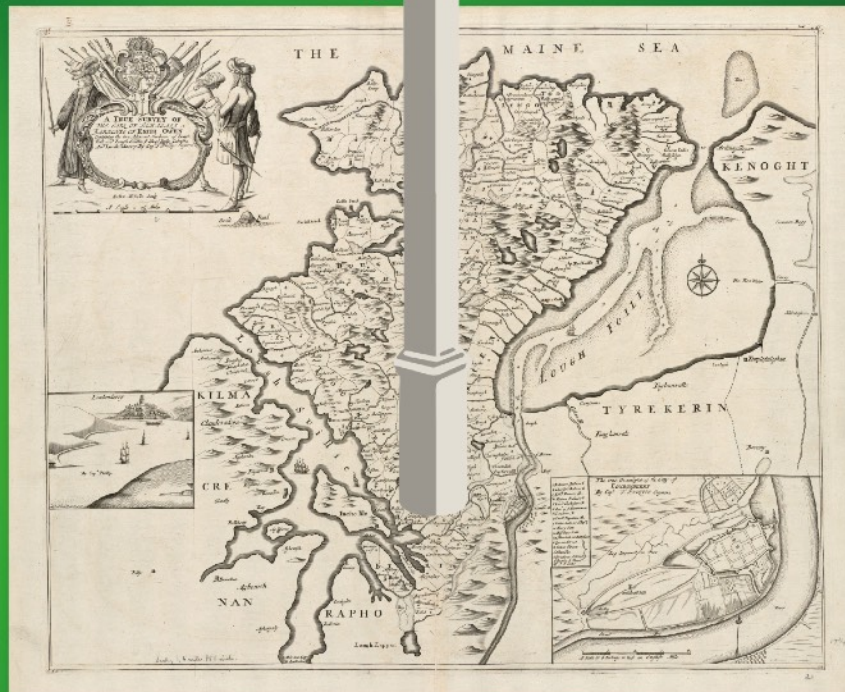


ALTRINCHAM GARRICK PLAYHOUSE - AUDITION INFORMATION:

You can learn to decode us



TRANSLATIONS

by Brian Friel



Tuesday 10 –
Sunday 15 June 2025
Evenings at 7:30pm

altrincham
garrick
studio

Box Office: 0161-928 1677
www.altrinchamgarrick.co.uk

This amateur production of "Translations" is presented by arrangement with Concord Theatricals Ltd. www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

Thank you for expressing your interest in auditioning for “**TRANSLATIONS**”. This production will be the final play in our Series of Irish Drama Season in the Altrincham Garrick Studio at Altrincham Garrick Playhouse.

The Audition Date for this production is
The Rehearsal Start Date for this production is
The Production Dates for this production are

Tuesday 25th March
Sunday 4th May
Tuesday 10th -
Sunday 15th June

Rehearsals

Rehearsals will be every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7.30pm - 10pm, and every Sunday from 2pm - 5.30pm.

We do ask that all those auditioning are able to make every rehearsal. We do, of course, understand that sometimes you may have other commitments and special occasions during the rehearsal process, and we therefore ask that you inform us of any dates you are not available in advance (at the audition) and we will try and make this work. If you have a date that you're unable to rehearse within ten days of the opening night (10th June) we may have to ask you to withdraw from the production.

You may not be called to every rehearsal, and the Director will produce a rehearsal schedule as far in advance as possible, but we do still ask that those successful in being cast in the production remain flexible, as rehearsal schedules can often change during the process.

TRANSLATIONS

Tuesday 10th - 15th June 2025
Altrincham Garrick Studio

Written by Brian Friel
Directed by Charlie Tomlinson

It's August 1833. The pupils have gathered in a hedge-school in the townland of Baile Beag/Ballybeg; an Irish-speaking community in County Donegal which has become the unlikely focal point for a changing world.

Progress is coming. Tensions are growing. There are plans for a new English-speaking national school and a recently arrived detachment of the Royal Engineers are making the first Ordnance Survey. For the purposes of cartography, the local Gaelic place names are to be recorded and rendered into English...

Brian Friel's modern masterpiece ***Translations*** examines the fractious relationship between people and nations through the lens of language and (mis)communication.

Characters

Please see below some information provided by the Director:

Character	Context	Age range
Manus	Eldest son of Hugh (the headmaster of the hedge-school Physically frail/intense/ [in love with Marie]	25-30
Marie	Strong minded young woman Engaging	20-30
Sarah	Unable to speak Needs strong performer	18-30
Hugh	Headmaster of the hedge-school Father of Manus and Owen cultured with gravitas	60-70
Jimmy Jack	Oldest student in the school Educated man trapped in rural community Lyrical	40-70
Owen	Younger brother of Manus Attractive/charming A “city man”	20-30
Lieutenant Yolland	English soldier “awkward in manner” [falls in love with Marie]	25-30
Captain Lancey	Commanding Officer Tense/limited people skills [contrast to the romantic characters]	40-55
Doalty	Engaging, energetic and passionate but with modest intellect	18-25

Bridget	Open and fun loving Twin to Doalty	18-25
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There is an opportunity for a violinist and/or bodhran player to be part of the cast [if we can find them!]

What to Prepare

For this audition, we ask that you please prepare a short dramatic monologue or reading that showcases you as an actor. This can be from the play, or from another play by Friel, or from any play or passage of dramatic text. Gender and age need not matter.

Please perform the piece in the accent of the character you wish to audition for.

You do not have to learn this piece off by heart, but obviously, being familiar with it will showcase you in the best light and allow you to perform more freely.

We may have extracts from the play at the audition too, and we may ask you to sight read.

The Audition Day

Auditionees will need to sign in and complete a contact sheet in the Theatre Bar at Altrincham Garrick Playhouse from 6.30pm on Tuesday 25th March. We will then see each auditionee in the Annexe in front of the audition panel from about 7pm.

There will be Garrick personnel to show you around and help you through the process. Please be aware that these audition evenings often include quite a bit of waiting around and can be long, but we will try to move as quickly as we can.

The audition panel will consist of the Director and members of the Altrincham Garrick's Artistic and Casting Team (ACT).

We are a diverse theatre and we welcome auditionees of all ages (above the age of 18) and all genders, ethnicities, sexualities, disabilities and races, to enrich the work of the production.

What Next?

If you've read all the information in this pack, and wish to audition, then please email casting@altrinchamgarrick.co.uk stating "**TRANSLATIONS**" in the subject heading and detailing your name and contact number. By emailing, you will have registered for an audition on Tuesday 25th March.

We'd like to wish you the very best of luck, and we look forward to welcoming you, or seeing you again! Thank you for taking the time and interest to prepare for this audition and Break-A-Leg!

Best wishes,

Joseph Meighan (Artistic Director/ Artistic and Casting Team)

Carole Carr (Artistic and Casting Team)

Mike Shaw (Artistic and Casting Team)

Fiona Primrose (Artistic and Casting Team)

Gemma Sales (Artistic and Casting Team)

bringing out more sausage rolls and they're trying not to look like total hungas. Jo's da followed the Hummer in his Fiesta. She's giving out yards telling him to get the bleedin' camcorder out of her face. She asked our mate Dean to go with her. He thinks his Lotto numbers have come up. She's no interest. Lewis Lawlor said he'd go with Tania Keogh ages ago and she's hoping they both ditch their dates when they get there. Finally get outside and pose at the car for a few more photos. Jo's da tries to get in the Hummer with us but we push him out, enough's a-bleedin' nuff. He joins the neighbours and me ma on the path to wave us all off. My nanny and granda pull back the curtains and wave from the living-room window. Jo pours me a glass of champers and tells me it's the dear stuff – not that I'd know, I'm already a bit giddy from the couple of cans I had in the house. My ma is piking me out of it through the window: (*Mouthing.*) 'Go easy.'

Samantha and Robbie have been holding seats for us at the table. Feel a bit sorry for Robbie, he must be twenty-five and here he is dressed like a dog's dinner, feeling awkward as fuck around all of us. It was real handy having him around when we were in school, always buying drink and never expected the round back. Send Paul off to the bar – won't start stinging Robbie yet. Ask Jo what she thinks of Paul's suit, she says it's lovely but the earrings are a bit poncey. My eyes keep wandering over to him as he's waiting to be served. This tall blonde bird stands beside him and smiles. They obviously know each other because they start chatting away. She's leaning in to him, shouting into his ear. He's stepping forward pretending he can't hear her, but he's really looking down her top, checking to see if she's all wonder and no bap. Ask Samantha: 'Who's yer one?'

Jo nudges me, asks what's wrong?

'Indigestion.'

'Sambucas!'

Follow her to the bar at the end of the room. Skull three shots each, and are back at the table by the time Paul brings over our drink. Paul sits down beside me and takes a big gulp of his pint.

Put my hand over his and say: 'Thanks for coming.' He says: 'It's cool,' moves his hand, leans back into his chair and watches three girls dancing on the empty dance floor.

Jo and me just did a line in the toilets. Feeling nice. The music is thumping in my chest. Unce, unce, unce. Like this fuzzy feeling, know exactly where I am but when I close my eyes I could be anywhere. Head back to the table and Paul's gone AWOL. Ask Robbie where he went, says he's not sure, maybe the jacks. No sign at the bar either but sure, while I'm there, get another Corona. Scanning, when some bird bangs off me – 'Watch it' – but she keeps going. Blondie swings a left into the ladies'. Think I hate her, in fact I know it, so I follow her in. She disappears into a cubicle and I wait outside. Out of nowhere, Jo appears beside me.

'Alright?'

'Of course.'

Blondie comes out of the toilet. She looks me up and down. Give her daggers. Jo pulls me into a stall.

'Amber, give over.'

'I wasn't doing ah'in.'

She gives me one of her schoolteacher looks.

'You can't hammer every bird Paul talks to.'

'Don't want to hammer every bird, just her.'

She drags me out. Haul Dean and his mate Lee onto the middle of the dance floor and gyrate like a pair of lezzers inbetween them. The lads are all over us like a cheap pair of jocks from Japan – Henry Street, not the country. Can see Robbie and Samantha at our table and all the empty chairs around them. Go to hunt the bastard down but Jo grabs me back.

'Stay here and dance.'

So I do.

THREE

25

Shitting myself now, this is all starting to get very real.

'Don't know how to say this, so I'll just come out with it.'

'Before you start, you're doing the right thing.'

Look at him, like, 'What?'

'Me and you,' he says, 'We're going nowhere, well... I am - Australia. Ah, c'mere. I'm cool with it; to be honest I was going to blow you out anyway.'

'You were? (*Beat.*) I'm pregnant.'

'You can't be.'

'You'd think, but there was that one time when it broke, remember?'

(*Pause.*)

'Nice try... I didn't even... ye know, that night.'

'Paul, I haven't been with anyone else, I swear.'

'Out.'

He reaches over me and opens the car door.

Lorraine

Had my meeting with 'the lady' this morning. Was horsing the mints out of it all the way up Baggot Street but don't think it made any difference; the bang of drink of me was still brutal when I went in to see her. Sneaked back downstairs last night after Amber went to bed and drank a half a bottle of whiskey leftover from Christmas. Shouldn't be drinking with the medication but I needed it to knock me out. Hope 'the lady' doesn't think I'm some kind of alco. Told her how frustrated I am that, even now, I can't find the words to talk to my own daughter. I know it's not the end of the world, it just fucking feels like it. She went to my mother. Suppose it's a good thing,

you hear all these horror stories of kids ending up in awful situations because they'd no one to turn to, but I feel like fucking – kicking her. We've talked about this stuff. I could've... I don't know... She could've come to me. But she went to her. She won't even deal with what's going on in her own house. The other week, my da asked me to sort out his finances for him... Me ma wouldn't even discuss it. Sat on the couch with her head in the air, sort of wriggling around, ignoring the two of us. 'The lady' asked me how I felt about going through everything, and I said, funnily enough I felt proud of him. He hasn't made a fortune but he's been careful, and financially they'll be grand. We stopped then cos me hour was up. As I was putting on my coat she asked me if I did one nice thing for myself that week. Told her about *some* of my night out and how great it was and how I'm going to go to salsa class every week. Didn't mention it'd probably be a different class or that I kissed a sweaty bloke, even though I'm sure she'd agree it's great progress.

Since I did so well she says I can afford to do two nice things for myself this week. Think: 'Fuck her anyway, that's something else I have to worry about.'

Go into Tesco on Baggot Street to get a bread roll for me breakfast. My stomach is in ribbons from the whiskey and I'm afraid to eat anything else. Outside, I'm tearing into my Lucozade, when I hear: 'Lorraine, Lorraine...'

Look around but don't see anyone.

'Lorraine...'

Still looking around, thinking: 'This is all I need, to start hearing fucking voices,' when this bundle of clothes gets up off the ground. A big black Puffa jacket, tracksuit bottoms and ripped runners – which were probably robbed to order in a previous life – walk towards me. Recognise Ray underneath the woolly hat. He smiles at me. His teeth are so bad, he makes Shane MacGowan look like he has porcelain veneers.

She hands me another page with numbers on it and asks if there's anything else I'd like to discuss.

You know that denture ad on the telly, the one with the couple kissing in the car in the rain? My Lorraine always says: 'Ah, Jaysus, there's yourself and Da on the telly again.' Amber does be heaving. Tell this young doctor I'm afraid I'll never get the man in the car back. She looks at me, confused. He was grand in the hospital, brave. It was when they brought him home it all changed. He's not the easiest of patients. He was never one for telly and he gets frustrated reading. In fact, to put it mildly, he's a cantankerous oul' fuck. I don't mean to go down this road but sure, I've started so I'll finish. I'm dying for me bit. We've always been very *compatible* in that department, which is a miracle in itself, because by the time you get to our age you'd normally be lacing the cocoa with arsenic not Viagra. I know it's not the done thing talking about your sex life, but Jaysus, I'm the wrong side of sixty not dead. I haven't had sex in well over a year and it's killing me. She's trying not to appear judgemental but I can tell she's shocked because she's fiddling with her hi-jab. Take that as my cue to leave.

Meet Marjorie Burke from pitch 'n' putt in Lidl on the way home. The women in the club talk like fuck about her but I've always liked her. She can tell I've been crying and asks me what's wrong. It kinda slips out, like everything bleedin' else today. And fair play to Marjorie, she offers me a solution – which is more than I got from yer wan and she charged me fifty euro. She says to go into Ann Summers and get myself a Rampant Rabbit. She got one six months ago and wouldn't be without it. Little does she know she's just put a stop to all those face-lift rumours; the woman is glowing from good old-fashioned orgasms.

Bit nervous on the 42B thinking about going into Ann Summers. I'm wondering whether you have to untie the staff from some dungeon before they can serve ye or if they parade

