoff* " . . . . . **ORCHESTRA**
"*Before La Cage* " . . . . . **ORCHESTRA**
"*La Cage aux Folles* " . . . . . **ZAZA, JACQUELINE, ALBIN, FRANCIS & LES CAGELLES**
"*Hanna's Intro*" . . . . . **ORCHESTRA**
"*Hanna's Tango*" . . . . . **ORCHESTRA**
"*I Am What I Am* ". . . . . **ALBIN & LES CAGELLES**

ACT TWO

AUTHOR'S NOTES

"This is all about love, this marriage," says Albin to Georges when he hears of their son's impending marriage. And it's what I say to you when describing not only the creation of this musical comedy, but the collaboration that brought *La Cage aux Folles* into being.

From the moment that Jerry Herman, Arthur Laurents and I began work, in the summer of '82, ours has been a marriage of love, respect and trust. We (the "Collaborationists," as we call ourselves) worked hand in hand in hand, almost single-mindedly, adapting the long-running French play for the musical stage.

*La Cage…*in its original form was a bevy of sight gags, wildly drawn characters and sexual rompery. Truly the fabric of farce. What was lacking for our creative team was the stuffing–the helium that would fill our beautiful bejewelled balloon and make it soar. That stuffing was the heart. Without that heart Jerry could not make it sing and I could not make it speak. It took many long hours of discussion to find the heart of our piece. In our incarnation *La Cage…* is a love story, the tale of a marriage of 20 years almost ruined by a son's thoughtlessness.

Here, amidst the age-old triangle of mother, father and child, we found our justification, our universality, our reason to create. What child has not at some point in its life been ashamed to introduce its parents to friends? What parent has not wondered, "Where did we go wrong?" What marriage has not been tested in these familial flames? When Georges asks his son what had the boy ever asked for that he'd been refused, Jean-Michel answers, "A little respect for what I want, a little understanding." Georges, taken aback, answers, "A *little* respect? A *little* understanding?" and, referring to Albin, sings, "How often is someone concerned with the tiniest thread of your life? …Look over there!" Now we had our stuffing!

Adding to our music, lyrics and libretto the elements of costume, scenery, lighting and dance was more than adding icing on the cake. We were blessed with the genius of Theoni Aldredge, David Mitchell, Jules Fisher and Scott Salmon. Each element added new levels to our creation, new heights and flavors and spicings. The scenery placed us in the fantasy world of St. Tropez, all sun-bleached pastels and sparkling blue Mediterranean waters. The costumes gave us character, glamour and style. The lighting added mood of moonlit nights, starry skies and romance. The choreography gave us life exploding before our very eyes. Here was fun, boundless energy and humor. And last but hardly least, our hats are off to Allan Carr, Barry Brown, Fritz Holt and our other producers for their vision and faith.

To say that *La Cage…* is a unique creation, only time will tell. But I can say that its birth was unique. We "Collaborationists" love one another deeply and want nothing more than to share that love with you. Our only wish, as Georges would say, is that you "Open your eyes! For if we've done our job correctly, you will leave with more than a torn ticket stub and a folded program." Messieurs-dames, we give you *La Cage aux Folles.*

– Harvey Fierstein, *for the Collaborationists*

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

*(***GEORGES** *appears downstage center and addresses the audience.)*

[MUSIC NO. 00: ***PROLOGUE****]*

GEORGES. *Bon soir! Bon soir!* What pleasure it gives me to say, *Bon soir!* Here we are at the pride of St. Tropez, the envy of the cabaret world, the jewel of the Riviera. What legend has told and rumour has promised we shall do our utmost to deliver. *(waving and winking)* Ah, so many old friends. And so many new faces. And so many old friends with new faces. But we can linger no longer–the inevitable is upon us–*Messieurs-dames*, I welcome you to the fifteenth edition of our world famous revue starring the one and only Zaza, and featuring the notorious and dangerous *Cagelles!*

(timpani roll)

Ladies and Gentlemen and…you, we issue the following warning: Please remain in your seats while *Les Cagelles* perform. The management cannot be responsible for your safety. And now, I beg you…open your eyes. You have arrived at *La Cage Aux Folles!!!*

[MUSIC NO. 2: ***WE ARE WHAT WE ARE****]*

(Curtain rises to reveal "Les Cagelles", a chorus line of beautiful drag performers.)

CAGELLES. *(men only)*

WE ARE WHAT WE ARE
AND WHAT WE ARE
IS AN ILLUSION

WE LOVE HOW IT FEELS
PUTTING ON HEELS
CAUSING CONFUSION

WE FACE LIFE
THO IT'S SOMETIMES SWEET AND SOMETIMES BITTER
FACE LIFE
WITH A LITTLE GUTS AND LOTS OF GLITTER
LOOK UNDER OUR FROCKS
GIRDLES AND JOCKS
PROVING WE ARE WHAT WE ARE
WE ARE WHAT WE ARE

WOMEN.

HALF A BRASSIERE

MEN.

HALF A SUSPENDER

ALL.

HALF REAL AND HALF FLUFF
YOU'LL FIND IT TOUGH
GUESSING OUR GENDER
SO JUST *(whistle)*
IF WE PLEASE YOU THAT'S THE WAY TO SHOW US
JUST *(whistle)*
CAUSE YOU'LL LOVE US ONCE YOU GET TO KNOW US
LOOK UNDER OUR GLITZ
MUSCLES AND TITS
PROVING WE ARE WHAT WE ARE

(The "PARADE:" they all promenade.)

(After the "PARADE," **GEORGES** *steps forward to present the featured performers.)*

GEORGES. For your delight, I present the songbird of Avignon, the nightingale of Nice, the triller from Manila. When she opens her throat, the swallows return to Capistrano in shame. Permit me to present: Chantal!

*(***CHANTAL** *sings a coloratura run and exits.)*

*(***GEORGES** *introduces his next Cagelle.)*

Merci, Chantal. And now, turn your attention to a darker hue, Hanna from Hamburg!

Men call her diva.

Women call her devil.

Police call her daily!

*(***HANNA** *performs with a bullwhip.* **GEORGES** *takes back the stage.)*

Danke Hanna.

And lastly, Phaedra the enigma.

All the fortunes of the pharaohs, the riches of Rangoon, the babble of Babylon cannot pry loose the secret of her fatal charm.

*(***PHAEDRA** *sticks her tongue out and exits.)*

*(***GEORGES** *takes back the stage.)*

Thank you Phaedra. And now on with the extravaganza!

(Les Cagelles return in bathing outfits.)

CHANTAL. Auntie Em, Auntie Em.

(2 CAGELLE tap)

(beach ball section)

MERCEDES. Hi boys!

CHANTAL. AHHH!

(Beach balls are kicked into the audience.)

CAGELLES.

WE…
FACE LIFE
THO IT'S SOMETIMES SWEET AND SOMETIMES BITTER
FACE LIFE
WITH A LITTLE GUTS AND LOTS OF GLITTER
LOOK UNDER OUR FROCKS
GIRDLES AND JOCKS
PROVING WE ARE WHAT WE ARE

(Cannons, on a military ship set piece, explode.)

*[MUSIC NO. 2A **Introducing Zaza**]*

CAGELLES.

WE FACE LIFE
THO IT'S SOMETIMES SWEET AND SOMETIMES BITTER
FACE LIFE
WITH A LITTLE GUTS AND LOTS OF GLITTER
HANG ONTO YOUR WIG
AND GIVE A BIG WELCOME TO ZAZA OUR STAR

(They present Zaza's entrance. Nothing happens.)

(Cagelles turn to face upstage and repeat their intro.)

HANG ONTO YOUR WIG
AND GIVE A BIG WELCOME TO ZAZA OUR STAR

(The curtain falls and the **CAGELLES** *fall to the floor.)*

*(***FRANCIS***, the stage manager, has entered with his clipboard and headset, shouting at the* **GIRLS**. *He has a small band-aid on his temple.)*

FRANCIS. Get back on, get back on. Zaza isn't here yet. You've got to give them an encore.

BITELLE. Phaedra's feet hurt.

FRANCIS. Phaedra's ass is gonna hurt; get back on stage!

*(***BABETTE** *enters with basket.)*

BABETTE. Wigs. Wigs.

FRANCIS. No. They have to do it again. Zaza's still in her room. Shoo.

CHANTAL. If she's late, why do I have to suffer?

PHAEDRA. You want to be a woman? Learn to suffer.

*(***HANNA** *sidles up to* **FRANCIS** *seductively.)*

HANNA. And you must learn to suffer?

FRANCIS. If I can't get Zaza to the stage…

BITELLE. Will we get overtime?

CHANTAL. Only Zaza gets overtime.

PHAEDRA. Zaza *is* overtime!

*(***GEORGES** *enters and crosses to bang on the dressing room door.)*

GEORGES. Albin! Albin! Please let me in.

HANNA. Step away from the door, Georges. Leave this to a professional. *(***HANNA** *cracks her whip.)* Zaza! Come!!!!

GEORGES. Francis, would you please get her back on the stage!

FRANCIS. Hanna doesn't take orders well.

HANNA. But I give them brilliantly.

GEORGES. How about this: You do the encore this instant or tomorrow night you appear as a man.

HANNA. You wouldn't dare!

GEORGES. Francis, inform wardrobe. I'm sure they can find a pair of trousers large enough to fit Herman.

*(***HANNA** *storms out and* **FRANCIS** *follows…)*

GEORGES. *(catching* **FRANCIS***)* Francis! Be careful.

*(***FRANCIS** *shrugs and retreats.)*

VOICE. *(off stage)* Prepare the way! *J'approche!*

GEORGES. Albin, at last!

(The dressing room door opens and out steps **JACOB** *in full feather drag.)*

JACOB. Dim the lights, cue my music, and start the applause. I am ready.

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

JACOB. Madame Zaza's appearance has been delayed due to circumstances beyond earthly control. And so, as my mistress is indisposed, I feel it 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 no one's butler. I am the maid!

GEORGES. I hired a butler.

JACOB. And you got a maid!

*(***JACOB** *starts to exit –* **GEORGES** *returns to dressing room door…)*

GEORGES. *(bangs on door)* Albin, I will count to three and then, so help me, I will…have someone break down this door!

JACOB. Very forceful. And I'm certain my mistress would be shaking in her boots if she could hear you. But Madame is in repose above.

GEORGES. Above?

JACOB. Upstairs.

[MUSIC NO. 2B: ***INTO THE APARTMENT****]*

*(***JACOB** *reveals the apartment and exits.)*

GEORGES. Thank you; very clever.

SCENE 2

GEORGES. Albin! Albin!!

ALBIN. *(offstage)* Who dares to call my name, I who have been so wronged?

GEORGES. What are you doing in the kitchen?

ALBIN. Wrestling with a casserole that wouldn't come clean!

GEORGES. Albin, you are going to drive me mad. Do you have any idea what time it is? Hurry and get dressed.

ALBIN. Where were you this afternoon?

GEORGES. What's the difference? Get dressed!

ALBIN. I made a magnificent luncheon. You said you'd be home. You weren't.

GEORGES. See how she listens to me.

ALBIN. I de-boned a chicken, stuffed her with wild rice and pistachios, anointed her with apricot glaze and topped her off in truffles and where were you? In *absentia!*

GEORGES. There are two hundred paying customers waiting for HER, and HE'S reciting the luncheon menu.

ALBIN. It's not the chicken, Georges. It's the thought behind the chicken.

GEORGES. The thought behind the what????

*(***JACOB** *appears from behind a drape.)*

JACOB. The thought behind the chicken. *(off* **GEORGES***' leer)* Did I say that out loud? *Pardonnez-moi.*

GEORGES. *(to* **JACOB***)* Don't you have something else to do?

JACOB. Many things.

GEORGES. 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 as* **FRANCIS** *enters.)*

FRANCIS. Mercedes is on. You're next, Zaza.

ALBIN. They'll wait. We're speaking.

*(***FRANCIS** *retreats.)*

GEORGES. They will not wait, get dressed!

*(***ALBIN** *holds out two gold bracelets.)*

What now?

ALBIN. Ankle bracelets, if you please.

GEORGES. If you didn't wear that iron lung of a corset you could bend down and put them on yourself.

ALBIN. You used to love putting on my ankle bracelets.

GEORGES. There is a difference between loving to and having to.

ALBIN. And so we have it. The beans are at last spilt. The cat is out the baggage. Feeling trapped, my love? Is this what twenty years together adds up to? Where once knelt a prisoner of love, now crouches a caged creature longing to be free.

GEORGES. We're in fine form tonight. Brava, Zaza.

ALBIN. Oh, 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. I can already see the final blow: Some boney, brunette boy, draped across my chaise, popping bonbons, puffing pot, making a mockery of our marriage vows. It's all my fault for falling in love with a younger man.

GEORGES. Darling, please. I'm only eight years younger.

ALBIN. Five years.

GEORGES. Actually, sixteen.

ALBIN. Alright, eight.

GEORGES. Albin, you know there's no one else but you.

ALBIN. Pity me. Betray me. But don't lie to me Georges. How could I have been so blind? For months I've watched my roles dwindle down. Where once I was

your inspiration, your muse, I am now reduced to naught but comic relief.

GEORGES. Oh, I see where this is headed. Forget it!

ALBIN. Forget what?

GEORGES. You want me to drag out that old warhorse production of *Salome* again, don't you? Well, you can forget it.

ALBIN. Who said anything about *Salome?* I'm talking about… *(The actress emerges.)* And just what is wrong with my *Salome?*

GEORGES. And away we go.

ALBIN. Audiences adored my *Salome.* I'll have you know that when I finished the dance of the Seven Veils and raised the head of John the Baptist to my lips, the audiences cried out, tears in their eyes, handkerchiefs stuffed in their mouths.

GEORGES. But darling, audiences prefer laughing without stuffing handkerchiefs in their mouths. Albin, Albin my love, there comes a time in every Salome's life when she can no longer risk dropping the last veil.

*(***FRANCIS** *appears in the door again.)*

FRANCIS. Are you coming? Mercedes is on her last verse. For the fourth time!

ALBIN. And apparently so am I!

*(***FRANCIS** *exits.)*

Jacob, pack my gowns. We leave at sunrise!

GEORGES. Albin, the show…?

ALBIN. The show will go on. And so shall I. *Solo. Perdutto. Abandonatta.* Like a dog on a rock.

GEORGES. Like a what? On a what?

*(***JACOB** *enters.)*

JACOB. Like a dog on a rock. Pardon.

GEORGES. All right. I give in. You win, my Albin, you win. You shall play *Salome* again next season. Now–get dressed. Please.

*[MUSIC NO. 3: **MASCARA**]*

*(**ALBIN** nods. **GEORGES** blows him a kiss and backs out of the room.)*

*(**ALBIN** takes off slippers and head scarf and sits at his dressing table.)*

ALBIN. And so I've won. What have I won? Zaza gets to play Salome, and Albin eats alone. *(looking in mirror)*

ONCE AGAIN I'M A LITTLE DEPRESSED
BY THE TIRED OLD FACE THAT I SEE–

(spin mirror)

ONCE AGAIN IT IS TIME TO BE SOMEONE
WHO'S ANYONE OTHER THAN ME–
WITH A RARE COMBINATION
OF GIRLISH EXCITEMENT AND MANLY RESTRAINT–

(checking brushes)

I POSITION MY PRECIOUS ASSORTMENT
OF POWDERS AND PENCILS AND PAINT–
SO WHENEVER I FEEL THAT MY PLACE IN THE WORLD
IS BEGINNING TO CRASH

I APPLY ONE GREAT STROKE OF MASCARA
TO MY RATHER LIMP UPPER LASH!

(He does so.)

AND I CAN COPE AGAIN!

(He does a 2nd lash and looks front.)

GOOD GOD! THERE'S HOPE AGAIN!

(He puts down mascara.)

WHEN LIFE IS A REAL BITCH AGAIN

AND MY OLD SENSE OF HUMOUR HAS UP AND GONE

IT'S TIME FOR THE BIG SWITCH AGAIN
I PUT A LITTLE MORE MASCARA ON…

WHEN I COUNT MY CROWS FEET AGAIN

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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