

The Lieutenant of Inishmore – Audition Notice

Contact: events@sedos.co.uk

Towards the end of May, we'll be holding a rehearsed reading of *The Lieutenant of Inishmore* by Martin McDonagh.

The play is a dark comedy about Irish terrorism and cats, with parts for seven actors. On stage, the play is very heavy on special effects; our challenge will be to recreate this over Zoom using only our enthusiasm, ingenuity, and household supplies.

Dates

The performance will probably be the 29th, 30th or 31st of May – the exact date hasn't been decided yet. We'll be choosing the cast some time around the 13th of May, then rehearsing over the following couple of weeks up until performance day.

Rehearsals will be over Zoom (like the performance itself) and will all be on evenings or weekends. The number of rehearsals depends on the size of the part, but you can expect 3-5 rehearsals over those couple of weeks as well as a dress run just before the performance. We will definitely work around the availability of the cast.

Audition

We'd like actors who are interested in taking part to submit a **short audition video**. In particular, we'd like to encourage people who haven't acted with Sedos to give it a go! We're sorry that we can't have a proper audition process, but hopefully this will be a fun replacement while we're all stuck indoors.

For the audition, we would simply like a **performance on camera of one minute or less**. A monologue sitting in front of a webcam is the classic choice, and we've included a few extracts from the play itself at the end of this audition notice. If you've got a willing partner then a dialogue is good too. You can do it standing, sitting, inside, outside, however you like. We haven't run an audition like this before, so we have absolutely no expectations - we're just looking for people with a lot of enthusiasm and energy! The madder, the better.

The deadline for audition videos is **Monday 11th May**. Submit your videos or any questions to:

events@sedos.co.uk

We'll work with any video format you've got – an email attachment, a link, whatever. If you want to send it by WhatsApp or similar then give us a shout and we can manage that too. All submitted videos will be seen only by the director and assistant director, and will be erased from existence as soon as the cast is announced.

Roles

Parts are listed below, and we're casting the parts without any regard to age or gender. We'd like all performers to attempt an Irish accent, but we expect to get a few cast members who are quite good at accents and for the rest to be terrible. As long as you're willing to give it a go, that's great!

Davey, a lovely lad with nice hair. A bit dim.

Donny, Padraic's father. Slightly less dim.

Padraic, twenty-one. Handsome. A rising star.

Mairead, sixteen. Davey's sister. Enjoys shooting cows.

James, a drug dealer who may or may not have a cat.

Christy, an exasperated terrorist.

Brendan, an argumentative terrorist.

Joey, a straight-talking terrorist.

Possible Audition Monologues

Below are three monologues from *The Lieutenant of Inishmore* for the audition video. You don't have to use one of these; feel free to choose text from any other play if you prefer.

Monologue 1 – Mairead's brother says she ought to stop shooting animals with her air rifle.

Mairead Don't keep bringing them cows' eyes up! Them cows' eyes was a political protest against the fecking meat trade, and you know well! Everybody brings up me cow blinding, no matter how many years go by! What nobody ever mentions is it was from sixty yards I shot them cows' eyes, which is bloody good shooting in anybody's books. If I'd walked bang up to them I could understand it, but I didn't, I gave them every chance. And anyways it was a protest. What you don't understand, cos you're a thick feck, is that if you take the profit out of the meat trade it'll collapse in on itself entirely, and there's no profit at all in taking ten blind cows to market, I'll tell ya. There's a loss. For who would want to buy a blind cow? No one. So in those circumstances I did see cows as valid targets, though my thinking has gone full tilt since then, and they are valid targets no longer.

Monologue 2 – Padraic answers the phone while in the middle of torturing James, a drug dealer.

Padraic Will you hang on there a minute, James? It's me dad. *[into phone]* I'm grand indeed, Dad, grand. How is all on Inishmore? Good-oh. I'm at work at the moment, Dad, was it important now? . . . Oh, I've not been up to much. I put bombs in a couple of chip shops, but they didn't go off . . . Because chip shops aren't as well guarded as army barracks. Do I need your advice on planting bombs? . . . Well the fella who makes our bombs, he's fecking useless. I think he does drink. One thing about the IRA anyways, as much as I hate the bastards, you've got to hand it to them, they know how to make a decent bomb . . . Sure, why would the IRA be selling us any of their bombs? Those bastards'd charge the earth anyways. I'll tell ya, I'm getting pissed off with the whole thing. I've been thinking of forming a splinter group . . . I know we're already a splinter group, but there's no law says you can't splinter from a splinter group. A splinter group is the best kind of group to splinter from anyways. It shows you know your own mind.

Monologue 3 – Christy tries to raise morale among his terrorist cell, who have just killed a cat.

Christy We none of us enjoyed killing that cat, Joey-o. I was near crying meself, even as I brought me gun swinging down the fourth and fifth times, and the blood spraying out of him. But hasn't it worked? Haven't we lured the Madman of Aran home to where never once will he be looking behind him for that bolt from the blue he knows is some day coming? It won't be so quick then he'll be to go forming splinter groups, and knocking down fellas like poor James, fellas who only do the community a service, and do they force anybody to buy their drugs? No. And don't they pay us a pound on every bag they push to go freeing Ireland for them? Isn't it for everybody we're out freeing Ireland? That's what Padraic doesn't understand, is it isn't only for the schoolkids and the owl fellas and the babes unborn we're out freeing Ireland. No. It's for the junkies, the thieves and the drug pushers too!