

*Please be prepared to present your choice of one of the following monologues as part of your Follies audition. You may pick whichever one most appeals to you; the gender of the character does not matter.*

## **WEISMANN**

Welcome to our first — and last — reunion. It's 1971, and though I've aged in thirty years, let me assure you that I am still Dimitri Weismann. Every year, between the Great Wars, I produced the Follies in this theatre. Since then, this house has been a home to ballet, movies, blue movies and, now, in a final burst of glory, it's to be a parking lot. Before it goes, I felt an urge to see you one last time ... a final chance to glamorize the old days, stumble through a song or two, and lie about ourselves a little. There's a band, free food and drink, and the inevitable Roscoe, here as always to bring on the Weismann Girls. So take one last look: They won't be coming down these stairs again. Ladies, take your places. Maestro, if you please!

## **PHYLLIS**

Bargains, Buddy. That's what maturity amounts to. When we're young, there is no limit to the roles we hope to play. Star, mother or hostess. I wanted to do it all. I learned to choose. And suddenly our selections are chiseled in marble. I had a lover once. His name was Jack, I think. He played drums and had long hair and no command of language. He was everything Ben wasn't, and we'd while away the afternoons with Gallo wine and one another, listening to the pop hits and the news. I thought it answered everything, but these things pass and I have sixty-thousand dollars worth of Georgian silver in my dining room.