

Auditions for Dancing at Lughnasa Actors ages 18+

December 3 • 5–9 p.m.
December 4 • 7–10 p.m.

If cast, production fee is \$79.

Devonshire Cultural Center
4400 Greenwood St. Skokie



skokieparks.org

Devonshire Playhouse
Presents

By Brian Friel
Presented through special arrangement
with Dramatists Play Service
Directed by Eileen Hand

Dancing at Lughnasa

Saturdays, February 24 & March 2 at 7 p.m.
Sundays, February 25 & March 3 at 3 p.m.

Devonshire Cultural Center

A winner of five Tony Awards, this story follows the five Irish Mundy sisters as they battle poverty to raise seven-year-old Michael and care for their brother Jack. During the Festival of Lughnasa, Pagan and Christian meet and collide. The sisters fight each other, love each other, dance, yearn and survive, in an astonishing evocation of a family's world on the brink of change.

The Devonshire Playhouse - Audition Notes

Dancing At Lughnasa

Welcome to the Skokie Park District Devonshire Playhouse auditions for *Dancing At Lughnasa*. Recommended cast ages are 18+. Auditions are by appointment but walk-ins will be accepted as time allows. Auditions are from 5-9P, Sunday, December 3 and 7-10P on Monday, December 4.

Please prepare a one to two minute contemporary monologue, either comedy or drama. Memorization is preferred.

Callbacks

Callbacks will be held **Tuesday, December 4/7-10P**. Not receiving an invitation to callbacks does not mean that you will not be cast. It only means that we need a second look at certain actors together, in order to make final decisions on some characters. Actors being invited to callbacks will be asked to read from the sides provided in this packet.

Rehearsal Schedule & Potential Conflicts

The rehearsal schedule begins with a read through on **Sunday, December 10 / 5-9P**. Tentative rehearsal schedule includes:

Regular Rehearsals

Sundays / 5-9P

Dec. 10 and Jan. 7-Feb. 11.

Mondays, Wednesdays & Thursdays / 7-10P

Dec. 11-14 & Jan. 3-Feb. 15

Technical Rehearsals

Sun. Feb. 18 / 5-9P and Mon.-Thurs. Feb. 19-22 / 6:30-10P

Pick-Up Rehearsal

Wens. Feb. 28 / 7-10P

Cast members are expected **to be at every rehearsal during the final two weeks prior to performance, Feb. 11-22**. A more detailed schedule is released after casting is complete.

Be sure to list all potential conflicts on the conflict calendar included in this packet. Directors will do their best to honor any conflicts that are listed here. Conflicts that come up after casting are very disruptive to the rest of the cast and the rehearsal process. Unless it is an emergency, please avoid introducing new conflicts and/or missing scheduled rehearsals.

Role Offers

We will send role offers out starting **Wednesday, December 6** and will complete the process by **Saturday, December 9**. Actors have 24 hours to accept emailed notices.

Social Media Cast Announcements

Please refrain from posting any roles offered until the official cast list is released. The release will be emailed to the entire cast.

Performance Dates

Saturdays February 24 & March 2 with Actors' call at 5:30P and performance beginning at 7P. Plus Sundays, February 25 & March 3 with Actors' call at 1:30P and performance at 3P.

Strike

Those who are cast should plan to assist with strike following the final performance.

Production Heads

Production Supervisor	Robin Horwitz
Artistic Director/Choreographer	Eileen Hand
Stage Manager	Cydney Moody
Sets	Evans Poulos & Paul Pint
Sound	Evans Poulos
Costumes	Annie Guter
Props	Cheryl Yenter

Staff can be contacted through message left with the Devonshire Cultural Center main Number: 847-674-1500 ext. 2400 or by reaching out to Production Supervisor, Robin Horwitz at 847-929-7420 or rhorwitz@skokieparks.org

Production Fees

If cast, you should be prepared to pay a production fee of \$79. This fee helps to underwrite the total cost of costumes, sets, script purchase and props.

You would register as a cast member at our front desk by the first rehearsal and make the production fee payment at that time. All cast members receive 2 complimentary tickets, a show poster and digital photographs of the show. If two members of a household are cast, then the 2nd family member receives a 15% discount on their production fee. The third household member would receive a 25% discount. **Production Fees are due by the end of the first rehearsal week on Thursday, December 14.**

Fees and Costs You Will/Might Incur

Production Fee	\$79
Replacement of Rental Script	\$25
Charge for removal of pencil markings in rented script	\$5
*Costumes	\$10-\$40
Tickets:	\$15 - Students/Seniors \$20 - Adults

*We make every effort to use costumes that we have in stock, but at times, actors may be asked to bring something in from home or to purchase items that are natural for them to keep (i.e. hose/tights, shoes, socks, some hair pieces, etc.) Our costumer works with the cast to produce the best look for the production at the lowest possible cost to the actor.

Character Breakdown for Dancing At Lughnasa

Michael	Young man, 20-30 years old Michael who narrates the story, also speaks the lines of the boy/young Michael when he was seven. He is Chris's son.
Kate	Oldest sister School teacher
Maggie	Second oldest sister
Agnes	Third oldest sister
Rose	Fourth oldest sister
Chris	Youngest sister
Gerry	33 years old Michael's father
Jack	50-60 years old Brother & missionary priest

This is a memory play and is being told by grownup Michael.

For the sisters, the director is not listing ages, just the sibling order.

Dancing At Lughnasa

Sides

To be used at Callbacks

<u>Sides</u>	<u>Character(s)</u>	<u>Pages</u>
1	Michael	10
2	Rose	13 & 14
3	Maggie & Michael	23 & 24
4	Maggie	29 & 30
5	Gerry & Chris	37-39
6	Kate	45-46
7	Jack	48 & 49
8	Agnes	65

Michael

①

— she said it would be sinful to christen an inanimate object with any kind of name, not to talk of a pagan god. So we just called it Marconi because that was the name emblazoned on the set.

And about three weeks before we got that wireless, my mother's brother, my Uncle Jack, came home from Africa for the first time ever. For twenty-five years he had worked in a leper colony there, in a remote village called Ryanga in Uganda. The only time he ever left that village was for about six months during World War One when he was chaplain to the British army in East Africa. Then back to that grim hospice where he worked without a break for a further eighteen years. And now in his early fifties and in bad health he had come home to Ballybeg — as it turned out — to die.

And when I cast my mind back to that summer of 1936, these two memories — of our first wireless and of Father Jack's return — are always linked. So that when I recall my first shock at Jack's appearance, shrunken and jaundiced with malaria, at the same time I remember my first delight, indeed my awe, at the sheer magic of that radio. And when I remember the kitchen throbbing with the beat of Irish dance music beamed to us all the way from Athlone, and my mother and her sisters suddenly catching hands and dancing a spontaneous step-dance and laughing — screaming! — like excited schoolgirls, at the same time I see that forlorn figure of Father Jack shuffling from room to room as if he were searching for something but couldn't remember what. And even though I was only a child of seven at the time I know I had a sense of unease, some awareness of a widening breach between what seemed to be and what was, of things changing too quickly before my eyes, of becoming what they ought not to be. That may have been because Uncle Jack hadn't turned out at all like the resplendent figure in my head. Or maybe because I had witnessed Marconi's voodoo derange those kind, sensible women and transform them into shrieking strangers. Or maybe it was because during those Lughnasa weeks of 1936 we were visited on two occasions by my father, Gerry Evans, and for the first time in my life I had a chance to ob-

serve him.

(ROSE and MAGGIE now sing the next two lines together.)

'Uncle Bill from Baltinglass has a wireless up his —

(They dance as they sing the final line of the song.)

Will you vote for De Valera, will you vote?'

MAGGIE. I'll tell you something, Rosie: the pair of us should be on the stage.

ROSE. The pair of us should be on the stage, Aggie!

(They return to their tasks. AGNES goes to the cupboard for wool. On her way back to her seat she looks out the window that looks on to the garden.)

AGNES. What's that son of yours at out there?

CHRIS. God knows. As long as he's quiet.

AGNES. He's making something. Looks like a kite.

(She taps on the window, calls 'Michael!' and blows a kiss to the imaginary child.)

Oh, that was the wrong thing to do! He's going to have your hair, Chris.

CHRIS. Mine's like a whin-bush. Will you wash it for me tonight, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Are we all for a big dance somewhere?

CHRIS. After I've put Michael to bed. What about then?

MAGGIE. I'm your man.

AGNES. (At window.) Pity there aren't some boys about to play with.

MAGGIE. Now you're talking. Couldn't we all do with that?

AGNES. (Leaving window.) Maggie!

MAGGIE. Wouldn't it be just great if we had a — (Breaks off.) Shhh.

CHRIS. What is it?

MAGGIE. Thought I heard Father Jack at the back door. I hope Kate remembers his quinine.

AGNES. She'll remember. Kate forgets nothing.

(Pause.)

ROSE. There's going to be pictures in the hall next Saturday, Aggie. I think maybe I'll go.

AGNES. (Guarded.) Yes?

ROSE. I might be meeting somebody there.

AGNES. Who's that?

ROSE. I'm not saying.

CHRIS. Do we know him?

ROSE. I'm not saying.

AGNES. You'll enjoy that, Rosie. You loved the last picture we saw.

ROSE. And he wants to bring me up to the back hills next Sunday — up to Lough Anna. His father has a boat there. And I'm thinking maybe I'll bring a bottle of milk with me. And I've enough money saved to buy a packet of chocolate biscuits.

CHRIS. Danny Bradley is a scut, Rose.

ROSE. I never said it was Danny Bradley!

CHRIS. He's a married man with three young children.

ROSE. And that's just where you're wrong, missy — so there! *(To AGNES.)* She left him six months ago, Aggie, and went to England.

MAGGIE. Rose, love, we just want —

ROSE. *(To CHRIS.)* And who are you to talk, Christina Mundy! Don't you dare lecture me!

MAGGIE. Everybody in the town knows that Danny Bradley is —

ROSE. *(To MAGGIE.)* And you're jealous, too! That's what's wrong with the whole of you — you're jealous of me! *(To AGNES.)* He calls me his Rosebud. He waited for me outside the chapel gate last Christmas morning and he gave me this. *(She opens the front of her apron. A charm and a medal are pinned to her jumper.)*

'That's for my Rosebud,' he said.

AGNES. Is it a fish, Rosie?

ROSE. Isn't it lovely? It's made of pure silver. And it brings you good luck.

AGNES. It is lovely.

ROSE. I wear it all the time — beside my miraculous medal.

(Pause.) I love him, Aggie.

AGNES. I know.

CHRIS. *(Softly.)* Bastard.

(ROSE closes the front of her apron. She is on the point of tears. Silence. Now MAGGIE lifts her hen-bucket and using it as a dancing

Maggie / Michael

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ROSE. But you just said —

KATE. And there'll be no more discussion about it. The matter's over. I don't want it mentioned again.

(Silence. MAGGIE returns to the garden from the back of the house. She has the hen bucket on her arm and her hands are cupped as if she were holding something fragile between them. She goes to the kite materials.)

MAGGIE. The fox is back.

BOY. Did you see him?

MAGGIE. He has a hole chewed in the henhouse door.

BOY. Did you get a look at him, Aunt Maggie?

MAGGIE. Wasn't I talking to him. He was asking for you.

BOY. Ha-ha. What's that you have in your hands?

MAGGIE. Something I found.

BOY. What?

MAGGIE. Sitting very still at the foot of the holly tree.

BOY. Show me.

MAGGIE. Say please three times.

BOY. Please — please — please.

MAGGIE. In Swahili.

BOY. Are you going to show it to me or are you not?

MAGGIE. *(Crouching down beside him.)* Now, cub, put your ear over here. Listen. Shhh. D'you hear it?

BOY. I think so ... yes.

MAGGIE. What do you hear?

BOY. Something.

MAGGIE. Are you sure?

BOY. Yes, I'm sure. Show me, Aunt Maggie.

MAGGIE. All right. Ready? Get back a bit. Bit further. Right?

BOY. Yes.

(Suddenly she opens her hands and her eyes follow the rapid and imaginary flight of something up to the sky and out of sight. She continues staring after it. Pause.)

What was it?

MAGGIE. Did you see it?

BOY. I think so ... yes.

MAGGIE. Wasn't it wonderful?

BOY. Was it a bird?

MAGGIE. The colours are so beautiful. *(She gets to her feet.)*
Trouble is — just one quick glimpse — that's all you ever get.
And if you miss that ...

(She moves off towards the back door of the kitchen.)

BOY. What was it, Aunt Maggie?

MAGGIE. Don't you know what it was? It was all in your mind. Now we're quits.

KATE. *(Unpacking.)* Tea ... soap ... Indian meal ... jelly ...

MAGGIE. I'm sick of that white rooster of yours, Rosie. Some pet that. Look at the lump he took out of my arm.

ROSE. You don't speak to him right.

MAGGIE. I know the speaking he'll get from me — the weight of my boot. Would you put some turf on that fire, Chrissie; I'm going to make some soda bread.

(MAGGIE washes her hands and begins baking.)

ROSE. *(Privately.)* Watch out. She's in one of her cranky moods.

KATE. Your ten Wild Woodbine, Maggie.

MAGGIE. Great. The tongue's out a mile.

ROSE. *(Privately.)* You missed it all, Maggie.

MAGGIE. What did I miss this time?

ROSE. We were all going to go to the harvest dance — like the old days. And then Kate —

KATE. Your shoes, Rose. The shoemaker says, whatever kind of feet you have, only the insides of the soles wear down.

ROSE. Is that a bad thing?

KATE. That is neither a bad thing nor a good thing, Rose. It's just — distinctive, as might be expected.

(ROSE grimaces behind KATE's back.)

Cornflour ... salt ... tapioca — it's gone up a penny for some reason ... sugar for the bilberry jam — if we ever get the bilberries ...

(AGNES and ROSE exchange looks.)

MAGGIE. *(Privately to ROSE.)* Look at the packet of Wild Woodbine she got me.

ROSE. What's wrong with it?

MAGGIE. Only nine cigarettes in it. They're so wild one of them must have escaped on her.

Maggie

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at seventeen. Bernie O'Donnell ... oh my goodness ...

(Pause.)

AGNES. Will she be around for a while?

KATE. Leaving tomorrow.

AGNES. We won't see her so. That's a pity.

CHRIS. Nice names, aren't they? — Nina and Nora.

KATE. I like Nora. Nice name. Strong name.

AGNES. Not so sure about Nina. (To CHRIS.) Do you like Nina for a name?

CHRIS. Nina? No, not a lot.

KATE. Well, if there's a Saint Nina, I'm afraid she's not in my prayer book.

AGNES. Maybe she's a Swedish saint.

KATE. Saints in Sweden! What'll it be next!

ROSE. Mother used to say twins are a double blessing.

KATE. (Sharply.) You've offered us that cheap wisdom already, Rose.

(Pause.)

CHRIS. You've got some flour on your nose, Maggie.

MAGGIE. When I was sixteen I remember slipping out one Sunday night — it was this time of year, the beginning of August — and Bernie and I met at the gate of the workhouse and the pair of us off to a dance in Ardstraw. I was being pestered by a fellow called Tim Carlin at the time but it was really Brian McGuinness that I was — that I was keen on. Remember Brian with the white hands and the longest eyelashes you ever saw? But of course he was crazy about Bernie. Anyhow the two boys took us on the bar of their bikes and off the four of us headed to Ardstraw, fifteen miles each way. If Daddy had known, may he rest in peace ...

And at the end of the night there was a competition for the Best Military Two-step. And it was down to three couples: the local pair from Ardstraw; wee Timmy and myself — he was up to there on me; and Brian and Bernie ...

And they were just so beautiful together, so stylish; you couldn't take your eyes off them. People just stopped dancing and gazed at them ...

And when the judges announced the winners — they

were probably blind drunk — naturally the local couple came first; and Timmy and myself came second; and Brian and Bernie came third.

Poor Bernie was stunned. She couldn't believe it. Couldn't talk. Wouldn't speak to any of us for the rest of the night. Wouldn't even cycle home with us. She was right, too: they should have won; they were just so beautiful together ...

And that's the last time I saw Brian McGuinness — remember Brian with the...? And the next thing I heard he had left for Australia ...

She was right to be angry, Bernie. I know it wasn't fair — it wasn't fair at all. I mean they must have been blind drunk, those judges, whoever they were ...

(MAGGIE stands motionless, staring out of the window, seeing nothing. The others drift back to their tasks: ROSE and AGNES knit; KATE puts the groceries away; CHRIS connects the battery. Pause.)

KATE. Is it working now, Christina?

CHRIS. What's that?

KATE. Marconi.

CHRIS. Marconi? Yes, yes ... should be ...

(She switches the set on and returns to her ironing. The music, at first scarcely audible, is Irish dance music — "The Mason's Apron," played by a ceili band. Very fast; very heavy beat; a raucous sound. At first we are aware of the beat only. Then, as the volume increases slowly, we hear the melody. For about ten seconds — until the sound has established itself — the women continue with their tasks. Then MAGGIE turns round. Her head is cocked to the beat, to the music. She is breathing deeply, rapidly. Now her features become animated by a look of defiance, of aggression; a crude mask of happiness. For a few seconds she stands still, listening, absorbing the rhythm, surveying her sisters with her defiant grimace. Now she spreads her fingers [which are covered with flour], pushes her hair back from her face, pulls her hands down her cheeks and patterns her face with an instant mask. At the same time she opens her mouth and emits a wild, raucous 'Yaaaah!' — and immediately begins to dance, arms, legs, hair, long bootlaces flying. And as she dances she lilts — sings — shouts and calls, 'Come on and join me! Come on! Come on!' For about ten seconds she dances alone — a white-faced, frantic dervish.)

GERRY. Looks lovely to me.

CHRIS. Maggie's going to wash it tonight.

GERRY. And how's Maggie?

CHRIS. Fine.

GERRY. And Rose and Kate?

CHRIS. Grand.

GERRY. And Agnes?

CHRIS. Everybody's well, thanks.

GERRY. Tell her I was asking for her — Agnes.

CHRIS. I would ask you in but the place is —

GERRY. No, no, some other time; thanks all the same. The old schedule's a bit tight today. And the chappie who gave me the lift tells me Father Jack's home.

CHRIS. Just a few weeks ago.

GERRY. All the way from Africa.

CHRIS. Yes.

GERRY. Safe and sound.

CHRIS. Yes.

GERRY. Terrific.

CHRIS. Yes.

GERRY. Lucky man.

CHRIS. Yes.

(GERRY uses the cane as a golf club and swings.)

GERRY. Must take up some exercise. Putting on too much weight.

KATE. He's not still there, is he?

MAGGIE. Yes.

KATE. Doing what, in God's name?

MAGGIE. Talking.

KATE. Would someone please tell me what they have to say to each other?

MAGGIE. He's Michael's father, Kate.

KATE. That's a responsibility never burdened Mr. Evans.

✓ CHRIS. A commercial traveller called into Kate's school last Easter. He had met you somewhere in Dublin. He had some stupid story about you giving dancing lessons up there.

GERRY. He was right.

CHRIS. He was not, Gerry!

GERRY. Cross the old ticker.

CHRIS. Real lessons?

GERRY. All last winter.

CHRIS. What sort of dancing?

GERRY. Strictly ballroom. You're the one should have been giving them — you were always far better than me. Don't you remember? *(He does a quick step and a pirouette.)* Oh, that was fun while it lasted. I enjoyed that.

CHRIS. And people came to you to be taught?

GERRY. Don't look so surprised! Everybody wants to dance. I had thousands of pupils — millions!

CHRIS. Gerry —

GERRY. Fifty-three. I'm a liar. Fifty-one. And when the good weather came, they all drifted away. Shame, really. Yes, I enjoyed that. But I've just started a completely new career, as a matter of interest. Never been busier. Gramophone salesman. Agent for the whole country, if you don't mind. 'Minerva Gramophones — The Wise Buy.'

CHRIS. Sounds good, Gerry.

GERRY. Fabulous. All I have to do is get the orders and pass them on to Dublin. A big enterprise, Chrissie; oh, one very big enterprise.

CHRIS. And it's going all right for you?

GERRY. Unbelievable. The wholesaler can't keep up with me. Do you see this country? This country is gramophone crazy. Give you an example. Day before yesterday; just west of Oughterard; spots this small house up on the side of a hill. Something seemed just right about it — you know? Off the bike; up the lane; knocks. Out comes this enormous chappie with red hair — what are you laughing at?

CHRIS. Gerry —

GERRY. I promise you. I show him the brochures; we talk about them for ten minutes; and just like that he takes four — one for himself and three for the married daughters.

CHRIS. He took four gramophones?

GERRY. Four brochures!

(They both laugh.)

But he'll buy. I promise you he'll buy. Tell you this, Chrissie:

Oughterard

people thought gramophones would be a thing of the past when radios came in. But they were wrong. In my experience.... Don't turn round; but he's watching us from behind that bush.

CHRIS. Michael?

GERRY. Pretend you don't notice. Just carry on. This all his stuff?

CHRIS. He's making kites if you don't mind.

GERRY. Unbelievable. Got a glimpse of him down at the foot of the lane. He is just enormous.

CHRIS. He's at school, you know.

GERRY. Never! Wow-wow-wow-wow. Since when?

CHRIS. Since Christmas. Kate got him in early.

GERRY. Fabulous. And he likes it?

CHRIS. He doesn't say much.

GERRY. He loves it. He adores it. They all love school nowadays. And he'll be brilliant at school. Actually I intended bringing him something small —

CHRIS. No, no; his aunts have him —

GERRY. Just a token, really. As a matter of interest I was looking at a bicycle in Kilkenny last Monday. But they only had it in blue and I thought black might be more — you know — manly. They took my name and all. Call next time I'm down there. Are you busy yourself?

CHRIS. Oh, the usual — housework — looking after his lordship.

GERRY. Wonderful.

CHRIS. Give Agnes and Rose a hand at their knitting. The odd bit of sewing. Pity you don't sell sewing-machines.

GERRY. That's an idea! Do the two jobs together! Make an absolute fortune. You have the most unbelievable business head, Chrissie. Never met anything like it.

(She laughs.)

What are you laughing at? |

MAGGIE. You should see the way she's looking at him — you'd think he was the biggest toff in the world.

KATE. Tinker, more likely! Loafer! Wastrell!

MAGGIE. She knows all that, too.

in the whole house — God forgive him, the bastard! There!
That's what I mean! God forgive me!

(MAGGIE begins putting on her long-laced boots again. As she does she sings listlessly, almost inaudibly.)

MAGGIE. ' 'Twas on the Isle af Capri that he found her
Beneath the shade of an old walnut tree.
Oh, I can still see the flowers blooming round
her,
Where they met on the Isle of Capri.'

KATE. If you knew your prayers as well as you know the
words of those aul pagan songs!... She's right: I am a righ-
teous bitch, amn't I?

MAGGIE. 'She was as sweet as a rose at the dawning
But somehow fate hadn't meant it to be,
And though he sailed with the tide in the
morning,
Still his heart's in the Isle of Capri.'

(MAGGIE now stands up and looks at her feet.)

Now. Who's fór a fox-trot?

✓ KATE. You work hard at your job. You try to keep the
home together. You perform your duties as best you can —
because you believe in responsibilities and obligations and
good order. And then suddenly, suddenly you realize that hair
cracks are appearing everywhere; that control is slipping away;
that the whole thing is so fragile it can't be held together
much longer. It's all about to collapse, Maggie.

MAGGIE. (Wearily.) Nothing's about to collapse, Kate.

KATE. That young Sweeney boy from the back hills — the
boy who was anointed — his trousers didn't catch fire, as Rose
said. They were doing some devilish thing with a goat — some
sort of sacrifice for the Lughnasa Festival; and Sweeney was so
drunk he toppled over into the middle of the bonfire. Don't
know why that came into my head ...

MAGGIE. Kate ...

(MAGGIE goes to her and sits beside her.)

KATE. And Mr. Evans is off again for another twelve months
and next week or the week after Christina'll collapse into one
of her depressions. Remember last winter? — all that sobbing

and lamenting in the middle of the night. I don't think I could go through that again. And the doctor says he doesn't think Father Jack's mind is confused but that his superiors probably had no choice but send him home. Whatever he means by that, Maggie. And the parish priest did talk to me today. He said the numbers in the school are falling and that there may not be a job for me after the summer. But the numbers aren't falling, Maggie. Why is he telling me lies? Why does he want rid of me? And why has he never come out to visit Father Jack? *(She tries to laugh.)* If he gives me the push, all five of us will be at home together all day long — we can spend the day dancing to Marconi.

(Now she cries. MAGGIE puts her arm around her. MICHAEL enters L.)

But what worries me most of all is Rose. If I died — if I lost my job — if this house were broken up — what would become of our Rosie?

MAGGIE. Shhh.

KATE. I must put my trust in God, Maggie, mustn't I? He'll look after her, won't he? You believe that, Maggie, don't you?

MAGGIE. Kate ... Kate ... Kate, love ...

KATE. I believe that, too ... I believe that ... I do believe that ... *(MAGGIE holds her and rocks her.)*

CHRIS enters quickly L., hugging herself. She sees the boy at his kites, goes to him and gets down beside him. She speaks eagerly, excitedly, confidentially.)

CHRIS. Well. Now you've had a good look at him. What do you think of him? Do you remember him?

BOY. *(Bored.)* I never saw him before.

CHRIS. Shhh. Yes, you did; five or six times. You've forgotten. And he saw you at the foot of the lane. He thinks you've got very big. And he thinks you're handsome!

BOY. Aunt Kate got me a spinning-top that won't spin.

CHRIS. He's handsome. Isn't he handsome?

BOY. Give up.

CHRIS. I'll tell you a secret. The others aren't to know. He has got a great new job! And he's wonderful at it!

BOY. What does he do?

pared to wait, I'll get that soda-bread made.

AGNES. I'm making the tea, Maggie.

CHRIS. Let me, please. Just today.

AGNES. (*Almost aggressively.*) I make the tea every evening, don't I? Why shouldn't I make it this evening as usual?

MAGGIE. No reason at all. Aggie's the chef. (*Sings raucously.*)
'Everybody's doing it, doing it, doing it.
Picking their noses and chewing it, chewing it,
chewing it ...'

KATE. Maggie, please!

MAGGIE. If she knew her prayers half as well as she knows the words of those aul pagan songs ...

(*Now at the radio.*) Marconi, my friend, you're not still asleep, are you?

(*FATHER JACK enters. He shuffles quickly across the kitchen floor, hands behind his back, eyes on the ground, as if he were intent on some engagement elsewhere. Now he becomes aware of the others.*)

JACK. If anybody is looking for me, I'll be down at the bank of the river for the rest of the ...

(*He tails off and looks around. Now he knows where he is. He smiles.*)

I beg your pardon. My mind was.... It's Kate.

KATE. It's Kate.

JACK. And Agnes. And Margaret.

MAGGIE. How are you, Jack?

JACK. And this is — ?

CHRIS. Chris — Christina.

JACK. Forgive me, Chris. You were only a baby when I went away. I remember Mother lifting you up as the train was pulling out of the station and catching your hand and waving it at me. You were so young you had scarcely any hair but she had managed to attach a tiny pink — a tiny pink — what's the word? — a bow! — a bow! — just about here; and as she waved your hand, the bow fell off. It's like a — a picture? — a camera-picture? — a photograph! — it's like a photograph in my mind.

CHRIS. The hair isn't much better even now, Jack.

JACK. And I remember you crying, Margaret.

MAGGIE. Was I?

JACK. Yes; your face was all blotchy with tears.

MAGGIE. You may be sure — beautiful as ever.

JACK. (To AGNES.) And you and Kate were on Mother's right and Rose was between you; you each had a hand. And Mother's face, I remember, showed nothing. I often wondered about that afterwards.

CHRIS. She knew she would never see you again in her lifetime.

JACK. I know that. But in the other life. Do you think perhaps Mother didn't believe in the ancestral spirits?

KATE. Ancestral — ! What are you blathering about, Jack? Mother was a saintly woman who knew she was going straight to heaven. And don't you forget to take your medicine again this evening. You're supposed to take it three times a day.

JACK. One of our priests took so much quinine that he became an addict and almost died. A German priest; Father Sharpeggi. He was rushed to hospital in Kampala but they could do nothing for him. So Okawa and I brought him to our local medicine man and Karl Sharpeggi lived until he was eighty-eight! There was a strange white bird on my windowsill when I woke up this morning.

AGNES. That's Rosie's pet rooster. Keep away from that thing.

MAGGIE. Look what it did to my arm, Jack. One of these days I'm going to wring its neck.

JACK. That's what we do in Ryanga when we want to please the spirits — or to appease them: we kill a rooster or a young goat. It's a very exciting exhibition — that's not the word, is it? — demonstration? — no — show? No, no; what's the word I'm looking for? Spectacle? That's not it. The word to describe a sacred and mysterious...? (Slowly, deliberately.) You have a ritual killing. You offer up sacrifice. You have dancing and incantations. What is the name for that whole — for that — ? Gone. Lost it. My vocabulary has deserted me. Never mind. Doesn't matter ... I think perhaps I should put on more clothes ...

(Pause.)

pails of bilberries which she leaves outside the door of the house. Just as she is about to enter the kitchen a voice off calls her:)

GERRY. (Off.) Who is that beautiful woman!

(She looks around, puzzled.)

AGNES. Gerry?

GERRY. (Off.) Up here, Aggie!

AGNES. Where?

GERRY. (Off.) On top of the sycamore.

(Now she sees him. The audience does not see him.)

AGNES. Mother of God!

GERRY. (Off.) Come up and join me!

AGNES. What are you doing up there?

GERRY. (Off.) You can see into the future from here, Aggie!

AGNES. The tree isn't safe, Gerry. Please come down.

GERRY. (Off.) Come up and see what's going to happen to you!

AGNES. That branch is dead, Gerry. I'm telling you.

(The branch begins to sway.)

GERRY. (Off.) Do you think I could get a job in a circus?

Wow-wow-wow-wow!

AGNES. Gerry — !

GERRY. (Off. Sings.) 'He flies through the air with the greatest of ease — ' Wheeeeeeeeeee!

(She covers her eyes in terror.)

AGNES. Stop it, Gerry, stop it, stop it!

GERRY. (Off. Sings.) 'That daring young man on the flying trapeze ...'

AGNES. You're going to fall! I'm not looking! I'm not watching!

(She dashes into the house.)

That clown of a man is up on top of the sycamore. Go out and tell him to come down, Chrissie.

MAGGIE. He's fixing the aerial.

AGNES. He's going to break his neck — I'm telling you!

MAGGIE. As long as he fixes the wireless first.

KATE. How are the bilberries, Agnes?

AGNES. Just that bit too ripe. We should have picked them a week ago.

D E V O N S H I R E



P L A Y H O U S E

Dancing At Lughnasa- Audition Application

Name_____

Address_____

Home Phone_____ Cell Phone_____

E-Mail_____Do you prefer a particular role?_____

Date of Birth_____Preferred Pronouns_____

Would you accept another role if offered? (circle one) Yes No

Please review the proposed rehearsal schedule and list any potential conflicts with these dates on the attached "Conflicts Calendar."

Regular Rehearsals

Sundays / 5-9P

Dec. 10 and Jan. 7-Feb. 11.

Mondays, Wednesdays & Thursdays / 7-10P

Dec. 11-14 & Jan. 3-Feb. 15

Technical Rehearsals

Sun. Feb. 18 / 5-9P and Mon.-Thurs. Feb. 19-22 / 6:30-10P

Pick-Up Rehearsal

Wens. Feb. 28 / 7-10P

Performances

Saturdays February 24 & March 2 with Actors' call at 5:30P and performance beginning at 7P.

Sundays, February 25 & March 3 with Actors' call at 1:30P and performance at 3P.

Please attach a resume and picture if you have one **OR** complete pages 2 and 3 of this application

Performance Experience

Please list other plays, dance, and vocal performances here or attach a performance resume.

<u>Play/Performance</u>	<u>Role</u>	<u>Theatre</u>	<u>Year</u>
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Educational Performing Experience

Please list workshops and classes in theatre, vocal, and dance training

<u>Class/Workshop</u>	<u>Studio/School</u>	<u>Year(s)</u>
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This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

December 2023

December 2023

January 2024

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Nov 26	27	28	29	30	Dec 1	2
3 5:00pm Auditions by appointment (Devonshire)	4 7:00pm Auditions by appointment (Devonshire)	5 7:00pm Callbacks (Devonshire)	6 Casting Announcements Made Dec. 6-8 (Via email)	7 Casting Announcements Made Dec. 6-8 (Via email)	8 Casting Announcements Made Dec. 6-8 (Via email)	9 Casting Announcements Made Dec. 6-8 (Via email)
10 5:00pm Read Through (Devonshire Cultural Center)	11 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	12	13 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	14 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31 Jan 1, 24		2	3	4	5	6

January 2024

January 2024							February 2024						
Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
1	2	3	4	5	6		4	5	6	7	8	9	10
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	25	26	27	28	29		
28	29	30	31										

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Dec 31	Jan 1, 24	2	3 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	4 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	5	6
7 5:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	8 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	9	10 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	11 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	12	13
14 5:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	15 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	16	17 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	18 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	19	20
21 5:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	22 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	23	24 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	25 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	26	27
28 5:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	29 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	30	31 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	Feb 1	2	3

February 2024

February 2024							March 2024						
Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
					1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Jan 28	29	30	31	Feb 1	2	3
4 5:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	5 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	6	7 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	8 7:00pm Rehearsal (Devonshire)	9	10
11 5:00pm Rehearsal - Conflicts with this rehearsal should be avoided (Devonshire)	12 7:00pm Rehearsal - Conflicts with this rehearsal should be avoided (Devonshire)	13	14 7:00pm Rehearsal - Conflicts with this rehearsal should be avoided (Devonshire)	15 7:00pm Rehearsal - Conflicts with this rehearsal should be avoided (Devonshire)	16	17
18 5:00pm Technical Rehearsal - No Conflicts Allowed (Devonshire)	19 6:30pm Technical Rehearsal - No Conflicts Allowed (Devonshire)	20 6:30pm Technical Rehearsal - No Conflicts Allowed (Devonshire)	21 6:30pm Technical Rehearsal - No Conflicts Allowed (Devonshire)	22 6:30pm Technical Rehearsal - No Conflicts Allowed (Devonshire)	23	24 5:30pm Performance - Opening Night! (Devonshire)
25 1:30pm Performance - Matinee (Devonshire)	26	27	28 7:00pm Pick-Up Rehearsal (Devonshire)	29	Mar 1	2

March 2024

March 2024							April 2024						
Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa	Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
3	4	5	6	7	8	1	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
10	11	12	13	14	15	2	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
17	18	19	20	21	22	3	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
24	25	26	27	28	29	4	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
31							28	29	30				

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Feb 25	26	27	28	29	Mar 1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	Apr 1	2	3	4	5	6